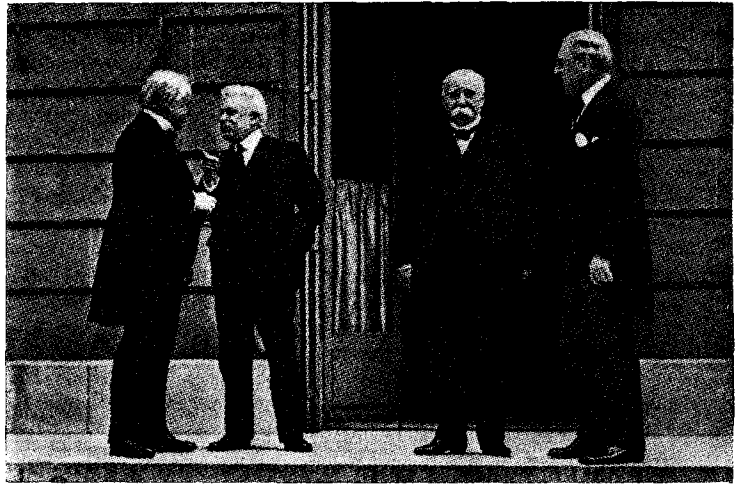


BOOK PREVIEW*

Wilson at the Peace Conference

BY

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE



Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, and Wilson:
 "President Wilson none of us know. . . . Clemenceau
 followed his movements like an old watchdog" . . .

ALL the European delegates were especially concerned to discover what President Wilson was like, what he was after, and what he meant to insist upon. As to the rest of us, we had often met before and worked together harmoniously during the trials of the war. We could not always agree, but the disagreements were national rather than personal. We could only act within the limits permitted by the opinions of the people we respectively represented. Their exigencies, their difficulties, their aims, traditions, and prejudices had to be taken into account. We all understood that perfectly well and allowed for it in our judgment of the stand taken by others. Clemenceau, Orlando, Sonnino, Balfour, and I had conferred, conversed, and consulted times without number on all the most important issues with which we would be confronted at this Congress. Clemenceau and I had gone together through the dark and depressing events of the 1918 spring-time. But President Wilson none of us knew. He was the product, not, it is true, of a different world, but of another hemisphere. Whilst we were dealing every day with ghastly realities on land and sea, some of them visible to our own eyes and audible to our ears, he was soaring in clouds of serene rhetoric. When the Allied Armies were hard pressed and our troops were falling by the hundred thousand in vain endeavors to drive back our redoubtable foe, we could with difficulty even approach him to persuade him to view the grim struggle below, and to come down to earth to deal with its urgent demands before the accumulating slaughter should bury our cause in irreparable disaster. When he came to France, the French Government and people were anxious that he should visit the devas-

tated areas so as to acquaint him with the demoniac actualities of war. He managed to elude their request and to ignore their hints right to the end. Once, under great pressure, he visited Rheims and, viewing the ruins that a few years ago were a glorious cathedral, congratulated the prelate on the edifice not being nearly as much defaced as he had expected to see it. He shunned the sight or study of unpleasant truths that diverted him from his foregone conclusions.

That is how Wilson appeared to those who met him for the first time, and they eyed him with a measure of suspicion not unmingled with apprehension. Clemenceau followed his movements like an old watchdog keeping an eye on a strange and unwelcome dog who has visited the farmyard and of whose intentions he is more than doubtful. There never was a greater contrast mental or spiritual than that which existed between these two notable men. It was part of the real joy of these Conferences to observe Clemenceau's attitude towards Wilson during the first five weeks of the Conference. He listened with eyes and ears lest Wilson should by a phrase commit the Conference to some proposition which weakened the settlement from the French standpoint.

