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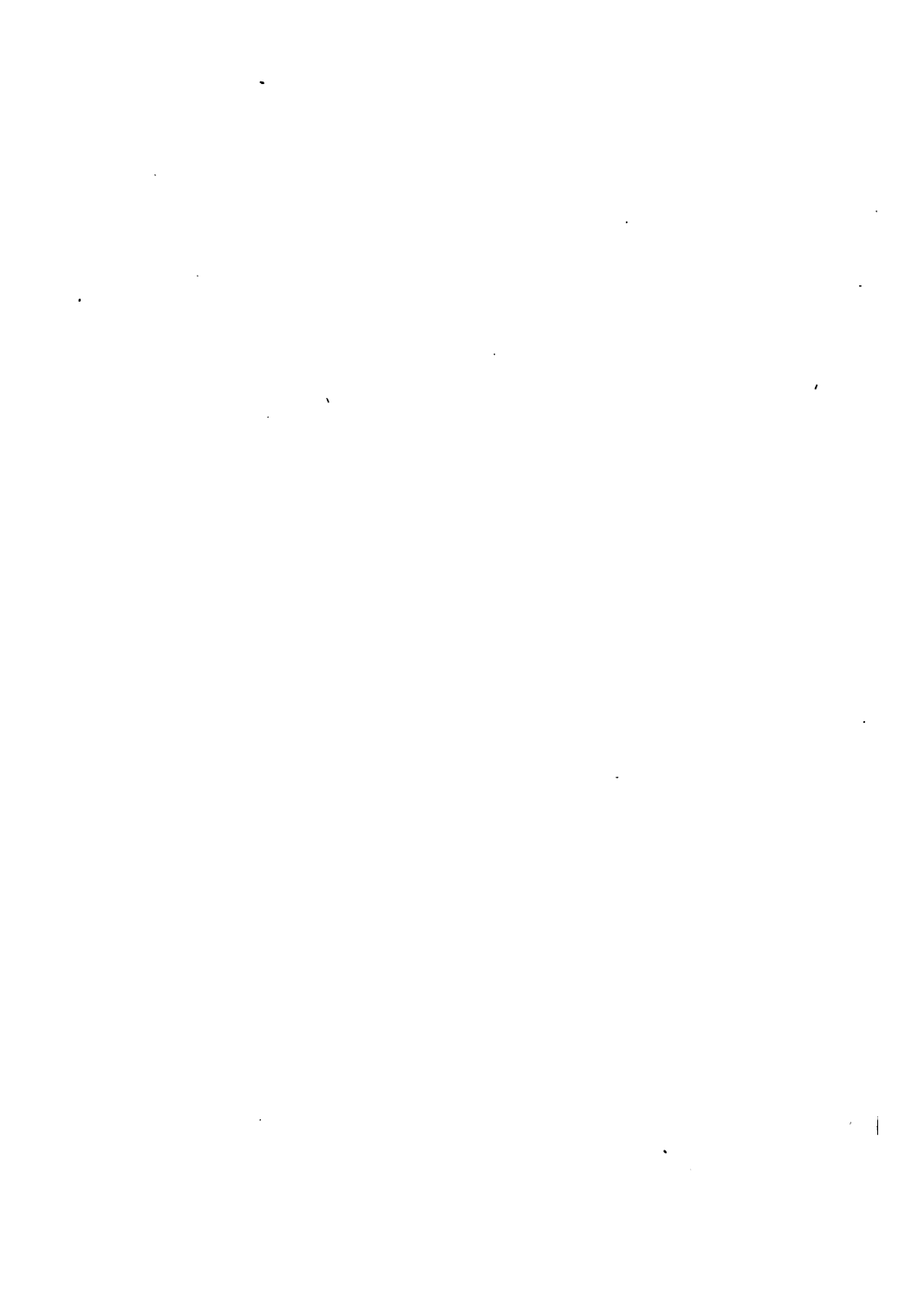
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**THE
IMPERIAL IMPULSE**



THE IMPERIAL IMPULSE

BACKGROUND STUDIES
OF BELGIUM ♥ ENGLAND
FRANCE ♥ GERMANY ♥ RUSSIA

BY

et cetera
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NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

1916

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Published, March, 1916

PREFACE

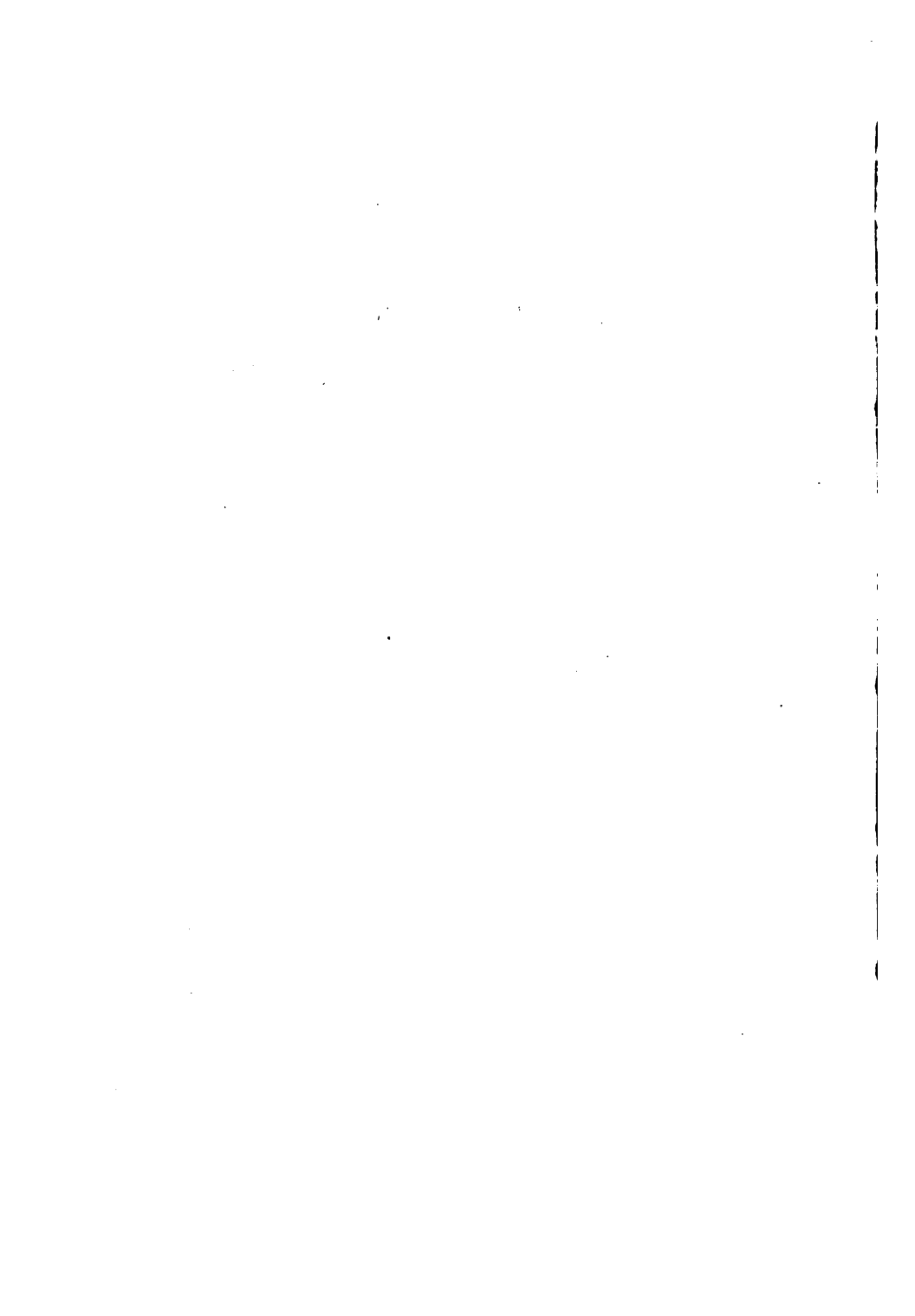
Of the following essays, the first three (on Germany, France and England) have appeared in the *Century Magazine*; the last one ("Our First Duty") appeared in the Sunday magazine of the *New York Times*. The papers on Belgium and Russia are now printed for the first time.

Imperialism, whether economic, political or dynastic, is not the product of an hour. We are beholding the collision of many generations of ambitions and hatred. To understand them we must look behind the soldiery and attempt to discover the work-a-day habits and characteristics of the people.

These papers aim at nothing more than a rapid sketching of the ethnic, economic and political background of these countries, now engaged in the most colossal recrudescence of the imperial instinct of modern times.

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**THE
IMPERIAL IMPULSE**

THE IMPERIAL IMPULSE

I

GERMANY'S DESTINY

Bearing on shoulder immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

I

TO-DAY the vision in every one's mind is the colossal figure of the Iron Chancellor, standing with uplifted sword in the great hall of Versailles, proclaiming that German Empire which four centuries of vicissitudes had retarded, and two brief decades of superhuman energy had wrought.

Most people seem to believe that German destiny is balanced on the sword. If it is, then

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the very precincts of its birth enshrouded the new empire with an ominous fate; for Versailles is the greatest monument to autocratic folly in the world, and the pale ghosts that haunt its vast and silent corridors are the souvenirs of a Bourbon wilfulness that nowhere has found a nearer replica than in the grandson of the smiling William who stood by Bismarck's side to receive the symbol of empire from his great chancellor's hand.

Curiously, Germany has been the one great modern cultural and industrial power to preserve almost intact the theory of class government through divine right; and the corollary of divine right is military might. So the Hohenzollern presence looms at once into your vision as you scan the European horizon.

It is now five hundred years since the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire sent Prince Frederick an impecunious Swabian nobleman to subdue the wild and wilful province of Brandenburg. This Frederick was the first of the Hohenzollerns. He was a militant, ca-

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pable, daring prince, with his eye on the stars, his hand on his sword, and his heart in his royal prerogative.

A few years ago, after one of the Kaiser's characteristic *coups de personne*, August Bebel, the fearless commoner, was asked what he thought of it.

"I can only say," he replied, "that the Hohenzollerns never change."

The first Frederick was the princely example of the last, and the last William is the faithful follower of the first. The race has remained true to the type, and the individual members of the race pride themselves on this lineal integrity. A recent cautious biographer of the Kaiser says:

He is to-day the same Hohenzollern he was when he mounted the throne, observing exactly the same attitude toward the world abroad and his folk at home. . . . He still thinks himself the selected instrument of Heaven, and acts toward his people, and addresses them, accordingly. He still opposes all efforts at political change, as witness his attitude toward electoral reform, toward the Germanization

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of Prussian Poland, toward socialism, toward liberalism in all its manifestations. He is still, as he was at the outset of his reign, the patron of classical art, classical drama and classical music. He is still the War Lord with the spirit of the Bishop, and the Bishop with the spirit of the War Lord. With the Emperor time for twenty-five years appears to have stood still.

II

Autocracy moves only by compulsion, and to the Hohenzollerns compulsion has been so moderated by conditions and events that they have succeeded in bringing political medievalism into the heart of the present.

First, the throne has been constantly surrounded by an assertive feudatory camarilla. Aristocracy and the Junkers have united in a ruling class that possesses all the practical characteristics of the feudal barony. The "upper class" still regards the constitution as a concession. It believes in Stein's maxim, "Authority, not majority." It therefore prefers a Cæsar to a cabinet. It is in every sense a governing caste, from the ranks of which

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alone are recruited the leading officers of army and navy, of government and diplomacy.

Then, history and geography conspired to prevent a German union that would enable a united people to overthrow the assumptions of autocracy. The Teutons sifted into the vast area between the Baltic and the Alps in groups. Separatism seemed the doom of these scattered nuclei. Even the Carolingian empire failed to bring unity, and at the close of the Middle Ages there were three hundred and sixty-two German states, some ecclesiastical, some secular, all petty, ruled by no fewer than eighteen different kinds of governments.

Germany has thus had to struggle constantly against political provincialism in its worst form. Petty states are the opportunity of the feudalist; the lord can maintain his vassalage only on the threat of combat. When political nationalism dawns, feudalism fades. Thus France and England rid themselves of petty principalities and dukedoms while Germany was still in fragments.

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Moreover, during these years of particularism, Germany was the battle-ground of the Continent. From Luther to Napoleon, two hundred and fifty years, she endured a constant warfare, in which her unhappy people saw almost every race of Europe, by both hireling and patriot, devastate the fields and towns of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg. This warfare culminated in Waterloo, and what was left of Germany fell back exhausted after that supreme effort.

This constant fighting weakened the people and strengthened the autocracy. For the populace, weary and despoiled, relied on the strength and leadership of the governing class. And this became a national habit.

Above this feudalistic particularism has loomed a constant larger sectionalism, threatening German unity: first pope *versus* emperor, then Protestant *versus* Catholic, finally Hapsburg *versus* Hohenzollern.

As political unity was denied these people, so also was the realization of a democratic self-

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consciousness. Only once, in 1848, after the full meaning of the centuries of warfare had been brought home to the working-man, was there an attempt to establish constitutionalism. It was short lived. The exiles of that patriotic revolt found refuge in America.

III

Then came Bismarck, master of kings, but not master of destiny. For sheer power of command he ranks with Cæsar and Charlemagne. But what is the judgment of time on his political clairvoyance? He looked backward, not forward. And while with giant strokes he welded the petty states to the throne of Prussia in the forge of his statecraft, he wrought his work for the purpose of strengthening the state, not for the purpose of widening the sphere of individual freedom. His great contribution to statesmanship, state insurance, or state socialism, was to him merely the application of a feudal formula to modern workmen.

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Bismarck is not the pinnacle—he is rather the pivot—of German destiny. Behind him lay the old Germany, before him the new, and he chose to invest his great work with the spirit of the past. So with Machiavellian craftiness he manipulated the great liberal party of that day until it became an ally to his reactionary conservatism. He crushed every attempt at democratic autonomy in his iron fist. Equal-manhood suffrage for the Reichstag he wrote into the imperial constitution as a concession to the smaller states. He provided a parliament, but no parliamentary government; a council, but no cabinet; a chancellor, but no prime minister. The entire administration of the Bismarckian empire centered in the Kaiser. You may say that this is a constitutional autocracy, but it is nevertheless autocratic.

The Bismarckian conception of political freedom is displayed by the anti-socialist law the chancellor framed after several insane attempts had been made upon the life of the aged Kaiser. His weapon he took from the arsenal

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of the Inquisition—repression. Into the hands of an unenlightened constabulary he placed the most extravagant discretion in closing meetings and making arrests. He established what he gently termed “the minor state of siege,” a sort of politico-intellectual terrorism, so that in the twelve years of its operation, in this land boasting a leadership in culture, fifteen hundred periodicals and books were placed on the Index Expurgatorius of this pope of privilege, fourteen hundred outspoken and fearless Germans were imprisoned, and an empire-wide propaganda forced underground. With the retirement of the old chancellor the law was repealed, and it was found that this repression had merely developed the roots of a plant that at the end of this war may bear strange fruitage.

The soldiers who clustered about the Iron Prince in exultant mood at Versailles were the legionary of a people who had maintained a cultural cohesion in the midst of political and sectarian sectionalism. Their sheer physical

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hardihood challenges admiration. The Thirty Years' War alone would have drained the vitality of an ordinary people; but the Teutons multiplied despite the sapping of war. Burdened with poverty and strife, they had enriched philosophy as no race since the Athenian. Learning and all the gentler arts were richly intermingled in German culture, and the universities, housed in unostentatious buildings, drew the scholarship of the world. Let the German reflect, that when his country was torn by political and religious discord, when from without her condition seemed least attractive, her inner life glowed with the brightest achievements of her genius. Goethe dwelt in a humiliated fatherland.

The old Germany was a land of peasants and artisans, a plodding, early rising, thoughtful, God-fearing folk, who somehow thrived on the lean German soil, who patiently obeyed their masters, and wasted no thought on German destiny.

There was scarcely a factory in the whole

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realm. Wealth was not sought. Plain living and high thinking had for at least three centuries characterized the Teuton. No one ever dreamed, least of all the Briton, that this over-careful race of craftsmen and farmers would penetrate the corners of the earth with the legend "Made in Germany."

Everybody knows that this is what actually has happened. With his feet planted squarely on Kant and Goethe, Bismarck proclaimed "*Aus dem Lern-folk soll ein That-folk werden*" ("the race of thinkers shall become a race of doers").

Almost in a trice idealist Germany became first industrial Germany, then imperialist Germany. It is the most astounding transformation ever known. We pride ourselves on our rapid industrial development, but we had a virgin continent, untrammled by hampering conditions. A new people, the pick of the most enterprising, we shaped our own government, made our own policies, and had no jealous neighbors across the line-fence.

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But the German had all the handicaps of temperament, tradition, poverty, industrial inexperience, a poor soil, and a restricted area. One marvels how he achieved the metamorphosis from the plodding worm to the ambitious butterfly; how this scholar discovered the unity between the abstract and the concrete.

Americans returning from Germany are constantly expressing their surprise at the extent and perfection of this new industrialism, which outrivals our own. Everywhere you see business—business. I remember the disappointment of my first trip up the Rhine. The Rhine I had pictured was the Rhine my mother had often described, and the Rhine of my mother was the Rhine of old Germany. Today factory towns, steamboats, barges, locomotives, smoke, noise; yesterday vineyards, peasants, song, legend. The Heidelberg of old is now cradled in the black bosom of a new factory town.

Sixty years ago there were two cities of a hundred thousand inhabitants in the empire;

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to-day there are forty-eight such cities. What need of reminding the reader that in twenty-five years Germany's coal production increased twelve per cent., coke production forty-three per cent., banking capital one hundred and forty-five per cent., pig-iron production three hundred and one per cent.; that in this period the horse-power of her machinery has tripled, the tonnage of her shipping quadrupled, the savings bank deposits quintupled? Statistics are only an aggravation when viewing such a stupendous spectacle.

IV

How was this magic leap into the sun accomplished? By mechanism. You realize the moment you cross the border that you have entered a realm where some mysterious gravitation is at work subordinating individual initiative to the will of the state. Everywhere you find the evidence of a compelling foreordination. The empire is organized into a gigantic machine, the spirit of which is efficiency,

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the inexorable law, subordination. Everybody is fashioned into his place, and keeps it.

“What are you going to be when you grow up?” I asked the bright son of a master mechanic.

“He is going to be a machinist,” promptly answered the father.

The lad had no choice, and unquestionably the father had no choice; perhaps he did not want any choice. For we must remember that this mechanism is possible only in a land of caste, where persons are born into and not unto.

A part of this machine is the wonderful school system, which, while it teaches everything under the sun, teaches thoroughly only one thing to one lad. So is the complicated system of state insurance a part of this machine—pensions for the aged, the sick, and the maimed, and bounties for widows and orphans. And a part of this mechanism is the good-will shown by the state to capitalism on the one hand, and agrarianism on the other. Pedagogue, preacher, and professor,—especially

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the professor,—capitalist and landlord, artisan and laborer, have all been marshaled with exact military precision under the overmastery of the state into this marvelous modern feudality, which tolerates no derelicts.

Without crowding the individual,—rather, as an aid to his efforts,—the state engages in all sorts of activities. It owns railroads and telegraphs, warehouses, electric power plants, theaters, markets, pawnshops, tenements. It has hospitals for the sick, shelters for the homeless, soup-houses for the hungry, asylums for the weak and unfortunate, nurseries for the babies, homes for the aged, cemeteries for the dead.

And what activities are not reached by the omnipotent state are organized by private persons. The land teems with coöperative enterprises of all kinds. Nowhere else are there such labor organizations, such agricultural banks, such co-partnership shops, such cartels and trusts of every variety. Organized labor, organized capital, organized charity, organized coöperation, wheels within wheels, man and

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nature put under hourly tribute to the great god Routine!

The meager soil is harassed until only 9.3 per cent. of the area is unproductive, against 18.3 per cent. of little England, and 14.3 per cent. of fertile France. Every waterway is harnessed; harbors are wrested from the sea. A few years ago Wilhelmshaven was a sand waste.

And this organized vigilance extends into every market on earth. Last winter I was shown German-made serapes and hats sold in Chile. I was told that Germans had carefully studied the Chilians' wishes as to design and quality and size, and had responded to the precise demand, while American manufacturers tried to impose ordinary hats and cheap blankets without any regard to the traditions and tastes of the Chilian. I have known of Berlin making careful inquiry into the best method for putting up pearl buttons,—the color of the pasteboard to be used, etc.,—to please prospective African customers.

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It is a stupendous machine, with the patents of Bismarck, Hohenzollerns & Co. on every detail. And it works.

V

It is not surprising that industrial Germany became almost immediately imperialist Germany. This self-conscious nation, grown proud of her puissance, looked beyond the sea. Bismarck put it this way: "Up to 1866 we had a Prusso-German policy. From 1866-70 we had a German-European policy. Since then we have had a world policy."

This world-consciousness of a humble and frugal people naturally brought on a great change in their mental attitude. A new ambition stirred their hearts. The sea lured them, as it had called to the English, the Dutch, the Spanish four centuries before. The truth is, the Germans experienced simultaneously the period of commercial adventure and the industrial revolution.

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Born out of time, it would seem, this people of thinkers in the brief span of a few decades passed through the most thrilling experiences which the Britons had known in four centuries of romantic history—adventure, colonization, industrial awakening. They met the shock of this dual realization with the mechanism of feudal autocracy, and sought through a perfection of foreordained routine, rather than through the stimulation of individual initiative, to atone for this tardiness.

In 1896 the Kaiser said at a banquet of his leading merchants and financiers:

The German Empire is now a world empire. . . . German subjects, German knowledge, and German industry cross the ocean. The volume of German goods on the sea amounts to thousands of millions of marks. On you, gentlemen, is placed the duty of helping me unite this greater German Empire to the empire here at home.

So this industrial paternalism was to become a world force, not through an extension of “knowledge” merely,—of arts, science,

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skill, idealism,—but of “subjects” and “industry.”

The sudden prosperity of Germany brought a ludicrous self-exaggeration. “German culture will be the world culture,” was the euphonious paraphrasing of this ambition.

