

Welshman Warns of Aggression

Rhine as Barrier Between France and Germany Would Mean Sham Republic, Says Lloyd George.

Explains Foch's Power

(Continued From Page One.)
The public opinion of the people he has saved from destruction such as no other individual can aspire to—
as long as his services are fresh in the memory of his fellow-countrymen. That, I admit, is not very long. Gratitude is like manna—it must be gathered and enjoyed quickly, for its freshness quickly disappears. But in the early months of 1919, Marshal Foch was still sitting at the banquet table of popular favor, enjoying the full fruit of a great victory. His words on all questions affecting the security and destiny of France, was heard with deference which no other man in France could succeed in securing. He had also a quality which is not usually an attribute of generalship—he was a lucid, forceful and picturesque speaker. He was, therefore, listened to for what he said, for what he said, and for the way he said it.

Demands Strong Frontier.

What did he say?
He said a good deal on the subject of the Rhine frontier, and I cannot quote it all. I will take a few german sentences out of his numerous addresses on the subject.

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"No Natural Obstacle."
"Look at that," said Marshal Foch, "there's no natural obstacle along that frontier. Is it there that we can hold the Germans if they attack us again? No. Here, here, here." And he tapped the blue Rhine with his pencil. "Here we must be ready to face our enemies. This is the barrier which will take some crossing. If the Germans try to force a passage over the Rhine—Ho! but here—touching the hot pencil line running northwest from Lorraine past Saar valley to the Belgian frontier—here there is nothing.

"No, if you are wise you insist on having your back to a wall, and we must have our armies on the Rhine. Some people object that it will take many troops to hold the Rhine. Not so many as it would take to hold the political frontier. For the Rhine can be crossed only at certain places, whereas the political frontier of France can be broken anywhere and would have to be held in force along its entire length."

He expounded his doctrine in great detail in an official memorandum which he submitted to M. Clemenceau as commander-in-chief of the allied armies: "To stop enterprises toward the west of the nation—everlastingly warlike and covetous of the good things belonging to other peoples only recently formed, and pushed on to conquest by force regardless of all rights and by ways most contrary to all law, seeking always mastery of the world, nature has only made one barrier—the Rhine. This barrier must be forced on Germany. Henceforward the Rhine will be the western frontier of the Germanic peoples."

Repeats Demand.

He repeated this demand in a subsequent memorandum. Many of us recall his dramatic interruption into the placid arena of the peace conference in May, 1919, still branding the same theme. It may be said that Marshal Foch is not, and does not pretend to be, a statesman. He is only a great soldier. Nevertheless, his political influence was so great that even in 1920 he overthrew the most powerful statesman in France within a month after his triumphant return at the polls with a huge supporting majority in the French parliament. It was Marshal Foch who, by his antagonism, was responsible for M. Clemenceau's defeat at the presidential election of 1920. But for Marshal Foch's intervention M. Clemenceau would have been today president of the French republic.

Why was he beaten at the height of his fame by a candidate of infinitely less prestige and power? The wrath of Marshal Foch and his formidable following was excited all the more against M. Clemenceau because the latter had, under pressure from the allies, gone back on the agreed French policy about the Rhine. It was Marshal Foch who, by his antagonism, was responsible for M. Clemenceau's defeat at the presidential election of 1920. But for Marshal Foch's intervention M. Clemenceau would have been today president of the French republic.

which he handed to the allies on March 12, 1919, containing the following proposal:
"In the general interest of peace and to the effect of working of the constituent clause of the league of nations, the western frontier of Germany is fixed at the Rhine. Consequently Germany renounces all sovereignty over, as well as any customs union with, territories of the former German empire on the left bank of the Rhine."
There is a sardonic humor in the words "In the general interest of peace and to the effect of working of the constituent clause of the league of nations." But it demonstrates that at that date M. Clemenceau and his ministers had become converts to the doctrine of the Rhine as the natural boundary of Germany. American and British pressure subsequently induced him to abandon this position and, as I said in my previous article, the pact was part of the argument addressed to him. But the party of the Rhine never forgave. Hence his failure to reach the presidential chair. It was an honorable failure, and will ever do him credit.

The reasons assigned for that defeat by the Annual Register 1919-1920—certainly not a partisan authority—were that even an unexcitable chronicler labored then under the delusion—if it be a delusion—which possessed me when I wrote the offending article. Explaining the remarkable defeat, the Annual Register says:
"Clemenceau's supporters contended that the terms of the treaty of Versailles were satisfactory from the French point of view. His opponents declared that he had given way too much to American and British standpoints, and that the peace was unsatisfactory, particularly in respect of guarantees for reparations due to France and in the matter of the French eastern frontier. It will be remembered that a large body of French opinion had desired that France should secure the line of the Rhine as her eastern frontier."

Endless Articles.
I can if necessary quote endless articles in French journals and newspapers and speeches of French politicians. Men of such divergent temperaments and accomplishments as M. Franklin Bouillon and M. Tardieu gave countenance to this claim that Germany should be amputated at the Rhine.

