

Roosevelt Gives U.S. Five Years to Arm

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT gives the United States five years' breathing-space in which to arm for a great war. He does not put it quite so baldly as that, perhaps; but what he says, in speaking of the necessity of preparing to protect the nation from armed force, is that the secondary question of expense "may well be of life and death significance to the nation," and that "five years hence it may be altogether too late to spend any money." If this has any meaning at all, it surely is that Col. Roosevelt will only ensure the United States, against finding war so imminent that it can no longer buy adequate preparation with money, for the short period of five years.

AND he means a great war; for he talks of getting the second-best navy in the world, and an army of at least a million men. That is, he wants a navy bigger than the German navy; and he wants enough men to put up a formidable defence on the Atlantic seaboard. He shows that he knows whence the blow will come—if it comes—by not talking any nonsense about Japan, but significantly advising his people to locate all their munition plants "west of the Alleghanies." Col. Roosevelt is one of the few public men in the United States who have a good grasp of international politics. It is a study which naturally interests him; and he has had exceptional opportunities for satisfying his interest. Most of his fellow Presidents and other prominent American public men have taken a view of international politics which is well illustrated by their provincial habit of appointing—not trained diplomats—but wealthy local magnates, innocent of any language save their own, to important foreign Embassies. It is nothing new for the American Ambassador to a foreign capital to see that city for the first time when he arrives to take up his duties. He speaks "United States" with fluency and fervour, and thinks it no more than a proper recognition of the "greatest nation in the world" when he finds that the leading men of the nation to which he is accredited and most of his fellow "diplomats" can speak a Londonized version of his own home language.

But Colonel Roosevelt knows that the United States is one of the nations of the world, and

that it can no more escape the pains and penalties of that position than a rich man's son can escape the mumps. International politics is largely a business of feeling your neighbour nation over to see if it is vulnerable at any point and has any attractive portable property which you might acquire by stabbing quickly through the first noticeable gap you discover in its armour. If you have the portable property, then you spend your time watching that there are no gaps in your armour. And no nation is exempt from this neighbourly and unceasing curiosity. No nation can announce that it "will not play." To try to keep out of this delightful round-game is only to excite the suspicions of your neighbours that you have something worth acquiring and are not quite ready to defend it.

THE Colonel knows this. Most of his fellow countrymen do not. They imagine that, unless you join the international club, you need not play in the tournaments. I am afraid that they are due for a rude awakening some day; but they cannot say, if that tragic day ever comes, that Colonel Roosevelt did not warn them, again and again. When the Germans "Louvain" Harvard University, there will be one alumnus who will not be blood-guilty of its fate. But to-day it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the free and happy American people will laugh a merry laugh at the Colonel's "five year" bogey, and tell each other that the Rough Rider has permitted his dashing uniform to turn his own head. They will no more believe the Colonel than the British Empire believed good old "Bobs." You recall, no doubt, how superior we all felt to "Bobs"—that "little red-faced man" who told us solemnly that "Germany would strike when Germany's hour had struck." We laughed the tolerant, easy laugh with which men of poise and cool heads always greet the frenetic clamours of the "crank." To use a very common expression, we are laughing on the other side of our mouths now.

THE American people, however, have infinitely less excuse for failing to perceive the all-too-firm foundation for Roosevelt's warnings than we had for flouting "Bobs." The generation which

smiled superior at "Bobs" from every foot-ball stand and every five o'clock tea table in the British Islands, had never seen a serious war near at hand. The Franco-Prussian War was the last outburst of savagery in Western Europe; and that was exactly forty-five years ago. That was the last time that a civilized European nation had set out deliberately to raid the premises of a neighbour, for the purpose of sand-bagging the proprietor and going off with the loot. And our dreamers of various sorts were easily able to persuade us that humanity had finally outgrown this form of barbarism.

THE American people, however, are to-day watching a burglars' war. They know that a great and well-organized Western Europe nation is quite capable of deliberately arming itself for the purpose of plundering a neighbour. They know that the less well-armed the neighbour, the more tempting the enterprise; and also that the temptation is further increased by the amount of wealth to be lifted from the strong-boxes of the unarmed neighbour. They do not have to guess about this—they see it in course of operation under their horrified eyes. So that, so far as the willingness of the burglar-nation to burglarize goes, they can be in no genuine doubt.

THEIR sole sanctuary of mental refuge must be the invulnerability of the United States. On that point, they ought to consult a soldier. If the control of the sea should once pass into the hands of a burglar-nation or group of nations, there is no country in the world so easily conquered as the American Republic. We quoted a week or so ago from an American writer in an American magazine a statement from an European Staff Officer showing one easy way in which this could be done. And doubtless other Staff Officers know of other ways. It is their business to study the premises of their friendly neighbours with a view to subsequently burglarizing them to the tune of shots fired into the bodies of the said neighbours. This is a sad state of affairs, but there is no use "Toronto Globeing" about it. The thing to do is to prepare to prevent it. Roosevelt says that the Americans have about five sure years for that job. And that is just about what they have got if Germany should be left, at the end of this war, with anything like her present military prestige. Of course, I do not think for a moment that she should be so left, as long as the Allies have a shot to fire. But if the Americans will not join us now in trapping the wolf, they had better be careful about piling up their "easy dollars," made out of neutrality, where the wolf—if still at large—can see them.

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FIRST REVIEW OF CANADIAN GENERALS BY HIS MAJESTY



Before the war Canada had only two or three generals, but none who had gained that rank on active service. The other day, in France, a number of Canadian generals were reviewed by His Majesty, just before his unfortunate accident. This picture is thus unique in several respects. The generals in France include: Major-General Currie, Brig-General Rennie, Brig-General Lipsett, Brig-General Leckie; Brig-General Seeley, and Brig-General Thacker, of the First Division; Major-General Turner, Brig-General Hughes, Brig-General Watson, Brig-General Ketchen, Brig-General Sissons, and Brig-General Morrison, of the Second Division; Major-General Mercer, Brig-General Lord Brooke, and Brig-General Smart, of the Corps Troops. First on the left in the photograph is Brig-General Burstall, Corps Artillery Commander; third, General Mercer; fifth, Lord Brooke; ninth, General Hughes; eleventh, General Turner, and thirteenth Surgeon-General Fotheringham.