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Poincaré: Man and Policy:—Sir Thomas Barclay in the September *North American Review*.

The Rise of the Spirit of French Imperialism:—Dr. G. Chatterton-Hill in the August *Contemporary*.

The Danger of Delay:—Mr. St. Loe Strachey in *The Spectator*.

Britain, France, Belgium and the Ruhr:—Mr. George Glasgow in the August *Contemporary*.

Six Months of Fascist Government:—Mr. James Murphy in the August *Fortnightly*.

Nine Months of Fascismo:—Dr. William Miller in the August *Contemporary*.

Will the Anchor Hold? The Turkish Government at Angora:—Mr. William T. Ellis in the September *American Review of Reviews*.

SIR Thomas Barclay, who has practised law both in England and in France, and who has written—among many other volumes—one entitled *Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences*, should have some special title to be heard when he speaks of M. Poincaré. He speaks as one who knows the French Premier with some degree of personal intimacy, and who has discussed the Ruhr problem with him face to face.

The picture of M. Poincaré which we get in this article is that of a somewhat abrupt man, averse to futile "palaver" from others, yet not seldom less resolute in action than in speech, much given to prolonged arguing with himself, and a prey to conscientious doubts. Sir Thomas suspects that the present French policy has been prescribed by military experts, to whom the Premier defers much. M. Poincaré has some of the special habits of the French mind, a desire for clear situations, and a preference for small returns that are secure over vague and grandiose possibilities. He is by profession an advocate, who has specialized in arguing patent and trademark cases, where he became much accustomed to searching for faults or oversights in specifications he had to demolish, and for ambiguities of language in those he had to defend. One remembers how Mr. A. G. Gardiner too has traced some of the French Premier's methods to such training in technical subtlety. But Mr. Gardiner is less friendly in his way of putting this: He says—

It must be remembered that M. Poincaré is primarily a corporation lawyer. For twenty years he was the chief legal adviser of the great French iron, steel, and chemical Trusts. It was the influence of the Trusts that put him into power. He is the champion of the Trusts to-day.

Such is the contrast between two ways of interpreting a man's present by his past!

Sir Thomas Barclay does not believe that M. Poincaré is just aiming at the ruin of Germany for generations to come. The Premier has expressed to him again and again his belief that the present undoubted distress of the German middle class is due to "the influence of powerful capitalists who disguise their fortunes, deliberately depreciate the currency in their own interest, and are so strong that the weak Government responsible for Germany's obligations is unable to cope with them." But Sir Thomas suspects that behind the apparent struggle between France and Germany over reparations there is a covert struggle in which the real parties are France and England.

For, he tells us, the French think that England is behaving shabbily to them. A considerable part of the damage to their territory was done by their own Allies. St. Quentin, Bapaume, Peronne, Lens, and other places were ruined by British artillery. France thinks that of course the Germans should have to pay for this, but that if the Germans cannot pay—or are let off from paying—England should make good her proportion of the damage. They feel this all the more when they see British statesmen helping to free Berlin of its debts. M. Clemenceau did not make the necessary stipulation at Versailles, being overborne by "his more skilful English colleague." So M. Poincaré wants to make good the omission of his predecessor, feeling that though the war happened to be in French territory, it was fought just as much for France's Allies as for herself.

DR. Chatterton-Hill thinks it worth pointing out at this time that "Imperialism is an essential and inseparable attribute of the French nation." They have always had a mania for *gloire*. Under the Bourbons, under the Directory, under the First and Second Empires the war-spirit remained the same. On the downfall of Louis Napoleon there was a pessimistic wave, and France gave up imperialism for the very good reason that she could do no other. Her writers began to preach peace. Rémy de Gourmont, who was

so long editor of *Le Mercure de France*, said mournfully about the lost provinces—

In order to recover Alsace-Lorraine I would give neither the little finger of my right hand, for it serves to support my hand when I am writing, nor the little finger of my left hand, for it serves to shake off the ash of my cigarette.