Prof. Heinrich von Treitschke, a popular and brilliant exponent of the Hohenzollern imperialism, made it very clear:

When the German flag covers and protects this immense Empire [colonial], to whom shall the scepter of the universe belong? What nation shall impose her will upon the others in a state of weakness and decadence? Shall it not be Germany whose mission it will be to guarantee the peace of the world? Russia, a vast, half-developed colossus, with feet of clay, will be absorbed in economic and internal difficulties; England, stronger in appearance than in reality, will doubtless see her colonies break away and become exhausted in fruitless struggle; France, a prey to discord and faction, will sink deeper and deeper into decadence; as for Italy, she will be able to do no more than assure a meager existence to her sons. . . . The future belongs to Germany, and Austria, if she values her national existence, will stand by her side.

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Forgotten at once are all the painful lessons of history and the greatest of all international factors, the ethnic factor.

Another imperialistic professor whom Germany is proud to honor, Professor Delbruck, last year gave the following explanation of the world-desire of his Kaiser:

Since 1871, particularly within the last fifteen years, enormous and productive territories have been continually seized and occupied by strong nations. Britain has conquered a new empire in South Africa. America has acquired the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico, and imposed her hegemony over the West Indies and Central America. Japan has annexed Corea and is dividing Manchuria and Mongolia with Russia. England and Russia are absorbing Persia. France has pocketed Morocco. Austria-Hungary has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Italy has taken Tripoli. The Balkan States have partitioned the Turkish Empire.

All these are natural processes. Germany has no reason to oppose them. But she wants her share.

For this object she needs a fleet. . . . The abandonment of unworthy suspicion; the acknowledgment of our right to grow, and participate in shaping the

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world's destiny; the expression of an honest desire to reach an understanding; formal diplomatic steps in that direction; simultaneous withdrawal of arbitrary opposition to legitimate German political aspirations—these are the things we await of England. If she has no inclination to meet us on that ground, if her interests rather point to a perpetuation of the anything-to-beat-Germany policy, so let it be. The Armageddon which must then some day ensue will not be of our making.

VI

This, then, is the German's interpretation of his destiny. How has nature served him? Of all the powers who have, in the European era, aspired to colonial empire, Germany is the first one which has had meager access to the sea. Geographically she is a layer of Teutonic influence between the irrepressible Muscovite and the rapidly recuperating Latin. She is bottled in. The North Sea is Britain's, and must remain so as long as any vitality is left in that island empire. The Mediterranean gateway is held at Gibraltar, while Latin influences

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control both its African and European shores. There is no direct access to the Atlantic. Yet the Kaiser said at Stettin in 1898, "Our future lies on the water," and Kiel is the symbol of this *See-Herrschaft*.

This tight little country, scarcely half as large as Texas, with a teeming population of 60,000,000, increasing at the rate of 800,000 a year, which has long been compelled to import food, and whose productiveness is probably at its height, is told to extend territorially. Where? America has its Monroe Doctrine; Asia its "open door"; Africa, the only continent left, has been largely preëmpted.

Clearly, for this ambitious people the era of colonization dawned late.

About 1880 a pioneer German trader got a "concession" from the Hottentots, and from that day to this there have been ardent, and often agonizing, attempts to secure colonial territory; witness Morocco, the Agadir incident, the Philippine attitude.

History shows that time has a way of re-

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warding the efficient, the wary, and the patient; and this reward the German imperialist might well have expected. But for once he forgot the national proverb: "Geduld überwindet Alles" ("Patience overcometh all obstacles"), and we behold an impatient leader of a patient people attempting by force what could reasonably be presumed to be accomplished only by wary waiting and crafty diplomacy. How else explain the constantly increasing armaments, the restless aggressiveness, and to-day's wanton inopportunistism? Perhaps this war will refute the maxim of Frederick the Great, the Hohenzollern ideal: "Any war is a good war undertaken to increase the power of the state."

VII

In the meantime industrialism has made its mark on the brow of these superbly organized people.

Partly because of this military training,—the raucous command of the drill sergeant has never been silenced in Germany,—partly be-

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cause of his genius for thoroughness, this all-embracing mechanism has not been so deadly to the German as one would think. To the American ideal of liberty it would be instantly fatal. But the Teuton cares little for the paraphernalia of liberty. He cares a good deal, however, for that "inner freedom" which Goethe taught him to win "daily"; he struggles for philosophical rather than for political liberty.

Occupied with introspection, this child of thought is willing to submit to conditions which the American would angrily resent. Lacking the volatile emotionalism of the Latin and the self-complacent stolidity of the Briton, he possesses a perseverance which, if wisely led, would be all-conquering. *If wisely led!*

This mechanism has not stimulated inventiveness. Mechanically the German is an imitator. Careful German observers have assured me that, in their opinion, state paternalism has checked initiative, and has even, to some extent, threatened the self-reliance of the

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workman. Even for the Teuton the limits of a state machine have been reached.

It is his patience, his perseverance, and his habit of obeying orders that has made it possible to perpetuate the caste system while transforming an agricultural into an industrial country. Germany is at heart as much a land of social layers to-day as it was in the days of the Great Elector. Every one has his status, his "Stand," from the aristocracy down, and this status is quite as important as one's personality or one's achievements. It is more than "station"; it is life: it absorbs the thought and the activity of every one, and lends a rigidity to society which seems paradoxical in a country that has seen remarkable transformations in forty years.

This caste explains the ludicrous uniform-worship, the authority fetish of the Germans. Take the Kuppenberg incident, which set the world laughing. A few years ago a poor soldier, who was evidently a mixture of knave and wag, somehow got possession of a cap-

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tain's uniform and the password. He invaded a provincial town, commandeered a company of soldiers, marched to the town hall, represented to the officials that he had authority from the Government to take over the keys to the treasury; received the keys, helped himself to the public funds, and marched away. Such was the German respect for the uniform, the token of authority, that no warrant was asked for, and the looting was not exposed until the next stated accounts were sent to Berlin. Imagine an American town clerk opening the village safe on the verbal representation of any one, President, governor, or sheriff! This hierarchy of officialdom is builded upon medieval obedience and patience.

But in the train of all her new wealth has come a new sort of Teuton—the spendthrift and voluptuary. Gruel is no longer the national diet. Folly comes on the wings of prosperity. It links arms with the swaggering militarist, it bows obedience to officialdom, and the snobbery of aristocracy is wedded to the

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snobbery of money. Germany has grown rich, and it need not cause surprise if these riches prove her greatest curse. I believe there is apparent a decadence in habits, in morals, in ideals, in research, in art. "Business has eaten the heart out of scholarship," said Germany's leading scholar to me two years ago. This savant had himself become "Excellence," and was announced by an obedient flunky as you entered his study.

Every one who has sojourned in Berlin has been shocked at the banal vulgarity of the "night life," which fairly typifies the resultant of the two forces, new wealth and ancient caste. This decadence is the more remarkable when one considers the chaste and frugal Teuton of yesterday.

But even in this land of fixed status, many of the business phenomena with which we are familiar appeared. Great captains of industry by their own prowess lifted themselves from the bottom to the top, like Ballin, and Thyssen and Rothenau.

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Here is a new aristocracy in a land of fixity, a money power with which the feudalists were not slow in forming a working alliance. The Kaiser took peculiar pleasure in honoring them.

VIII

Modern Germany is, then, a dual kingdom, the aristocratic and the plutocratic. And there is a third Germany. Outside the orbit of *Gottes-gnädigkeit* and the industrial hierarchy is a vast body of men who have not been invulnerable to the war-cry of La Salle, the experience of '48, and the rising tide of liberal thought in university, church, and forum. German Social Democracy has long held the eye of the world, and many hoped to see in it the advance guard of a new era—the dawn of disarmament.

In this Social Democracy the emphasis is on the second syllable. These four and a half million voters are first of all democrats, and many of them are not socialist at all. Many small merchants and manufacturers, especially

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in southern Germany and the Rhine valley, have assured me that they voted for the Social-Democratic candidate because it is the only party through which they can utter their protest against the hierarchy of blood, steel, and gold.

Three Germanys, one within the other, feudal, industrial, democratic, and all of them resting on that medieval bulwark of authority, militarism. Never in history has there been such another combination. England and the United States are industrial countries. England, an island empire, relies, it is true, upon her vast navy; but she has no great standing army, and her government is democratic. The soldier is merely an incident in Anglo-Saxon industrialism, and democracy is potent. Russia has a feudal autocracy and an army, but she has only a nucleus of political democracy and the beginning of a factory industry. France has her army and her industry, but she is a republic, and her army is not the expression of her political theorems.

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During forty years of development, these three German empires have been growing. Democratic Germany grew more rapidly than even industrial Germany, but it gained scarcely any concessions. In Prussia, at least, every young man who joins the Social-Democratic party leaves all hope of governmental preferment behind. The expanding circle of the democracy crowded both the industrial and feudal camarilla more and more, until in the last elections it seemed as if somewhere the encircling steel of prerogative would have to yield.

But instead of revolution, more army levies, a five-per-cent. property tax, a greater navy.

Then the war. Encircled by enemies, some prompted by revenge, some by jealousy, some by the instinct of ethnic growth, this triplicate empire of mechanical perfection faces its supreme fate. Lord Roberts said only two years ago, "Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck."

The hour has come, and the three Germanys

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thus far have stood together. It was expected that the industrial princes would stand by the Kaiser. But the Social-Democrats have constantly opposed the increase in armaments, and preached against violence. While their leaders had repeatedly assured the Government that in the hour of peril the socialist would prove as patriotic as any others, they at the same time warned the nation that they would resist a war of aggression. Their actions indicate that they consider this a war of defense. The patriot has overcome the doctrinaire, and for the moment all are united around the throne.

So the student of affairs sees to-day the final test of a vast human mechanism that has reduced 60,000,000 persons to 60,000,000 obedient "parts," resting upon the tripod of bureaucracy, bayonet, and state benevolence. Is it possible so to drill the human mind and body into mechanical docility and yet retain that nationalistic spirit which is the noblest phase of race development? Can you unite military

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efficiency and industrial efficiency in one people, in the twentieth century proscribe autonomy to both society and the individual, and yet retain cultural virility? Can you make a man a machine, and yet by some autocratic miracle save his soul? This is the greatest issue of this war.

Recognizing all the historical hatreds, the race feuds, and the rivalry for world markets, this war is primarily a war for the survival of an idea—the imperialistic idea of centralized, mechanical force.

Force is the key-note in this most needless of wars. The aristocratic idea has fortified itself behind German tradition and German efficiency. It persists in believing that nations and world empires are built on superimposed force, not on spontaneous power. No modern empire has tranquilly survived a century of superimposed force. Probably the biggest mistake militarists have made is the delusion that the British empire is built on coercion, symbolized by the navy. Every Englishman

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knows that the moment Downing Street lifts its little finger to coerce any part of the empire it will fall to dust.

It is, after all, the old notion that has time and again prompted international levelers, the Cæsars, Napoleons, and Alexanders, to try to wipe out by the force of arms national individuality, and substitute a general monotonous imperium. It is the imperial impulse that has crazed all great nations in the hey-day of their power. It destroys autonomy, is the foe of small states and the deadliest enemy of a genuine internationalism.

We have arrived at a time when national individuality is a recognized necessity for the perpetuation and enrichment of culture and civilization, when the size of a nation has little to do with its power to sway ideals. To work out their own personality is the appointed destiny of nations, as of individuals. It is a painful struggle, requiring fortitude as well as ability, self-sacrifice as well as self-development. Above all it requires the free and natural ex-

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pression of the personality of every citizen. In this program, history has long since revealed the necessity of a hearty coöperation between the free individual and the responsive state. After all, it is individuals, and not machines, that make a nation.

Events will soon declare whether Germany is to be shocked into a newer and truer self-realization. This unusual people, so capable of efficient team-work and yet so fecund of talent, has not, in the sway of the Bismarckian empire, been able to break the circle of political intolerance which envelops them. Antiquated election laws, a peculiarly odious caste system, and, above all, the coarse spirit of militarism have stifled the artistic and intellectual aspirations of the patient Teutons.

(However the fate of battle may ensue, the new Germany will surely come. It will have more, much more, of Bavaria, and less, very much less, of Prussia.) It will break the shell of caste, open the magic chambers of opportunity, and allow that upward flow of talent

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and ambition from the humblest to the mightiest, which is the only purifying current in a nation's life. It will substitute the power of the people for the force of the bureaucrat. It will invade the farthest corners of the earth with the rich and varied products of its genius, and return to her high place German art, German music, and German scholarship.

Such a Germany the world needs. Such a Germany will have a large claim to international captaincy, in the super-struggle for cultural leadership that will arise out of the ashes of this war.

II

THE SOUL OF THE FRENCH

A PICTURE OF OLD PARIS AND NEW FRANCE

“France has grown young again.”

FRANCES TROLLOPE (1836).

“We are no longer naïve enough to be conceited.”

BRIEUX.

I

A GAIN all eyes are on Paris. No other modern city is so much the center of the world, or has commanded so frequent and general attention; for here was the throne of Bourbonism, here occurred the cataclysm which will remain an eternal admonition to statesmen and reformers, and, above all, here is Paris, the Paris which powerful kings meant to be merely a world capital, but which the genius of a remarkably facile and unusual people trans-

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formed into a universal atmosphere. The Paris which to Balzac was an "unfathomable ocean," to Goethe a "universal town," to Sainte-Beuve a place "to live and die in," and to Richard de Bury "the paradise of the world," this Paris to our day is the capital of individualism, the one city where a man is what he is, not what he buys or what he advertises himself to be.

It is not difficult to understand Bourbonism; it was merely an extravagantly ornate despotism. It is not easy to understand the Revolution, its chaos was so sudden and appalling. It is almost impossible to understand Paris, especially for an American, so intangible are the sources of its influences, so different the point of view, so apparently unstable the center of gravity, so dramatic and constant the shifting of events, ideas, and assumptions.

It is necessary to know old Paris, in order to understand the new, for the heart of this city of sentiments is ancient; it is only the mannerisms that are modern.

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Let us roughly divide the growth of old Paris into three eras, corresponding with the three stages of French culture. The first era we will place between the reigns of Clovis and Philip Augustus. It was Clovis who first made the town a capital and instituted a municipal history that soon became a national history, and which presents to our gaze a constant procession of sieges, calamities, victories, revolutions, *affaires*, events. You find everything in the story of this joyous city except repose. For Paris, like the Parisian, never reaches a resting-place in its thought or action, but revels in change and novelty.

This was the formative period in which the two elements which make the foundation of French character predominated. These were symbolized by the two styles of architecture then established, the first, the sedate and solid Norman, and later, under Louis VII, the agile, ambitious, pointed Gothic. The fine old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, with its Norman nave and Gothic choir, survives as a sym-

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bol of this early Paris which accomplished the blending of the hard-headed, sensible Frenchman with the artistic, temperamental Frenchman. To-day one still finds these two Frenchmen under every jacket and blouse.

A new epoch began with Philip Augustus, sometimes called the second founder of Paris. Now learning was exalted, the university was incorporated, and under Charles V the National Library, one of the three largest in the world, was endowed. This French Augustus thus added an imperishable glory to his Northern Rome; for, no matter what vicissitudes have overcome the French nation, they have never lost their love for the arts and their deep respect for learning. Now, also, was laid the foundation of the commercial prosperity under the wise directorship of Etienne Boileau, whose municipal ordinances remained unto the day of the Revolution, attesting his wisdom and the prosperity of the tradespeople.

Thus old Paris was prepared for the third and final period of its development. This was

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set in motion by Francis I, a patron of the ornate. Embellishment was the passion of the day. The elaborate Italian Renaissance, under royal stimulus, yielded easily to the deft touch and lavish imagination of the Parisian artist.

The simplicity and naturalness of the first epoch, the learning and the prosperity of the second, were forgotten in the riot of artificiality that now reigned over literature, art, manners, and religion. Now began that march of splendor and folly which has been at once the curse and glory of Paris. In his extravagant zeal Francis demolished the Louvre of Augustus, and commanded that master of architects, Pierre Lescot, to design a new one four times as large and a hundred times as costly. This was soon followed by the impressive Hôtel de Ville, the Château de Tuileries of Catharine de' Medici, the Palais Royal of Richelieu, the Palais de Elysée, the Panthéon, the Palais Bourbon, the Invalides, and then Versailles. These were merely the leaders in that impres-

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sive architectural parade of luxury and glory. Hundreds of minor buildings of scarcely lesser costliness sprang up about them.

It was indeed a magnificent Paris, that old Paris of the day before the judgment. Nowhere else since ancient Rome were seen such palaces and residences; nowhere else such paved avenues presenting such dazzling vistas; nowhere else had the hard sense and noble aspirations of a primitive town ended in such overpowering luxury.

And while this metamorphosis from Norman simplicity to Bourbon extravagance was taking place, a threefold Paris was growing up around the Ile de la Cité. It was on this island that the Franks built their first Paris. Here they erected a castle, a chapel, a mill, and a market—everything needful for a feudal stronghold. This island, like many of the primitive traits of the Franks, is now almost lost in the swirl of the modern metropolis. But it survives not only as a memory, but in a noble symbolism: purple Notre Dame and the spiritual Sainte-

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Chapelle, souvenir of the first religious establishment in Paris; the Palace of Justice and the Hôtel de Ville, representing the older halls of government.

But mill and market have long since disappeared. They were early pushed to that other Paris, the right bank, where greater markets soon flourished, and where now the larger portion of the population dwells.

The third Paris moved from the Ile in the opposite direction, to the left bank. It was very distinct from commercial Paris; for here flourished the university, and here, in the cool, shady retreats around St. Germain and the Luxembourg, the aristocracy of the realm built their splendid houses and laid out their refreshing gardens.

So both the inner and the outer development of old Paris was threefold. Fancy loves to trace its history in three great strides from simplicity and lofty aspiration, through learning and piety, into extravagance and splendor, and to picture the old city as a trifoliate town the

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center of which was the island, representing government and aristocracy, the right wing commerce and trade, and the left wing learning and culture.

It was a city that represented power and splendor at its full orb, granting protection to learning, to art, and to trade. Prosperity gleamed upon it despite its spectacular history. Time and again it outgrew its walls. Every effort on the part of kings to restrict its growth and keep it as a residence city failed. In his long reign, Louis XIV tried six times to check it. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ordinances were issued to bind its bounds. New houses and factories were forbidden, or their cost made prohibitive, or only unattractive sites made available.

All was of no avail. Paris constantly outgrew its older walls, annually seeking new chambers for its expanding life, like a vast and radiant nautilus.

It is no wonder that this romantic city absorbed the national thought of France. In

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1740 the observant Montesquieu said, "Nothing is left in France but Paris and the distant provinces, because Paris has not yet had time to devour them," and "While activity everywhere prevailed, the motive principle was no longer anywhere but in Paris."

Arthur Young, a frank and open-eyed English traveler who spent several years in France just preceding the Revolution, wrote that the French "people do not venture an opinion until they know what is thought in Paris."

When Paris became mistress of France, she became mistress of the king. It was more than a whim that prompted him to curb her growth; it was a fatal premonition. For here was a mistress who refused to be beguiled by gifts and purchased by favors. Woe to the king whose mistress is a mob!

II

Looking beyond the walls of old Paris, we see old France. It is out of the patient heart of this old France that the spirit of the new

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has come. Old France was a land where aristocracy had achieved its greatest height, its most exclusive assumptions, and therefore suffered its deepest fall. The *noblesse oblige* remained exclusive until the end. Their châteaux were inaccessible, and their city *hôtels* and beautiful gardens were secluded behind high walls, with embrasures reaching to the highest shrubs.

Arthur Young said that nowhere in France did he find that solicitude of the nobility for the peasantry which has always characterized the British aristocrat. Even the largest farmers and squires were never allowed to enter the front door of the château.

Aristocracy dined and talked, danced and sinned, exclusively with themselves, in mimicry of that absolutism which exclaimed, "I am the state." In other countries feudalism assumed a splendid feeling of class responsibility; in France both feudal and legal conceptions of class obligations seem to have entirely vanished.

In the towns lived the middle class, a new

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class, who had early acquired that characteristic which always has distinguished them the world over—a snobbish aping of the upper class and a contempt for the lower. And finally, beneath these widely separate layers, was spread that vast and necessary stratum, the peasantry, upholding all the other social formations, like the “basement complex,” of the geologist, upon which all the other layers of the globe are superimposed. Historians have minutely described the oppression, the misery, the degradation of those patient peasants. It was Richelieu, who lived in the Palais Royal, who said, “If nations were well-to-do, they would hardly keep within the rules.” Poverty was a national policy. Burden after burden was heaped on the peasant, tax upon tax, forced labor upon forced labor, until even contemporaries “marveled at the multiplicity of the shackles which kept them poor and depressed.”

Only half of the soil was tilled, and that only half tilled. People soon learned that it paid to be poor, and when in 1767 the minister

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ordered all the beggars to be arrested, 50,000 were gathered in, the able-bodied sent to the galleys, the rest to some forty almshouses. In 1697, Vauban, the great engineer, maintained that one half the people were reduced to beggary, and that not more than 10,000 families were left in comfortable circumstances.

So you have here a social structure unique in the annals of Europe: an aristocracy whose royal gravitation kept it from contact with life; a middle class who could neither pity the poor nor attain gentility; and a peasantry who were serfs to the land, chained to an unending poverty.

But even more astounding than this lack of social sympathy and interest was the physical separation of those groups. The nobility abandoned the country and lived in Paris. In the stately Faubourg St. Germain they built their great houses, wishing to be near the king, so that they could grace his court and practise daily those grand manners and delicate sayings that were the badge of their station. The mid-

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dle class lived in the towns; the peasant alone was left on the soil. It was a forsaken peasantry.

This is the characteristic of old France that must not be forgotten. We can forget the splendor of the gilded palaces, the show that bears scarcely any relation to new France; but we must not forget this forsaken peasantry. It was the only time in European history that the tiller of the soil had been completely neglected. Old France forgot its soil and the tillers of the soil while it played, like a wilful child, with that colossal, iridescent bubble of folly, Versailles.

For a hundred and fifty years the people had been kept out of responsible positions. Nobody believed they had any political capacity; they were considered deaf to reason, blind to beauty, insensible to pleasure, possessing nothing but hands, and these only for the sake of toiling for the king.

This separateness of the social elements was not unknown to French observers. They fre-

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quently called the attention of the king to it. In 1785, Neckar spoke of "the immense distance which exists between the common people and all other classes of society," and that neither understood the other.