I really think that at first the idealistic President regarded himself as a missionary whose function it was to rescue the poor European heathen from their age-long worship of false and fiery gods. He was apt to address us in that vein, beginning with a few simple and elementary truths about right being more important than might, and justice being more eternal than force. No doubt Europe needed the lesson, but the President forgot that the Allies had fought for nearly five years for international right and fair play, and were then exhausted and sore from the terrible wounds they had sustained in the struggle. They were therefore impatient at having little sermonettes delivered to them, full of rudimentary sentences about things which they had fought for years to

vindicate when the President was proclaiming that he was too proud to fight for them. Those who suggest that anyone sitting at that table resented President Wilson's exalted principles are calumniating the myriads who died for those ideals. We were just as truly there to frame a treaty that would not dishonor their memory as was the President of the United States.

There was a memorable meeting where President Wilson's homiletic style provoked from Clemenceau one of his most brilliant replies. It arose over the question of the restoration to France of the 1814 frontier of the Saar Valley. The Allied Powers, including Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Austria, had after Napoleon's overthrow in 1814 determined the North-Eastern frontiers of France in such a way as to give to the French a part of the Saar Valley. Clemenceau pleaded for the restoration of a frontier thus accorded to France in the hour of complete defeat. President Wilson retorted "that was a hundred years ago—a hundred years is a very long time." "Yes," said Clemenceau, "a very long time in the history of the États-Unis." Wilson then diverged into his usual rhapsody about the superiority of right to might: he referred to those great French idealists—Lafayette and Rochambeau—whose names were held in immortal honor in the United States; and he ended an eloquent appeal to Clemenceau by quoting Napoleon's saying on his deathbed that "in the end right always triumphed over might." Clemenceau did not reply in English, of which he had a considerable mastery, but as was his invariable practice when he had something to say to which he attached importance, sent for an interpreter and then replied in French. He said: "President Wilson has quoted Napoleon as having said that in the end might was beaten by right. He says that he uttered this sentiment on his deathbed. Had it been true it was rather late for him to have discovered it. But it was not true. President Wilson alluded in glowing language to those idealistic young

* This week The Saturday Review presents an excerpt from "Memoirs of the Peace Conference," by David Lloyd George, to be published by the Yale University Press. The selection herewith is condensed from the chapter, "President Wilson and Colonel House."

Frenchmen who helped to liberate America. However exalted the ideals of Lafayette and Rochambeau, they would never have achieved them without force. Force brought the United States into being and force again prevented it from falling to pieces." The President acknowledged the cogency of the reply.

When the Congress was drawing to a close, Clemenceau asked me in his abrupt manner: "How do you like Wilson?" I replied: "I like him, and I like him very much better now than I did at the beginning." "So do I," said the Tiger. No three men, cooped together for so many months discussing momentous issues bristling with controversial points, ever got on better or more agreeably together than did Clemenceau, Wilson, and I. To quote M. Tardieu in his book on "The Truth about the Treaty": "Despite divergencies of opinion, the personal relations between the three men during those forty days have never ceased to be sincere, calm, and affectionate. May their fellow countrymen never forget it!" I gladly endorse this testimony to the good feeling, goodwill, and—towards the end—the really affectionate relations that existed between the three men who took the leading part in deciding the lines upon which the Versailles Treaty should be framed. When I criticize Wilson it will be with genuine personal regret. It will be attributable to my resolve to write a truthful narrative as to events and persons without reference to my own personal inclinations.

He was a most interesting but not a very difficult study. There were no obscurities or subtleties in his character—at least none that an average student of human nature could not decipher without much difficulty.

All men and women have dual natures. But Wilson was the most clear-cut specimen of duality that I have ever met. The two human beings of which he was constituted never merged or mixed. They were separate and distinct contrasts but nevertheless on quite good terms with each other. It is not that he had feet of clay. He stood quite firmly on his feet unless he was pushed over entirely. But there were lumps of pure unmixed clay here and there amidst the gold in every part of his character. And both were genuine. There was nothing false or sham about him. The gold was sterling and the clay was honest marl, and they were both visible to the naked eye. He was the most extraordinary compound I have ever encountered of the noble visionary, the implacable and unscrupulous partisan, the exalted idealist, and the man of rather petty personal rancors.

