The Curse of Europe

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

When dinner is over in the wardroom of every German warship, an officer rises in his place at the end of the table, and the mess, blue-coated and brass-buttoned, rises with him, as a single man, "Der Tag," says the officer solemnly, as he lifts his glass, and "Der Tag," repeat his fellows, their drained glasses tinkling in chorus Whether riding at anchor in the harbors of Kiel or Bremerhaven, whether cruising off the Cameroons or the Carlines, that is the Teuton navy toast, just those two words "The Day," that Day when war is declared and German and Briton spring at each other's throats.

It is as curious as it is complex, this international tension which menaces the peace of the world. So we will sit down together, you and I, whether in the bay window of a club or the smoking room of train or steamer or by your own fireside is of little matter, and I will try to make clear to you in simple, every-day terms the real reasons, the inside reasons, the occult reasons for Germany's hatred of England and England's fear of Germany, why the shipyards on the Clyde and the Elbe are working day and night, how His Holiness the Pope is secretly laying the foundations for a new and mighter Roman Empire, and how an obscure prince holds in his podgy, jeweled hands the fate of Europe. It is a story that will make you draw a long breath when you have heard it, and I will tell it as plainly as I may.

Five men—King Edward, Monsieur Isvolsky, William Hohenzollern, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Cardinal Merry del Val—comprise "Europe"; these five and no more. There used to be two others; but one of them, Von Bulow by name, has passed into that realm of obscurity from which few statesmen return, and the other, the most sinister figure of them all, is a prisoner in a Salonikan villa.

Today all Europe is divided into two armed camps, waiting breathlessly for the morrow with its Armageddon. At the head of one party, the more warlike and aggressive of the two, stands the German Michael, and ranged beside him is Austria-Hungary and, perhaps, the regenerated Turkey, in spite of English loans and French sympathy. England is the leader of the other party, and behind her, though with no particular enthusiasm, march disrupted France and bankrupt Russia, with Portugal and Spain thrown in to make good measure. Italy, by virtue of the Triple Alliance, is theoretically an ally of Germany and Austria, but as a matter of fact she is in deadly fear of that fleet which Austria is building with such frantic haste in her Adriatic shipyards. So I rather think that when it comes to forming in battle array, Italy will go over to England.

There are three causes for the Anglo-German situation today: (1) insolation, (2) protection, (3) expansion. There you have it in a nutshell.

Germany, it should be understood, labors under an obsession that she is in the toils of a vast diplomatic intrigue, in which England is the moving spirit, **which is gradually isolating** her, hemming her in. She points to the Anglo-French entente, to the Anglo-Russian rapprochement, to the Anglo-Italian understanding, to the Anglo-Spanish marriage, to the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, to Anglo-Turkish sympathy, to Anglo-American kinship, and she asks, not unnaturally, "But where do I come in?" It is for all the world like the school bully who bullied his companions so long that they became tired of playing with him and left him out of their games entirely. This is what the German bully calls isolation, so he is going about among his European companions, shaking his fist under their noses and saying, "If you don't take me back into your games, I'll lick the stuffing out of you." And as he insists that little Johnnie Bull was the boy who planned the scheme of isolating him, he is going to wallop little Johnnie first.

And Germany has grave reasons for her ill-feelings. She points to the arrangements between England and France, which have opened up Morocco to French "penetration"—though Germany claims interests there herself — and have tightened England's grasp on Egypt; to the Anglo-Russian condominium which has divided Persia into spheres of influence—although Germany is herself rushing a railway to the Persian Gulf; to the arrangement between Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan to guard the statu quo in the Far East, in which Germany was not even consulted, although she considers herself, by virtue of her annexation of Kiao-chow, a Far Eastern Power. Now it is this very policy of ignoring her that Germany most bitterly resents. Her aim is to place herself in a position where her approval and consent must be obtained before any treaties are signed, any coalitions formed, any alliances concluded, before any annexations or protectorates or sphere of influence are made by any European nations. In simpler words, and those once used by the Kaiser himself, nothing shall happen in the world without Germany. Therein you have the German policy, short and sharp.

How Germany is "Penned In."