But, according to Dr. Chatterton-Hill, the old mania was revived from about the year 1904, as is seen in the new tone of French literature. Men like Anatole France and Pierre Loti protested in vain, just as the Communists in the Chamber are now protesting in vain against the raid on the Ruhr. M. Caillaux, "intellectually one of the ablest statesmen the French Republic has produced," was hounded out of public life by "blackmail of the filthiest kind" because he strove earnestly to limit his country's rage for expansion. Zola had to take refuge in England because he dared to speak the truth about the militarist campaign of slander on Dreyfus. The royalist movement, Dr. Chatterton-Hill thinks, had never been so vigorous and aggressive as in 1913 or the first months of 1914, and—but for the outbreak of the Great War—"the fate of the French Republic would, ere now, have been sealed." The youth of France were being brought up to believe—in defiance of all history—that the great humiliation at Sedan was due solely to the treason of Napoleon III, Bazaine, etc., and that the goal to strive after is the *grand jour de la revanche*. This is an interesting line of thought, in the light of recent events. One recalls how Carlyle insisted that the militarism of Frederick the Great was a short story compared with the militarism of his neighbours across the Rhine.

AS it happens, we have an article in the September *Current History* from Joseph Caillaux himself. In 1919 he was exiled from Paris and deprived of civil rights for alleged intrigue with the Germans. The admirers of M. Caillaux say this was "a frame-up." In any case it is worth while to have an estimate of M. Poincaré by an ex-Premier of France whose critical tongue has been loosed.

There are two great French parties, we are told,—the Right or "Whites" and the Left or "Blues." The policy of the former is to favour the Roman Church, especially in regard to control of education, and to stimulate the spirit of intense French nationalism. The policy of the latter is to restrict the Church to her sole mission of religious worship, and to cultivate in foreign affairs the international mind. It is the Right or "Whites" upon whom Premier Poincaré

rests. And that party includes a small but very active group of royalists, abundantly supplied with funds, carrying on propaganda through "the vilest and most abominable of pamphlets"—a sheet called *L'Action Francaise*, whose object is to reinstate the French monarchy.

According to M. Caillaux, the Premier is—first and foremost—a lawyer. He worships procedure, and avoids all larger responsibilities. He is acting in regard to reparations as he would act in regard to a private mortgage before the tribunal of the Seine. His next step will be such as is prescribed by the documents in his legal *dossier*. The French people are encouraged to expect "German gold by the cartload," and the leaders of the Right must keep up a state of semi-warfare between the two countries, that in the elections of next year they may exploit for their own advantage "the counterfeit patriotic currency which they excel in coining."

Wild figures about possible reparations were flung around at the peace conference, reaching at one time a total of 437 billions of gold marks! These were progressively revised, until in the end Germany might have paid in full with fifty billions "cash down." But in the wrangle between those who wanted something absurd and those who would have made absurd remissions, the German industrial magnates managed to play off one side against another and to make huge fortunes during the uncertainty. At length the French people got tired out, and the Ruhr policy was thrust upon Premier Poincaré rather than initiated by him. M. Caillaux here tells us some gossip, for which he does not vouch, but which is current in his country.

It is said that President Millerand wished to get rid of Premier Poincaré as he had got rid of Premier Briand, for the head of the French Republic likes to indicate programmes himself, and thus confides portfolios to men mediocre and submissive. Premier Poincaré thwarted this, according to the rumour, by playing President Millerand's own card and playing it first. Another tale is that the Ruhr expedition was decided by the great French metallurgists, who wanted to increase their wealth in the iron fields of Lorraine by appropriating the coal fields beyond the Rhine. M. Caillaux thinks this is probably slander, but tells us that it has lodged deeply in the public mind. The "Whites" he says, are losing ground in by-elections. So they are "bellowing anthems to patriotism," while the covert monarchists are declaring that the Ruhr move is only a prelude, that the French troops must go to Berlin, and that the German *Reich* must be broken up into fifty small States.

All which is submitted—whether respectfully or disrespectfully—by a man who once guided the French Republic in office, and now

in retirement fulfils the apostolic command that we should be "able to admonish one another." What he says will, of course, be discounted by many as the language of "a convicted traitor." But we remember Dreyfus. In trials for treason the French militarists know well how to coach their witnesses.