Turgot, the greatest French statesman of his day, told his master, Louis XVI, the truth:

The nation is a community, consisting of different orders, ill compacted together, and of a people whose members have very few ties between themselves, *so that every man is engrossed exclusively in his personal interest.*

Where, then, was the French nation? Not in the nobility; that was soon to vanish. Not in a collective consciousness of the people; that had not been called into being. It reposed in the ideals of individualism, which three centuries of hard experience had woven into the tissue of every French toiler.

The development and persistence of this individualism is revealed in the remarkable literary movement that reached its height in the eighteenth century. This France, while pre-

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paring for social chaos, was unconsciously producing philosophers, poets, and orators who were emancipating the old while preparing it for the new. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, we see the outstanding characteristic of the French nation. A galaxy of writers possessing neither offices, wealth, honors, nor experience addressed themselves to political idealism, and this amazing application of theory to inexperience brought a new out of an old France.

III

But while it is true that the thinkers who proved so powerful had not been experienced in governments or revolutions, they had, however, seen the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of French politics turning constantly before their gaze. From Henry IV (1610), who became king on the assassination of his predecessor, to the Revolution, the court was nothing so much as a living kinematograph of intrigues. The will of Louis XIV that a council of regents act while the heir, his grandson, remained in his

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minority was violated by a parliament that preferred the notorious Duke of Orleans. Three of the reigns were preceded by long regencies: Louis XIII became heir at ten years of age, Louis XIV and Louis XV at the age of five. This added to the opportunities for intrigue. Favorite succeeded favorite in rapid succession; to the petulance of childhood and senility were added the whims of the mistress. The people saw the never-settled policies of state vacillating between the influences of courtiers and courtezans.

And while they were beholding these innumerable shifts in the personnel of their government, the people were being slowly and firmly brought under the sway of the most centralized and permanent administration in Europe. From Philip Augustus to Louis XIV monarch and minister endeavored to combine all the diverse historical units of France into what they called an *état unitaire*, a state, namely, which bound the governmental routine of the humblest functionary to the throne; a

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state, therefore, in which local autonomy, liberty in neighborhood matters, such as we know and Britain knows, is impossible.

When the Revolution came, there were two governments, the outward, or the king and his court, constantly playing favorites, who changed from day to day; and the inner, or permanent and real government, which with almost inexorable routine looked after the everyday drudgery of the state.

When the king's head was cut off, all that the mob needed to do was to put a political camarilla in his place. An attempt, made in 1789, to abolish the whole centralized system and grant local self-government failed. The old regimen remained; and with few changes it remains to this day.

So old France was the breeding-place of a colossal individualism. The thinker saw that politically France had no background; it had only a rapidly shifting panorama of royal vicissitudes. But he realized that underneath the flux of favorites and princes was an adminis-

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trative stability which was beyond personal loyalty; it was a machine. He saw further the whole fabric of society disintegrated, the woof and warp separated; the social instinct, the neighborhood feeling, the medieval trait of class responsibility, all forsaken and every one taught by the most terrible experiences to rely on himself.

And of old France, old Paris was the soul. It looked upon the gorgeous monarch and his show, and remained indifferent. It worshiped in Notre Dame or assumed a skeptical non-chalance. It flocked to the university lectures, read the quips of the wits, the wisdom of the philosophers, and the effusions of the poets; delighted itself with the foibles of fashion and the deeper significance of the arts, but never surrendered to any of these things. Through it all the Parisian, like the peasant afield, was busy with his own affairs. He learned to smile at the passing show, even to take part in it; but his heart, his task, that he kept to himself. The words that fell from his lips, the laughter,

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the tears, the exciting gesture, were the outward signs of—nothing. To himself every Frenchman was impersonal, which is merely another way of saying that to himself every Frenchman was a personage.

For a nation of individualists pays homage only to personal achievement, and seeks only for personages who can amuse, interest, stimulate. No one, therefore, has ever been able to lead these people merely because he had power. The French follow a leader only while he is interesting. I believe this is true even of Napoleon, who craftily used the well-known stimulants, pride, excitement, and glory.

IV

The cataclysm which ended old France did not change the Frenchman. It merely produced shocks and excitements that accentuated his characteristics.

All the Revolutions of France have been Parisian. Paris stormed the Bastille, Paris tore into Versailles, Paris dragged the king

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and queen to the Tuileries, Paris established the Convention, and Paris ushered in the new era, not by destroying a dynasty,—that only needed a knife,—but by declaring the church lands national property and selling them to the peasants for assignats. And so land-hungry were these new freedmen that in one year a thousand million francs' worth was sold.

The Revolution shows the limitations of the blend of individualism and intellectualism that characterizes the Frenchman. This child of reason suddenly deserted his postulates and resorted to action, and revolution became the apotheosis of logic. Other peoples, when reason fails, find solace in faith; the French then long for violence.

The second Revolution also belongs to Paris. It was the first "social" revolution, an uprising of laboring-men, instigated by Louis Blanc, an "intellectual," whose vibrant phrases were the trumpet-call that raised five hundred barricades in Paris, the red flag flying over most of them. Sixteen thousand men were

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killed and wounded before this forerunner of strikes, sabotage, and other labor orgies was put down by the republic.

The third revolution, the commune of 1871, was also a working-men's uprising. The veterans of this revolution—*communards* they call themselves, and proud they are of their distinction—still show you the wounds it left on the trees in the Tuileries. But the burning of public buildings, the needless sacrifice of human life, all the rash folly of victorious discontent, have long since been forgotten and forgiven.

So within one century Paris has mothered three revolutions on her bosom. Little wonder that new France has not found political tranquillity. From 1793 to 1873 there have been three republics and three empires as well as three revolutions. This excitable throng of the boulevards has been "governed" by the Convention (1793-5), the Directory (1795-1799), the Consul Napoleon (1799-1804), the Emperor Napoleon (1804-14) and his two suc-

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cessors, Louis XVIII and Charles X (1814–30), the ephemeral republic of 1830, the restoration under Louis Philippe (1830–48), the republic of 1848, the third Napoleon, the Commune of 1871, and the third republic, which still survives.

Of the three kings of this century, Napoleon I died in exile, Louis Philippe and Charles X were both compelled to flee. Since the setting up of the present constitution ten presidents have lived in the Palace of the Elysée.

And who shall count the ministries? The French have a saying, "The ministry has slipped on an orange-peel." Well, Delcassé or Clemenceau or the lamented Jaurès always had fresh orange-peels in their pockets, and when dread ennui overcame the populace, they tossed one under the soles of the prime minister. An average of two or three a year, in times of special excitement a ministry a week, records the seesaw of momentary personal power. Not of political principle, however, for minis-

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tries in this land of personages are not shunted on principle.

To these shifts must be added the grand excitements, an average of one a decade. In the eighties the Boulanger *affaire*, in which the handsome general, who sat his horse so magnificently that the boulevards by sheer admiration of his art were moved to cheer him, threatened the third republic. In the late nineties the Dreyfus *affaire*, which served to revive all the old issues, religious, political, and social, followed by the excitements of church disestablishment and the driving of all suspected royalists from army and navy.

And interspersed between the grand affairs and the innumerable changes in the ministry, all the little excitements: Mme. Steinhil or Mme. Caillaux are tried for murder, and political eminence is threatened; "La Gioconda" is kidnapped from the Louvre, and a ministry falls; a coterie of admirers forces Rodin into greater public notice, and immediately the Government is in a swirl of excitement. The

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Parisian never lets an event pass without in some way connecting the Government with it. Not that the Government is important: to him it is entirely secondary, and can be shifted or overturned with impunity. It's the event that interests the Frenchman.

No, the political kaleidoscope never rests on the banks of the Seine. Guizot, who served as minister to Louis Philippe, exclaimed, "Have we the monopoly of all the impossibilities!"

V

The century of revolutions and commotions has brought forth a new France. And its foundation is the peasantry: the stone which Bourbon builders discarded has indeed become the head of the corner. The emancipation of the church lands and the breaking up of the feudal estates are the enduring results of the great Revolution. They formed a new departure for population, wealth, and patriotism.

New France is a land of peasants and ar-

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tisans. Of her 207,218 square miles, eighty-five per cent. are cultivated, employing over 6,000,000 of her 40,000,000 inhabitants.

The average area of the French farm is 82 acres. In the United States it is 134 acres; in Great Britain 390 acres; in Denmark 115 acres; in Holland 45 acres. About 500,000 landowners hold an average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres; another 500,000 an average of 75 acres. While in Russia one per cent. of the families own forty per cent. of the land, in France estates of over a thousand acres are comparatively rare.

France is a land of small farmers. This means independence. It means political independence. Hamerton remarked as early as 1876 that neither priest nor politician could pocket the peasant vote. It means financial independence. These peasants are wonderful gardeners; their intensive farming has paid. They have over $4\frac{1}{4}$ million acres in grapes, and all the world knows that they know how to extract the divine flavor from every cluster. Their cabbages and potatoes formed a more

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substantial *entente cordiale* with England than any necromancy of the genial Edward.

While these peasants were making a vast garden out of the land that Louis XVI abandoned to weeds, the artisans of the towns were perfecting those crafts in which the Frenchman has long excelled. About 5,800,000 are engaged in manufacture. But this is not the massive manufacture of Germany, England, and the United States. There are a few large iron industries in the mining region, but otherwise there are no great manufactories.

But the French people are the creators of those articles requiring individual skill and that deft, inimitable quality called "chic." Cotton, silk and wool, gold, silver and iron they transform into the dainty and luxurious necessities of modern life.

These peasants and artisans are thrifty. They may, to the hurrying tourist, seem gay and indolent, but they are hard workers and small spenders. They are rich. How rich they are no one seems to have been able to cal-

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culate. It is a sort of mysterious wealth. It appears and disappears as by magic. But they are, I believe, the richest peasants and artisans in Europe.

Here is an example of the stowed-away wealth of the French people. A few years ago Paris offered for sale \$41,000,000 of bonds for enlarging the city gas plant. Following the French custom, these bonds were offered in fraction lots, so that a workman or peasant could buy half a bond or even a fourth of a bond. The amount was oversubscribed eighty times. This means that \$3,280,000,000 had been in the stocking. As a deposit of ten per cent. was required for each bond subscribed for, you have the surprising result of \$115,000,000 actually deposited for the privilege of subscribing for \$41,000,000.

I was told that this is not considered remarkable. Where else could it occur? Certainly not in our country. This year, in six months, workmen deposited 6,000,000 francs in the postal savings. An American relates that

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after the war was declared a French friend of his who owned a château, yacht, and automobiles could not raise a loan from any of his acquaintances. But he got 500 francs in gold from his milkman through the intervention of his cook!

Everybody knows that modern France is the home of art, where the freak, such as the Cubist, has his opportunity, as well as the genius. In fact, everything which encourages personal achievement flourishes in the France of to-day. Here the monotonous process of factory production has found only a few victims. These individualists, to whom creation is a passion, have brought the day of hand skill into the heart of the machine age. Here the workers are individuals, not unions. Organized labor exists and boasts of its strength; but the French *syndicat*, or union, is an odd mixture of rebellious individualists.

What the Frenchman lacks in discipline he makes up in distinction.

By the side of its agriculture, its art, and

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its industry, the new France has its new learning; it is also steeped in the conviction that the highest achievement of a race is a rare personality. The Frenchman of to-day believes that mere energy is futile. So he elevates accomplishment above strength and sets out to cultivate taste rather than to develop force. Attainment, not assimilation, is therefore the goal of his learning.

Complete freedom of expression is the life of this ideal. When you close the avenues of personal expression to a Frenchman, you kill him. His overruling ambition is to live his own life, and the aim of his education is to enrich that life and make it capable of complete self-expression.

When democracy permeated this ideal, it threw wide open the doors of elementary schools and lycées to the people. Children of poor and rich sit side by side in the school-room. Opportunity beckons to talent, and France to-day is a nation of self-made men. Even the language is democratized. All chil-

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dren are taught to speak the French tongue with beauty and precision. There are no lingual class distinctions such as in London separate the costermonger from the lord.

There is a nobility in France. It is the nobility of learning. In Paris intellectual achievement is respected as in no other world city, and to be an "Academician" is still the highest honor in the nation. I imagine the average Frenchman would like nothing better than to make of the whole world one vast Latin Quarter, with its true bonhomie of intellect.

The Englishman lauds the athlete, the German the soldier, the American the business magnate, the Frenchman reserves his laurels for the intellect. Everything else, even character, he places secondary to this. Paris will not immolate a man of brains on the altar of moral standards. The fate of Sir Charles Dilke would not have been possible in France.

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VI

What sort of government have these people reared upon the shifting foundations of French temperament and spectacular experience? At times one is almost inclined to the belief that they have no government. I visit the Chamber of Deputies, which, constitutionally, is the strongest factor in the Government, for it sustains or wrecks the premier, and I behold parliamentary chaos. The member addressing the assembly mounts a tribune several feet above the floor. No sooner has he made a statement than a score of members rush down the aisles, chattering objections and shaking their fingers up at him. The President of the Chamber rings a big bell and shouts "Silence!" at the top of his voice; but there is no silence. There can be no silence among a group of Frenchmen, each one fully bound to express himself on the spur of the moment.

After an unusually tumultuous meeting, which resembled a mob in noise and behavior,

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I asked a deputy, a well-known barrister, if excitement always ended in such seeming indecorum.

“Have you, then, no enthusiasm in your Congress?” he replied.

But you soon learn that these people do not take government as seriously as we do. To them it is not the great abiding necessity it is to Teuton or Anglo-Saxon. It is an incident, a large incident, perhaps, but only an incident, in the living of an individual's life. Rousseau's maxim is never forgotten: “A people, like a person, belongs to itself.” What, then, is the function of government to such a people? Not to “govern,” but merely to make it easy for every person to find himself.

In France the Government is not the object of worship or of solicitude or, I am tempted to say, of respect. Ministries and dynasties come and go; the peasant, the craftsman, the artist, and the savant return to their inner cares from barricade and battle-field with almost as much unconcern as from a market, and cer-

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tainly with less ecstasy than from a new play or the première of the annual Salon.

Where every one is busy living his own life, government is a game. We have been told that Frenchmen have no genius for government. What is meant is that they have no aptitude for team-work.

The government which they have devised presents one of the greatest anomalies of modern politics. It is a republic, governed without parties and without responsible leadership. "We have no real parties except the unified Socialists," said Yves Guyot.

"How, then, do you maintain political equilibrium?" I asked.

"We do not care to maintain it. Our ideals guide us."

After the election of the present Chamber, last spring, the factions were so confused that scarcely any two classifications were alike. "Le Temps" enumerated them as follows: first group composed of Independent Socialists, Independent Radicals, Republicans of the Left;

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second group composed of United Radicals and moderate Socialists; third group consisting of extreme Socialists, United Republicans, and United Progressives; and the Right consisting of Conservatives, Royalists, Bonapartists, Catholics, and Independent Conservatives. Where there is such a hodge-podge of political opinion in the ruling Chamber, it is no wonder that every ministry rests on a precarious foundation. Even these groups are not fixed. They change at the whim of every individual component.

You visit the Senate, in the old Palace of the Luxembourg, and hope to find stability there. Instead, you find only inanity. The Senate has a veto power on the Chamber. It is conservative, and can force itself upon public attention only by overruling the vehemence of the radical deputies.

And finally, there is the president. If the republic is not governed by parties, surely it is by a personage? No. The French sedulously avoided centering responsibility in their

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Government. The president, by the constitution, is only a sham king housed in a palace and surrounded with uniforms. President Poincaré is the first to hold the office whose personality has challenged continuous attention.

Deputies, Senate, president,—none of them vested with sole responsibility,—this is the ostensible Government; but back of it, running silently and unnoticed, revolves the machinery invented by old Paris, the vast centralized administration.

“Behind the superficial authority of the ministers, an anonymous power is secretly at work whose might is constantly increasing in the Government. Possessing traditions, a hierarchy, a continuity, they are a power against which the ministers quickly realize they are incapable of struggling.” Le Bon, who thus describes the administrative machine, is an unfavorable critic; but he has not overstated the influence of this army of permanent officials who view the constant changes in the ministry

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merely as an opportunity for self-advancement.

Here is an anomaly indeed, the most unstable of political contrivances coöperating with the most adamant of administrations for the government of a republic that repudiates personal responsibility in office and knows nothing of party fealty!

For practical purposes we may omit the president and the Senate. The Chamber of Deputies is the pivot of the revolving ministry. There are 602 members in the present Chamber. This means that there are 602 pivots. We recognize the caucus as a stabilizer in our legislative assemblies. But where there is no party loyalty, the individual becomes the dictator. So it happens that the ministry is constantly dickering with the individual deputies, not with a party caucus. The deputy trades his influence for favors, and he is constantly sought by the administrative officers to exert his powers in their behalf.

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Thus has arisen a modern clientage as disgusting as that of ancient Rome.

A French lady, writing with full knowledge of the facts, has described her experience:

There are so many more applicants than vacancies—that it is the best “*pistonne*,” or “protected” candidate, who ultimately obtains the much-coveted appointment. These “protections” seem to be indispensable for the advancement of the careers of all state employees. Really excellent state servants who have no powerful friends may remain for years forgotten in some small post without getting promotion. . . . Some years back one of my own relatives was in the cabinet and it was perfectly incredible, during the whole length of time he remained in power, the number of letters I received every morning from various people whom I knew either slightly or not at all, begging me to intercede in their favor. From such humble state servants as policemen or railway porters to the more magnificent officials who sought to fill some of the higher posts batches of letters came each morning.¹

There are nearly a million of these employees, including all the functionaries high

¹ De Pratz, “France from Within,” p. 24.

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and low, the workmen on the state railroad and other government industries. They have formed a "freemasonry" which coöperates with the radicals and socialists. How powerful this coalition is was revealed after the Dreyfus affair, when all the suspected Royalists were weeded out of the army. General André's famous "*fisches*" revealed a nation-wide espionage, which hounded every suspect in the remotest commune. It recalled the days of 1789.

There are constant reminders that the spirit of Revolutionary Paris is not dead. A few years ago there was a revival of the doctrine of the "unconscious masses" led by the "conscious minority." Syndicalism (the mother of the I. W. W.) revived the old anarchism under the cloak of labor-unionism, and France was nearly terrorized by the flare-up. Georges Sorrel, Professor Lagardelle, and other keen intellectuals incited the workmen to violence by their subtle writings. Flaming posters bade the populace to "Rip up the bourgeois"

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and to "Cut buttonholes in the skins of the rich." Strikes were called, sabotage practised, railway servants and post-office employees stopped work; for the Revolutionists had found a leader. He was none other than a mild-eyed lyceé professor, Gustave Hervé, who with Gallic swiftness had risen to eminence on the wings of an epithet, "The flag is born of dirt." This became the slogan of the new anti-patriotism and anti-militarism, which for the moment threatened to disrupt the army.

Then arose in the Chamber of Deputies a resolute minister. He ordered the railroad strikers to join the reserves. They had to put on the uniform or be deserters! This clever minister was Aristide Briand, the socialist, who a few years before had thrilled his audiences by denouncing the use of the army in labor matters and said that workmen soldiers need not always fire in the direction the officers meant when the command was given.

This is typical: the ancient anarchy of vio-

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lence, proclaimed by professors and journalists, eagerly responded to by the mob, checked by a minister of state who yesterday preached disobedience to soldiers and held aloft the red flag.

And to-day? Gustave Hervé, after serving four years in the Prison de la Santé for writing incendiary, anti-military editorials, is a super-patriot, dedicating his newspaper to war, army, and the Marseillaise. There are five socialists in the war cabinet, headed by Viviani, a socialist. Even Jules Guesde, the Communard of 1871, an exile for years, vehement leader of the most revolutionary socialists, irreconcilable, fiery in his denunciation of capital and government, eagle-eyed, shrill-voiced, hawk-faced, the very embodiment of Revolution—even Jules Guesde now sits in the cabinet!

Wonder of wonders! No, it is no wonder at all. It could all be foreseen by the student of old Paris. France has never changed heart. The shouting, discontented one of yesterday always was the *rouge coulotte* who to-day

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cracks jokes in the trenches of Belfort and Verdun.

Now we see that the Revolutionist was first a patriot. Every Frenchman is always a patriot. Like all his other qualities his patriotism is fervently personal. His country is personified, wooed, loved and defended, and carries the key to his heart. In a land of individualists, a man's heart need not be bound to his opinions not even to his actions. His heart is true to an ideal; all else is pivotal, shifting with the impulse of the moment.

So you have this boulevardier who is the greatest of home-lovers; this intellectualist who loses himself in revolution; this revolutionist who is consumed with patriotism; this bravado who flaunts his vices while he carefully conceals his virtues; who is simple, yet long ago ceased to be "naïve enough to be conceited"; a man who has, in a word, learned to laugh at himself while the world takes him seriously, and who has learned to take himself seriously when the world laughs at him.

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VII

Many have been the doleful predictions that this Frenchman is a degenerate who cannot survive the conflict of arms. It is true that militarism is nowhere such a curse as in a land of individualists, who have an instinct for art and a passion for thrift.

The French have been great soldiers; that was many years ago. To-day the stunted men tell the tale of the cost of Bourbon and Napoleonic wars. I asked a little Parisian schoolmaster once why Frenchmen were so small.

"Ah," he cried, "all our large ancestors died in the glorious wars."

In fine spirit, courage, and fervor the Frenchman can defy the world; but in the clockwork precision, in the obedience which makes masses powerful, he is deficient.

Despite this natural ineptitude, he has kept up a vast standing army, inspired by the black ribbons that have dangled from the Strasburg statue in the Place de la Concorde since 1871.

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In this terrible war, the motive of the Frenchman is the easiest to explain. He is not fighting for conquest or glory or economic supremacy. He is fighting for revenge, a very childish, but a very human, motive.

His fighting qualities have surprised the Germans. They expected a repetition of 1871. French soldiers told me three years ago that France would not seek war with Germany; but should the Kaiser ever attempt to invade France, they would show him a new kind of Frenchman.

He was conscious of his own fighting capacity. Yet left to his own fate, the inexorable German machine would have crushed him.

And if he is finally overwhelmed, if his sunny land, the land of bonhomie, the land whose prosperity bodes evil for no one—if this land is finally overrun by brute force, what shall be our verdict on a "civilization" that permits the test of the barbarian to be made the measure of its survival?