Now, when it comes down to the cold facts, Germany is as effectually isolated—"penned in," the Germans call it—as though she were deposited, bag and baggage, on an island in the South Pacific. Let us glance at the map a moment, you and I. Here sprawls Germany, like an Old Man of the Sea, astride the shoulders of exhausted, impoverished, quaking Europe. Despite her great area and her prodigious population, so geographically is she hemmed in that she has but a scant three hundred miles of free seaboard, that little strip of coastline stretching from the Dutch to the Danish frontiers, where the Elbe and the Weser empty themselves into the North Sea. Across that sea, only a few hours' steam away, lies England, suspicious and unfriendly. To the northward, overshadowing her coasts and cutting her North Sea ports off from the Baltic fears Denmark, still smarting from the cruel and needless war of '64, and the rape of Schleswig-Holstein—and it is a Danish princess, remember, who sits on the British throne. Still further to the north are the Scandinavian kingdoms, hanging like a cloud over the North Sea and the Baltic. The Queen of Norway is a daughter of King Edward, and the future Queen of Sweden is his niece.

Alsace-Lorraine "Not Lost, But Only Stolen."

To the northwest lie Belgium and Holland, the former wholly French in its sympathies, its tastes and its language; the latter anti-German to the backbone of every burgher. No one, unless he saw, as I did, the delirious rejoicings of the phlegmatic Dutch over the birth of little Juliana, fully appreciate how bitterly hostile and fearful are they of Germany's ambitions. The two Lowland countries know full well that, if war comes, Germany's first move will be to seize them both, for Belgium and Holland, in Germany's hand, would be a pistol held behind the ear of France and pointed straight at England's forehead. Across the Rhine, behind her grim chain of frontier fortresses, lies France and they are good haters, are the French. In the spring, if you will walk in the Place de la Concorde, you will see them decking with garlands of roses the statue which typifies Strassburg; the French will tell you that Alsace and Lorraine are not lost but only stolen, and that one of these days they will be taken back with interest. Remember, too, that an English princess wears the Spanish crown, and in revolution-ridden Portugal, the smypathies of dynasty, government and people are wholly British. Italy, though nominally bound to Austria and Germany by the terms of the Triple Alliance, is arming against Austria, and makes no secret of it. Although the leaders of rejuvenated Turkey have, for reasons of their own, made friendly professions to Germany, the people, who have not forgotten the recent seizure of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria with Germany's approval, pin their faith to England. The Tsar, though personally he hates the French, his allies, is no lover of the Germans, of whom he is mortally afraid, for he has altogether too much exposed frontier to sleep peacefully o' nights. Besides, Russian and German railways are racing each other to the Persian Gulf, and that does not make for good feeling, either. Nicholas is really more British in his sympathies and upbringing than anything else, and the Czarina's love for her English relatives is well known, so when war comes I think that between his interests and his feelings England can safely count on his support.

England Germany's Greatest Market

In the East the Japanese are England's allies, and guard her Oriental possessions as they do their own, while we of the West are not only bound to England by bonds of blood and sentiment, but already we have had to say to Germany in Venezuela, "Hands off!" And so the circle is complete. It is the Germans and their Austrian kinfolk against the world. So much for isolation.

German's second reason for going to war with England is protection, and perhaps that is the strongest reason of all. The most insistent demand of Germany today is for a market for her goods, and it is in free-trade England that she finds it. But, if the signs of the times point aright, England is not going to be free-trade much longer. The triumph of tariff reform in England is to the minds of most thinking men inevitable; but therein lies a very real and very imminent danger. There are no negotiations which demand a deeper knowledge of a special sort than those attendant upon the treaties of commerce which follow in the wake of tariffs. Protection, if it does for England what its advocates claim for it, is going to hit Germany a staggering blow; with one stroke of the pen she will lose her best market, or rather, markets, for she will lose those of South Africa, Australia, India and Canada as well. Do you appreciate what it will mean to over-populated, over-taxed, overproductive Germany to have the British outlet for her goods closed by a tariff wall It will mean brankruptcy, bankruptcy with a capital B and nothing less. What, then, you ask, will be Germany's answer to such a move on the part of England? The answer will come from the guns of her battleships and the rifles of her soldiers; the answer lies behind that toast which is drunk in every wardroom and mess-hall in the Empire; the answer is War.