There has been a vast amount of discussion as to whether Wilson ought ever to have crossed the Atlantic and to have taken personal part in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. Opinion has now definitely settled down on the side of declaring that it was a grave error of judgment. That opinion is by no means con-

fined to Wilson's detractors. I cannot say that I took that view at the time. I was delighted to have an opportunity of meeting him and of entering into a heart-to-heart discussion with this remarkable man on problems affecting the settlement of the world. I am now convinced that his personal attendance at the Conference was a mistake. It would undoubtedly have been better if he had chosen a mixed team of Democrats and Republicans to represent his views. He would have wielded much greater authority and achieved his own purpose more surely. A cable from the President of the United States intimating that he disapproved of some particular proposition and that, if it were inserted in the Treaty, he could not sign it, would have made it much easier for the French and British representatives to persuade their respective publics to accept modifications. But it was essential that the delegation appointed should not merely be men of capacity and influence, but also persons in whom the President trusted, and unfortunately he was not of a trustful disposition. That was his most disabling weakness—his pervasive suspiciousness. He believed in mankind but distrusted all men. Trustful natures encounter many hurtful disappointments in life, but they get more out of it than the suspicious. Coöperation with their fellow men is to the former a constant joy; to the latter it is a perpetual worry. With ordinary prudence, vigilance, and insight the former get the best help from the best helpers; the latter only get an uneasy and grudging service from the second best. The higher types respond to confidence and are chilled by distrust. For that reason Wilson never rallied first-rate minds around him and he did not always succeed in retaining the second-rate. That is why he decided that his personal presence in Europe and at the table of the Congress was inevitable. But the moment he appeared at our Councils, he was there on equal terms with the rest of us. His training had never qualified him for such a position.

The last time I saw him was when I visited America in 1923. It was shortly before his death. His health was then so precarious that his doctor warned me that the interview must be a short one. Physically he was a wreck. One side was paralyzed, but the impairment to his powers of speech was not apparent. He was pleased to see me and his reception was cordial. He alluded with pleasure to his experiences at the Conference. Of Clemenceau he spoke in kindly terms. But when the name of Poincaré was mentioned, all the bitterness of his nature burst into a sentence of concentrated hatred. "He is a cheat and a liar," he exclaimed. He repeated the phrase with fierce emphasis. Poincaré disliked and distrusted him and the detestation was mutual. The name of Coolidge provoked another outburst. When I informed him that I had just left his successor at the

White House, he asked me what I thought of him. I replied that I was not quite sure. He replied: "I will tell you what he is like. Oscar Wilde once saw a man who was giving himself great airs at a social function. He went up to him and putting on his eyeglass"—here Wilson took his glasses in his right hand and fixed them at his eye—"he said to him: 'Are you supposed to be anyone in particular?' Coolidge is no one in particular." Here was the old Wilson with his personal hatreds unquenched right to the end of his journey.

We shunned all reference to the League of Nations. The doctor signalled to me that the interview should be terminated. That is the last I saw of this extraordinary mixture of real greatness thwarted by much littleness.

Was he hero, saint, or martyr? There was something of each in the struggles of the last years of his life and in the circumstances of his death, though not enough to warrant the claim made on his behalf to any of these noble appellations. But that he honestly consecrated an upright character and a fine intellect to the service of mankind, no one will deny who is not afflicted with a party spirit so charged with rancor as to have become an insanity of the soul.

Memories of Yeats

(Continued from page 4)

poems runs his resentment that the great energy that was his in his strong manhood was flickering away and could be less and less relied upon to support the tireless efforts of his mind:

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Like Swift he has written his epitaph: that last poem which has the epitaph for its conclusion—it appeared in *The Irish Independent*, but has not yet been published here—is full of the old fighting spirit:—

Know that when all words are said
And a man is fighting-mad,
Something drops from eyes long blind,
He completes his partial mind,
For an instant stands at ease,
Laughs aloud, his heart at peace,
Even the wisest man grows tense
With some sort of violence
Before he can accomplish fate,
Know his work or choose his mate

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.

Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

This, I think, is his last finished poem, his testament.

Mary M. Colum is the author of "From These Roots: the Ideas that Have Made Modern Literature."

