

# Wells Says Nation Will 'Come Back'

### Integrity of German People Has Not Waned, Despite War and Its Aftermath.

### May Turn to Communism

By H. G. WELLS, Author of the Outline of History.

London, Nov. 3.—Will Germany break into pieces, become a group of divergent, mutually hostile states? To some readers this will seem to be an entirely useless question. They will declare that things are happening, Germany is breaking visibly, they will say, Germany has attempted a democratic republic and failed. The daily news is kaleidoscopic. It varies with the day and the political bias of one's paper. Sometimes Germany is breaking in this way, sometimes in that. But few people seem to have much faith in the final emergence of a united Germany from this sea of disaster and misery in Central Europe.

Perhaps I believe too much in things of the mind and imagination, in the language of writing and literature as a link and sustaining power in human affairs, but I do not share this belief in the breakup of Germany. I believe she will keep together as Russian speaking Russia is kept together; will become again a great nation, a great people playing a leading part in the world's destinies.

**Democracy Clumsy.** It is true that her new democratic institutions have worked feebly and disastrously. But just at present what we call democratic institutions—our old, clumsy system of voting and representative government, that is—are not working particularly well in many a European country. One cannot congratulate Great Britain, France, or Italy upon its triumphant democracy just at the present time.

A duly elected British government is unable to carry out its so-called foreign policy effectively because it is shunted down by a millionaire newspaper owner suffering from a Napoleonic mania, and in France the expression of public opinion is not so much shouted down as battered down under a centralized, all-powerful press combine.

France behaves with the concentrated vigor of monomania, Great Britain with the self-regarding evasiveness of the feeble minded, and the common citizen of neither country is really justified in an attitude of superiority towards the distraught and leaderless German.

Distraught and leaderless the Germans are, which explains the greatest misfortune that can happen to a people in the face of a steadfast enemy without a leading idea to hold them together. We have to remember that this great people, the Germans, lost their way in 1849 and have still to recover.

At that time there was a reasonable prospect of a republican United States of Germany. It was wrecked by the habitual particularism of Germany, by the self-seeking treason of the Hohenzollerns. Germany was unified later, but from above, not from below; by crown and dynasty, not by education and an educated popular will. Germany is still reaping the consequences of that misfortune.

**Royalty Versus Achievement.** It is not the least among the endless inconveniences of monarchy that it substitutes an unreal symbol for real ideas of unity. Instead of a cult of brotherhood, instead of pride in the achievements of one's own people in science, art, social progress and service to mankind, there is substituted more or less completely the silly adulation of the crowned head, his womanhood and their offspring.

School children of a monarchist country are trained up to silly worship of these glorified individuals, the flag becomes the carpet beneath the feet of their delirious, their delusions are diverted from their pride and honor as future members of a great community.

Many people never grow up out of the obsessions of a royalist training, so it is that the collapse of the Hohenzollern system has left great masses of the German people disastrously bankrupt, utterly confused. Any people who had the same training and the same experience would be equally at a loss and helpless. The idea of a great German republic, one and indivisible, has to be built up now in an atmosphere of unparalleled storm, confusion and disaster.

**Anything May Happen.** It cannot be built up all at once, meanwhile anything superficial in the way of separations may happen in Germany. I will not attempt to discuss the problems of separatism that are going on. But one probability is very present in mind. It is one of the paradoxes of the Russian situation that the communist government at Moscow survives there very largely because, under the stress of foreign invasions and the foreign subsidies, devastations, the white adventurers have become a patriotic government.

In Germany now neither the big industrialists, the old junkers, nor the ruling classes generally seem to have the wit and generosity to think of their civilization as a whole. The communists do after their fashion. At present the communists are showing no overwhelming strength in German affairs, but the time will come when great numbers of the German people, trained to hardship, ruined, desperate, may turn to this one party which tells the same story in the Rhineland, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia.