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In these days of “efficiency”-hunting, it will be worth untold fortunes to have one nation of individuals left, an oasis of artistic intuition in a desert of socialized machinery. In these days of cant and insincerity, it will be worth even more to preserve the one people who are not afraid of inconsistency.

III

ENGLAND: IMPERIAL OPPORTUNIST

“Everything English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. . . . Nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise.”

EMERSON.

I

TO know this island and its agglomerate empire, it is necessary to know London; just as to know the realm of the Cæsars, with which Britons love to compare their dominions, it was necessary to know Rome. With always this supreme difference in mind: the Roman Empire was a compact legal entity; the British Empire is a vague generalization which will vanish the moment the prime minister tries to tie a red tape around it.

It is trade and sentiment, nothing more, nothing less. And London is the brains of

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this trade and the heart of this sentiment. It is "a London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town."

The Bank of Australia, the Bank of India, the Bank of Canada, the Bank of South Africa, all clustered around "the Bank"—there you have the British Empire. Colonial stocks in the exchanges, colonial company promotions in the financial streets, "colonial wares" in the shops, tens of thousands of colonials "back home" for a holiday—that is the empire that has made London by far the richest city the world has ever known, through the copious streams of wealth from the treasure of India, the mines of Australia, the prairies of Canada, the forests of the Congo, that for three centuries have been emptied into its treasure-house.

And there is the sentiment. You cannot call it an Anglo-Saxon sentiment, for it embraces Scotchman and Welshman. You cannot call it a religious sentiment, for it includes

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all sects. It is a home-loving sentiment, stolid, stanch, deep-seated, which is, after all, stronger than gold. It is this sentiment that has made this islander more than a money-maker. It has made him the greatest colonizer of all time. In his adventures for wealth he has always taken with him his flag and his language. Athens never was Greece, because the Athenian, cut loose from the native soil, started a new Athens of his own. So Rome was the empire only in a legal sense. Its imperium rested on the shoulders of its legions. But London is the potential center of an imperial patriotism the periphery of which girdles the globe. England has its Liverpool, Scotland its Edinburgh, Ireland its Dublin, Canada its Montreal, Australia its Melbourne, India its Calcutta; but the empire has London, and London has the empire.

II

So in London we may look for the characteristic habits of the empire-builders. The

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most significant of these is the amazing blending of the past and the present. "We want no Haussmanns and emperors here to drive uniform boulevards or rectangular squares through the old city," cried Frederic Harrison, the town's most ardent apologist. Why? "Let us keep the history and traditions," he replies. The nation cherishes the past. It is always searching for a precedent, like a lawyer, and reveres the customs that have been handed down for ages, faithfully and devoutly practising them to this hour.

You visit Parliament, and must write your name in the visitors' book with a sputtering goose quill such as was used three hundred years ago. The lord chancellor sits on a wool-sack, by him stands an hour-glass patiently measuring the dry sands of debate; before him, as he enter the hall, is borne a silken purse on a velvet cushion, empty symbol of his former financial power. When the Lords wish to communicate with the Commons, the messenger, in the garb of the seventeenth century,

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knocks at the door of the House, where a small panel is opened, and he is asked solemnly who he is and what he wants; and as solemnly he says he is a friend and not a foe, and the bearer of a most important message from the Lords. He is then permitted to enter, after all the precautions of Cromwell's day, when caution was necessary, and stateliness was a parliamentary habit.

There is no such political ritualism in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna: in no other modern metropolis does the chief magistrate make a toy parade of medieval uniforms and trappings as does the lord mayor in his annual "show."

No other people can hang these gaudy velvet cloaks over their shoulders, or show their rounded calves, with so serious an air. All this tinsel and ermine really means something to this islander. It is symbolic, like their king, who was long ago deprived of every royal political prerogative, but is conscientiously regarded by politicians of all parties as a super-political token of imperial patriotism.

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London lives in the past, clings to formularies and literalisms. "They have always done so," is the general excuse. But London also lives in the present. This is her monumental paradox, her wonderful, almost miraculous, blending of tradition and life. The Londoner feeds on cabbages and precedents, cabbages for his body, precedents for his soul. I am not sure which he would the sooner die for.

Take the law, in London still a profession, and not, as with us, a trade. Everybody expects dusty tradition to reign here, but one is surprised to find the grimy old offices, in this age of vacuum-cleaners and varnish, which the medieval Temple still houses. Passing through the ancient brick gateway that Elizabeth used, you are in an instant transported from the streaming traffic of Fleet Street into the presence of Mansfield and Blackstone. Here the past is supreme in wig, gown, and minute precedent.

But cross the street with me at the Temple

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Bar to the Law Courts and into the Admiralty Court, where a case is being tried. By the side of the stern judge, who is, of course, in wig and gown, sit two sailors, captains of ships, in their every-day uniforms. They are there to see that what is done is practical; the robed judge is there to see that it is regular; and the bewigged barristers to see that it is completely done for each side. Procedure is absolutely stripped of its medievalism. These British courts put ours to shame. They have cast aside the endless and useless technicalities to which we still cling. Yet there are the wigs and robes, and there is the anchor of silver on the bench, the ancient insignia of admiralty jurisdiction.

I think this is typical of the British Empire in every one of its activities. Everywhere you find this amazing juxtaposition of the old and the new. Upon analysis, you learn that what is old is ceremony and that what is new is essential. I might say the head of the Englishman is modern, his heart is ancient, and he is

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put to his wit's end to keep the two in unison.
But he does keep both his head and his heart.
And how he does it, I believe is discernible.

III

The Anglo-Saxon built the pillars of his power on the banks of the Thames, when he founded his capital, long before he had an empire. Here he built the Tower, a citadel for his king and his army; he built the Abbey for his faith; the Hall of St. Stephen for his free Parliament; the market, and later the Bank, for his business.

These, army and government, church and business, are London, Britain, and the empire. They are ever present, everywhere, but they never obtrude themselves upon you. Here you have the secret of this imperial dominance. These potencies of national life are perfectly blended. There may be rivalry between church and business, or business and politics, or army and government; but the rivalry is never carried to excess. Each apparently

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gives way before the other. They know when to stop competing, when to compromise and coalesce their influences into a mighty sovereignty.

Other countries and civilizations have excelled, and do now excel, in one or the other of these forces. No other has been able so deftly to unify them.

The British soldier is not officious and burly, like the Prussian. He yields to you on the sidewalk, is polite, even gentle to ladies and children, and wears his flaming uniform with civilian ease. During the great transportation strike in 1911, when the territorials, in large numbers, were gathered in Battersea Park and other open spaces of London and there was tense feeling, there was a remarkable subduing of the appearance of force and a remarkable yielding to its influence.

Nor is the Government dogmatic or obtruding. It has no inquisitive fingers feeling in your pockets and does not wish to know your ambitions. London has been the hospitable

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city of refuge to political outcasts of every Continental country. It was here that Karl Marx, driven out of his native Germany, sojourned for many years, and wrote his great book "Capital." Time and again the foreign office has refused to yield up political refugees, declaring it to be the British policy to welcome all peoples, and to let them alone, as long as they respected the laws of their host.

One evening several years ago I was the guest of a candidate for Parliament for Bethnal Green, the London district that includes the notorious, but now officially scrubbed, Whitechapel region. It was a beautiful, moonlit Saturday night, a rare night for London, and the streets were jammed with people. The East End was like a colossal nest of giant vermin that had crawled out of their dismal holes, lured by the full moon, the torches, and the bands. There were meetings of every party, on scores of street corners, and in many halls. Our automobile was driven slowly through the crowded, narrow defiles,

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from one appointed place to another, and we visited a score of meetings.

Here I was in the heart of a district composed of London dregs. Most of the people looked as if they had not had a square meal for a week; there were rags, filth, wretchedness, debauchery so vile that even the mantle of night could not conceal the marks. Yet here were gentlemen of high birth begging these creatures for their vote. One of the brilliant literary men of the day was present to heckle the Liberal candidate, a noble lord of long and distinguished lineage lent his grace in behalf of the Conservative candidate, a prosperous business man financed and personally conducted the campaign of the Socialist candidate.

The "pubs" belched forth their tottering throngs, half of them women, to cheer the speakers or to "boo" them. The tone of the crowd was anti-radical. Old, toothless hags, tipsy with vile, raw, red ale, cursed the Radicals in the most loathsome language and

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cheered the Conservatives. And when the Socialist candidate, a working-man, backed by some fifty or sixty young men singing "The International" and carrying their red flag, tried to march through the streets, they were set upon by the ragged crowd, and a cordon of policemen, who suddenly appeared, promptly formed around the marchers to protect the red flag against the shouters for the Union Jack.

This experience in the heart of London slumdom epitomizes the anomalies of political England: wretchedness cheering peerage and privilege; social discontent financed by prosperity; red revolt protected by the law.

Here is a government where peers are not ashamed to be democratic, and where literary and business men do not shrink from political responsibility even among slum-dwellers and gin-guzzlers; a government where radicalism is reduced to simple terms, and aristocracy, literary and genetic, is touched by a democratic idealism; a government that clings to

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the heart of tradition, but seizes the hand of the present, and protects its most rabid critics; in short, the most accommodating and flexible scheme of politics in the world.

The third factor, the church, has, perhaps, a historic rather than an active present power. Religion, in Britain, is politic rather than polemic. Like all the other potencies of the empire, it is diplomatic in bearing, quite orthodox at heart, accommodating in temper, and inflexible in conviction. The church is established; religion is not. Bishops sit in the Lords, non-conformist preachers in the Commons; both listen to prayers in the Abbey at the beginning of a new Parliament, fight each other politically, and bow to each other with deference socially.

If any one of these four factors of British dominance is inclined to jostle the others, it is business. For, after all, trade is the business of the empire. It is the instinct of the Briton. I do not say it is his passion,—he is too stolid to be called passionate,—but busi-

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ness is his life. His little island, a mere speck on the map, turned the whole world of guilds and crafts and trade-adventurers into a world of corporations, of manufacturers, and of merchants when it started the industrial revolution. In the spirit of the commercial zealot he built his Bank, the temple of his trade. He is rich, very rich; but his is not the obtruding wealth of the neo-Prussian, or the impertinent wealth of the American, or the reckless wealth of the Argentinian. It is a self-complacent, quiet, easy-going wealth. The Bank stops for tea every afternoon. Not even Black Friday can spoil the brew. It is a pious wealth. Sunday is sacred to other forms of worldliness, but not to business.

In the sagacious blending of church, government, and business we find the secret of the imperial poise that to-day is fighting for its existence. It has been a marvelous adaptability, worshipping by-gones, and yet keeping up the crescendo of traffic and trade; inclined to rest on what has been done, but constantly

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meeting new political conditions with a new constitution, and new competitions with new machinery.

IV

History forced this islander to adopt this policy of give and take. He is first of all a medley of races, Celt, Saxon, Scandinavian, Norman. The Englishman, traveling in our country, wonders if we are ever going to "absorb" the various nationalities that have come to us in such great numbers. He forgets that in his own veins flows the blood of four or five distinct strains. He has probably never learned that most of his institutions are the blending of several diverse racial contributions. His law and his language bear the evidence of many influences.

While he was being molded by many ethnic forces, his country was merely a collection of "counties." How long did it take to make the seven kingdoms one? And having achieved a unity, was it anything more than

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federated coöperation? And having so created an England, how troublesome was the "conquest" of Wales and the "union" with Scotland, and what of Ireland to-day? And having phrased "the United Kingdom," what of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, not to name Egypt and India and the Sudan? How has this empire grown from a congeries of townships and counties, through a group of kingdoms, into a collection of giant colonies?

By means of an accommodating opportunism and the principle of local self-government. Just as church and state and business have learned to adjust themselves to one another, yet are to a degree self-reliant, so these various localities and units have been allowed their own self-government, and have learned to accommodate themselves to one another.

This British opportunism has known only one iron rule—"to make a go of it." So this imperialist, this trader, asks of you only one question, Does it work? All the rest he leaves

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to your own device. Live as you please, work as you please, mind your own business, but succeed. If the plan of government, of charity, of learning, of business, of diplomacy, of war, or of peace, does not work, away it goes, without pity or tears, to the rubbish heap. When it comes to business and statecraft, there are no questions asked of ideals, of historic continuity, of artistic or philosophical finesse, or—let us be frank about it—of right or wrong. For, in this inexorable process of “making a go of it” nothing succeeds but success, and nothing is right that does not succeed.

The hard law of the survival of the fittest is the only rule by which these imperturbable individualists measure themselves. It is almost pitiful to see how the “unfit” succumb uncomplainingly to its rigor. Every town is full of misery; hunger and rags and filth are nowhere so in evidence as in London. It’s the poorest as well as the richest of cities.

But it must also be admitted that the “survivors” are a magnificent group. Try to read

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the history of science, literature, statesmanship, jurisprudence, invention, enterprise, discovery, omitting British names, and see how far you get.

Now, a people who have accommodated themselves to the most forbidding of climates, compromised with the most exacting of neighbors, who have learned so completely the great game of "give and take," and discarded, by compulsion perhaps, the soft rule of "love thy neighbor as thyself"—such a people, always willing to shift their basis of action, looking not at methods, but at results, must expect to be called hard names. The anomalies of Britain have been the source of amazement to Continentals, who love logic and are addicted to definite rules of action. For the path of commercial and colonial success threads the winding maze of compromise, and compromise is the mother of anomalies. A systematic people, like the Germans, an artistic people, like the Latins, beholding only the surface of these contradictions, denounce England as perfidi-

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ous. They do not discern the difference between consistency and adaptability.

But when you stop to think about it, why should n't London have a House of Lords based on hereditary peerage, scarce one fourth of whom have a lineage of three generations, the rest being successful brewers, bankers, and bucanears? Why should n't there be a king without royal prerogative? A democratic House of Commons controlled by an autocratic committee called the Cabinet? An Established Church paying its primate \$75,000 a year and its bishops \$10,000 to \$50,000, while its clergy barely exist and hundreds of thousands of its parishioners never get enough to eat? Why should n't opium and rum be sold to the "heathen" of Asia and Africa, as long as it swells the bank accounts of the West End? Why should n't women be allowed to get beastly drunk in the "pubs" as long as the proceeds of their debauch go to the stockholders who sit on the red morocco cushions of the lords? In an island where

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land is so limited and population so crowded, why should n't 2500 people own sixty per cent. of the soil and exact tribute of millions for the privilege of standing room only?

All these things are not a matter of principle at all. Nobody compels these people to be poor, or drunk, or hungry, or crowded! They are their own masters, and are judged by what they can accomplish under this environment!

This callousness to sequence, and worship of consequence, have made the Briton appear ruthless; this desire for achievement without undue friction has made him appear hypocritical. He is not necessarily either.

The truth is, the Briton is a supreme individualist, brought up under most forbidding skies, in a slimy atmosphere, on a little island four times invaded and conquered in the beginning of this era, who conquered his conquerors by successful compromise, and who by a combination of hardihood, persistence, and push, backed up with a vast amount of

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sound sense, has "gotten on." This sort of rough person has no use for experimenting. He has had vastly more luck at fulfilling than at planning.

He has established an essential democracy, a middle-class democracy. "The Englishman loves a lord," but only when the lord has made good. His practical eye sees deeper than the Frenchman or the German. While Paris was mad, butchering the noblesse, and while Prussia, equally mad, was pulling the crown deeper over the Hohenzollern brow, the Englishman shrewdly preserved the advantages of blue blood while he absorbed all of its prerogatives. Tocqueville wrote:

Wherever on the Continent of Europe the feudal system had been established it ended in caste: in England alone it returned to aristocracy. The nobility and the middle class in England followed the same business, embraced the same profession, and, what is more significant, intermarried with each other. The daughter of a great nobleman could without disgrace marry a man of yesterday. If the middle class of England, instead of making war upon the aristoc-

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racy, have remained so intimately connected with it, it is not because the aristocracy is open to all, but rather *because its outline was indistinct and its limits unknown*, not so much that any man could be admitted to it, as because it was impossible to say with certainty who might take rank there, so that all who approached it might look upon themselves as belonging to it, might take part in its rule, and derive either luster or profit from its influences.

This has been the British method throughout the world and in every activity. Its constitution works "because its outlines are indistinct and its limits unknown," ready for any emergency, be it pulling the teeth of the House of Lords or settling a coal-miners' strike. It has, for instance, without premeditation, adapted itself to the new social conditions—workmen's compensation, town-planning, industrial insurance, minimum wage; the laboring class sits in Parliament and, presto! is invited into the cabinet.

It is a democracy in spirit, an aristocracy in dress. Nowhere else is there a higher sense of public duty among the rich and the power-

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ful. The history of the justice of the peace alone places it high in the annals of government. In Birmingham town hall a list of the mayors is inscribed on the walls. There are the names of great families, where three and four generations have gratuitously and ardently served the municipality. I know of no greater example of democratic efficiency than the town council of Glasgow, where rich and poor, Socialist and Conservative, work together, imbued by the same municipal patriotism.

No one knows his virtues better than this islander himself. He is aware of his power, his ability, his success, and has auto-hypnotized himself into believing that he always is right. You have never heard an Englishman admit that he blundered. He pays the bills of his monumental mistakes,—as he is paying this day,—pulls his cap over his eyes, clenches his fists, and plods on. In the sanctuary of his conceit the candle of self-righteousness is always burning.

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This, again, is the psychology of imperial opportunism. Its creed knows no other orthodoxy than accomplishment, seeks no other justification, and its power is therefore always amply cloaked with self-complacency.

V

Well, this independent, individualistic little island accumulated an empire. How? The empire has "gotten on," like London. You ride on a bus from Hampstead to the Strand, and you pass at least four High Streets, each once the main thoroughfare of a former village. London is only a fortuitous collection of villages. It was never planned, it could not be planned. It has no community of interest save trade. It was never governed as a municipality. For years each parish had its own government; to-day it is governed by a county council. It is an amorphous aggregation of hovels, shops, and palaces, with no limits or plan to its spreading. Like a terrible Brobdingnagian amoeba, it pushes its

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tentacles hither and thither, prompted only by the instinct for food.

And this has been the haphazard of empire. When a new spirit of adventure came over the world four hundred years ago, Portugal attained southern Asia and portions of the African continent; Spain explored the Americas; France followed in the wake of Spain, and Holland in the path of Portugal, and after two hundred years of moving about over the vast new lands, Britain had only a strip of North American coast, which she shared with Dutch and Swedish settlers, and which was encircled by Spanish and French forts. To-day the Union Jack floats over an area as large as Africa and a population as great as Europe.

But we must not forget that the empire is the product of commercial and political conditions that have now passed away. No modern power could duplicate this achievement under modern conditions. When the age of trade-adventures followed in the wake of the age of "voyage and discovery," Spain had al-

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ready begun her rapid decline, and France was distressed by Continental entanglements. Indeed, until Sedan, the European nations were too distraught to pay ample attention to the new worlds. After Holland had been ruthlessly outstripped, England was free to push her hardy sailors into every harbor. Asia, Africa, the Americas were virgin territory for her traders and settlers, and British opportunism flourished.

Soon her notable army of inventors wrought the industrial revolution, capitalism was born, and in every new field British capital immediately found investment.

In a very real sense the British had no competition until their world empire was well established. The new-world opportunity found Great Britain wholly prepared. She was ready with ships, with capital, and, what is far more important, with colonists.

There was no planning this. The only records we have of an imperial ambition is the empire itself. Neither Parliament nor crown

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nor even trader designed the empire; but no opportunity to add to it has ever been allowed to slip by.

One might say that India is the keystone to this colonial world. Searching for a new route to the Indes, America was found in the way; to protect the Cape of Good Hope route to India, South Africa was fortified; to safeguard the Mediterranean route, Gibraltar was taken; and to shorten this route, the Suez was cut: to guard every possible waterway to that ancient and populous realm of wealth, coaling stations and forts dot all the seas. A war with France—partially over colonial trade—was a war for India, and casually brought Canada into the realm; and the whole Australian Archipelago, lying in the paths of the Eastern trader, was acquired by the English.

Just as, on the coronation of the King, all eyes were turned upon the Indian potentates and their glittering retinue, who garnished the festal parade, so the eyes of Britain, for three

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hundred years were on India. It was not until 1872 that the Queen of Britain became the Empress of the domain of the Great Jehan, and King George has now returned the capital to ancient Delhi.

So Britain has gathered her empire: a tessellated collection of gaikwars, khedives, princes, naked chieftains, elder brothers, governors, captains, councils, free presidents,—whatever best suits local conditions and works well; whether republic, federation, principal-ity, protectorate, sphere of influence, what-ever meets the need of the hour and the satis-faction of the trader.

Yet there is an undeniable majesty about this workaday empire, which has no imperial policy and the political center of which is a rather shabby room in Downing Street. You get an idea of its size, if not of its splendor, when you sit in the Commons during question-time. No subject seems too trivial for con-sideration: one member asks about the treat-ment of natives in a South African town; an-

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other, about the trade conditions in Indo-China; another, whether the Government has looked into the causes for mine disaster in Wales; another, about the government loans to Pat Flannigan in Ireland; another, why the steamship *Carnatic* was held in Hong-Kong, and a most inquisitive member asks about the Persian break-up. All are quietly answered except the last one; that is a question of diplomacy, and must be kept secret.

When the navigation laws, trade monopolies, and other devices for stimulating commerce became obsolete, as they did after 1776, when Adam Smith showed their economic folly, and America their political folly, an era of freer trade came on, which ultimately put the whole system to the test of competition. The British did not stand the first shocks of this competition with good grace. The colonies became unpopular. In 1852, Disraeli wrote to Lord Malmesbury, "These wretched colonies will be independent in a few years, and are millstones round our necks." Sir George

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Cornwall Lewis gave the reasons for this feeling. He wrote, "If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent; . . . such a possession cannot justly be called glorious."

Gladstone was austere and haughty toward the colonies, and Australians will tell you that Joseph Chamberlain saved that vast country for the motherland when he approached it in a spirit of friendliness and invited the colonial premiers to the first colonial conference.

VI

Thus by trading and pushing, desultory fighting, taking advantage of the decline of foreign powers, by perseverance, hardihood, shrewdness, the Briton, in a fortunate century, got together his strange empire. After all, the gathering of it together is not so strange as the fact that up to the present he has been

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able to keep it. How has he done this? Two words answer the question: ships and diplomacy.