THE brilliant editor of *The Spectator* has some very incisive things to tell us about the Ruhr situation. He points out that M. Poincaré is now beginning to talk of a financial compromise, but that the proposed compromise is a fraud. The total amount of reparations to be claimed from Germany was fixed two years ago at £6,600,000,000. M. Poincaré will agree to its reduction to £2,500,000,000. But the sufferer under this apparently handsome concession would not be France. It is part of her scheme that the whole of the £600,000,000 due from her to England shall be paid by a further exaction from Germany of "C" Bonds, which everyone knows to be worthless! Thus if England will consent to remit altogether the huge debt of her ally across the Straits of Dover, that ally will reduce her own demand upon her enemy across the Rhine. Mr. Strachey aptly remarks that the question is not just whether we shall be our brother's keeper, but whether we are to forget altogether about being our own keeper.

The Spectator makes short work of the plea that occupation of the Ruhr was contemplated in the Treaty of Versailles, and is in consequence "legal." The treaty provided that the left bank of the Rhine and the bridgeheads should be occupied as a guarantee for its faithful execution. This obviously does not include the area into which France has sent her troops. When at an earlier date she suddenly dashed out from Mainz to occupy Frankfort and four other towns, Great Britain protested, and within three days the French troops were withdrawn to their legal territory. But the same game was tried again, when Dusseldorf, Duisberg and Ruhrort were seized. Mr. Strachey regrets that, in anxiety to preserve the Entente, Great Britain consented to this and even helped to carry it out. She should have protested again. So now M. Poincaré uses against us this concession we made for the sake of peace. And *The Spectator* reminds us how, two years ago, the French betrayed us in secret negotiation with the Turks.

It was a great and memorable note, this critic thinks, that was despatched from Downing Street to Paris on 11th August. In that note the French were warned that England could not consent to "an indefinitely protracted discussion at a time when prompt decis-

ion is of essential importance." While France delays, "Europe may slide further down the slope to perdition." The thing to be done, in Mr. Strachey's opinion, is to institute at once an impartial international enquiry into the assets of Germany. If France will take part in this, well and good. If not, we must go on without her. When the experts report, England should then invite France to withdraw from the Ruhr on the understanding that the amount they have fixed shall be exacted from Germany, and that there shall be remission of the French debt to England on the generous scale described in the British note. As to the alleged deliberate debasing of their own currency by the Germans, one is tempted to ask how the French currency has been brought to its present desperate plight. The franc to-day is worth less than one-third of its normal exchange value. Humorists are telling us how the mark fell down and broke its crown, and the franc came tumbling after.

MR. George Glasgow in the *Contemporary* does not hesitate to call a spade a spade. "France," he says, "lock, stock, and barrel, has gone mad." The metaphor is mixed, but forcible. This writer warns our ally that secret diplomacy is an anachronism, and that not M. Poincaré with all his armies can recapture it. He professes to have reason for believing that the French Premier had sent on July 5th or 6th an explicit reply to the questions addressed to him by Mr. Baldwin, and even tells us what the reply contained. But it was withdrawn in time, and the ambassador never presented it. "The leopard at the last moment had been unable to change his spots."

An interesting picture is drawn of the vagaries of M. Poincaré. His predecessor, M. Briand, used to meet Mr. Lloyd George in conference. But M. Poincaré argued that the conference method is wrong, that the proper plan is to exchange written notes—carefully drawn up and recorded—so that each step in the negotiation may be kept clearly in view and the misunderstandings of verbal discussion may be obviated. But when Mr. Baldwin adopted this method, asking for written answers to written questions, he was told that it would be better to meet face to face and discuss the whole affair orally. "Such," says Mr. Glasgow, "are the delusions of this world that M. Poincaré is regarded as a rigid man, with preconceived, fixed, and unchangeable ideas."

One notices that in recent contributions to the press Mr. Lloyd George has bracketed together Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini, and Poincaré. He writes:—

French armies invade neighbours' territory, occupy it, establish martial law, seize and run the railways, regulate its press, deport tens of thousands of its inhabitants, imprison or shoot down all who resist, and then proclaim that this is not an act of war.

