

to increase his personal popularity. His fleeting return from the front this week and the speech he found occasion to deliver have given birth to mixed feelings. As usual on great initiative, the episode was fully charged with dramatic effect. Looking on and listening, one could not fail to be struck by the situation brought about in the career of either of the duellists by the whirligig of time. That Mr. Arthur Balfour, seated on the Treasury bench, a subaltern of Mr. Asquith's, a colleague with Mr. Lloyd George, should find himself called upon to defend one of the great spending departments attacked by the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, comprises within itself a plot worthy the genius of the most daringly inventive novelist.

When Winston Churchill first entered the House of Commons he naturally ranged himself on the Conservative side. So punctillious was his deference to authority that, resisting temptation to find a seat in the freer atmosphere below the Gangway, he modestly found a place back on a bench in the rear of that on which Ministers sit. Thence he rose to make his maiden speech, an effort closely followed, generously applauded by Mr. Balfour, at the time Prime Minister. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that, in course of time, say two or three years, the young member for Oldham might, with general approval, have had bestowed upon him by his father's old colleague a Lordship of the Treasury, or even an Under Secretaryship. Before his first session was over he found the atmosphere above the Gangway too enervating for his temperament. After ominous display of restlessness he was one night discovered in new quarters below the Gangway.

Upon this step a crisis followed. Mr. Lloyd George having stirred the passion of the House by a brilliant indictment of the Government, Winston Churchill rose to follow him. Whereupon a strange, unprecedented scene followed. Nothing is commoner than to see members with one accord rise from both sides and hurry from the House when a bore succeeds in catching the Speaker's eye. The oldest member could not recall an instance when a dashing speaker rising from either side, members of his party with one accord quitted the House. This was what happened to Winston Churchill on this memorable night. It was the beginning of the inevitable end. Three months later, entering the House, he stood at the bar for a few minutes surveying the scene. Then casually, as it were, instead of moving to the left to his old place in the Unionist camp, he turned to the right, seating himself below the Gangway on the Opposition side, the nest of extreme Radicals and Irish Nationalists. The die was cast, the hazard risked. Winston Churchill had finally quitted the Conservative camp and enlisted under the Liberal flag.

And here on this night of a later March he was speaking on equal terms with his first revered leader, instructing him in the art of keeping the navy up to the highest stage of perfection. In the first speech of two that have this week stirred the normally stagnant House to its depths, Mr. Balfour was studiously courteous, excessively generous in his treatment of a recalcitrant apprentice. It is noteworthy that, in referring to his critic, he never once shirked the tiresomely long reference to "my right hon. and gallant friend." In reply Col. Churchill, with equal precision, made caustic allusion to "the right hon. gentleman." Only those accustomed to parliamentary etiquette

will fully understand the significance of these several modes of address. On the next day, interposing to reply to the colonel's strictures, Mr. Balfour grimly retained the elongated reference. But he had dropped all other signs of friendliness and castigated his critic with a relentless force, a polished sarcasm reminiscent of days when he was at the Irish Office and—the reference is, of course, not literal, as in the case of St. Paul—fought the beasts at Ephesus.

TWO METHODS OF WAR-MAKING—
KRONPRINZ AND GEN. JOFFRE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, March 4.

Cannon at Verdun have been firing on whole armies worse volleys than fell sixty years ago on a certain Six Hundred, at which

All the world wondered.

The outcome of it will be told by cable long before this can be read. Yet no news, whether of triumph or disaster or inefficient slaughter, can do away with the military lesson. There is a moral lesson, too, but he who runs may read it.

The present lesson is that in the conduct of this war, in marches and battles, in trench attacks and sieges, from the merest tactical aggression to these supreme strategic offensives, there have been two methods of war-making. Nothing is so striking as the use which each side seems to make of a method of its own. It is right to call one the German method and the other the French method.

