

The Tiger's Last Snarl

"Peace or War, We are in the Midst of a Relentless Struggle for Power. Woe to the Weak! Turn Your Back on the Purveyors of Soothing Syrup!" Georges Clemenceau.

By FRED HENDERSON

"Clemenceau delivers his last message to the world," says the publisher's announcement of "Grandeur and Misery of Victory".

Never has the war game and the war mentality been more ruthlessly given away than by this irascible old man, stung into angry retorts by the quarrels of his last years with almost every one with whom he came into contact during the war and throughout the peace negotiations.

An Explosion

"I once had, and still have," he says, "a considerable reserve of silence; but—" In short, he "cannot remain speechless" any longer. Against "these degenerates," as he calls them, he is impelled to hear witness.

You will readily understand that, written in that mood, "Grandeur and Misery of Victory" is an explosion rather than a book; and that those of us who hate war and hope to see the world rid of it will find in its disclosures ample confirmation of our views, not only about war generally, but also about the last war in particular and the further enmity-breeding "peace" which followed it.

In these days of public libraries, the fact that such a book is issued at a guinea need be no bar to everybody's study of it. I specially commend it to everyone who is still in the mood for hero-worship of the soldier or the militarist politician. If his hero-worship can survive an understanding study of the generals and captains and politicians of the war as they are here portrayed, his disease must indeed be incurable.

I leave you to follow the details of the thing for yourself. How they quarrelled and jangled with one another; how they lied to the public; of their vanities and petulances; of their sacrifices of the obviously necessary things to their instinct for strutting and theatrical gestures—all this you will find in this behind-the-scenes disclosure from which the angry old man tears down the facade of pretence.

A good part of the book is devoted to proving that Foch was a habitual liar for vanity's sake, "enmeshing himself from the desire to aggrandize his own role, in terminological shufflings." There is—it would be comic in any other setting—the disclosure that, after the war had been going on for two years, Foch, by way of helping things forward, summoned a sculptor to headquarters and commissioned him to execute fifteen busts of Foch in imitation terra-cotta, which were duly distributed to various persons "supposed to be influential."

"The Old Dotard"

You will also find, set out side by side, Foch's description of Clemenceau as a person given "to whimper and sentimentalize like the old dotard he is," and Foch's letter to the old dotard, acknowledging his appointment as Marshal, in which the blunt soldier says, "I have just received the precious autograph letter you sent me. The fact that it bears your signature, and the feelings of which that signature is the symbol, enhance for me the value of the reward you have been so kind as to procure for me. It will be a patent of nobility most carefully treasured up in my family."

But there, you will have had enough of these indications of the mood of the book to whet your appetite for the full recital of the greatness, the nobility, the dignity, of the warriors and politicians under whose leadership millions of men went to death and disablement.

What is more important is the revelation of the outlook upon life, the conception of the relationship between peoples, which Clemenceau brought to the framing of the Peace Treaty.

"War and Peace," he says, "with their strong contrasts, alternate against a common background. . . . The glory of our civilization is that it enables us—occasionally—to live an almost normal life. The Aristotles of the interval between the fall and rise of the curtain."

And again, "Our life throughout battles and truces, on the unending oscillation of all things, is at any moment but preparing for or stabilizing a new transient form of society for the momentary advantage of the strongest."

That was the mentality in which the conditions of the Peace Treaty had their birth. Of course, there was the usual pretence at seeking justice; but Clemenceau has his candid word about that. "There is nothing," he says, "that conquerors are more in haste to do than to set down to the account of a sham and invent-ary to themselves the privilege of committing."

He, at any rate, will have no sham about the real objective of the peace; "the general problem for us, as victors, was to make a peace that preserved the common interests of two, of three, of four, etc., even as we had made war"; stabilizing for as long as possible, but knowing it to be transient, the advantage of those who for the moment were strongest.

Thus we have, for the first time, and from its main author, the real purpose and spirit of the "peace" negotiations, and the real intention of the Treaty under whose shadow all the nations have been engaged ever since in arming against the possible renewal of world strife.

A New Mentality

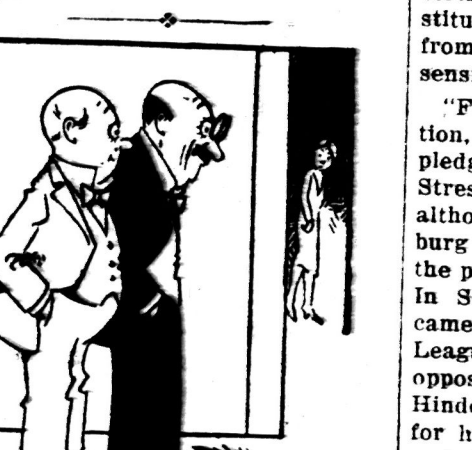
Mere calculations about the relative of armaments do not help us in the least as against this mentality of an everlasting oscillation between wars and truces for mankind. Nothing will avail us but a new mentality. What the Versailles negotiators lacked was faith in the possibility of abiding peace between nations. What the world wants now is that faith and the will to make it effective.