I can hear you laugh, my sheltered friends, as you sit in your comfortable club window or by your cozy fireside, and say that all this is nonsense, is visionary, that for a nation to declare ware because a neighbor decides to change its fiscal policy from free-trade to protection smacks more of the Middle Ages, with their senseless quarrels, than of this twentieth century civilization of which we are so proud. I repeat, that protection in England means financial disaster in Germany, and to avert that financial disaster Germany, unless I very much mistake the scope of the Imperial mind, is prepared to fight for those life-sustaining markets with every ship and every man. Why, she went to war with France for far less reason, and the ghosts of Bismarck and Von Moltke still flit through the corridors of that old palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, still hover over the chair of the foreign minister, still stand behind the throne of the War Lord.

In such case what, think you, would those grim old men have done?

Two Million Babies a Year.

The third and last and most potent reason for Germany's attitude toward England, the real reason why the nations are bankrupting themselves with their fleets of Dreadnoughts and their avalanches of armies, the underlying cause of all the uncertainty and uneasiness and unrest, are the babies, the German babies, the chubby, lusty, crowing Hans and Gretchens who are coming into the world so fast that Germany is at her wits' end to know what to do with them all. Already there are more than sixty million Germans, cooped up in an area four-fifths the size of Texas. And the babies, the little, fat, chubby babies, are pouring in at the rate of two millions a year. And the worst of it is that neither they, nor their hard-working fathers, nor their thrifty, industrious mothers, can get out. On every side the Fatherland is hemmed in by countries as populous as itself. Thousands upon tens of thousands, of course, have emigrated and are mining in South Africa, or sheep-raising in Australia, or beer-brewing in our own land; and in the course of time their children are named John or Jonathan, and Sadie or Rose, and they forget the mother-tongue and give their allegiance to another flag. And what is more important, it is a stranger's land that is made fertile by their labor. Now all this is a bad thing for Germany.

It is losing its life-blood, its vital sap, and no one knows it better than the Kaiser. Could there be a more pressing explanation of the necessity for expansion. Here is the reason for Germany's determination to obtain, by hook or crook, peaceably if she can, forcibly if she must, a colonial empire of her own, wherein the little Hans and Gretchens of today may find homes and lucrative, empire-building occupations tomorrow.

They Left Germany the Core.

Open up the atlas and let us see of what Germany's colonial possessions consist. So insignificent and worthless are they that they would be laughable were they not, by their very lack of size and value, so deadly a menace to international peace. For England, France and Russia between them have not left much on the map that is worth the having. Long since they ate the apple and all that is left for Germany is the worm-eaten core. In Africa she has four colonies—German East Africa, German Southwest Africa, the Cameroons and Togoland. Millions upon millions of marks has she spent upon these worthless stretches of forest, jungle and arid plains, and thousands upon thousands of soldiers, in spiked helmets have fallen there from fevers or native spears; in Polynesia she holds a strip of New Guinea, which she has named Kaiser Wilhelm Land, chiefly remarkable for the ferocity of its head-hunters and the virulence of its fevers; and the German flag likewise floats over the groups of the Carolines, the Marshalls and the Ladrones; in North China she bullied the Celestials into ceding her the port of Kiao-chow; and there you have the colonial empire of Germany in a nutshell. Her colonies are the leavings of other nations; she has been forced into the humiliating position of taking what the other countries did not want. She has made desperate efforts, repeated efforts, to obtain a footing elsewhere in the world, but always she has been driven off unceremoniously. By abstaining from intervention in Crete, the Kaiser obtained from Abdul-Hamid, of unsavory memory, a wonderful concession for a railway from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, a concession that might well have given Germany a new empire in Western Asia, but a remarkable coup of British diplomacy took the fruits of it away from her when they seemed within her grasp—and that is another of the reasons why she hates England.

Germany claimed to have "interests" in Morocco—Heaven only knows what they could have been—and the Kaiser went there in person, wearing a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, to look after his "interests," and to pay a call on Muley Aziz, his friend and brother; but though he blustered and threatened war, England and France stood shoulder to shoulder in that affair—and there you have still another reason why Germany hates England. South America lay temptingly to hand, rich and tantalizingly roomy, and as the most approved method of stealing territory nowadays is to seize a customs-house or two (this method has the sanction of all the leading authorities) the Kaiser, still having in mind those fast-growing Hans and Gretchens, sent a fleet over to Caribbean waters on the pretext of collecting a bill. But it so happens that we have long since looked on South America as our own particular pie, which Mr. Monroe long ago said quite plainly no one else should have a finger in. So the telegraph flashes a curt message from the White House overland to Tampa, and there the submarine cable took it up and dash-dotted it under the ocean to the American battle fleet, at gun-practice off Santiago de Cuba, and a few hours later, with bunkers full and ammunition hoists well-greased, the gray warships were tearing southward toward Venezuela and the German fleet.