We have, I think, to count it among many possibilities of the present situation that the communist government may presently be fighting for German integrity against foreign domination in Berlin, that great masses of the German people, like the Russians, may prefer even communism to certain shames and indignities of separatism. In which case Monsieur Poincaré will, I suppose, beat up his armies of blacks and whites and march to Berlin, with an extension trip to Moscow to follow.

**Germany Will Survive.** Yet even after that Germany will survive. Twice before in history Germany has arisen out of desolation and defeat. I believe it will rise again out of the present darkness and end at last the leading central power, the very keystone, it may be, of a reconstituted Europe. I believe in the German schoolmaster, the German student, German persistency and patient strength, the German brain. I hated and hate that bastard Italian-Bavarian German imperialism, German junkerism, and I believe that our war to shatter these things was necessary. But I have never faltered in my belief in the greatness, the soundness of the German people, in the appreciation of all that we owe in intellectual, social, industrial stimulus to Germany.

Her present situation is unparalleled. Every attempt she makes to get to her feet is thwarted by a pitiless, senseless foe. Our English-speaking peoples in our slow, oafish way, are looking on, are assisting in the attempt to waste and torment to death a great community as civilized as our own. We never came into a war for any such objective; I do not believe that we will stand by to the end in the face of this iniquity.

But, anyhow, I believe that Germany will come back. Her common language, now her common misery, will keep her one. She has many enemies, but on her side now is a printed word, Bohemia, Czecho-Slovakia, as we call it now, rose again after an almost complete extinction of 200 years. Dark years are before Germany and a terrible winter, but in two years or 10 years Germany will have found her Hapsburg, her Bismarck, will be on her way to recovery. I will not like to be a German separatist in the days to come.

# Married Life of Helen and Warren

**A Box of Flowers Exposes an Embarrassing Subterfuge of Feminine Economy.**

"And Nora's out!" dismayed Helen. "Dear, won't you go?" "For me?" "Throwing down his paper, grumblingly Warren rose to answer the bell.

"That stupid boy! I told him to announce every one," darting to her room. Standing back of the door, she listened, ready to slip into another gown.

"You needn't do up," called Warren a moment later. "Just some flowers." "Flowers?" Now in the hall, Helen took the long florist box. "For me?"

"Guess nobody's saying it with flowers" to me," shrugged Warren, turning back to the library. "I wonder who they're from?" following him in with the box.

"Might open it and find out," ironically, taking up his paper. Helen prolonged the delicious uncertainty. There was no address on the long, white box lid, only the gilt-lettered, "A. Warendorf—Florist."

The string and tag must have slipped off. Yet without an address how could it have been delivered? The lid raised at last disclosed a card beneath the waxed paper that veiled the long-stemmed roses.

From Mrs. Armstrong! On her card was the penciled message: "For Mrs. Curtis in appreciation of her many kindnesses."

"Dear, look—from Mrs. Armstrong! How nice of her. My 'many kindnesses.' I suppose she means my vacuum cleaner. Look, aren't they lovely?" "Um-m," without glancing up.

"Why, these must've cost five or six dollars." She can't be so close as they say, "Wasn't it dear of her?"

Out in the pantry Helen took down the tall, over-ornate cutglass vase that she kept out of sight unless needed for flowers. A Christmas present from Warren's Aunt Amelia. The saucy cut design suggested a trading-stamp premium.

Returning to the pantry, she picked up the box that Pussy Purr-Mew had tipped over on the floor.

Gathering up the scattered paper, she found a small card envelope. It was empty and not addressed—but plainly it had been sealed and broken open.

With an undefined impulse, Helen picked up Mrs. Armstrong's card. It was too large! It had never been in that envelope!

In the next few seconds Helen made swift and illuminating deductions. The untied box, minus an address tag. The slightly faded roses—11 instead of 12. The envelope which had plainly held another card. And above all, Mrs. Armstrong's petty economies.

"Oh, that's lovely! We might've known!" gleefully catching up Pussy Purr-Mew.

Her check against the soft fur, and her gaze fixed on the mislaid card, Helen's mind was working fast. "That's a clever idea. Why can't we pass it along?"