In one of the recent Clemenceau biographies, it is told that on one occasion he was asked by Madame Martet, the wife of his secretary, whether he thought we shall always have wars.

"I can't say, dear lady," he replied. "Perhaps there will come a day when the peoples will come together in a fraternal embrace, to the sound of the flute; when, alone amongst all things who are born, live, and die, man will live out his allotted time in peace. It is possible, but it isn't probable."

This is a new and remarkable exhibition of one of the familiar absurdities that dog perennial duty as argument, not against Socialism only, but against human advancement generally. We have always had with us the fool who thinks he has finally answered any proposal for the betterment of the race when he points out that the thing proposed is a new thing, something which men have never done in the past, and therefore cannot be expected ever to do in the future.

But Clemenceau's test of the possibilities of peaceful relationships between men goes much further than that. How can we hope to attain to things beyond the example of the sycena or the shark? How dare we dream of ever becoming in any of our ways of living, "alone amongst all things who are born, live, and die"? Most improbable! We shall, no doubt, become reconciled to the inevitability of it if we will only rest our minds on this biological consolation. "Sirs, remember that ye are wolves!" The sort of consolation that made Clemenceau himself pleased to be called the "Tiger."



"Doesn't that Mrs. Wrinkles enamel her face?"

"I think so. I notice she has to leave the room when she wants to change her expression."

REAL HEROISM

We want a heroism which is heroic in its own secret thoughts. We want heroes who slay dragons in private. We want the royal courage which struggles an unworthy impulse as soon as it is born. We want exploits in sacrificial-thinking, magnificent conquests of selfishness in the quiet courts of the soul. A real man must wrestle with lions and bears in the jungles of his own spirit, and there he must register a courage of which the world has no account. All of which means that a man must be a hero in the very pith and fibre of his being. It must be his nature to be heroic.—J. H. Jowett.

EXCESS

Excess generally causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the sex, sons, or in individuals, or in governments.—Plato.

Heat the Sprain with Minard's.

Five Years As President at 83

The World Pays Tribute to General Hindenburg, Germany's Great Statesman

"The combination of soldier and statesman is rare. Few men in all history have achieved it. One at least there is to whom his grateful countrymen have given this twofold stamp of approval. He is Paul von Hindenburg, second President of the German Republic, the fifth anniversary of whose election by popular vote occurs in April of this year."—Professor A. B. Faust, in Current History.

"Only five years ago grave fears were expressed throughout the world at the announcement of Hindenburg's election to the vacant Presidency," adds Professor Faust. "The fear of reaction is unfounded. The election was a triumph of personality. The hero of Tannenberg made a greater appeal to the nation than the program of Dr. Marx."

"The situation in Germany could not have been more accurately described. Many friends of the Republic did not vote the Republican ticket because they preferred to see Hindenburg the head of the nation. They knew they could trust implicitly his promise to uphold the Weimar Constitution. On a plurality (not a majority) of about 599,000 votes Hindenburg was elected successor to Fritz Ebert."

"Fears in Germany were soon dispelled. Every one knew how reluctantly the old Field Marshal had come out of his second well-earned retirement, how he had been brought to yield solely by his inbred sense of duty towards his people and fatherland."

His First Manifesto

"Every German felt called on to cooperate after Hindenburg's first published statement: 'The battle is over and I am ready to grasp the hand of every German, my previous opponents included, and work with them all for the good of the country.' His actions harmonized with his Easter message given before the election:

"My life is an open book before all the world. I believe I did my duty during Germany's 'bitterest' period. If this duty calls me to act on constitutional grounds, without regard to party, person, origin, or calling, as President I shall not be found wanting. As a soldier, I had the entire nation in mind, not a party. Parties are necessary in a State ruled by a parliament, but your highest executive must stand above parties and independent of them, and rule for every German alike."

"Hindenburg, when he came into office, made no drastic changes in government appointments. In the office of Secretary of State—chief adviser to the President, a position of great influence and responsibility—he kept Dr. Otto Meissner, who had served under President Ebert for five years and belonged to the Social-Democratic party. Remonstrances from his own party or suggestions for removals received no response when a position had been served with efficiency and experience.

"During the five years Reichs-president Hindenburg has been in office he has been behind every movement of constructive statesmanship. He has held the plumbline in building and reconstruction operations, and has made the builders follow the architect's plans (i.e., the Weimar Constitution). He has kept the laborers from striking by subduing party dissensions."