AN INVITATION TO MEET
ADOLF HITLER AND HIS NAZIS
-but at a safe distance-

YOUR GUIDE: MARTHA DODD

daughter of ex-Ambassador to
Germany William E. Dodd, who
gives an outspoken account of
her four years in Nazi Germany.

YOUR PASSPORT: THAT BOOK OF HERS

Through Embassy Eyes

She knows everyone in Nazi officialdom, and her intimate portrayals of the great and the near-great are probably without parallel.

\$3.00

"This is for the MIDDLETOWN market ... and tops ..."

"It seems almost incredible that anyone could write MY SISTER EILEEN and win all through laughter - and then turn right about face and stir her readers to the depths with this extraordinarily moving history of a town (Akron) and its people."—Virginia Kirkus's report to book-sellers.

\$3.00

Ruth

(MY SISTER EILEEN)

**McKenney
INDUSTRIAL
VALLEY**



A novel by **Negley Farson**

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR"

The Story of a Lake

A panoramic, lightning-paced novel of modern times, the hero a famous American newspaperman.

461 pages, \$2.50

The favorite non-fiction book*

Listen! the Wind

by **Anne Lindbergh**

*So honored by the American Booksellers' Association Award. "Even better than NORTH TO THE ORIENT."—*Saturday Review*.

200th thousand, \$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Here is the most masterly, the most completely damning analysis of Fascism yet made. And here is the answer to that question: What can America do about it?

by **LEWIS MUMFORD**

author of "Technics and Civilization," "The Culture of Cities"

Men Must Act

The first definite, practical program for the United States to follow in combatting fascism, at the same time preserving world peace.

\$1.50

Musician of Norway

EDVARD GRIEG. By David Monrad-Johansen. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1938. \$4.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

TO some, the fact that Edvard Grieg was a Norwegian composer may seem insignificant beside the fact that he was a great composer. But to Grieg himself the fact that he was a Norwegian was of paramount importance. Had he not been a composer, he still would have striven with all his energy, in some other field, for the cultural independence of his country. He was a man who placed national aspirations above self-expression and personal glory. And because he was a musician he strove all his life to give Norway's soul a voice in music.

We know that he succeeded. But the full story of the cultural movement in which Grieg played so vital a part, and of the struggles and difficulties which he had to face, is now told for the first time with completeness and authority in this excellent biography, written by one who is himself a Norwegian and a composer. To read this book is not only to gain a rich insight into the life and art of a cou-

rageous and lovable personality, but also to understand the conditions under which Grieg worked, the ideals towards which he aspired, and the national spirit which is reflected in his music.

This is one of those rare musical biographies which should appeal equally to the layman and the musician. The author's admirable style, the sympathy and understanding which he brings to his subject, and his frequent quotations from the charming and vivacious letters of Grieg, combine to make the book as readable as it is enlightening. While avoiding technical detail, the author traces the evolution of Grieg's music with intimate knowledge and critical acumen.

The translation has been ably done by Madge Robertson, but some letters and quotations in German and French have been left in the original, which is hard on those who do not read these languages. The illustrations are numerous and attractive. A list of Grieg's compositions might have added to the reference value of the book. But it unquestionably stands as the authoritative biography of Grieg, and one of the best musical biographies of recent years.

Gilbert Chase was associate editor of the recently published "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians."

North of the Nazis

RATS IN THE LARDER: The Story of Nazi Influence in Denmark. By Joachim Joesten. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. \$2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

TO the average American Scandina-
navia is Europe's "quiet corner"—
a backwater area amid Europe's
swirling diplomatic currents and a region
where many of the problems of demo-
cratic government seem to have been
successfully solved. It is high time that
an iconoclast arose to shatter this some-
what idyllic conception. Speaking for
Denmark alone, and writing in a breezy
style which conceals telling thrusts at
that country's political leaders, Mr. Joe-
sten acquaints us with some rather alarm-
ing realities. In his opinion Danish
democracy has been seriously undermined
by calculated Nazi penetration. Danish
National Socialist factions are encouraged
from across the border. Germans living in
Denmark are regimented and set to es-
pionage. The North Schleswig border dis-
pute is held as a perennial threat over
Danish heads. Germans systematically
buy up land all along the disputed bound-
ary. Germany's bilateral, controlled trade
agreement with the Danes ruthlessly
mulets the little nation. German air and
naval forces violate the territorial in-
tegrity of the country at will. The anti-
Nazi press is intimidated. Everything pos-
sible is done to sustain the predominant
Danish attitude that it is fruitless to try
to resist German incursions.