And Mr. Lloyd George finds this strictly parallel to the procedure of Mussolini, so that a "new code of international law is coming into existence." He further points out that the Treaty of Versailles is thus being torn to pieces. Lord Robert Cecil has insisted on the same conclusion with reference to the Italians. For the Covenant of the League is just as integral a part of the treaty as the clauses about reparations. If France and Italy can trample upon the former, why cannot Germany repudiate the latter? Yet it is against Germany alone that bad faith is alleged in the Rothermere press! As Mr. Asquith would say, "Let these austere moralists come down from the pulpit."

THE name of "Fascisti" seems to have been well chosen. It is meant to recall the *fascēs*, or bundle of rods with an axe in the centre, carried before the chief magistrates of ancient Rome, for the scourging and beheading of criminals. Such rough and ready justice has appealed to the imagination of Mussolini. Dr. Miller reminds us how for the last nine months that extraordinary man has exercised powers greater than those of any Italian Premier before him, and how in some respects his administration has been most successful. No more strikes, no more civil war between Fascisti and Socialists, punctual train and mail service, a general cleaning up of chaos and neglect so that the Italy of to-day is a surprise to those who travelled there a few years ago,—all this has to be placed to Mussolini's credit. And Dr. Miller, when he wrote his *Contemporary Review* article, thought the Premier in office was showing a reasonableness in foreign affairs that could not have been predicted of him in his wild free-lance period. No doubt the observer has changed his mind about this, or has seen a striking "reversion to type."

It is but fair to add that there were notes of warning in the article. It was pointed out that an "Italian Empire" was being much discussed, that such an Empire would have to be formed at the expense of other nations, and that Mussolini had recently spoken of Italian Nationalism as sure to enroach upon the preserves of other peoples. Dr. Miller drew attention to the growing protests against the Premier's dictatorial ways, and told us how some in Italy were comparing his "National Militia" to the Praetorian Guard of the old Caesars, surely an ominous and prescient comparison. The

dictator's source of power is in northern and central Italy, while the people of the south and the Sicilians are good monarchists who chafe under his rule. Legend declares that Mussolini each morning, when he takes his seat at his desk, asks his secretary "How many enemies have I made since yesterday?" And his government is altogether a "one-man show."

IN the *Fortnightly*, Mr. James Murphy explains the rise of Fascismo as due to two clearly defined factors in the condition of Italy brought about by the war. On the one hand there was the upward urge of the proletariat; on the other, the decadence of the ruling caste. Great numbers of people belonging to "the masses" of other days had been enabled by the high war-wages to save money, and they invested this either in land or in government bonds. Thus there was an exodus from the ranks of the proletariat to swell the middle class of small capitalists. But, as elsewhere, there was also a fierce Communist movement among Italian workmen, and a formidable attempt—stimulated by the Russian Bolsheviks—to introduce the State system known by the name of Karl Marx. Some months ago Arnaldo Cortesi wrote about this in the *Current History Magazine*, telling us how Italian soldiers wearing uniforms were expelled from trains by the railroad employees, and how in certain cities the Communists took complete possession, levying taxes, dispossessing landlords, and enforcing their own "law" with their own police. "For two whole years," said Signor Cortesi, "the subversives were absolute and unchallenged masters of Italy."

The governing caste of other days had become decadent and powerless. So when the Fascisti or "Black Shirts" organized themselves into an armed group "for the purpose of vindicating the honour of those who had willed and fought the War," they at once found that they had the middle classes at their back. What began as a very small self-appointed body of soldiers of fortune, soon swelled into a vast host, and the tide carried Mussolini into power. He began to lay his axe to the root of the tree of public extravagance. Italy had long been a great field for parasites battenning on the public revenue. The dictator dismissed some sixty thousand needless railway officials, and Mr. Murphy would like to see him dismiss sixty thousand more, for "the engine-driver used to find that one of his principal preoccupations was to avoid running down the officials who crowded the permanent way." So too with the Post Office. Into one department after another the sweep of the broom was carried, with vast improvement alike in economy and in efficiency.

In particular, State education has greatly benefited. The symbol of Christianity has been restored in the schools, and the relations between Church and State—so bitter in earlier times—have been sweetened.