The End of a Successful Day

How Roosevelt Outbluffed the Kaiser.

And a still curter message flashed from the White house under four thousand miles of ocean to a red-and-white palace in Potsdam, and when it was received the Kaiser gnawed his nails and swung his left arm, as he has a habit of doing when he is very angry—and recalled his fleet. He is the greatest bluffer in Europe, is this same Kaiser Wilhelm, as a very eminent personage indeed once assured me; but bluffing plays a considerable part in one of our own games, and the spectacled, belligerent gentleman then in the White house had forgotten more about that particular game than the Kaiser ever knew. Some day events may so shape themselves that I shall be at liberty to tell the true story of the Venezuelan incident, and of how, quite unknown to the diplomats and the journalists, yes, unknown even to Wall Street, and Capel Court, America and Germany trembled for a few brief hours on the brink of war. When that story is told, if ever it is, it will make the diplomats in their frock-coats and the journalists sit up and take notice, I assure you.

All Depends on England's Navy.

Let us look at the situation now through the British monocle. The foreign policy of England is summed up in the old motto, "What we have we'll hold," and the afterthought is, "If we can." And there comes the rub. For, in case of war Britain's oversea possessions would be far more of a hindrance than a help. Already India is seething with sedition, and the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" is daily growing louder in the land of the Valley of the Nile. With the Mediterranean—which a British prime minister once called a British lake—denuded of British warships, which have been concentrated in the North Sea, Malta, Cyprus and Egypt will lie at the mercy of that fleet of Dreadnoughts which the Austrians are rushing to completion; And to make matters worse, England herself is scared almost into convulsions. Every thinking Englishman is convinced that Germany meditates a sudden attack on England, and when that attack comes, as it surely will, Britain's only hope of salvation lies in her fleet. That is why the British shipyards and arsenals are ringing day and night, with the clang and clank of tools; why every increase in the German navy budget is met by a corresponding increase by the lords of the admiralty; why the British taxpayer fumes and grumbles, but still pays his income tax of thirteen pence in the pound—think of it, five cents on every dollar we in America do not even faintly realize the cost of this desperate struggle for naval supremacy, it is staggering. This year the British naval estimates call for an expenditure of eight millions of dollars and Germany has raised her four millions more. Look at it in any way you will, there can be but one end to a race which is impoverishing both nations, and that end is war. If England wins she will have secured herself for half a century to come. If Germany triumphs, her victory will give her the position which England holds now, it will make her mistress of Europe, it will place her in a position where she can make free trade in England one of the terms of peace, it will give her a free hand in the Balkans, in Mesopotamia and in Persia, will give her the pick of England's colonies oversea, and a billion dollars indemnity with which to build a navy that will overawe the world.

If Englands battleship bulwarks hold ,then all is well, but if her fleets are out-manoeuvered or meet with disaster in battle ,then the game is lost. The world has moved since Napoleon's day; the invasion of England by a continental power is not as formidable as it seemed in other centuries. A famous British general once said: "There are seventeen different ways by which a German army might get into England, but no single way by which they could get out again;" to which the German general staff will add: "But we don't want to get out again."

The fear of German invasion is no delusion bred from fear, no jingo rallying cry; it is the deep-seated belief of all that is clear-headed and sane in Britain. A former prime minister, Lord Rosebery, is preaching it from Land's End to John O'Groat's, and the foreign minister, Sir Edward Grey, as sane and shrewd and cautious a statesman as Downing street has known these many years, is going out of his way to back him up; those two bluff sea-dogs, Lord Charles Beresford and Sir John Fisher ,are carrying the flaming cross through the colonies; Lord Northcliffe, himself the greatest newspaper power in the world, is urging every sheet and column at his command to bring England to a realization of the peril in which she stands.

England's War Scare.

The German terror permeates every class of the population. The other day the brigade of guards was performing the stately and impressive ceremony of trooping the national colors in the Horse Guards in London. "Hi say," called out one small urchin to another, "what har they up to, 'Arry?" "Practising for when the Germans comes, of course," was the serious reply. That youngster voiced the national view of all Britain's naval and military preparations. It is all "practising for when the Germans comes." That is why Baden-Powell, as due to the conviction expressed in the old saw that the best way to prevent war is to prepare for it. This may be so, but there is a widespread and growing feeling through Great Britain and her colonies that war with Germany in our own generation, yes, within the not far distant future, is not a possibility but a probability. One might coin a phrase and say that the surest way to have war is to look upon it as inevitable, and that is precisely what the majority of Englishmen are doing today. Not is it inconceivable that England may strike the first blow.