Britain is an island, and the Norse instinct prevails. That explains a great deal of British history. The trader would be helpless and the island would be foodless without ships. Trade did not follow the flag; the flag followed the trader. And the manufacturer depended upon the seaman for raw material and for market. Everything that encourages ship-building and ship-sailing has been fostered. The law willingly yields to the seamen's necessities: impressment of seamen was for years a national policy. "We demand," wrote Singleton as late as 1871, "the abrogation of the declaration of maritime law, and the restoration of the ancient practice of the right of search and privateering. We demand it, because, being a maritime nation, our greatest defense must ever be our power at sea. We demand it as a security for the peace of Europe, . . . and Great Britain makes this de-

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mand, and absolutely insists on it, that she may be able, as far as possible, to protect the weak against the strong, which is the end and aim of her own constitution." Here you have an example of that blending of British ambition, egoism, and prudence which has succeeded.

We must expect that Britain's diplomacy would be entirely guided by her maritime policy. Lord Nelson said, "Battle-ships are the best negotiators of Europe." A "two-power" navy to maintain her prestige, diplomacy to reduce the active use of navy to its lowest terms—that is the British policy.

John Stuart Mill, certainly one of the most enlightened of men, speaking in the House of Commons (August 5, 1867), called the navy Britain's "natural indispensable weapon" and then followed with these significant sentences:

I should be ashamed to claim anything for my country which I believed to be a damage and an injury to the common interests of civilization and mankind. I will not even urge, though the feelings of

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the élite of Europe would bear me out if I did, that the safety, and even the power of England, are valuable to the freedom of the world, and therefore to the greatest and most permanent interests of every civilized people. No, sir, my argument shall not have even a tinge of nationality about it. It is on the broadest cosmopolitan and humanitarian principles that I rest the case. I maintain it to be for the general interest of the world, if there is to be fighting, that every power should fight with its natural weapons and with its best strength, that so there may be the greatest possible division of force and no one be able to disturb the world nor any two or three powers be able to divide it among them. . . . Above all it is for the interests of the world that the naval powers should not be weakened, for whatever is taken from them is given to the great military powers, and it is from these alone that the freedom and independence of nations has anything to fear. Naval power is as essentially defensive as military power is aggressive. It is by armies, not by fleets, that wars of conquest can be carried on; and naval powers, both in ancient and modern times, have been the cradle and the home of liberty. Take away the naval powers of the world at this moment, and where would be the main defense of the minor European States? Two or three

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military monarchies could, in a few years, parcel out Europe and everything else on this side of the Atlantic among them; and after they had done so, would probably desolate the earth by fighting for a redivision.

This extended quotation remains the logic and the solace of the British statesmen, even in these days of submarines.

England's powerful navy and her intrepid troops have been repeatedly used for maintaining that costly and highly artificial and peculiarly unstable equilibrium called the balance of power. The extravagant Burke said: "The Balance of Power has been assumed as the common law of Europe at all times and by all Powers. In all those systems of Balance, England was the Power to whose custody it was thought it might be most safely committed." It has been the policy of English diplomacy adroitly to balance Spain and France, Russia and Prussia, Italy, Turkey, and Austria, against one another, while holding in her own forceps the deciding penny weight.

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And when a master bully appeared, a Philip, a Louis, a Napoleon, and now, as she says, a William, she took part "in uniting the insulted and endangered nations against the offender."

About 1827, when the competition of foreign trade began to be sorely felt, and a slump in British imperialism set in, the foreign policy became "one of absolute non-interference." England became a sort of isolated umpire, by no means abrogating her perpetual interest in the balance of power, now called "the concert of powers," but not forming ententes and alliances. The last three generations of Britons were brought up to be proud of their aloofness. It suited the hour.

But in the interval a new power appeared—a power that very quickly not only became potent in Continental affairs, but spread her influence over every sea. When that master of diplomacy, Edward VII, was crowned, his German cousin was his real rival. It was Edward who broke the new tradition of isolation, and sought an understanding with Russia and

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a working agreement with France. This suave king, who knew so shrewdly how to govern his democracy, wrought deeper than he probably thought. The Triple Entente was to balance the Triple Alliance, but not to over-balance it. See what has happened!

In the light of that Edwardian foreign policy, the causes of this war are not to be sought in western, but in eastern, Europe. The day when the Russo-British alliance was consummated, that day this war became not merely possible, but probable. If this was not discerned at the time, Sir Edward Grey's experience with Persia must surely have opened his eyes when five years ago the Muscovite revealed his ambition to reach the Persian Gulf, and was permitted to despoil that ancient and romantic land.

The oft-quoted will of Peter the Great contains the following advice to his countrymen:

We must principally seek the alliance of England for commerce, because it is the power most in want

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of us for its navy, and which can be the most useful in the development of ours. We must exchange wood and other productions for her gold, and keep up continual relations among her traders and seamen and ours.

We must advance as much as possible toward Constantinople and India. Whoever shall reign there will be the true master of the world. Therefore, we must fan continental wars, sometimes with Turkey, sometimes with Persia; create dockyards and emporiums on the Black Sea; take possession, little by little, of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a point doubly necessary for the success of the plan; we must hasten the downfall of Persia; advance into the Persian Gulf, reëstablish as far as can be done the ancient commerce of the East through Syria, and enter into the two Indies, which are the store of the world. *When once there, we can do without the gold of England.*

How ominous these words resound, in the light of the present conflict and the newest aggrandizement of the Muscovite. At one time an alliance between Germany and England would have appeared natural. Would a sensible, constructive understanding between these

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countries have been possible? Was one attempted since Disraeli's day? We do not know. Amidst the agitated nations rises the calm face of Sir Edward Grey, the imperturbable sphinx of this unnecessary catastrophe.

In international relations we are still in the barbarous age of brute force. The age of submarines has not advanced, in this respect, upon the days of galleys. Rarely has constructive diplomacy reached the heights which were attained by John Hay in his Chinese policy.

England has been no exception to this rule, and is not now an exception to it; the high-sounding moralities of her parliamentary speakers notwithstanding. The motive of self-preservation, united with the promptings of imperial and commercial growth, have always characterized her foreign policy.

As for constructive, statesmanlike diplomacy, where shall we find it in Europe? The sacredness of the *status quo* is the fetish to

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which the successful nation bows; the weak are sacrificed to it. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are permitted because the pushing Germans are thus kept from the channel and the sea; Switzerland and Turkey are preserved, because their territory would be prey to Russia and Prussia, Italy and Austria. Poland, Bohemia, the Balkans, Finland—these are the living indexes to the selfishness of European internationalism.

The map of Europe is to-day a fine example of that imperial altruistic game, might makes right.

An understanding with Germany as to an outlet for her rapidly growing population might, remotely, have been possible; but in the present state of internationalism such a notion is chimerical, and its advocates are laughed and hooted out of Parliament. "England has grabbed all there is, and now she says, 'Let us all quit grabbing,'" a retired German officer said. England's reply is that she simply took advantage of her opportunity, and that,

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on the whole, she has not abused her privileges; that, as a rule, individual freedom and initiative have followed in the wake of her cruisers, and that her diplomacy has been prompted by the strict law of self-preservation.

VII

So, out of her diplomatic imbroglios has come the supreme test of the empire. It is the first time since the Napoleonic wars that Britain engages in a general European conflict; it is the first time since keen competition arose that her trade and her navy are simultaneously tested. Neither the Napoleonic wars, nor the sporadic uprisings in India, Egypt, South Africa, nor the Crimean campaign tested the whole fabric of the empire. To-day not a fiber of this mighty and majestic structure can escape the strain.

It tests first of all the stamina of the British Islander. Has he deteriorated into a self-complacent being, indifferent to his fate? Will he volunteer or must conscription force

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him to fight? Is his pluck sapped by a century of successful bargaining? Or is the fear that is traditional, the ghost that for a thousand years has stalked the chalk cliffs of Dover, looking for Armadas, cruisers, submarines, and Zeppelins, to drive him into a panic? This fear is not lessened by the knowledge that the usual food-supply on hand is enough for only four weeks.

England has had a great deal of nervousness over her vast territories. When the Canadians rejected the reciprocity treaties a few years ago, a great sigh of relief went up, and many well-informed Londoners asked me, "What are the States going to do now?"

The war will, secondly, test the financial resources of the empire. Hitherto these have been more than ample. Lombard Street still is the world's money-center. But now there are other lands, also, leaning on these resources. If the war lasts two or three years, as now seems probable, Russia will need help; so will Italy, who will, in that event, join in the

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conflict. And no one knows when the turmoil will stop. Never has the old kingdom faced so long, so widely extended, so fiercely fought a contest.

And, finally, this war will test the loyalty of the colonies. It seems anomalous to ask India to be "loyal." Loyal to what? To a foreign crown, an exotic social order, a strange legal system, a pound-shilling-pence policy? Yet we are assured India is loyal, and that Hindu troops are fighting in the European trenches. What of Egypt, and the Boers, and a score of other races that have no aptitude with Shakspeare's tongue and do not look forward to a year "back home"?

And to Canada and Australasia and South Africa this war brings the real test of loyalty. Will they go down into their pockets—deep down—to pay for warships, and will they continue to send levies of their finest manhood?

Long before this war is over, the slow-thinking London shopkeeper will be brought to realize that the days of his island's sole im-

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perium are over forever. A new empire must emerge from the old; or, rather, a federation of empires, binding under a working constitution the potencies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the kingdom, into the most impressive and invincible confederation the world has ever known; foreshadowing, perhaps, that other federation, of which the noble laureate sang, when all nationalities will be willing in candor to grant one another respect and freedom.

Meanwhile the decennial colonial conferences have laid the foundations for a colonial building in London. This is the nucleus around which the new federation will probably form in a workable, clumsy sort of way. The German would make a highly perfect, symmetrical plan, and break every neck in making every colony live up to it. That's not the British way. The Briton makes no plan, is greatly surprised if you ask him what he is going to do next; relies on his nerve, his ability, his energy, and his God—least of all on his

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God. And he will calmly tell you, come of this war what may, that his opportunism is merely self-preservation, well lubricated and in working order.

IV

BELGIUM: INTERNATIONAL WAIF

Mon pays tout entier vit et pense en mon corps,
Il absorbe ma force en sa force profonde
Pour que je sente mieux, à travers lui, le monde
Et célèbre la terre avec un chant plus fort.

VERHAEREN.

I

WHEN Julius Cæsar wrote, after his hard experiences with the Nervii and other Gallic tribes: "Fortissimi sunt Belgæ," he gave at once a name and a character to these peoples who have from that remote day to this struggled against great odds to maintain a national identity and local liberty.

For fate, that has endowed the Belgians with such temperament and patience, with such fervor and enterprise that in periods of tranquillity they have recovered amazingly from the desolations of war, has, alas, placed them

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at the confluence of three irresistible and antagonistic ethnic currents, which century after century have swept over their lowlands in the struggle for the mastery of Europe. From the south, the French have always claimed, and still claim, a paramount share in the genius and the product of the Belgians. From the east, the Germans have restlessly demanded influence. From the west, from her island vantage ground, England has time after time acted as champion for the small State, whose possession of the North Sea coast was a surety to Britain's safety.

Teuton, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon have dominated the world since the Christian era, and their domination has been achieved, in a large measure, at the sacrifice of the Low Countries.

During the early medieval period the vast domains of the Merovingians and the Carolingians, embracing virtually all of Europe, excepting the Russias, broke into two natural fragments, the eastern and the western king-

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doms—the Neustria and Austria of historians—the one Teutonic, the other Gallic; one dominated by Prussia and Austria, to be later ruled by the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, and the other dominated by Spain and France, to be ruled by the Philips and the Louis.

But between these two great hemispheres of governmental and cultural ambitions, remained a number of smaller States, or middle countries, whose allegiance alternated between their great and overpowering neighbors.

Of these between-provinces, Flanders and Brabant, Liège and Hainault, were the most harassed. They form the greater part of modern Belgium. Other border or buffer States had national defenses. Switzerland, its mountain citadels, and Holland could call in its irresistible ally, the sea.

But Belgium was unprotected. So the period of the rise and break-up of feudalism witnessed for this distracted country nothing but a procession of battles, invasions, and sieges. The peaceful intervals were few and

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brief. But brief as they were, they sufficed to show the wonderful recuperative power of the people.

Finally, in the fifteenth century the House of Burgundy assumed control over the Belgians, a period of repose and prosperity set in, and Flanders became the richest country in Europe. In the sixteenth century Belgium fell under the terrible rule of the Spain of Philip and Alva, and for over one hundred years the inquisition and all its instruments of tyranny and bigotry wrought desolation among the brave inhabitants. Alva's "Council of Troubles" put to death in cold blood 20,000 inoffensive persons in Brussels alone. "Industry," says a contemporary record, "which had in the old days made other States tributary to this, had departed to England and Holland by the flight of artizans who had supported it. The villages lay in ruins, the fields in desolation. Famine stalked through the land." From this ruin some of the Belgian towns never recovered.

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Austria succeeded Spain as sovereign over Belgium, and for sixty-five years peace reigned, until the death of Maria Theresa. Joseph, her successor to the Belgian domains, well meaning but brusque and undiplomatic, failed to secure popular support. The nobles and clergy were willing to acquiesce to his arbitrary demands. But the artizans and merchants, in true Belgic spirit, refused any encroachments upon the traditional rights of their cities, and the country was again in turmoil, which was not allayed until the present Belgium emerged from international chaos.

The victory of the French at Fleurus ended the Austrian domination and put the French into power. It was the France of the Revolution, and under the guise of democracy she inflicted woes upon Belgian towns that recalled the tyranny of Alva. Thiers, the French historian, is witness of the cruelty of his countrymen. He decries especially "the violent acts of the Prefets carrying off the children of the

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people for the conscription, those of the upper classes of the so-called schools of honor, torturing the families of those who did not answer the appeal by quartering troops on them, employing movable columns against the refractory, taking provisions, horses, cattle, under the name of requisitions. Added to these exactions were those of the secret police, collecting and magnifying the smallest gossip and arbitrarily imprisoning on the least suspicion."

This brings us into the modern era. Where were England and Austria and Prussia in this hour of Belgium's need? Pitt, seeking to humble France, looked beyond the helpless Low Country; Austria was deliberately withdrawing from the Netherlands; Prussia was waiting. Belgium was abandoned by Europe. Yet when the Corsican succeeded to the Convention and raided the Continent, it was on Belgian soil and with the aid of brave Belgian troops that Waterloo was won.

The Protocol of London (1814) settled the

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next brief Belgian régime. The Netherlands, after three hundred years of separation, were again to be united—Holland and Belgium under the House of Orange—a fate decided without the assent of Belgium, at the request of Wellington who had strong affinities for the Dutch king and in accordance with the dictum of Stein, the Prussian minister, wrote: “My objection to little sovereign princes is known by everybody, but I make an exception in favor of the House of Orange.”

The Belgians earnestly desired peace, and gave William a respectful welcome when he was crowned in Brussels, amidst a splendor that recalled somewhat the “joyous entries” of the Middle Ages. Had the Dutch possessed tact as well as good intentions, the effort might have succeeded. But they were overbearing. The King appointed only one Belgian to his council and distributed the principal offices in the army and civil lists to Dutchmen. Within a year the Prince of Orange wrote to Wellington: “The spirit of the Bel-

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gians is becoming daily worse and more dissatisfied on account of the entire influence of the Dutch, who have all the business in hand and consider Belgium daily more as an annexed province which is to be submissive to the mother country."

This treatment, sooner than any other, would hasten the alienation of the Belgians. For their spirit has never been conquered since Cæsar's day. Moreover, they were larger in territory and population than Holland, and claimed, not without just cause, complete local autonomy and at least an equal share in the joint government.

But beyond the hauteur of the Dutch lay another cause that made their reunion difficult. The Spaniard had left Belgium desolated, but he had left it united in faith. Holland had remained Protestant; Belgium had become Catholic. The two failed to coalesce. In 1830 Belgium revolted. In 1831 the five great powers, England, Austria, Prussia, France, and Russia, decreed that "Belgium

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... shall form an independent and perpetually neutral state. It shall be bound to observe such neutrality toward all other States."

It was not until 1839 that Holland finally agreed to this treaty and Belgium, as we know it, began at last, after centuries of vicissitudes, an independent existence, governed by a king of her own choice, and by a constitution of her own making.

But her independence was only on sufferance.

Thus this waif among nations has passed successively under the sovereignty of Rome and of Charlemagne, of the Holy Roman Empire and of imperial France, of Burgundy and of Spain, of Austria and of Revolutionary France, of Holland and of international wardship.

And during all these centuries her years have been years of warfare not of her own seeking; of invasions and destruction for which she gave no cause.

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II

But while Belgium thus by decree of Fate had been denied a nationalism, she developed a civic patriotism, rivaled only by that of the city republics of Italy.

While these momentous shifts in imperial fealty were taking place, these industrious Belgians were paying as little attention as possible to the doings of the great lords, and busied themselves building cities, digging canals through the low marshes and dunes, constructing docks at Antwerp, and developing their skilled craftsmen whose products were world famed. Denied a national existence, these ingenious and alert peoples early achieved many communal liberties, such as the right to be governed by their own *eschevin* or sheriff and collecting their own taxes. As they grew in opulence, they bought or won concession after concession from their feudal masters.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there were 208 walled towns, 150 boroughs or open

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towns, and 6800 villages with a church tower in Belgian provinces. Courtrai, Ypres, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp were great cities. Bruges alone recognized fifty-two crafts and four great merchant guilds, the cloth merchants, the linen merchants, the mercers, and the brewers. Ghent registered 50,000 handicraftsmen, and when London had only 35,000 inhabitants, Ypres had its 100,000. By the middle of the sixteenth century the Belgium cities were at their highest prosperity. Brussels now became a center of carpet weaving, together with Arras and Tournai. Courtrai was famed for its table linen, Louvain for its gloves. The Flemish craftsmen possessed rare trade secrets of woolen and linen weaving and dyeing, of leathing working, lace making, and iron mongering, and their unrivaled skill brought enormous wealth to the cities.

Juste, the Belgian historian, records that "the period of Antwerp's greatest splendor was between the years 1550 and 1560, when it contained the houses of not fewer than a thou-

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sand foreign merchants. These houses were divided among six nations, the Spaniards, the Danes and the Hansa together, the Italians, the English, the Portuguese, and the Germans. In 1560 more business was done in one month at Antwerp than in two years at Venice, although that place was still one of the chief seats of trade in the world. Every day nearly 500 vessels entered and left the great port on the Scheldt, 2000 wagons entered the city every week from France or Germany.”

In these days of opulence the merchant was royal in his tastes. He loved high living and splendor. His delight in silks and satins, jewels and ermine and sables, is revealed in the portraiture of the Flemish artists, who detailed with photographic faithfulness all the tokens of splendor and wealth of the burgher and his spouse.

When the House of Burgundy brought a century of tranquillity to these cities, halting the eager encroachments of the French and the pretensions of the Austrians, Flemish art,

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Flemish printing, Flemish architecture, flourished with Flemish industry. Under the fifty years of the Burgundian Philip's reign, these towns were embellished by halls, churches, and market places, which remain to this day as their chief ornament. The town halls of Brussels and Louvain and Mons rose as golden symbols of this age of glory. Caxton learned his trade in Bruges, which out of jealousy of his foreign birth, expelled him—but not his art.

These were the joyous years when each village prided itself on its belfry and each town on its market place, town hall, and guild halls; when “joyous entries” marked the coming of the lords; when elaborate fêtes, resplendent with color and baptized in rare wines, marked the festal days; when the journeyman was honored and the master workman was king.

Now, the reader will observe that this municipal prosperity could not lead to nationalism. The merchant's enthusiasm was for his commerce; the craftsman's for his guild; localism and individualism overcame such

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gravitation towards nationalism as may have existed. Commercialism cherished neutrality (a universal trait of the trader) at a period when all nations fought periodically, and when such a thing as the right to neutrality had not been recognized in international procedure. Such a fragmentary patriotism, if that term is permissible, produces no great leaders, and Belgium has been peculiarly wanting in predominating personalities. There have indeed been many local leaders, some of great ability, but they failed to achieve a national status, partly through the particularism of the day, partly because the ruling classes opposed every leader who arose from among the people.

Moreover, in these towns bourgeoisie reigned. Thus they lacked the unity which princes bring and royalty espouses. Their principal buildings were not palaces and castles, but town halls where burghers met, guild halls where the guilds convened, and exchanges where merchants and bankers did their business. This, again, accentuated their mu-

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nicipal particularism. The nation lived in its commerce.

Nor did Belgium possess a leadership of cities, such as Paris assumed in France, Rome in Italy, London in England, Vienna in Austria. These busy hives of industry in this little land scarcely larger than a Texas county were very individualistic. They were not jealous rivals, for each had developed its own special trade or handicraft. Some worked in woolens, some in leather, some in flax, some in iron. Yet each was surrounded by a wall of custom higher and more isolating than the stone walls and turrets of the feudal times. Each one of the towns had its own charter and privileges, its own traditions, its own heroes and saints, and, to-day the charm of Belgium is its municipal history and its local color.

Even in modern years, when Brussels, the largest of the sisterhood of cities, became the residence of the national king, the seat of the national parliament, and in gaiety, in art, fashions, and learning a sort of replica of Paris,

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these other cities have not yielded their individuality, and walk aloof, quite independent as in the days of the guilds. And this is frankly recognized by the people. In Brussels I ask for an example of this or that art or craft. I am promptly told, "Oh, you must go to Antwerp to see that," or, "You should visit Ghent if you are interested in that," or, "We have here no such works as they have in Mons; we are busy with other things."

III

Belgium has, however, achieved a nationalism, in spite of all the discouragements of history. And in spite of a far greater obstacle, namely for ethnic dualism. For the population consists about equally of Flemings and Walloons. In 1900 there were 2,574,000 who spoke French only, 2,822,000 who spoke Flemish only, while 801,000 spoke both languages; 28,000 spoke German only (mostly in the province of Limbourg), and 43,000 spoke all three languages.