"Five months after his inauguration, in October, 1925, the Locarno pledges, immortalizing the names of Stresemann and Briand, were signed, although by supporting them Hindenburg resisted intense opposition from the party that brought him into power. In September of the following year came the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, again in spite of opposition from the Nationalist party. Hindenburg clearly saw the advantage for his country, an end of ostracism and the regaining of a seat and a voice in the councils of the great nations."

"Still another positive achievement during Hindenburg's administration was the testing of the Dawes Plan, and its subsequent revision into the Young Plan, now finally drawn up."

"Hindenburg, although not an orator, has the gift of putting so much in one sentence that quotations from his utterances have the weight of 'noted sayings.' He has said: 'I will not take orders from any party, and no one need think I will.' 'Let us hope the German people will learn the lesson of unity, for in union there is strength.' (Addressing a body of young Germans): 'I have been called by age and office to live and work with an older generation, but I hope and believe with you young German people, who are the future and the strength of the German nation.'

"Whistle!"

"His native sense of humor may flash in a brief reply, such as: 'Interviewer: 'What do you do, sir, when you get nervous?''

"Hindenburg: 'I whistle.'"

"Interviewer: 'But I never heard you whistle.'"

"Hindenburg: 'Neither did I.'"

"At the age of 73 he assumed the heavy responsibility of guiding the

fortunes of his people through stormy seas. . . . These privileged to have come into the imposing presence of the German President know that those severe and stern features may light up with the smile of human kindness, that the countenance chiselled out of granite may fade into the likeness of a fatherly friend."

"Whoever the visitor, high or low, the Hindenburg tranquility prevails, and each is put at his ease and his best. Simplicity is the impressive feature. An appreciative or eulogistic utterance in Hindenburg's presence may relax to the likeness of a fatherly yet stern reply: 'I am simply doing my duty.'"

"His duty is as natural to him as to the forces of nature obeying natural law. Defying time—zeitlos—the majestic figure of Hindenburg holds securely in his grasp what has been saved from the wreck—German national unity, the heritage of Bismarck. With a nation newborn Hindenburg, at 83, looks courageously into the future."

Old and New Diplomacy

"The old diplomatist has not been fairly treated by his posterity. If he failed to foresee the war, he is, and with full justice, called a fool; if he did foresee the war, he is, quite unjustly, considered a knave. I trust that this biography may do something to correct such false perspectives. It is unnecessary to assume that such men as Bethmann-Hollweg, Grey, the two Cambons, Hardinge, Schoen, or Nicolson, were less high-minded than those who gather to-day in the Salle de la Reformation at Geneva," says Mr. Harold Nicolson, in the life of his father, the famous diplomatist, which has just been published.

"No one can read this record without a clear sense of the intellectual greatness, the sincerity, and the patriotism of a great servant of the State," states the Manchester Guardian. "If he is the fine fruit of 'the old diplomacy,' that diplomacy need not fear comparison with the new, which has been to school at a world war. The rapidity and completeness of the evolution since 1914 are apt to make it difficult for those now accustomed to the new to visualize the situation as it was in the early years of the century."

"What seems error to-day did not seem so then, for the ways men looked at things had not suffered the dramatic, rapid, and complete change accomplished in and by the war years. That the old diplomacy found it impossible to anticipate that change by intellectual process is scarcely fair criticism."

"It was assuredly not diplomacy as 1930 requires diplomacy to be, but it was great diplomacy, and if through the war and its aftermath the new triumphed it has still much to learn from the old—in grace, in tact, in ability, in hard work—and one is grateful to Mr. Nicolson not only for a noble biography but for a fine historical study—a lance broken in defence of a great tradition by one who has ceased to believe in it but not in the men who made it and carried it on."

"Mr. Nicolson has achieved the dif-

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fruit task," comments the Times, "of being fair to his own father, who foresaw and guarded against the growing German menace before the War, and at the same time fair to Germany, who regarded Lord Carnock as one of her most redoubtable enemies. An analysis of Lord Carnock's political development such as is here provided should help to clear up many misunderstandings which may still prevail in German minds as to the guiding motives of British policy before the War."

Client—"You deceived me with that dwarf spaniel you sold me. It gets bigger ever yday." Salesman—"Yes, it is a giant dwarf spaniel."

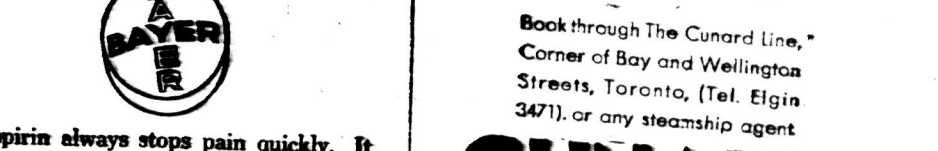
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