Everything considered, I think that England has good cause to lie awake o' nights. Twice has the Kaiser declared in public that the future of Germany lies on the sea. Repeatedly has Germany refused to discuss her vast frantic haste with which they are being increased; the whole of her shipbuilding yards are negaged in an unparalleled scheme of naval construc- armaments or give any reasons for the tion; scores of her leading writers make no secret of her intentions; history has shown that on previous occasions she has made unprovoked and sudden attacks on other nations, and, most significant of all, the coal-carrying capacity of the ships she is building so hurriedly, and which, she insists, are designed solely for the protection of her trade routes, limits their radius of action to the North Sea.

There is the disquieting fact. It is not that Germany is building a new fleet which disquiets England, but the conviction that she is building it against her. It is not the British armaments which incites the Germans to emulation so much as the new British policy of concentrating their fleet within striking distance of the German coast. The Germans will tell you that they aim at constructing such a fleet that even the strongest naval power will not venture to attack them without grave risk to itself. The English will tell you that their aim is to prevent Germany from acquiring a predominance in Europe—and this is precisely what Germany is determined to do. Today the ambitions of the Kaiser are boundless. He seeks to dominate the continent as the first step toward dominating the world. Thrice in four years has Germany threatened war, and in two of these thre instances the hero of Mafeking, is organizing the schoolboys of the nation into a force of Boy Scouts; why the gentlemen riders and the hunting men ,the amateur explorers and the big game hunters, have organized the league of Frontiersmen; why Lord Roberst is using his well-earned rest in preaching from the text, "Learn to shoot" from one end of England to the other; why Kipling is working overtime on verses aimed to stir the martial spirit which, he insists, lies latent in each British breast; why ladies of title have donned the visored cap and the scarlet tunic, and are lending their efforts to the recruiting sergeants in their passionate quest for food for powder, German powder.

The Kaiser's Test Coup.

The most recent of Germany's war-threats was in the spring just past, when Austria ,tearing up the treaty of Berlin and blowing the pieces in the faces of the signatory powers ,annexed the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, without so much as saying "by your leave." Austria chose this occasion needlessly to humiliate little Servia, with the apparent object of showing the world that Russia dared not intervene to protect her protege. She achieved her end with German aid. Last spring the Kaiser made up his mind that if he was to avoid total isolation he must render some brilliant service to his kinsmen in Austria (in Austria, mind you, not Austria-Hungary, for the Hungarians hate everything German as the devil hates holy water). His opportunity came with this Austrian annexation of Bosina and Herzegovina; for Servia, seeing in the fate of her neighbors a forecast of her own, promptly shrilled a protest, and Russia, who considers herself the protectors of the Slavs of the Balkans, backed up her little ward with a deep rumble of objection. Here was the chance for which the Kaiser waited. An army corp or so was moved up close to the Russian frontier and the German ambassador in St. Petersburg told Monsieur Isvolsky, in effect if not in words ,that his imperial master ,and the Austrian emperor were neighbors, kinsmen and allies, and that unless Russia withdrew her support, from Servia she would have to reckon with Austria and Germany combined. The support was withdrawn. That is why the German ambassador was "cut" by the great ladies of the Russian court at the imperial ball a few days later.

But Germany never does something for nothing. She seeks more than the empty friendship of Austria; she seeks the active aid of Austria in the war with England for which she is preparing. Austria, it must be remembered, is bound to her formidable neighbor on the north by an offensive and defensive alliance, the terms of which have never been published, but which would almost certainly compel her to support Germany were that power at war with England, and the German press exultantly counts the Austrian fleet as one of the wings of the German armada.

Austria the Key to the Situation.