In the face of such activities, which
some powers (and, most of all, Nazi Ger-
many) would regard as the epitome of
provocation if turned against them, the
Danish statesmen maintain a hush-hush
policy of conciliation and vaguely hope
that the miracle by which they were per-
mitted to remain neutral in 1914 will be
repeated. As in pre-war days, Denmark
continues to prepare fortifications against
naval attack by Britain, while leaving
the German border undefended. Mean-
while, Denmark openly rebuffs attempts
by the other Scandinavian nations to win
its support for concerted efforts to achieve
military security.

Swayed by his antipathy to fascism and
a sincere concern for democracy, Mr.
Joesten attempts to rally the Danes to a
defense of their rights and their national
integrity. He believes that a close alliance
of rearmcd Scandinavian nations would
act as a deterrent to German aggression
in that quarter, particularly if Britain
were to resolve to defend Danish neu-
trality against German infringement. Yet
there is much to be said in extenuation
of the present Danish policy, disastrous as
its ultimate effects may be. The League
of Nations has gone; and the spirit of
martial resistance was not precisely in
evidence anywhere when Czechoslovakia,
another small state, was subjected to Ger-
man pressure. Under the circumstances
the Danes cannot be too severely blamed
for believing that a dash of the headstrong
valor of the Vikings would be fruitless at
the moment. Until those powers equipped
to resist the Nazi dictatorship decide to
do so, small nations must put their trust
in compliant neutrality and negotiation.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE STONEWARE MONKEY R. Austin Freeman (Dodd, Mead: \$2.)	Murder and jewel theft in rural England have deadly aftermath in artistic London circles, as erudite Dr. Thorndyke discovers.	Masterly handling by G.O.M. of mystery writers of not entirely opaque problem made specially enjoyable by sly jabs at modern art.	Perfection
DEATH TEARS A COMIC STRIP Theodora Dubois (Houghton Mifflin: \$2.)	Unloved Staten Island stepfather dies from "morphine withdrawal." Shot kills brother. "Surgeon-Sleuth" McNeill—aided by wife—operates successfully.	"Maddeningly complicated" case involves batch of ebullient and likable characters, slick tricks with dope, and surprise solution.	A-1
THE URGENT HANGMAN Peter Cheyney (Coward-McCann: \$2.)	Slim Callaghan, London private detective, pins murder of rich father on proper member of unwholesome clan.	Resourceful sleuth with heart of gold, nerves of iron, and tongue of brass does his stuff to slang obligato.	Mild thriller
THE CASE OF THE GREEN FELT HAT Christopher Bush (Holt: \$2.)	Ludovic Travers, on rural honeymoon, uses knowledge of golf to solve murder of crooked and much hated English "share pusher."	Ludo suffers less than other fictional sleuths turned Benedick. Features of tale include likable characters and tantalizing finish.	Enter-taining
DOOR NAILS NEVER DIE Anthony Wynne (Lippincott: \$2.)	Rich English farmer and country parson slain in inexplicable fashion. Dr. Hailey runs counter to cops and clears doomed suspect.	Dignified doctor's nocturnal wanderings by land and sea add zest of adventure to much involved yarn with solution bordering fantastic.	Agree-able
THE CLUE OF THE ARTIFICIAL EYE J. S. Fletcher (Hillman-Curl: \$2.)	Nine short stories of murder and theft with Paul Campenhaye, criminologist, as hero.	All tales pretty badly "dated," with only occasional flashes of deceased master.	Grave-yard hay
SENTENCE DEFERRED August Derleth (Scribners: \$2.)	Banker's bones found in burned house after business failure. Judge Peck deftly straightens out murder mystery.	Small town background and characters especially well done. Neat legal tie-up tightens plot.	Better grade