The German method evidently starts from a first principle. In war, men count as cannon and ball do—they are "cannon-fodder" in the hands of the high command, instruments to win the sovereign's victory. From the early months of the war this method has been used against Verdun, in convergent attacks from the Argonne and Saint-Mihiel, and now from the Hauts-de-Meuse and the Woivre, by the army identified with the heir of the King of Prussia, who is German Emperor. In ancient designs from Egypt, we see a giant Pharaoh striding triumphant through marshlands where crowds of his infinitesimal subjects beat up the game for his slaughter. A cartoonist might copy it for what has been going on with the armies of the Kronprinz round Verdun. I know there is a more brutal way of expressing it—Count you may, but break you must, the eggs to make an omelet.

The French method quite as evidently starts from another first principle. It is true the French have had uniformly to remain on the defensive from the nature and circumstances of this war, which has been from the start a German aggression. But whether attacking or defending, in preparation or on guard, one solicitude seems to be weighing on the conscience of Gen. Joffre. How, indeed, shall his armies do that which must be done? But how shall it be done with least expenditure of the lives of his soldiers? How even shall the fewest lives be risked? The people, whose impressions are genuine because they are unsophisticated by formulas and reasoning, have from the beginning named him Père Joffre—the "Father" of the Regiment. The chronically dissatisfied, who are sophisticated by politics and self-sufficient impatience, have

not failed to insinuate that he is the soldiers' "Papa."

Gen. Joffre has gone his way, and it is the way of French generals remotest from his influence—Sarrail at Salonica and Lyautey in Morocco. In the cartooning of him there is no room for a Pharaoh, because, while his is also a sovereign's army, their only sovereign is the people. And his soldiers, like himself, are "people," too, each with his share of the undivided sovereignty—the indivisible Republic. *Non est super terram potestas quæ comparetur ei*, as Hobbes said of his leviathan state—"No earthly majesty can be compared to it."

Hobbes may not have been sound on popular sovereignty, and John Locke proved against him that an absolute monarchy is not a civil society at all. For an absolute Pharaoh cannot be "a common judge with authority" to decide between himself and his subjects; and so he is really in the uncivilized state of nature with regard to them. Gen. Joffre and his soldiers are not in a state of nature where Might makes Right, but they have a common judge with authority over them all; nor are they subjects of any one, but, from highest to lowest, all are citizens free and equal alike. They have no Majesty higher than their own people, of whom they are the dearest flesh and blood and for whom they are dying so willingly. The only higher authority over them now is above Kronprinz and Pharaoh, likewise.

He is the despots' Despot. . . .
Beside the Kaiser he at eye doth wait
And pours a potion in his cup of state;
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;
Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay.
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay.
There is no king more terrible than death.

Gen. Joffre's method is to save as many soldiers from death as he can.

Victory is the demolishing of the other's army, not of one's own. And this explains much of the French method used in this war, long drawn out, for those who look on war as perforce something happening. Enough has been happening in these battle days of Verdun—but when Death has struck his balance, his gains will not be on the French side. Whether the surplus of deaths on the German side shall help Kronprinz and Kaiser to the only victory which is worth while in war—the decisive victory—Time will tell.

Meanwhile, no matter what the result, the French method conforms not only with republicanism or democracy or any other name you may give to the existence of a country for its people; it also answers exactly Aristotle's question, "What does the state exist for?" He said it existed that its citizens might live—and therefore be protected by it—and also that they might "live well," that is, humanly and not as parts of a machine called the *Staat*, in which they are instruments to be used by some man higher up for *Kanonenfutter*.

It is strange that so many should think the present generation of Americans needs to be reminded of such elementary truths, which once broke into the street from every one of our schools. In the very days when this battle of Verdun has been going on, the Prussian Landtag has refused to hear the voice of workmen's delegates, demanding to be heard, since they, too, fight for the state's ruler. A burgher reminded them that, if they go too far, something more than talk of law reform will answer them. "Yes, cannon!"

said the Socialist. The American ideal once was,

The noble craftsman we promote,
Disown the knave and fool;
Each honest man shall have his vote,
Each child shall have his school.