Late on a reception of Marshal Foch when he was elected a member of the French academy, M. Poincaré, turning at one moment in his discourse to the marshal, said in reference to the veteran general's well known attitude on the peace treaty:
"Ah, monsieur le maréchal, if only your advice had been listened to. Has he also gone back on opinion so historically expressed? Let us hope for the best."
I know it will be said that although the boundaries of Germany were to end at the Rhine, the province on the left bank was not to be annexed, but to be reconstituted into an "independent republic."

What manner of independence, and what kind of republic? German officers were to be expelled. It was to be detached by special provision from the economic life of Germany, upon which it is almost entirely dependent for its existence. It was not to be allowed to associate with the Fatherland. The Rhine, which divided new territory from Germany, was to be occupied in the main by French troops. Territories of an independent republic were to be occupied by foreign soldiers. Its young men were to be conscripted and trained with a view to absorbing them into the French and Belgian armies, to fight against their own countrymen on the other side of the Rhine. The whole conditions of life of this free and independent republic were to be dictated by an "accord" between France, Luxembourg and Belgium, and, in the words of Marshal Foch, "Britain would be ultimately brought in."

Sham Republic.
But I am told these proposals did not mean annexation. Then what else did they mean? You do not swallow the oyster. You only first give it an independent existence by detaching it from its hard surroundings. You then surround it on all sides and absorb it into your own system to equip you with added strength to prey on other systems! What independence! And what a republic!

It would have been, and was intended to be, a sham republic. Had the plan been adopted it would have been a blunder and a crime, for which not France alone, but the world, would have paid the penalty later on.

In the face of these quotations and of the undoubted facts can anyone say that I culminated France when I said there was a powerful party in that country which claimed that the Rhine should be treated as a natural barrier of Germany and that the peace treaty should be based upon that assumption?

Let it be observed that I never stated that this claim had the support of French democracy. The fact that the treaty, which did not realize that objective, secured ratification by an overwhelming majority in the French parliament, and subsequently by an emphatic verdict in the count, demonstrates clearly that the French people as a whole shrink with their invincible good sense from following even the lead they admired on to this path of future disaster. But the mere fact that there are powerful influences in France that still press the demand and take advantage of every disappointment to urge it forward, calls for unremitting vigilance amongst all peoples who have the welfare of humanity at heart.

In conclusion I should like to add that to denounce me as an enemy of France because I disagree with the international policy of its present rulers is a petulant absurdity. During the whole of my public career I have been a consistent advocate of co-operation between the French and British democracies. I took that line when fawning on German imperialism was fashionable in this country. During the war I twice risked my premiership in an effort to place the British army under the supreme command of a French general. To preserve French friendship I have repeatedly given way to French demands and thus often have been used against my own country. But I cannot go to the extent of approving a policy which is endangering the peace of the world, even to please one section of a people for whose country I have always entertained most genuine admiration.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

A Turbulent Trip to the Peace Palace Delays Their Departure

"No one ever comes to The Hague without seeing the peace palace," Helen gathered up their tooth brushes, dentifrice and soap from the wash-tray.

"They don't, eh?" grunted Warren, forcing in the obdurate trunk back, "then we'll be the shining exception."

"The porter says the train is on time," Warren said. "I asked him yesterday. We'll have plenty of time, making sure they had left nothing in the deep drawers of the Dutch bureau."

"Now I'm not going to be rushed at the last minute," Warren said, thrusting the keys into his pocket. "Get some letters to write, pay the bill and get these trunks down."

"Dear, we wouldn't be rushed," Warren pleaded. "We could just ride out and come right back. We needn't go in—just so we can say we've seen it."

"Buy a 'peace palace' postcard. Take a good squint at that," he scoffed. "Then you can say you've seen it."

"I begged you to go yesterday, but you wouldn't. You never will—"

"If you're so all-fired anxious—"

"What's the matter with you toddling out there alone?"

"I hate to go alone, but I suppose I'll have to. I can't go back home and say we spent two days at The Hague—and didn't go near the peace palace."

"We'll wait to be back here by 4.30. Take a cab—don't fool with the trams. We don't want to miss that train. Darnation, this pen's dry!" settling down at the desk-table with some letters. "Any ink in yours?"

"Everything's packed," giving him her fountain pen. "You carry down my dressing case—the porter'll get all scratched. Here's the umbrella. I'll put it with your coat. And, dear, don't forget—"

"Now if you're going—beat it! You've no time to stew around."

"Don't forget you needn't tip anybody," persisted Helen. "They add 10 per cent to the bill here."

A hasty kiss on the back of his neck, acknowledged only by an impatient grunt, and she hurried down

countries the paintings and interior decorations."
There were three more fine-typed pages, which Helen read as she waited.

Two trams had passed coming out, but none going back.