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When the present régime began French was the official language, but very soon a Flemish revival arose. And it was not long before the Flemings, who could appeal to a resplendent art and a brilliant literature, as well as to formidable political influence, were able to make their country officially bi-lingual. So you will see in Brussels and other cities, the street names in two languages, and the proceedings in court and parliaments are conducted in both tongues.

This is a suggestive phenomenon in the development of nationalism. We have been taught that unity of language is one of the essential elements of the spirit of one-ness in a people. Britain has absorbed her racial units into one ethnic unity. So are we absorbing. But Belgium remains a *mélange* of two distinct races, two languages, two idealizations. There is neither geographic, ethnic, intellectual, commercial, nor religious reason for the existence of this high and appealing nationalism. Geographically, Belgium, with the ex-

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ception of the Ardennes is a part of the Low Countries, comprising Holland and parts of Denmark as well; ethnically the two races are almost antithetic; intellectually the south is by ambition a suburb of Paris, the north by instinct a part of Holland; commercially her cities are unique only in their intensiveness and they derive their prosperity from the frugality and skill of their inhabitants, rather than from any nationalistic policy; and while the state religion predominates in cathedral and parliament house, nearly one third of the population are socialistic and incline toward free thinking. This achievement of a genuine cosmopolitanism, which is the antithesis of provincialism, has been at least partly due to historical causes. Throughout her history the administration of Belgium has never coincided with the two racial divisions. The feudal lords held both in vassalage; the Count of Flanders, for instance, while a vassal both the King of France and Emperor of Germany, governed both French and German Flanders. Neither church nor

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state seemed to care that here were two distinct peoples. They were compelled to tolerate each other's ideas and to tolerate each other. This has made the Belgian much more receptive in spirit and international in his outlook than any other European. And yet the anomaly persists, the two races remain distinct.

Let us look more closely at these two strains. There has been a long and unfruitful discussion among scholars whether the Fleming and Walloon were originally both of Celtic origin or whether the one was of purely Celtic, the other of Teutonic stock. However that may be, we know that since the third century the two strains have been differentiated by two very different influences, the Germanic and the Latin. The Dutch acquired the Germanic trait of patience; the French the Celt's restless energy.

The ferocious temperament that Cæsar described was Gallic, and this prehistoric trait has never been quite subdued. The Walloon

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occupies the higher provinces of Brabant, Hainault, Namur, Luxembourg, and Liège. He has forests and hills to break the monotony of his horizon. He is essentially French. He cherishes the privilege of unfettered expression and fondles words for their delicate shades of meaning. His passion is for fellowship and he loves the city.

On the other hand, the Fleming, large and heavy, built like his draft horses, lives on the flats that are so infertile except by enormous toil, so gray and vistaless, all horizon, no perspective. A son of the soil, who, while he has his Ghent, Tremonde, Dixmude, and Nieuport, prefers rather the dun monotony of the fields and invests his towns with a peculiar rural dullness. He prefers silence to speech, his language is monosyllabic, blunt and direct, and his debates in Parliament and town hall are a series of body blows.

The Fleming hides his emotions behind stolid silence; the Walloon garnishes his most obscure ideas with an amazing volubility. The Flem-

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ing is pious, the Walloon incredulous. The Fleming is silent at his work, while the Walloon sings. Their art portrays their differences. The Flemish painter sees but does not imagine. He portrays with medieval exactness a simple interior, a cockfight, the portrait of a dame, a brace of fowl, a bull. And this single subject he invests with colors that appeal, but do not glow. The Walloon, however, is voluptuous in his art. Details mean nothing to him, fantasy everything.

They possess, however, some traits in common. Both are highly appreciative, both are endowed with unusual adaptability, absorbing from German and English and French a combination of tastes, skill, and perseverance that is remarkable; finally, both are intensely practical and are not likely to let any vagary or prejudice to stand in their way. "Heavy and hard Flemish heads," is an old saying; they are in partnership with mellow and fervid Walloon hearts.

But do not imagine that this country with

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these dominant differences of race is a hybrid. Against a background of German aggression, Austrian domination, French conquests, Spanish terror, and Dutch obstinacy lies this little land, a mere handful of clay and sand, peopled by fragments of Teutonic and Latin races, stubbornly resisting emperors and dominions, and insisting upon a robust national freedom.

It has at least a political homogeneity of which you become convinced as you sojourn among the fascinating ancient towns and modern fields and factories. They rather pride themselves on their dualism. One of the leading literateurs calls the use of two languages "an honor," "a double expression of nationalism." This is no figurative boast. It expresses the real sentiment of the people. Whatever the tilts between the two elements—and they are not without their debates and family clashes—after all they dwell together in freedom. To them freedom does not mean a forced homogeneity of speech or of race; but

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the right of each citizen to use what language he pleases, pursue what calling he may, worship as his ancestors taught or his reason directs, and to assist in making such rules for common conduct as the communal needs of the hour demand. Freedom to such a man is more than uniformity or homogeneity; it is a personal reality. It does not mean a national culture, which usually signifies an esthetic form of tyranny.

The Belgian has thus solved one of the most important problems of individual freedom. He is not perplexed by that bugaboo of uniformity, which still impels us to hastily "Americanize" every sprig of every culture that seeks root in our soil.

Belgian dualism has produced an equilibrium, ethnic and industrial, between city and country, between Walloon and Fleming.

But it is not alone the compulsion of history that has produced this balance. The natures of the two races complement one another; the natural resources, the configuration of the

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land, the hard necessities of toil, and above all the practical sense of the people have made possible this nationalistic anomaly.

A priori one would think this equilibrium impossible. A fragment of France and a fragment of Germany united in a tiny country, what bizarre and curious consequences would result! Yet here is domestic contentment and prosperity.

IV

And what is even more surprising, this strange blending of localism and nationalism, and this prosperous copartnership of two distinct racial strains, have taken place in a diminutive country, one of the smallest autonomous nations in the world.

Belgium is a living microcosm. In area it comprises 11,373 square miles, 7,275,000 acres, sustaining a population of seven and one-half million, one person per acre, the population of Pennsylvania, sustained in New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

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In a few hours you can traverse it. Traveling inward from the coast you cross first the sea-border, called the Polders, so nearly on the sea level that dykes, sustained at great cost and exertion, are necessary to prevent flooding. The soil is so heavy that only the strongest teams can pull a plow through it. Then you come to the sandy regions. These are the famous "fertile plains of Flanders." But they are fertile only because of the severest toil. Rowntree says, "There is scarcely any soil in Europe so infertile by nature, and if abandoned for only two or three years it returns to barren waste. Constant care and enormous quantities of manure are required if good crops are to be obtained. A proprietor whose farm has been neglected by a bad tenant is glad to let it to a capable farmer rent-free for some years, that it may be brought into good heart again." So intensive is the cultivation of this tract that over one third of its area yields two crops a year. Thus alone could so dense a population thrive. The northernmost

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portion of this plain is dotted with marshes and bogs, and is called the Campine. It is the most infertile and poverty-stricken portion of Belgium. To the southwest lies a rich loamy region, which gently ascends into the beautiful Ardennes.

Of the total area only 4,740,000 acres are cultivated. Scarcely one fifth of the tilled land can be said to be very fertile, another fifth is quite infertile, while the remainder is productive only by dint of the hardest kind of toil. Yet so carefully are these niggardly acres plowed and fertilized that their only rivals for productivity in the world are the famous market gardens of Paris.

As you cross these low plains and their border of undulating hills you pass through a continuous succession of manufacturing towns and cities, as if Belgium were a Pittsburgh with a hundred teeming suburbs. The industrial revolution found Belgium ready with craftsmen possessed of remarkable adaptability. It was in Belgium that the first locomotive and

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the first power machinery on the Continent were built. To-day her factories rival those of England and the Rhineland. Every important industry is represented. Belgium is sixth in value of exports, eighth in riches, and almost the least in size of the commercial countries of the earth.

The prosperity of the fifteenth century has returned to her cities. Antwerp has forty miles of quays. Mons, Namur, and Liège possess vast metal industries; Jumet, St. Lambert, and Charleroi are famous for their glassware; while of the ancient textile arts, Verriers, Ghent, Alost, Brussels, Maline, Courtrai, and scores of lesser towns are still the masters.

This intensive industrialization is made possible by a careful territorial differentiation of industry, rather than by a rigid social organization such as Germany possesses. In Belgium I perceive more personal autonomy than in Germany, but also a stricter classification of industry. Not only are the metal, glass, chemical, and textile works grouped in sepa-

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rate cities peculiarly adapted to their manufacture, but each general industry is subdivided into numerous groups and different towns devoted to specialized production.

And to further aid in this industrial miracle, Belgium possesses the most complete transportation system in the world. Early she built canals, of which she now has 604 miles, to supplement the 745 miles of navigable streams. She has 2859 miles of railways or 30.29 miles to every 100 square miles of territory. Compare this with England's 22.38 miles, Germany's 15.72 miles and France's 11.72. To this must be added a remarkable network of "light railways"—small local lines corresponding roughly to our trolley systems, but run by steam. Of these she has some 3000 miles, nine times as many per area as Germany, fourteen times as many as France. These connect farming hamlets with factory towns and make an almost perfect system of interchange.

Here you have then the densest agricultural and industrial population in the world. You

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have also the poorest paid and the most illiterate body of workmen of the progressive European countries. Wages are depressingly low. In 1896, when the first governmental labor inquiry was made, the following startling facts were revealed:

170,000 persons received less than 2 francs (40 cents) a day of 12-14 hours.

172,000 persons received from 2-3 francs (40-60 cents) a day of 12-14 hours.

169,000 persons received from 3-4 francs (60-80 cents) a day of 12-14 hours.

102,000 persons received more than 4 francs (80 cents) a day of 12-14 hours.

Since then wages have risen considerably, in some instances doubled; the cost of living has also risen. Yet wages are still only from one half to three fourths as much as in England. Especially in Flanders, the wages remain very low. In this region, so devoted to agriculture, home industries still thrive. The peasant possesses a few acres of land and the whole family must join in the bread winning. Here you

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still find women working fourteen hours a day at lace making or some other medieval craft-survival for 75 cents to \$1.00 a week, besides attending to their household duties. The men, working at home-trades, such as shoe-making, can earn about 4 francs (80 cents) a day. Many of these Flemish towns are not savory, for they possess all the elements of slum life, even overcrowding. Living, naturally, must be cheap under such conditions. The garden, the pig, the chickens, as well as the children, of whom there are very many, contribute to the family support.

In the Walloon districts conditions are somewhat better.

About one fourth of the Belgian workmen are unable to read and write, the per cent. of illiteracy being highest among the Flemings. Condemned to bread-earning from tender youth and dedicated to a life of continual toil, they have, until recently, lacked the initiative and organization to overcome the inertia arising from such conditions.

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But the picture is gloomier than the actuality. Belgium, on the whole, was not an unhappy country before this war ravaged its villages and fields. The Belgian workman contrives somehow to get a great deal of enjoyment out of life. The spirit of the medieval pageantry has not been entirely killed by our monotonous and colorless machine industry. There are sports and holidays; pigeon flying is almost the national pastime. At Liège, for instance, hundreds of miners keep carrier pigeons in their attics and every week-end there are races. And if the pigeons' return is delayed by bad weather, the miners take Monday off to see the outcome of the race.

In Brussels and other cities I was told that many workingmen's families save up, penny by penny, a fund every year for a holiday. This is usually an excursion of a few days to some near-by place of interest. I recall vividly the eagerness with which a girl of sixteen, who had a position in a printing establishment, described to me the contemplated

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family excursion. "It was hard to put by the centimes every pay day, but I am so happy now that I did it."

This is a fine spirit. It is this spirit that has led to the organization of the most compact labor party in Europe. Under the auspices of this party are conducted numerous highly successful coöperative enterprises. In every city, for instance, the workmen have coöperative dairies, butcher shops, bakeries, and dry goods stores. Nowhere else in Europe did I find such successful coöperation. The hard sense of the Belgian has led him to discard the usual socialistic vagaries and cling to facts. So there are People's Clubhouses, like Vooruit in Ghent and the Maison du Peuple in Brussels. The latter cost 1,000,000 francs, paid for by these underpaid workingmen. Through agitation organization and even the general strike, they have succeeded in democratizing the constitution; and have now attacked the problem of universal education.

The organization of these workingmen,

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however, has achieved by far its greatest results in arousing simultaneously a self-satisfied church and a lethargic government to the acute needs of the working people, who are, and always have been, Belgium.

V

This, then, in hasty sketch, is the country whose desolation has shocked the world. And the thinking people are asking why it is that a nation so industrious, with such unassuming and unaggressive demeanor, desiring nothing so much as to be let alone, should be again subjected to the cruelties of invasion and warfare.

Belgium is a small State still in the pathway of the great; incapable, alone, of defending her neutrality. She is a waif, dependent on the good faith of other countries. God pity the land sustained upon such conscienceless mercies!

Belgium was poised on the honor of the five guaranteeing powers. Had she possessed confidence in their integrity, she would not have

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fortified Namur, Antwerp, or Liège, nor kept a standing army. These modern forts spell suspicion. And it is senseless for any nation now to express surprise over the German invasion. Belgium and the other powers expected it. The German military plans assumed it; the French prepared for it; the British foresaw it. In 1912 a British statesman wrote in "The Westminster Review"; "We are solemnly pledged to defend by force of arms, if necessary, the integrity of Belgium. A great military power has built up on the frontier of this peaceable and neutral little kingdom an enormous permanent military establishment, and has been gradually building a network of roads and railways that serve, and can serve, no other purpose, than to facilitate a swift invasion of Belgium. Does this not concern us?"

Nearly ten years ago another publicist wrote in "The Fortnightly Review": "The temptation to Germany to establish her hegemony on the shores of the North Sea can even now

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scarcely be restrained. . . . As practical men we have to consider a little calmly as to the ways and means available for the fulfilment of our pledges, and as to how we are to safeguard our own vital interests in the Netherlands.”

Such sentiments filled the English press in recent years. Lord Roberts frequently pointed to the same conditions and pressed his warnings upon his countrymen. The Belgians themselves dwelt in perpetual fear. In 1887 King Leopold said at Bruges, “There are constantly dangers on the horizon. We are small; then let us be vigilant. Wars have become overwhelming; those who are taken by them unawares are lost.” Thus he expressed the threat that hovers over the small nations, and exposed the burlesque of guaranteed neutrality.

What this “guaranteed” neutrality is worth is shown by the action of England in 1870, when the British government made treaties with France and Prussia obliging Britain to join forces with the other against the State that

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should violate Belgian neutrality. Why bolster 1830 with 1870? Was the original promise void or voidable?

Perhaps this all simply means that Europe expects history to repeat itself. England, at least, has this generalization in the background of her national demeanor. She recalls that, in her historic struggles with France, Flanders was the landing place of her troops and the strategic base of her expeditions under Henry the Sixth, William the Third, Marlborough, and Wellington. So she cannot forget that since the Battle of Hastings her precious island security has, with the exception of the invasion of Henry the Seventh, been threatened alone from the harbors of the Netherlands. Nor can she forget that the last of these attempted invasions led her to crown William of Holland in Westminster and form a royal unity with the Upper Netherlands.

In the present crisis she may recall with some satisfaction that the governments of Elizabeth and William the Third, of Anne and

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George the Third, in turn intervened to save the integrity of the Dutch and the Belgians and keep inviolate the shore of the Strait of Dover and the North Sea. As early as the fourteenth century James Van Artevelde, the Belgian patriot and statesman, said: "It is necessary for us to be friends with England, for without her we cannot live," and it was King Edward the Third who first invited the persecuted weavers of Flanders to England, promising them "Good beef, good beer, good beds, and companions better still, the English girls being the most renowned in the world for beauty."

Thus the self-protection of the great has been the defense of the small; and the liberties of the weak are pendent upon the selfishness of the powerful.

The age of howitzers has made no progress in this respect upon the age of halberds.

Last autumn the Belgian Commission to the United States headed by M. Vandervelde, one of the world's leading socialists, now minister

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of state, visited Mt. Vernon to place a wreath upon the tomb of Washington bearing the inscription, "A tribute from Independent Belgium." At the moment this beautiful ceremony took place, Belgium was trembling under the tread of foreign armies and her government was a fugitive installed in a foreign city, under the protection of a friendly power. By this simple and touching act Belgium challenged the effete internationalism of the past and appealed to America to hasten the inauguration of the juster internationalism of to-morrow, and make a living reality the principles of neutrality first espoused by George Washington.

V

RUSSIA IN TRANSITION

“It is impossible to reason about the Russians, one can only believe in them.”

A FRENCH SAYING.

I

WE are accustomed to look upon the great war as primarily a struggle between England and Germany; and we therefore presume that its greatest effects will be felt by these contending giants. It is not impossible, however, that the war will create a new and mighty force in international affairs. Germany and England are old and tried nations; they have made great contributions to culture and statecraft, and no war can wipe out their influence upon the destinies of civilization. But beyond them, to the eastward,

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stretches the vast domain of the Czar, with its 170,000,000 souls, cloaked in illiteracy and superstition; upon whom French and German enterprise and learning have made barely an impression; who are evidently awaiting a culture of their own, and whose geographical position links them to the eager aggressiveness of the West and the wise and patient somnolence of the East.

If this war unites Russia's various elements, awakens their political and economic consciousness, disrupts the lethargy of blind obedience, and destroys the reactionary habit of autocracy, then, indeed, are we on the threshold of a new era.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for a stranger to understand Russia. There are such strange anomalies, such violent contrasts, and such unusual conventions. Moreover, we have heard so much of its terrorism and so little of its favorable traits that our prejudices are violently aroused against it. "This is not Russia" is a favorite exclamation of our popular

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orators, and no one dares to question its finality.

Russia is in a state of transition. Here are now contending the two traditional enemies: autocracy and democracy. In France the contest culminated in revolution; in England in a gradual and even gracious yielding to the popular demands; in Germany in a pusillanimous surrender, after much socialistic bustle and bravado, to the Junkerdom. In Russia, revolution has more than once been imminent; one might say it is an ever-present possibility. That at least is the theory of the secret police and their masters. Yet one sees on every hand evidences of a shifting of the assumptions of autocracy. Not merely a benevolent and condescending paternalism, such as every czar has professed and most have practised, but a real transition from an older to a newer order.

The process is slow. Autocracy has the advantage of being in power, of legality, of orthodoxy, and of a lack of political sympathy which makes it immune to humane motives. Democ-

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racy has the advantage of numbers, of an unshaken conviction of its rightness, and of the consciousness that both history and progress are fighting on its side.

Will a world war stimulate or retard these transitions? The question cannot be dogmatically answered. Certain groups of facts, however, may be set forth that will have a vital bearing upon the effect of the war upon this backward and powerful nation.

II

The first and foremost fact is autocracy. The official style of all imperial ukases is: "We, Nicholas II, by God's grace Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias," etc. In theory, the Czar is the Government. In his will are merged all the functions that we usually include under the names executive, legislative, and judicial. In practice, this becomes impossible, for no one man could possess the versatility and the endurance to look after the wants of even a nation of peasants whose wants

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are simple. Peter the Great may have aspired to such governmental omniscience, but even he was remarkable mainly for his selection of helpers.

So the Czar must be autocrat by proxy. He has two agencies that are at once intolerant and powerful: the bureaucracy and the orthodoxy.

Here bureaucracy has found its most congenial environment. There is no over-watchful lord at the top, nor an overjealous electorate at the bottom. So that mechanism, formalism, alone keeps the bureaucrats in leash. Now, in the hands of unscrupulous, mediocre men this formalism becomes a more tyrannical master than a czar. For these men are petty, indolent, and underpaid, and must eke out their small salaries as best they may. So that the Russian mujik expects to buy justice and official sanction (not favors, but just ordinary sanctions) as he buys tobacco and bread. He always expects to give a tip, to the officials, no matter how small their

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service; and if any special favor is asked, he can usually buy it. The bureaucracy is as corrupt as it is idle, and it is as potent as it is corrupt. If an enlightened master like Witte seeks to remedy its grosser evils, he finds himself mysteriously thwarted on every hand.

Moreover, the bureaucracy is clumsily over-organized. There is a hopeless overlapping of functions. The empire is more or less artificially divided into "governments," which are in turn divided into "districts" and "stations." A governor is appointed for each "government." He represents the central government in the promulgating of laws, and he is identified with the Ministry of the Interior, thereby becoming the head of the police in his province. He is usually a soldier, and therefore displays the usual aptitudes of his trade, when conducting civil business. Under him are a series of officers, in the lesser divisions, ruled by lieutenants named by him. Then each ministry has its own series of bureaus, independent of each other, in each province and lesser district.

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Here, then, is a colossal system of autocrats and autocratlets, from czar, minister, governor, down to local police officers. Also a series of bureaus and subbureaus, representing a dozen different yet overlapping activities, each set independent of the other and each set a perfect gradation from Petrograd to the humblest district.

Bureaus within bureaus, sets within sets, subordinates under other subordinates, all knowing neither personal responsibility nor efficiency, and rarely honesty. This is the mechanism with which the Government conducts its necessary routine.

The second agency of the supreme autocrat is the Church. Autocracy and religion are craftily blended. The Code says, "Obedience to the sovereign power of the Emperor is commanded by God himself, not only by fear, but in conscience."

The catechism, taught the children, asks, "What does religion teach us as our duty to the Czar?"

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And it answers, "Worship, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love and prayer, the whole being comprised in the words, worship and fidelity."

There is theoretical religious freedom. But there can be no actual freedom of conscience when the Czar becomes a demigod and his acts are invested with a divine florescence. When the reactionaries discovered, through their experiences with the first and second Duma, that the first election law was too liberal to permit their control of the results, they had the law carefully modified so that the orthodox representation should be increased; that of the Roman Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans and sectarians decreased. Russian autocracy, by instinct, relies on Russian orthodoxy.

While Russian autocracy thus acts through church and bureaucracy, it has two methods of action which have always characterized autocracy from the beginning of time, isolation and repression.

The first instinct of autocracy is to keep

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itself aloof from the rest of the world. It ascribes to itself attributes that won't bear comingling with the cultures of other lands. This is a primitive instinct. Japan and China are modern examples. They isolated themselves for ages, until, in the last century, their doors were opened to trade, by the friendly energy of the United States. To-day we see the ancient aloofness swept aside by the current of modernism that has rejuvenated these governments and their people.