In France, as in Germany, each child has his school, but perhaps the French method, with its care for human life, comes from each man also having his vote.

At any rate, the difference between the two methods of war-making as seen here at Verdun is vital, irreconcilable. It runs all through the opposing armies. The French officer is the comrade of his men—*mes enfants*. The German officer is his soldiers' driver, likest of all to our slave overseer before our own war, obliged to get the utmost yield from them, regardless of their lives—*Kanonnen-futter!*

All this has its application elsewhere than in the heat of action, where Frenchmen have sufficiently shown they are willing to risk their lives together, from general to private, provided only they can defend the lives of their people. The difference is in taking the gambling risks of war. Eighteen months have shown that the French commanders do not gamble with their men's lives. And this is why French mothers are holding out in this war. They, too, repeat the refrain of the workmen's song, marching to battle—"It must be!"

Another and a moral difference seems to belong to the method of fighting. In the morning a German *communiqué* for native and neutral consumption was flashed across the world—"The corner-stone of Verdun's defence has been stormed." In the evening the French had it back again. On the contrary, the French *communiqués* have been limited to accomplished facts, even when unfavorable. Thus history, too, is written—by two differing methods.

THE SUGGESTED DIVISION OF CHINA— SZU-CHUAN PROVINCE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, February 28.

What Yuan Shi-Kai fears is perhaps not so much the Yun-nan revolutionary army as the ominous silence of the powerful southern generals, Po Kuo-Chang, Wu Hsun, Lo Yui-Ting, and others, because this silence suggests that even their natural distaste for the youthful violence of the revolutionary army has lost its edge, in face of the far more disagreeable question of Yuan's Emperorship. Their cold neutrality may be the attitude that the intellectual classes of China, at least of southern China, are pleased to adopt. The fact that Yuan has failed to receive southern support for his design again brings forward the old question of dividing the country into two parts, north and south.

It is certainly the fixed programme of the Yun-nan revolutionary army led by Tsai E, Tan Ching-Yeh, and other young generals of progressive ambition, to gain control of Szu-chuan-sheng, one of the largest provinces, which will advance them one stage towards bringing the generals above mentioned even into practical coöperation. This Szu-chuan province is historically famous since the stirring succession of heroic deeds and marvelous strategical adventures of the period known as the Three Kingdoms (A. D. 220 to

A. D. 265). Following after the old wisdom of Kung Ming, one of the aspirants to the Imperial yellow in the period of the Three Kingdoms, who, entering Szu-chuan province, planned to divide the country into three parts, Tsai E and his friends of the anti-Yuan league realize that the province, grandly protected by mountains on the four borders, completes the natural form of an independent domain. The most dangerous mountain pass in the north, called the "Plank Road of Shu" (the old name of Szu-chuan province) in the geographical writing of China, and the equally dangerous configurations in the east, give to the occupants a splendid advantage in defending themselves against the enemy. And the natural products, rice and table salt and many others in the great plain of the west stretching into the provinces Yun-nan and Keui-chou, through which the Yan-tzu-chiang runs, taking rich tribute of the four rivers (hence the name of Szu-chuan or the "Four Rivers"), are far more than sufficient to provide for the whole population of the province, sixty-eight or sixty-nine millions over an area of 218,533 square miles. This province alone is bigger by fifty thousand square miles than Japan.

The surplus of natural productions makes the two provinces, Yun-nan and Kuei-chen, practically dependencies of Szu-chuan, and the mutual interests of these three provinces are closely intertwined. Moreover, the provinces Shan-hsi and Kan-su, and some parts of Hunan and Hu-pei, also depend on Szu-chuan province, particularly for table salt, the annual production of which, it is said, exceeds six hundred million pounds. These table salts are the inexhaustible crops from the salt-springs scattered over the forty prefectures of the province. Besides rice and table salts, the province is rich in gold, silver, coal, and oil; when the size and wealth of the province is understood, it is not surprising to see the capital, Chi-tu, quite matching Peking in the point of population, and defying our notion of treating her as a country town.