A weak king, I hear you say. Austria has no navy. There, my friends, you are mistaken. Because Austria has not been a sea-power in the past is no sign that she is not going to be one in the future. You are not aware that within two years Austria will have available thirteen of the most powerful battleships in the world? And do you appreciate that these thirteen battleships will be at the service of Germany? And do you appreciate what such an Austrian fleet can do in the Mediterranean, with no force to hold it in check? It would have Malta, Cyprus and Egypt at its mercy. Austria would not find the slightest difficulty in despatching an expeditionary force to any of these points, and once in control of Egypt and dominating the Suez canal she could dispatch her smaller ships to attack commerce, proceeding by the Cape route to India. Thus it is clear that in case of war a powerful British fleet must be stationed in the Mediterranean, unless the British people are prepared to see their commerce destroyed, their communications with the east interrupted, their fortresses in the Mediterranean one by one attacked and captured and staggering blows struck in every quarter against their Empire. With a navy which will certainly be the most efficient in the Mediterranean in the near future, Austria may reasonably entertain daring ambitions. No opposition is to be feared from France so long as the French army is distinctly weaker than the German, and is by no means certain of Russian support. Italy alone, or even in combination with France, is hardly strong enough to resist Austro-German pressure; indeed, Italian naval officers assure me that the Italian coast line will be absolutely at the mercy of the new Austrian ships, unless the Italian navy is reconstructed and reorganized. It looks then, as if, when the fatal hour comes, Austria could take what she wanted in the near east, and once more dictate her own terms as in the Bosnian crisis, while this new navy of hers, which has sprung into being as if by the wave of a magician's wand, will be a terrible menace to any enemy of her German ally.

And now we come to the strangest part of all this complex tale. With the aid of Austrian battleships and bayonets, the German war lord might well look for success in a war with England. But with those same battleships and bayonets against him, he would certainly be lost. For Germany, or against her? That is the question that Austria has to decide. It will not be decided for her by the old emperor, tottering under his weight of fourscore years for the breath of death is already on his face and the physicians say he may not live out the year. Not by Von Aehrenthal, that foreign minister who sprang to fame in a single night, for he is but a puppet in the hands of a more daring, more far-seeing, more ambitious man—and that man's name is Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria and heir to the duel throne.

The New Factor in European Politics.

In Franz Ferdinand you have before you one of the most remarkable, as he is one of the most mysterious figures in Europe of today. Forty-six years old, a student, a thinker, horticulture his only hobby, married morganatically to the Countess Sophie Chotek—there you have all that a curious world has learned about him. But above all else, he is a clerical of the clericals. If he had not been born an archduke he would have been a Jesuit. And it is not too much to say that in his every action one may detect the shrewd and masterful workings of the Society of Jesus. Whether Austria throws in her lot with Protestant Germany, whether she goes to war with Catholic Italy or France, whether she gives her assistance to her ancient ally, England, depends ultimately on the subtle and brilliant diplomats who direct the destinies of the Church of Rome. What they suggest, that will Franz Ferdinand do.

In him the Church of Rome sees an instrument to regain its old-time influence in the European concert, perhaps even to restore to His Holiness the temporal power which Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel snatched from the church, the loss of which has made the Pope the prisoner of the Vatican. Already the empire-building has begun; the first step was the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In every city and village and hamlet in the Balkans will you find these missionaries of empire—sombre Jesuits, leaneafeatured Trappists, cowled and sandaled Franciscans, preaching, praying, proselytizing. Keen-sighted and wary, consummate diplomatists every one, already their influence in the Balkan peninsula has become enormous. They it was who prepared the way for the hauling down of the Turkish flag in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they it is who are the real pioneers of Austrian expansion. Servia and tiny Montenegro wil fall in their turn, and then the mysterious Aehrenthal will find a pretext to "occupy" Macedonia, with its long-wanted Salonika. For Austria, if she is to fulfil her destiny, must go to the south and the warm water, and Salonika, with its splendid harbor and its rich hinterland, and its command of the Dardanelles and the canal, lies tantalizingly, dangerously near. Long since, unless I am very much mistaken, has that most able and far-seeing of all diplomats, the lean, inscrutable secretary of state, Merry del Val, urged on Franz Ferdinand to follow out Bismarck's old prescription, to make Austria a real Oesterreich or eastern empire. And the rulers of that empire, in fact if not in name, will be they who rule the Church of Rome.

And now I have shown you as best I could, the real European situation of today. Out of the ruck two figures stand forth, sharp and clear; William of Hohenzollern, pompous, theatrical, ambitious, and Franz Ferdinand of Hapsburg, silent, crafty and pious. Was ever a more ill-mated pair? But between them lies the fate of Europe.

The author of this article has just returned from a trip through Austria, the Balkans, the Caucasus, Russia, Germany and Italy, made on behalf of Everybody's Magazine.