Russia has clung to isolation, while yet cherishing the ambition to be cultured in the European sense of that word. Peter the Great attempted to introduce German efficiency in army and civil service, and Catherine sought to infuse learning and grace into court and salon. It was a veneer. They failed to recognize that culture and efficiency must come from within, are natural products, cannot be superimposed. They left an ignorant populace, a subjected serfdom, as the basis of the State. That is, they still clung to the bar-

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baric notion of isolation: isolation for the masses, European culture for the handful. Until the Russo-Japanese War this remained Russian policy. This isolation of the masses from European influence has been made easier by the teachings of the Russian Church. It forbade allegiance to Rome and hence separated Russia from Western Christendom at a time when the Church of Rome was all powerful in Western Europe and fostered a uniformity of law and of thought.

Russia is still a land of isolation. Nicholas I fought sturdily against the introduction of the railway, allowing only 632 miles in his empire! Her passport system is the most rigorous in the world. She does not welcome strangers; she coldly tolerates them.

This physical isolation, however, is breaking down under the modern system of transportation and industrialism. But a far more dangerous isolation still threatens this land of unknown possibilities, an isolation of ideas. To stop the infiltration of ideas, that is the most

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difficult problem of Russian autocracy to-day. You can keep people from doing but not from thinking. This fear of new ideas makes Russia war with her finest intellects. She is afraid of her thinkers, and of the world's thinkers. This policy is illustrated by the attempted segregation of the people. "Keep the people apart, keep them leaderless," cries autocracy. Forbid meetings of a dozen for discussing political subjects; censor the vitality out of newspapers and books! The majority of Russian villages are not on railways; and only the larger towns have newspapers, which a large majority of the people cannot read. Letters are opened by the Government whenever receiver or sender are under suspicion. Kill ideas, then, by isolation.

To accomplish this Russia has recourse to the first and last resort of tyranny, repression. We have heard this side of the Russian's life often told. One hundred and seventy million people watched by a million police who are usually ignorant, frequently brutal, always ar-

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bitrary. Organized under the Department of the Interior, they make the Minister of the Interior the most powerful personage in the realm, in ordinary affairs more powerful than the Czar. The secret police aid not alone in compelling obedience to ukases and pogroms; they are the cordon of barbaric force that attempts to draw itself around the vast empire and keep out unwelcome truths. Here is government by police, not by ideas.

It is useless to describe these repressive activities. The newspapers, magazines, and books have so often pictured them that we think of the knout and the Cossack and the Czar as synonyms for Russia.

The great power of the police is due first to the effectiveness of their secret organization—in Russia the walls not only have ears but eyes also—and secondly, their authority to arrest without warrant and exile without trial any one suspected of revolutionary intent. Backed by this arbitrary power, which knows neither inviolability of home nor of person, the police can

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strike swiftly and effectively. So it was that under Stolypin, the last of the great "Ty-rants," 3750 persons were executed without jury trials, in five years' time, and 31,885 political offenders were sent to Siberia; and 1500 persons were killed by military raids in the interest of "law and order."

These repressive measures not infrequently disclose a curious official dualism. Stolypin, for instance, was not merely a tyrant; he was also the promoter of many reforms, judicial, administrative, agrarian, and educational. Whatever he did, however, for the amelioration of the people, pivoted always upon the central fact of autocracy. His tyranny was prompted by his devotion to the autocrat; so also his reforms; for not even his apologists would accuse him of a deep-rooted love for the people.

But we must not ascribe, even to the autocrat himself, a ruthless disregard for his peasants. On the contrary, the Russian czars have displayed a peculiar and especial interest in the welfare of their "children." And these

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“reforming czars,” while clinging tenaciously always to their autocratic prerogatives, have usually found their greatest obstacles, none the less, among the reactionary officialdom.

III

But, while autocracy is thus a synonym for Russia, we must not ascribe the Russia of to-day entirely to autocratic rule. Like all other governments it has its roots deep in the past.

In one sense, Russia is merely the melting pot of all the barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes that inhabited the vast areas lying between the Arctic Sea and China, and the Caspian Sea and the Pacific, whose turbulence required a strong rule and whose rough and violent natures are now but half refined.

Russia in the Middle Ages was an insignificant country occupying the lands between powerful Galicia on the east and the Mongolian domains on the Steppes of Asia. It was only an agglomeration of more or less independent princes and tribes, when in 1224 one of her

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nomad princes sent word to the Prince of Galicia that his lands had been invaded from the southeast by the Tartars. "To-day, they have seized our country and to-morrow they will seize yours if you do not help us." These words announced the Mongolian invasion that swept over Asia and whose advance guards reached into the center of Europe and at one time threatened the extinction of European civilization. Genghis Khan moved forward, not in armies, but in tribes. He and his nomad hordes wanted not so much to possess lands, but herds and other movable property. He collected an enormous tribute and left his agents to perpetuate his demands.

The Khans of the Golden Horde, who succeeded the great Genghis, were not astute administrators. The Russian princes were continually at war among themselves. From 1228 to 1462 they engaged in about ninety inter-tribal wars. This tribal jealousy was the opportunity of the Khans. But they failed to grasp it. Their domination gradually de-

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teriorated and its place was taken by the crafty and cruel princes of Moscow, who put themselves at the head of the liberation movement, became the natural leaders of the Russian princes, and in the sixteenth century proclaimed themselves czars of all the Russias.

Only an autocracy could hold these nomad tribes and their turbulent lords. And the Moscow princes knew only the rule of iron. Ivan III married Sofia, a niece of the last of the Byzantine emperors. From this union of Byzantinism and Moscovitism sprang Ivan IV, known as the Terrible, who in an unparalleled career of treachery, cruelty, and sagacity greatly extended the confines of his empire and tightened the iron hand of his power. From that day to this geographical expansion has been rapid. This insignificant collection of tribes, which, a thousand years ago, contented itself with the upper valleys of the Dneiper and a few adjacent stretches, has pushed its domain to the Baltic and the Arctic and the Pacific; it touches the frontiers of China, Tur-

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key, and Germany; it is even now penetrating the Balkans and Persia.

This expansion, prompted by ambition, by economic necessity, and by self-defense, could not have taken place without a strong centralized leadership. This becomes particularly apparent when we recall the ethnic conditions that prevail. Over seventy distinct ethnic units comprise this people. They are of all gradations of temperament, from the peaceable Laplanders of the north to the warlike nomads of the steppes. They include not only the few city-dwellers, but the vast population of peasantry, and many of the Asiatic tribes still persist in their nomadic habits.

It will be instructive to inquire into this expansion in somewhat more detail. The method of agriculture still remains, in the larger portion of the empire, the old three-field system. In the farther provinces it is even more primitive. There a patch of ground is cleared and cultivated until its fertility wanes, when it is given back to nature, while another plot is

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prepared for cultivation. This process is continued until the first plot, after many years, is again plowed and sown. This antiquated form of tilling the soil entails a larger acreage of land than intensive farming. With the increase of population it becomes easier to spread into adjacent lands than to change the system of agricultural production or to curtail the population. Now, in the vast plains of Asia and eastern Europe no geographical barrier was set for this expansion. Boundless stretches lay at their borders. Into the forest lands that stretched northeastward towards Kamchatka and into the steppes or prairies southward to the Black Sea and eastward into the heart of Asia traveled these migrations. The forest land they occupied with ease, for the tribes which held it were not aggressive. But the steppes were peopled with predatory nomads and could be conquered only by the help of Cossacks. The Muscovite Princes extended their "protection" to the constantly expanding borders; they furnished troops to ward

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off the nomadic marauders and annexed the whole of the vast and thinly populated steppes.

While this natural expansion by colonization was going on to the eastward, the western frontier was extended only by conquest.

Here Poland and Sweden were Russia's great rivals; both were strong, had armies of the European model, had advanced in agriculture and the arts, and possessed a more compact population.

But Russia had two great advantages—the same she possesses to-day—a limitless population and a centralized government that could mobilize the population. Poland was finally partitioned, and Sweden was forced to yield her trans-Baltic provinces and Finland. The reign of the czar had at last reached European tide-waters.

The growth of the empire is shown as follows:

In 1505 the Muscovite czardom contained about 784,000 square miles.

In 1533 about 996,000 square miles.

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In 1584 about 2,650,000 square miles.

In 1598 about 3,328,000 square miles.

In 1676 about 5,448,000 square miles.

In 1682 about 5,618,000 square miles.

One third of this lay in Europe, the rest in Asia.

At the time of the death of Peter the Great, Russia in Europe contained 1,738,000 square miles. From that time forward the growth has been as follows:

	<i>In Europe</i>	<i>In Asia</i>
1725 Russian Empire	1,738,000	4,092,000
1770 Russian Empire	1,780,000	4,452,000
1800 Russian Empire	2,014,000	4,452,000
1825 Russian Empire	2,226,000	4,452,000
1855 Russian Empire	2,261,250	5,194,000
1867 Russian Empire	2,267,360	5,267,560
1897 Russian Empire	2,267,360	6,382,321

These immeasurable areas were inhabited as follows:

1722 about 14 millions.

1742 about 16 millions.

1762 about 19 millions.

1782 about 28 millions.

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1796 about 36 millions.

1812 about 41 millions.

1815 about 45 millions.

1835 about 60 millions.

1851 about 68 millions.

1858 about 74 millions.

1897 about 129 millions.

1912 about 173 millions.

There has been no addition to this colossal country which has threatened in any way to mitigate the autocracy of czar. On the contrary, the nature of the conquest, both economically and politically, has been such as to extend his sway over the annexed territory, in undiminished vigor and, indeed, some authorities affirm that when, in the earlier years, occasions were found when the populace might have weakened this absolutism, they preferred to reestablish it.

So Russia has been growing, growing amorphously, like some vast and vague half-organized creature, feeling for the open seas, first at the Dardanelles, then at Port Arthur,

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then at the Persian Gulf—almost succeeding at each point, but because of defective plans, or misdirected energy, or some internal weakness never quite succeeding.

IV

Let us glance briefly at the economic status of this country that has grown so rapidly that she has not taken the time for internal development. First, then, of her agriculture; for Russia is an agricultural land. The government classifies the land of European Russia as follows: 19 per cent. unfit for cultivation, mostly perpetually frozen tundras which can never be reclaimed; 39 per cent. forest; 26 per cent. arable and 16 per cent. pasturage. Thus of this vast area only 42 per cent. is at present used for cultivation; the morasses and swamps and the forests can ultimately be reclaimed and portions are even now under process of drainage by the Government.

Great expectations were based upon the emancipation of the serfs in 1862. Sir Donald

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Mackenzie Wallace writes:¹ "These expectations were not realized. One year passed, five years passed, ten years passed, and the expected transformation did not take place. On the contrary, there appeared certain very ugly phenomena which were not at all in the program. The peasants began to drink more and work less, and the public life which the communal institutions produced was by no means of a desirable kind. The 'brawlers' acquired a prejudicial influence in the village assemblies, and in very many *Volosts* the peasant judges, elected by their fellow villagers, acquired a bad habit of selling their decisions for vodka."

It was but a repetition of the lesson statesmen are loath to learn, that decrees and enactments alone cannot bring about reform. An ignorant, more or less indolent, and unambitious serfdom could not be suddenly transformed into an industrious and enlightened peasantry. They clung to their wasteful three-field system, whereby one third of the

¹ "Russia," Volume II, page 196.

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land is perpetually idle: they found neither the means nor the ambition to undertake intensive cultivation. They had, under the old system, depended so largely upon their owners for the simpler necessities of life that they found it quite impossible to arouse themselves into a newer life. Add to this their incapacity for governing the *mir* (their communal villages), and their rapidly growing fondness for vodka, and you have a picture that might well have disheartened those who had championed peasant emancipation.

So for many years one heard of peasant impoverishment. In 1903 a commission of experts was set to work to gather the facts, and their report was far from reassuring. Livestock had deteriorated, only a few of the provinces had undertaken to raise the standards of cultivation, peasant housing was miserable, and there was periodical want in many of the districts.

Since that time considerable improvement has taken place. Better seed, better imple-

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ments, and better livestock are being introduced; the use of fertilizers, grains, and roots encouraged. Moreover, the development of industrialism is providing a vent for the surplus rural population.

One should not forget the heavy taxes, when considering the depressed state of peasant agriculture, nor the primitive community, the *mir*, which periodically doled out, in more or less artificial manner, the acres it possessed amongst its members, depriving the peasant of the incentive of private ownership.

Peasant agriculture, we may say, is then just on the verge of awakening. The *mir* is being slowly reorganized and peasant proprietorship encouraged. But its progress will depend on wise leadership, which the peasant himself cannot always provide. Intelligence and sobriety, together with modern machinery and methods of cultivation, which will make the fertile black earth of southern Russia at least as productive as the lighter soil of Germany, France, and Holland, will indeed make a new Russia.

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But what of the proprietary agriculture?

The wealth of the landed proprietors has been greatly overstated. In 1861 when the serfs were emancipated, there were 101,247 landed proprietors; over 41,000 of these had less than twenty-one male serfs. These were poor men, inasmuch as it was generally believed that the possession of 500 serfs placed one only in a fair independence. There were only 3803 proprietors who had that many. There were, of course, several families that possessed vast estates. Count Orloff-Davydoff possessed over 500,000 acres. The Demidoffs possessed rich mines; the Strogonoffs owned enormous estates, and Count Sherimietief was master over 300,000 "souls" on the day of emancipation.

The emancipation of the serf was a great blow to the proprietors, although they had long expected it. It deprived them of free labor and of a large portion of their land for which, it is generally conceded, they were underpaid by the Government. They adapted them-

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selves naturally more intelligently to the new order, than the serfs; and yet one is surprised at the conservatism and reluctance of the noblesse to adopt new methods. Sir Mackenzie Wallace says: that "as a class they are impoverished and indebted, but this state of things is not due entirely to serf-emancipation. On the eve of the emancipation the proprietors were indebted to the Government for the sum of 425 million roubles and 69 per cent. of their serfs were mortgaged." This amount was gradually reduced, but the famine years brought it, by 1894, up to 994 million roubles. It is probably higher than this at present. Little wonder that from 1861 to 1892 the acreage occupied by them fell 30 per cent. and over 20,000 proprietors sold their holdings and moved to the towns.

The export of grain has, however, steadily increased to over four times as much as in the decade following emancipation. And it is the ease with which he can put his grain on ship-board that makes the comparative prosperity

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of the proprietor. There is, hence, a constant pressure from within upon the Government to get seaports that are open the year round.

Great progress has been made in the last ten years, due to the greater ease of getting capital and to improved machinery, which offsets the lack of reliable farm labor.

From this very hasty and imperfect glance at agricultural conditions, the reader will see that proprietary and peasantry agriculture is by no means modernly organized. Only isolated cases of intensive cultivation are found, to indicate the transition from the old and shiftless to the new and efficient order. To-day, both the large proprietors and the peasants belong to the debtor class; and this in a country of unlimited agricultural possibilities!

The second phase of economic development is manufacture. A country that depends upon serf labor is slow to develop artizans. The czars from the days of the first Ivan encouraged foreign craftsmen to settle in Russia and practise their crafts. It was Peter the Great,

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however, who systematically undertook the building up of manufactures, under a system of protectionism which has continued to the present day. The construction of railroads, the influx of foreign capital, the development of modern credit institutions, has in the last twenty years greatly increased the industrial population. To-day Russia occupies fifth place among the manufacturing nations, following the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, and preceding Austria. The principal industries are cotton and iron, and the leading manufacturing centers are Moscow and Petrograd, and the cities of Livonia and Poland.

Around the Sea of Azof are vast beds of iron and coal, near together, and great blast furnaces may now be seen there. The Baku oil fields are among the most productive in the world. So Russia is on the verge of an industrial expansion. Possessing two of the requisites of an industrial country, unlimited natural mineral and agricultural resources, and

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a vast population, she must herself solve the problem of fitting that population for intensive industrialism: and she must find capital, that other requisite, without which industry is impossible.

Capital clearly she has not. She is a debtor nation. Her landed classes are in debt; her government is deeply in debt; her citizenry is taxed to the verge of ruin. But next to the United States I know of no country where nature has so lavishly provided all the raw materials for that dual development of agriculture and industry which permits a nation to become self-sustaining, progressive, and prosperous.

V

Before such a period of prosperity can dawn, a social and cultural readjustment must, however, take place. When Russia took her place among the nations of Europe she had practically a two-class system—a serfdom and an officialdom—roughly not unlike Mexico to-day,

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with its virtual peonage and its proprietary class. Peter the Great, with autocratic power, sought to build up a middle class by encouraging trade and artificially stimulating industry. The emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, created a peasantry; and the development of manufacturing is creating a proletariat.

But these classes are in a condition of flux. The peasant is not only being affected by the development of manufactures, luring him from the soil to the city, but also by the changes necessarily wrought in the *mir*, and in the disintegration of the old family unit. Formerly, when a son married, he brought his wife to dwell under the same roof with his parents, and not infrequently three or more families thus shared the same hearth. The family was the unit on which the responsibility of the *mir* rested. To-day, owing to many causes, this semi-patriarchal family system is breaking up and each son desires to establish a household of his own. It is impossible to tell what changes this will necessitate in peasant economy.

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Probably it means the abandonment of the communal land system and the adoption of private peasant ownership. Out of the peasantry is recruited the factory and mine laborer. This further is shifting the social equilibrium.

So of the middle class. It is still in process of recruiting, from the most intelligent portion of the peasantry; from the impoverished noblesse; and by volunteers from foreign countries, lured by the promise of large gain. Since the development of manufactures and railways, the noblesse do not disdain owning stock in the corporations and the nobles are active in many enterprises.

The noblesse do not form a governing class. In the primitive days, before the czardom, each prince was surrounded by his retainers, called *boyárs*. These were independent and bold personages whose advice was always sought by the prince. But when the Muscovite power united the princes under one sway, the nobles lost their dignities; they were no longer consulted as to affairs of state; the Czar did not

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treat them as equals but as inferiors, and they were subjected to a court ritual which clearly revealed their subjugation. They were compelled to prostrate themselves before the throne in oriental style and were subject to the displeasure of the Czar, who punished them at will.

The Romanoff dynasty from the end of the sixteenth century forward treated the noblesse with far greater leniency, but did not restore them to political influence. Peter the Great, with that tremendous insight that made him almost superhuman, discarded all claims of birth to preferment and chose his aids in the most democratic form. He elevated to dukedoms the brilliant sons of priests, bakers and sailors.

This Spartan democracy was modified by Catherine, who was greatly influenced by French models. She sought instead a bowing, over-dressed, court-loving noblesse. They were none the less cruelly subject to her whims.

To-day, the noblesse possess a social rather

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than a political significance. They do not form a class in the sense that German or English nobles form a class, or the French noblesse of the ancient régime, with a political, social, and economic homogeneity. Their struggles have been with autocracy, not with democracy. They have neither power nor privilege because of their birth. They are quite devoid of those sentiments, habits, and traits which we usually call aristocratic, and there is a saying that there is no aristocracy in Russia.

There is no aristocracy in the commonly accepted usage of that word. But there is a powerful cabal of leading families that surround the throne. This is not, however, based on birth, but rather on official prestige and partly on culture. In the sense of blood lineage there is no aristocracy, no *Adel* as the Germans call it, no imperial caste like the German Junker. A man of ability and energy can push his way into it; and a man, in time, may have the misfortune of falling out of it.

It is this cabal of officials that forms the

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hedge around the Czar, keeping him deceived on many points, where his kind disposition would seek to alleviate conditions, and imposing upon him acts, which, did he know their consequences, he would shrink from doing.

Here you have, then, a noblesse with virtually only social distinctions. Titles count for little in Russia. "Princes" there are who would not be invited to refined tables; I have heard of one "prince" who earned his living as a cabman in Petrograd, and another who was a head waiter!

In one sense, this autocracy is, then, most democratic. It has no caste except the czar-dom. There is an absence of aristocratic sentiment among both high and low that surprises the visitor. Russian autocracy is not built on a category of nobility, bourgeoisie, and peasantry. It is sustained upon terrorism and superstition, with its cognate characteristics, ignorance and servility, and these abject traits are found among the noblesse as well as the peasantry and bourgeoisie.

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While there is this absence of class spirit, the code none the less classifies the population into various groups. But these are more or less artificial, although their legal status, their rights for intermarriage, etc., are carefully detailed. I infer, however, that these laws are virtually a dead letter and that the classification, like so many other things in Russian law, is an administrative convenience dating from Peter the Great.

But there is a class arising in Russia that is demanding increasingly the attention of the police on one hand and of the world on the other. I mean the educated class. In the old sense of the word they are not a class: they include recruits from every social stratum. Yet, in a reactionary country they form the most important group. Enlightenment is the deadliest foe of aristocracy. By instinct the czars and their cabal of reactionaries have fought learning, while at the same time they have fostered universities. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they fought the

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blending of learning and politics. There is arising, then, an intellectual class which has set its face towards the sun.

The ignorance of the masses is appalling. Seventy-two per cent. of the whole population can neither read nor write; nearly 90 per cent. of the peasantry must get their ideas through the ear, from priest, therefore, and neighbor. But even here transition is at work and public schools are being established everywhere.

VI

Finally, let us glance at the political status of this empire. Here, too, we see clearly the processes of change rapidly taking place. It is sometimes said that Russia is a country without political parties and without public opinion. This is not true. There has always been a dumb sort of consent to the tyranny of the police; this is rapidly giving way to horror, resentment, and retaliation that are based upon a well-defined and growing public opinion that autocracy must be either modified or abol-

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ished. The terrorism of the minister of the interior is no longer merely pitted against the terrorism of Nihilists. The determination of the autocrat is being slowly but surely matched by the determination of the populace; at least of two portions of the populace: the educated classes and that part of the working classes which is organized.

There are arising, hence, two wings to the opposition—the Liberals and the Socialists. These latter are sometimes divided into Social-Democrats and Social-Revolutionists, a distinction based on methods rather than objectives.

The present era of political agitation in Russia began with the Japanese war. It was hoped by many Liberals and by all Socialists that Russia would be defeated in the war, not from unpatriotic motives, but because it was felt that victory would stiffen autocracy, defeat would humble it. When defeat came, so humiliating and revealing such incompetence in the bureaucracy, all reform groups hoped for

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changes. They clamored for a constitution and a representative parliament, freedom from arrest without warrant or sentence without trial, freedom of speech and of press, and a large degree of local self-government. In a word, they desired those political institutions which we believe to be fundamental in the securing of political liberty.