If this great southern province ever falls into the ambitious hands of the Yun-nan revolutionary army, it would be high time to discuss seriously the question of dividing the country into two parts. When the first revolution shook the whole nation with its democratic message and the Tsin dynasty was still hesitating to pass away, this interesting question was quite in vogue among the political controversialists of Japan. But the southern revolutionists were driven to accept Yuan's proposal, which, although far from satisfactory to them, appeased in a measure their political hunger. The people of the province are mostly peace-loving and unconcerned about the form of government, and it was this that made the so-called second revolution of China fail flatly. Yuan Shi-Kai, on the other hand, who at first had no aspiration, I am sure, for Emperorship, gradually came to seek this way of concentrating the people's minds on the revival of old ethics and wisdom, since the extraordinarily progressive programme of the so-called revolutionists found no favor with conservative minds in general; and Yuan's reconciliatory attitude led him to appoint the old officials of the late Tsin dynasty to their former offices. Then, in order to meet the increased expenditure of the Government, he sold away concessions to the foreigners, only to enrage the Chinese chauvinists. Even though the action of the Yun-nan army may seem justifi-

able, at least in southern China, it is none the less a fact that the northern provinces are quite loyal to Yuan, whose Imperial monarchism is favorably received there. If Yuan should insist on forcing his programme upon those revolutionists who, supposing Szu-chuan province to be already fallen into their hands, are able enough to defend themselves, the formation of two different governments in China, republican and monarchical, would not be a remote contingency. To speak for Yuan Shi-Kai, all China is altogether too big for one man's grasp; it would be wise of him not to reach over the Yang-tzu-chiang into the south where republicanism is more familiar to the people's minds.

Another point is that the people of the farthest south speak a different dialect from the northern Chinese. It is absurd to make Peking the political centre to command the pulses of the nation from some parts of which it is a journey of five or six months.

The complete withdrawal of Yuan's proclamation of Emperorship, although his dignity would be much impaired, might be a way of smoothing over the present disturbance; but if the Chinese minds of the north and south are destined not to harmonize, the temporary truce that might be possible has hardly any meaning. Some people say that the base of the present revolutionary operations is neither Yun-nan nor Kuei-chen, but in Shanghai; that means that the anti-Yuan agitation is quite thorough in southern China. And that is the reason why I said at the outset that Yuan Shi-Kai entertains a far deeper fear of the ominous silence that is kept at present by the generals living in southern China; they may revolt any moment against him if the revolutionary color appears stronger. They are only Chinese who comfortably prove themselves to be political weathercocks; they go gladly with the stream.

Ireland's Attitude to the War

By HERBERT L. STEWART.

Amid the diverse views about Ireland which are so freely circulating at the present time, some interest may belong to the judgment of an Irishman who has spent nearly all his life in that country, who has been in contact with politicians of almost every type, who was on the spot during the first two months of the war, and who has eagerly followed, since returning to this side of the Atlantic, every item of news regarding the currents in his native land. The writer claims to speak simply as one whose familiarity with Ireland's recent past, and whose knowledge of the persons who count (as well as of those who do not count) on her public stage, enable him to interpret with a little confidence the dispatches which reach the American press.

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Up to date, some 145,000 Irishmen, born and living in the country, are serving with the colors. Is this a large proportion, or is it a small proportion? Is a spirit of loyalty shown by the fact that there are so many, or is the spirit of dissatisfaction shown by the fact that there are not more?

Perhaps on this question the judgment of two men, Lord Kitchener and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, should carry more weight than that of anybody else. The former de-