A purring approval from Pussy Purr-Mew.

Darting back to the library, Helen took up the vase. Warren, conveniently absorbed in his paper, would never notice the depleted flowers.

Again out in the pantry, she re-lined the box with the tissue paper, smoothing out the evidence of Pussy Purr-Mew's rumpling paws.

Selecting six roses, the more plausible number, she wiped off the stems and carefully replaced them in the box.

Then addressing one of her own cards to "Mrs. Alfred Benton—With best wishes for your quick recovery," she tucked it among the flowers.

The box neatly tied with a bit of pink string from the pantry "string drawer," Helen viewed it approvingly, and carried it out to the elevator.

"Take this to Mrs. Benton on the 11th floor," when the car came up in response to her ring.

"Yes'm," the elevator boy eyed the box with interest.

Back in the library Helen took up her interrupted magazine serial. But the story now failed to hold her. She was picturing the flattered reception of her flowers. As Mrs. Benton was convalescing from a slight operation, it was a most timely offering—and incidentally would pay for those mangoes the Bentons brought them from Cuba.

If Mrs. Armstrong could discharge obligations with secondhand flowers, why could not she?

Who had sent the flowers to Mrs. Armstrong? Why had she not been more discreet in her strategy? How careless to have overlooked that envelope—and how foolish to keep one of the roses! Better to have kept the roses are ordered by the dozen or half dozen—never 11. Nor does a florist ever send out a box untied and unsealed.

But the flowers were finally forgotten in the lurid serial of flapper sensationalism.

It was after 9 when the door bell rang again.

"Oh, surely no one this late!" tumbling Pussy Purr-Mew from her lap. "Dear, do you mind going?"

Again Warren grumblingly threw down his paper and stomped out to the door. He came back with a note which he tossed at Helen.

"What's the idea? Why all the notes and flowers? Ringing in another birthday?"

With pleased expectancy, Helen tore open the envelope. From Mrs. Benton—probably thanking her for the flowers.

"My dear Mrs. Curtis: It was sweet of you to send me the flowers. Yes, I am much better. Quite well enough to enjoy a very amusing joke.

You see, less than an hour ago I sent those roses (a dozen of them) to Mrs. Armstrong! So I was some what surprised when I opened the box. But as fortunately I have a sense of humor, it made me quite

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a diversion in an otherwise tiresome day. Yours, "Lucile G. Benton."

As a horrified exclamation escaped her, Warren glanced up.

"Who's that from?" her crimson mortification flagging his attention. "Just a note from Mrs. Benton," she tried to say it carelessly.

"What about? You're red as a beet. See here, you're not having any rumphus with anybody in the house?"

With masculine dread of feminine squabbles, Warren always admonished her against intimacies with too close neighbors. "Make your friends outside," was his sage motto. "Then when you have a row you're not always bumping into 'em!"

And now, his suspicions aroused by her confused silence, he threw down his paper with a stern, "Let's see that note!"

"Why, dear, it's nothing—just about something I sent her."

"Let me see it!"

Knowing the inexorability of that tone, reluctantly she handed it to him.

scowling glance at the condemnatory note. But instead of the dreaded explosion, Warren threw back his head and roared.

"Ha, ha, that's the time you got stung! You're always passing on your presents—and here's where you got what's coming to you. That's a darned clever letter. She handed you a knockout all right."

"It's a hateful letter," flamingly trying to take it from him.

But holding her off, he tauntingly read it aloud.

"That's the richest yet. You women passing around those flowers—paying off your debts on the cheap. Well, you were dumb. You knew Mrs. Armstrong was a tight wad—might've doped it out she didn't order those flowers for you."

"I did," admitted Helen almost tearfully. "I knew some one sent them to her—that's what gave me the idea. But I didn't dream it was Mrs. Benton."

"Hub, a rum mixup! Hereafter

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By the way, I wish you would thank Harvey for me for the nice page "writeup" he gave me in last month's K-B. Printer, that witty and interesting house organ of his.

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*Guy Liggett*

President for 26 years.

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