As long as the reactionary and cruel Plehve was minister of interior, there was little opportunity for voicing these aspirations. Upon his assassination (July 28, 1904), a more humane police régime was inaugurated by Prince Mirski, and public opinion began to be heard. Members of the Zemstovs (the Provincial Councils) met for consultation in Petrograd, after having been granted permission to do so! They promulgated their recommendations and sent them to the ministry to be laid before the Czar. Lawyers, professors, physicians, and other groups of professional men met at banquets and conventions, and openly discussed their desires. The Czar's answer

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was disheartening. But, with added zest, the opposition continued its demands. In October, 1905, a general strike took place. E. A. Goldenweiser, in a recent article,¹ says: "What was never accomplished by organized labor in countries which have the right of free speech and assembly, was achieved by the bureaucracy-ridden, unorganized, and gagged Russian nation. Russia struck, and her trains ceased to run; her telephone and telegraph wires remained idle; her nights were not lighted by gas or electricity; her waterworks ran dry; her newspapers ceased to appear; her courts of law were deserted; her shops were closed; and her people remained at home waiting to see the effect of this tremendous demonstration."

October 17, the daunted government issued a manifesto guaranteeing civil liberty and providing for the election of a representative chamber, the historic First Duma.

At last, the liberal element thought relief

¹ "Political Science Quarterly," September, 1914.

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from autocratic tension was at hand. But they were doomed to many disappointments. The Duma is the lower chamber; the Council of State, an appointive body, is the upper. Both must concur in all legislative proposals, and the Czar retains an absolute veto. Representative government, then, had taken only the first step.

But repression was by no means at an end. Of the first Duma 48.1 per cent. were peasants, 36.7 per cent. noblesse, and only about 12 per cent. of the so-called bourgeois classes. This large proportion of peasants disappointed both bureaucrats and the liberals. It disappointed the bureaucrats because they believed they could easily manipulate the ignorant peasants whom they deemed loyal to conservative customs; it disappointed the liberals because the peasant representatives devoted so much time to the discussion of the agrarian problem, boldly demanding a division of the large estates. This aroused the apprehension of the bureaucracy and the assembly was quickly pro-

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rogued after a session of only seventy-two days. Thus the lack of tact on the part of the Radicals dissolved the visions of immediate reform.

A number of the members of the ill-fated Duma then met in Viborg, Finland, where they believed themselves secure from police interference. Thence they sent an appeal to the Russian people, suggesting that they refrain from paying taxes and rendering military duty until their civil liberties were assured. All those who signed this manifesto were promptly arrested, imprisoned, and deprived of the right to participate in future elections. Among them were some of the ablest radical leaders, prominent lawyers, professors, and journalists, who thus efficiently were put out of the way of further harm.

The second Duma was even more radical than the first and was dissolved after a hundred and four days, because the secret police claimed they had unearthed a revolutionary plot amongst some of its Socialist members.

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Autocracy had been enlightened by its experiments. It now resolved on a new electoral law which would give an opportunity to manipulate the choice of candidates and insure greater accord between Duma and bureaucracy, and this was accomplished by the ukase of June 8, 1907. The Duma chosen under the new and complicated system of electoral groups was more submissive and lasted its full term of five years. It accomplished few reforms, none radical. The present (fourth) Duma contains 53.1 per cent. noblesse, 20.9 per cent. peasants, and 11.2 per cent. merchants.

It is evident from this experience that autocracy had not surrendered; it had not even yielded; it merely made a concession with a string tied to it. But it is none the less a victory for the liberal element. The wedge has entered. The Duma has become a precedent. The peasant has tasted the sweets of political self-determination.

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VII

So we behold in this vast country, not merely a land of problems, but a nation in transition. In economic and political life and in cultural activities one sees everywhere the evidence of change. This makes Russia significant. It has limitless opportunities. Its area is 9,000,000 square miles, that of the United States is 4,000,000. Its population is increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 a year, nearly four times as fast as Germany's. But with all this increase it is a sparsely settled country. European Russia has 65 inhabitants per square mile; Asiatic Russia only 3.7; the average is 20; the average in Germany is 310. It has a climate with extremes of heat and cold, like the United States. Moscow and Riga are in the same latitude as Glasgow and Copenhagen; Kiel and Kharkoff in central Russia are not far north of Frankfort-on-the-Main; Odessa and Rostoff are south of Venice and Milan; Tiflis and Khiva share the same climate and latitude with

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Naples and Constantinople. South European Russia grows tobacco and cotton, peaches and grapes. Her arable plains are comparable only to our prairies and Argentine's pampas. There are rich deposits of mineral, enormous stretches of forests, and vast inland waterways.

The Russian peasant is not by any means the hopeless and helpless creature he has often been painted by hasty tourists. He is ignorant, as all untaught peoples are ignorant; his standard of living is low, as is that of all peoples who have lacked opportunity and who have been artificially suppressed. He has a patient personality, not unalert; he receives impressions readily, but does not possess the power of promptly analyzing them or the instinct to choose the right ones. He is thus conservative in action, while at the same time gullible and open to the arts of the demagogue. He is not entirely without ambition, as is shown by the rise of numerous peasants to important mercantile positions and the ability of some of their representatives in the Duma. He does

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not lack courage, as this war testifies. Before the emancipation of the serfs, they, in spite of the vigilant watch kept over them and the heavy hand of repression, succeeded in fomenting many outbreaks. From 1828 to 1854 there was an average of thirty-one serf revolts a year. In 1848 there were sixty-four outbreaks. Only a resolute and exasperated people revolt under such circumstances.

But he is ignorant, therefore superstitious; his religion is a semi-fetishism; his priests who wield a large influence are scarcely schooled; before 1869 they were almost as ignorant as the peasant. Yet in spite of the oppression of taxes and all manner of exactions, the peasant has retained a certain dignity and social cohesiveness that evinces powerful resisting qualities.

It used to be said that the peasant was merely land hungry. I find evidence to-day that he is also hungry for knowledge. Madame Jornitzoff in her interesting book on Russia affirms that his eagerness for knowl-

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edge is inspiring and that the schools recently opened are crowded. The peasant is not without aptitudes for art. Russian singing and dancing are revelations of his romantic and artistic aspirations.

The intellectual achievements of the educated classes compare favorably with those of other European countries. They have attained eminence in science, in art, in letters. They have, indeed, invested their art and literature with a melancholy that seems to deny them that versatility in style and originality of conception which we find in France, or England, or Italy. But we must recall the vast and dreary background of their history, the forlorn struggles against the iron barriers of autocracy, and the consciousness of the suppressed aspirations of their countrymen.

These peoples await only the magic of opportunity. Will the war bring it?

The first step in a great national transformation, such as apparently awaits Russia, is an awaking, the second is unity, the third is ac-

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tion. The awaking assuredly has come. Russia's most enlightened classes are aroused to the needs of their nation. Unity appears at hand.

Professor Vinogradoff, of Oxford, writes:¹ "A friend, a Liberal like myself, writes to me from Moscow, 'It is a great, unforgettable time: we are happy to be all at one!' And from the ranks of the most unfortunate of Russia's children, from the haunts of the political exiles in Paris, comes the news that Bourtzeff, one of the most prominent among the revolutionary leaders, has addressed an appeal to his comrades, urging them to stand by their country to the utmost of their power." Bourtzeff himself writes as follows to the London "Times," September 18, 1914: "The representatives of all political parties and of all nationalities in Russia are now at one with the Government and this war with Germany and Austria, both guided by the Kaiser, has already become a national war for Russia. Even we, the ad-

¹ London "Times," September 14, 1914.

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herents of the party of the Extreme Left, and hitherto ardent anti-militants and pacifists, even we believe in the necessities of this war. This war is to protect justice and civilization. It will, we hope, be a decisive factor in our united war against war, and we hope that after it, it will at last be possible to consider seriously the questions of disarmament and universal peace. . . . To Russia this war will bring regeneration. We are convinced that after this war there will no longer be any room for political reaction and Russia will be associated with the existing group of cultured and civilized countries. . . .

“The word on all lips in Russia now is ‘Freedom.’ All are hungrily awaiting a general amnesty, freedom of the press and of national life.

“All the parties, without any exceptions, have supported the Government without even waiting for it to make any definite announcement about these crying needs. This is the measure of the firmness of the belief of the

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people in the inevitableness of liberal reform.”

Professor Vinogradoff states, “It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.”

These are significant words. They are spoken by a Russian Liberal who knows the temper of his own people and as professor of jurisprudence at Oxford also knows the course that British and European statesmanship and law have pursued.

Let us hope that this transformed Russia will, however, not be merely an imitation of Britain or of any other European State. But that it will select the political and economic institutions of other lands merely as suggestions, not as models, and therewith fashion a new Russia, a free Russia, a noble Russia, created through the impulses of its own peoples and kept alive by its own instincts and ambitions.

VI

OUR FIRST DUTY

“Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. . . .

“There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.”—WASHINGTON’S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

I

IT is sheer self-delusion to think that this war is only going to make victims. It will also make victors, and victors are likely to be bullies when they get their second wind. We must not forget that the spirit of Europe is very different from the spirit of America. Many times I have been asked by Europeans, “When is the United States going to annex Mexico, Canada, or Brazil?” That’s their

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spirit: annex, crowd, dominate. Europe has been the world bully ever since the days of Cæsar. When she ceases to be a bully it will be because she is either dead or democratized.

It will make no difference whether this new bully is a single nation or, as is likely, a combination of nations. He will want what a bully has always wanted—power, territory, trade. To-day it is particularly trade that he is after. This is not alone an emperor's war or a soldier's war. This is also a trader's war. Rake over the ashes of Louvain and Rheims and you will find his blackened coins. If Germany had consented to remain bookish, England would have remained shoppish. If Russia had not longed for seaports, her peasants would not now be in uniform. This is a world war for world trade as well as world empire, as has been every world war since Columbus unlocked the western portals and gave our twin continents to the enterprise of man.

One of these continents has been wrested from the commercial and political greed of

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Europe. No foreign power now looks to North America for aggrandizement. We are no longer to be conquered, but we are to be curbed. The southern continent, however, and the Isthmus, including Mexico, are still in the vision of the trade and land-grabbers. They only await their opportunity.

The attitude of Europe has never been overfriendly toward us. Whatever may be the language of her diplomacy, the heart of her rulers and of those who surround her rulers has never quite fully indorsed our democracy.

We may roughly divide our experience with Europe into four periods. The first embraces the Revolutionary War and its aftermath, the War of 1812. The anti-British feeling, naturally, ran very high, and every conceivable reaction against aristocracy and monarchism was popular. Whatever of friendliness was shown toward us at this time by France and Prussia was due to our enmity with England rather than to any genuine enthusiasm in those countries for our national experiment. Dur-

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ing this period we wiped out all property qualifications for voting and holding office, and for the first time in history a large country was choosing its own rulers by universal manhood suffrage.

The second stage includes the "middle period" of our history, when Europe was busied with the revolutions of the forties, which swept the continent from Venice to Berlin, from St. Petersburg to London, with waves of republican and proletarian protests, and when we were engaged in the vital struggle against slavery. Both continents thus employed with internal problems were not, however, unmindful of each other, for a cabal of kings made President Monroe's message warning Europe to keep hands off America, pertinent—a pronunciamiento that will play a leading part in the next epoch of our international relations. Because of the failure of all these democratic uprisings, we received at this time an influx of noble men, especially from the German countries—political exiles who be-

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came leaders in American idealism, men of whom Carl Schurz was the type.

The third period embraces our Civil War and supplies us with a revelation of the heart of Europe, whose aristocratic sympathies were flagrantly with the disunionists. This was especially apparent in England. The grandiloquent Gladstone, whose amazing vocabulary of Liberalism made him in later years uncommonly popular in America, and who was then chancellor of the exchequer, publicly said that a severed union was an accomplished fact. And Lord Derby, who made no pretension of republican devotions, declared that the one impossible result was the restoration of the Union.

In his efforts to avert an open breach President Lincoln sent over his ablest politician, Thurlow Weed; his most effective orator, Henry Ward Beecher; and his sanest diplomat, Francis Adams.

And while our hands were employed holding together our precious Union all of aristocratic

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Europe looked complacently on while the last and least of the Napoleons placed a crown of withered pretensions on the brow of poor Maximilian.

The fourth period ushers in the Spanish war. If Europe was surprised and a bit disappointed because the Union proved itself virile enough to survive the terrible shocks of civil war, and if she was astounded at the unparalleled revivifying power of American industry and commerce, she was amazed and startled at the short shrift which our navy made of the Spanish fleets. And when, after the treaty of peace, she looked aloft and beheld a new banner over the Philippines and West Indies, she admitted reluctantly that a new "world power" had appeared.

But it was not done in good grace. Americans who were then abroad will recall the gibes, caricatures, and coarse jests, especially in Germany and naturally in Latin countries, aimed at our soldiers, our Government, and our people. Even in England there was a deep sub-

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stratum of wonderment and perhaps suspicion. The German admiral in Manila Bay revealed the real heart of the Prussian junker toward America. And he did it at a time when Britain, having arbitrated the Venezuela question, found it opportune to be on our side.

Since the Spanish war a change has come over European opinions concerning America. This is, in some measure, due to the war, and its consequent territorial annexations. It is partly due to our friendly interchange of ideas, our exchange professors, the translations of works of art and science and literature; somewhat due, perhaps, to our extensive touring of Europe, thus providing a means of livelihood to multitudes and keeping many a bankrupt ancient village on the map; and to a greater degree it is due to the remarkable development of international finance.

But, more than all these reasons combined, it is due to the widespread democratic movements in Europe; to the labor parties, the social democratic parties, the intellectual liberal-

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istic parties, that have grown so rapidly in the last twenty years in every European country. To these missionaries of democracy the American Union is an example of democratic federation, often cited, frequently praised, and never despised. International peace will rest only on international democracy. Our amity with Europe proceeds, *pari passu*, with the liberalizing of her populace, not of her Princes.

II

And now this world war is going to substitute a world balance of power for the European balance of power. We have kept, thus far, out of the war. Can we keep out of this balance?

Our duty in this world balance, which is merely a soft synonym for world bullying, is perfectly plain. The sensible, average American wants none of the entanglements in which the hypocrisies and delusions of Europe's secret intrigues have, since the beginning of "diplomacy," involved every one of her countries.

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Every alliance is only a temptation, both to those within and without; merely the subtle opportunity of Fate, like a petty leak in a dam.

We have kept out of European imbroglios and have not allowed ourselves to be lured into them by the glitter of "world influence." And we have likewise told Europe to keep out of American affairs. This we have done for our own protection, and the reasons for increasing our vigilance are now multiplied. And they call us to a saner understanding with South America.

We cannot separate the destinies of North and South America. They are united by a Cordillera of common interests, common hopes and benevolences, loftier, deeper, and more enduring than the Sierras that link our continents. It is not to our credit that so few American statesmen have grasped the unity of Pan-American interests. Henry Clay, as secretary of state for John Quincy Adams, could wrest only a tardy consent from Congress to send delegates to the Panama Con-

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gress. James G. Blaine could arouse only a passing interest in his Pan-American policy.

We have never really tried to understand our southern neighbors. We have not studied their resources, their aptitude for commerce and the arts, and their eagerness for national expression. We have not even seriously tried to get our share of South American trade. We have been timid of extending credit, tardy in establishing exchange, and negligent in trying to manufacture goods to meet the exact demands of these people. We have shown neither enterprise, adaptability, nor good sense in our dealings with them.

Now we are confronted by a situation that will force us to take action. Whatever the outcome of this war, a new threat hovers over the Americas, a new determination bent upon seeking an entrance into the promised land south of the Rio Grande. Or, if not so directly aggressive, bent upon imposing trade restrictions to which we cannot consent, except in shame.

It is high-time that we soberly and in the

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most friendly and helpful manner seek a loftier understanding with these southern republics. The Mexican commission which met at Niagara last winter is a good beginning toward the new intercontinental coöperation. The recent suggestion of Argentine, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay that we unite in formulating an all-American neutral zone, to prevent the belligerents of the present war from violating neutrality, especially in southern waters, and to devise "steps which can be taken to protect and restore Pan-American trade," is the most hopeful event in our recent history.

This conference could be made a periodical congress and become the organ of mutual co-operations. We must not merely make these neighbors our customers; we must make them our friends; we must win their good-will and respect, and prove ourselves willing to learn from them. For they have a capacity for art and social gallantry which we do not possess.

Our place in world affairs depends almost entirely upon our place in all-American affairs.

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We cannot escape this place. We have issued the Monroe Manifesto and amplified it; we fought the Spanish war in its vindication; we have built the Panama Canal and fortified it; we have with extreme long-suffering awaited troubled Mexico's self-realization; we have time and again championed the cause of South American States against public and private aggrandizement. All of this, and much more, have we done to provide for our national defense which forever forbids our permitting foreign dictation, dominance, or interference over any portion of these continents dedicated to the American ideal.

By one of those strange conjunctions of events, this warning is sounded also from the other side of the earth. England has played a deeper game than she knew, when she ordered her ally, Japan, to besiege Kiao-Chau. We hear, leaking through the crevices of the conference chamber, that Japan wants an entry to the balance of power. The fact that she has been a useful ally of Great Britain gives her

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a tremendous advantage. Count Okuma, in recommending an increased army and navy to the present Parliament, said:

The army increase is opposed on the ground of our growing intimacy with Russia. The Ministry is doing its best to advance this intimacy. But this satisfactory diplomatic relationship is no reason for neglecting an expedient measure of national defense.

Thus this Prussia of the Pacific, linking arms with the giants of Asia and Europe, looks forward to a brilliant career in world politics.

This would not need to concern us but for two all-important facts.

First, Japan needs room for expansion, and thousands of her swarthy and wiry workers are already in Peru and other South American countries, not to mention Southern California. And these countries are looking upon this Mongolian invasion with great concern, for they have no navies to match Japan's and cannot offer successful diplomatic resistance.

This will compel them to turn to the United

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States for protection, and the Monroe Doctrine may yet be made to face both oceans. And whatever may be the weakness of California's attitude on the alien land question, the fact remains that President Wilson considered the situation so serious that he sent his secretary of state across the continent to compose the differences, an event without precedent in our history.

And, secondly, Japan is threatening the integrity of China and its open door—a threat which we cannot ignore.

What if Japan demands help in this expansion as her share in the Allies' peace? Or what if she merely demands hands off?

From the Near East and the Far East comes the warning of changed conditions. The Europe of Charlemagne and Napoleon has linked its hands with the Russia of Alexander and Peter and the Japan of Ito and Okuma. And the area of spoliation is Africa, the Pacific Islands, and South America.

Nor will it be prudent to omit China from

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our speculations. This ancient country is renewing a second youth under the ægis of an awakened leadership. Her sons possess genius and a quality in which we are quite lacking—patience. She, too, like Japan, has a country so full that she must count the grains of rice for every meal.

What if a new tribal restlessness seizes these Tartars and Mongols? With their native talents once introduced to the mechanical arts of our civilization, they will become our equals in industrial competition. Asia was the center of learning when America was unknown, and when Europe was the breeding ground of turbulent tribes who ate with their fingers.

III

Ah, but above the roar of the guns you hear the honeyed voice of praise! Allies and Germans seem almost as eager to have us think well of them as they are to kill each other.

Despoiled and deluded Belgium has sent a delegation of statesmen to Washington for-

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mally to protest against the unspeakable outrage committed upon her. The French government officially decorates and lavishly praises our ambassador. The British press, ministry, and populace openly court our good-will, and even the Kaiser writes a formal telegram to the President to enlist his sympathies against the barbarities of the enemy!

“German-American information bureaus” fervently issue excuses, explanations, and appeals, and the ablest of German ex-ministers comes to New York as Envoy Extraordinary of Accurate Publicity! Bernard Shaw, who formerly never let a chance go by to say something nasty about us, now prophesies: “When peace comes there must be a world conference with the President of the United States in the chair—Americans will be leaders to-morrow.”

These somersaults, this sycophantic scrambling for our favor, this sudden flattery from kings and cynics—what does it all mean? Let us not be deluded by these unctuous phrases. They are the voices of sirens luring our re-

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public to enter the bloody maelstrom of European deceptions and destructions.

Are we going to be as naïve as Europe thinks we are, and let this flattery turn our heads and make us their cat's-paw? This war is not changing the aristocratic heart of Europe, whatever it may be doing to the people's heart. And many a touching deathbed repentance has been spoiled by the unexpected recovery of the patient.

If there is to be a world conference and if we must participate in it, there is one principle, and one principle only, for which we can stand, and all other participations we must avoid—that every people with national instincts be allowed to determine its own Government.

IV

For us the war has brought to an end the decade of claptrap sentimentalism that has permeated our society and politics. It has brought us face to face with grim realities. It

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has suddenly ended the pretensions of self-constituted reformers and returned our thoughts to the fundamental realism of individual and national responsibility. It has shocked us out of the illusions of repose into which we have hypnotized ourselves; out of the deceptions of security and superiority, so heightened by the comforts of our people and the ease with which we have been getting on, and brought us full face into the presence of actuality.

The principal question which this war thrusts upon us is whether America shall proceed to develop her ideals of humanity and democracy in her own way as she has heretofore attempted, or whether she is now to be driven into a world swirl of empires and thereby lose herself in the destructive orgies of international ambitions and hatreds.

We must not be cajoled by the flattery of princes and premiers. For we now know that the only treaties that we can be sure of are those backed by a resolute and determined

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populace with guns in its arsenals and cruisers in its harbors. We have no guarantee from any of the belligerents, and from the nature of mankind can have none, that the new dispensation will substitute brotherliness for suspicion and jealousy.

And we must, for this purpose, keep intact the American continents. Our northern frontier is not guarded by the guarantees of Britain. It is fortified by the self-interests and good sense of the Americans and Canadians who live on either side of it. And imagine the Rio Grande a German-American boundary, with a von Kluck at every ford or bridge!

This new dispensation, then, instead of bringing added security, brings added responsibility. In that ethnic and geographical readjustment which is now taking place a realigning of civilizations will come forth. The Asiatic civilization, touched with Oriental mysticism and knowing the value of repose, now assuming a new consciousness; the European civilization, with its traditions of force, mon-