Just 4 by the Palace clock! The porter had said it took 20 minutes one way. Only 10 minutes to spare—and no car in sight.

Then, to her horror, she realized there was but one track! The return car did not pass that way!

Flying across the road, she approached one of the mounted soldiers. "Where do I get a tram back?" excitedly waving in that direction.

His shrug disclaiming his knowledge of English, with maddening unconcern he flicked a fly from his horse's neck.

"Oh, there's a taxi," Helen rushed back to the road.

But it was a private car. The woman driving ignored her agitated signal.

How could she get back? Not a person or vehicle in sight!

Their reservations to Paris paid for, she was frantic at the thought of missing the train.

From a house across the road emerged a nurse, supporting a decrepit old man. Tears after them, Helen tried to make them understand her quandary.

The nurse could not speak English, and her patient, a paralytic, could only stutter, "Tram—tram!" pointing his palsied hand up the road.

"It's going the wrong way," anguished Helen. "I want to get back to the city!"

He nodded, striving to force out some articulate words. The nurse, disapproving his exertions, frowned at Helen, and drew him on.

Another car down the road! A touring car, empty but for the chauffeur.

Her desperation giving her courage, Helen snatched from her purse a 10 guilder note. Waving it wildly, she dashed out to the center of the street.

The driver, forced to stop or run over her, stared in amazement.

"Hotel des Indes!" thrusting the bill at him, as she climbed in without waiting for his consent. "Quick—quick!" pantomiming speed.

Ignoring the ten guilder note, he pressed the accelerator.

"I will be glad to take you to the hotel!"

His tweeds not those of a chauffeur. She had held up a private car and tried to bribe its owner!

But her anxiety surmounted her embarrassment.

"It can't be a quarter of 5!" staring at the clock by the speedometer.

"I'm afraid it is, but you will be at the hotel in 10 minutes. I hope that will not be too late."

It would be! They could never reach the station and check their trunks in 15 minutes.

Warren would be wild! She visioned him now, their trunks on a taxi, glowering up and down the street.

"It's the 5:10 express to Paris," she faltered. "I wanted to see the peace palace—the porter said I'd have plenty of time—but I couldn't get a tram or taxi back."

"The tram goes back through the next street," he shrieked a corner with dizzy speed. "Just a two-minute walk from where you were."

So that was what the poor palsied man had been trying to tell her!

"Oh, I shouldn't have come! But the porter was sure I'd have time."

"You may make it yet," he encouraged. "The train may be late."

As they neared the hotel, Helen saw the taxi with their trunks on top, just as she had visioned. And there was Warren—and the head porter!

"Oh, thank you—thank you so much," she was ready to jump out. "Can I be of any further service? Can I take you to the station?"

"Thank you, but there's Mr. Curtis now—with the trunks on a taxi!" Even in her flurry, she was conscious of his disapproval as he raised his hat.

Warren's curt profanity cut short her excited explanations.

"Did you pay that driver?" as he bundled her into the taxi.

"It was a private car! I wanted you to thank him! Then clutching his arm as they sped off. "Will we make it? Will we make it?"

"Oh—oh!" in abject remorse, knowing the importance of that conference.

"Paid a pretty stiff price for your

fool sight-seeing this time," he sneered. "Your little spree to the peace palace will be damned expensive."

"It wasn't my fault," he said. "There's only a one-way track—the tram comes back on another street. No one spoke English and I couldn't—"

Warren had leaped out as they slowed up to the station. Snatching the suitcase, he left her to follow.

The head porter, who had come on the seat with the driver, rushed their trunks through the baggage room. Below orders to the station porters he got them on the platform, just as the last whistle blew.

The train was drawing out as he swung on the last car, shouting to the guard.

Only the head porter of the foremost hotel could have held that train long enough for their trunks to be put on.

Elated over his achievement, he pocketed the notes Warren thrust at him, waving his gold vizzed cap as they steamed off.

"Well, we made it!" Warren wiped his forehead and hat-band. "That porter's a crackerjack! Had everybody on the jump—and put us through!"

"I was worried sick." Then, as her tension relaxed, "Dear, what did you give him? It looked like a lot."

"It was," she said. "A fat tip. Your infernal sight seeing got us into this mess. Now you kick 'cause I shell out for holding up the Paris Express!"

"Oh, the umbrella!" dismayed Helen. "We left it in the taxi! Your good umbrella—the one I gave you Christmas."

"Now, see here, we made this train, didn't we? You ought to be damned thankful. Don't set up a howl about an umbrella. And from now on," menacingly, "there'll be no more sight seeing jaunts near train time. You'll stick around the hotel! I'll take no more chances of your balling up this trip."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Harvard Gets Anatomist.
Boston, Dec. 16.—Samuel R. Atwater, for the last three years an associate professor in anatomy at the Peking Union Medical college, in China, which is under the management of the Rockefeller foundation, has been appointed assistant professor of zoology at Harvard college.

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