One reads this record now with a feeling of disappointment. Why has Mussolini so destroyed the splendid fame he seemed on the point of achieving? Why has the internal Reformer of the Italian State become such a menace to the peace of the world? Doubtless because the qualities which make a man effective and even heroic in an emergency are not those which fit him for normal administration. Mussolini appears to have lost his head, and to have forgotten that one cannot conduct foreign relations as one would suppress a Communist riot. He thinks of himself as the "Man of Destiny," and has become more and more truculent, violent, uncontrollable. One is alarmed by his motto "Blood alone moves the wheels of history." Is it any wonder that such a man cannot enter into the spirit of the League of Nations? Carlyle used to glorify Dr. Francia of Paraguay for dispensing with parliaments and relying upon the use of the gallows. Perhaps this was best at the time for Paraguay. But such is not the mood for an international diplomatist.

MR. William T. Ellis points out to us that the name "Angora" is but slightly changed from the Greek word for "Anchor," and that there are some very fascinating questions about the capacity of the place so named to hold as anchor of the new Turkey.

The queer old town, still so immune from modern habits and arrangements, was once a Phrygian fortress settlement, and afterwards capital of that Roman province of Galatia to whose Christian church St. Paul addressed his epistle. One can still read on its walls an inscription detailing the glories of Caesar Augustus, and probably cut into the marble over nineteen hundred years ago. Mr. Ellis, who knows the place well, has expressed his doubt whether the present inhabitants care any more for its antiquities than does the stork which he once photographed on its ancient arch.

He was writing his article sitting in a Turkish khan, among Anatolian peasants, and wondering at the curious displacement of the fashionable Constantinople in favour of the rude Angora. The change is not to the mind of western ambassadors and their suites. For Constantinople, with its palatial embassies, was a gay spot, and at Angora the rulers of Turkey dwell in single rooms in mud houses. The gilded youth of the European embassies sometimes talk of remaining at the brilliant centre on the Bosphorus, with

secretarial representatives at Angora. But Mr. Ellis predicts that the Turks will prick that imaginative bubble. The Angora of Mustapha Kemal will remain the shrine of Turkish Nationalism, and there will be no return to the Constantinople of the Sultans whom the diplomatists of Europe so often used as tools. Nor will the gilded youth be gratified with any gorgeous ambassadorial palaces among the ancient ruins. They will have to stay there, in a town whose "sanitation" is no better than in the days of Tamerlane, where there is no such thing as a sewer pipe, and where the street are neither paved nor cleaned. It is very different from what they "have been accustomed to." But it is far more consonant with the spirit of the real Turkey.

Some problems arise. Mr. Ellis reflects that the Christians have been practically eliminated by removal—and otherwise—from the Turkish dominions. This means that those who provided the enterprise and economic aggressiveness of the country are gone, and there are left—soldiers and farmers. Will the new Government's zeal for education make good this handicap? Curious tokens of very old habits are still seen in the occasional hanging of the dead body of an executed criminal in front of Parliament House,—just as was done on the steppes of Turkestan a thousand years ago! But the Turks, as usual, are looking out for other people to do things for them, now that the Armenians are gone. They have made arrangements on a vast scale with an American company to carry a system of railroads right through their dominions. This scheme—known as "The Chester Concession"—has enormous possibilities:

Nothing so comprehensive in the way of concessions was ever dreamed of by the Kaiser himself, and he was a dreamer after the magnitude of Joseph.

The American company has been granted all mineral and oil rights within a zone of forty kilometres alongside the railways. It is to have port privileges at an excellent harbour in the eastern end of the Mediterranean. It is to build a new city at Angora, with all needed Government structures, and it is to sell agricultural implements to Turkey on terms of assured profit.

Perhaps thus a modern system of farming, which could do so much for the rich soil, may be developed. Perhaps Angora itself may in time become a city where the European gilded youth will deign to live. But there are many obstacles to overcome, especially that of a people with little respect for treaties, and that of a "Church-State"—so odd in this modern world. The Angora Government

wanted to insist that all employees of the Chester Concession—except the Americans in charge—should be “Moslems,” but Mr. Arthur Chester substituted the word “Turks.” It was a significant point. Mr. Ellis has given us an article of deep interest and suggestiveness, which should be read by everyone who desires to answer his question about Turkey “Will the Anchor Hold?”

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