

LLOYD GEORGE Attacks Mussolini For Action Against Greece

Europe Is Cheering Warlike Swaggers of Her Leaders Because She Forgets the Graves of the Past.

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.
Special Cable to The Advertiser.

London, Sept. 8.—The shores of the Mediterranean have, from time immemorial, been the scene of eruptions and earthquakes. They generally break out without warning. Sometimes they are devastating in their effects, destroying life and property over wide areas and on a vast scale. Sometimes they provide brilliant spectacular display, terrifying in appearance, but not causing much destruction.

To which of these two categories does the last eruption of Mussolini belong? To drop hot cinders in the Balkans is a dangerous experiment. The soil is everywhere soaked with naphtha, and it flouts about in uncharted pools and runlets which easily catch fire. A cinder flung from Vienna started a conflagration which spread over continents. That was only nine years ago. The ground is still hot—the smoke blinds and stifles. You cannot see clearly or breathe freely. Now and again there is a suspicious ruddiness in the banks of smoke, which proves that the fire is not yet out. And yet there are statesmen flinging burning faggots about with reckless swagger.

The temper of Europe may be gauged from the reception accorded to these heedless pyrotechnics on the part of national leaders by their own countrymen. Every time it occurs, whether in France, Italy or Turkey, and whether it be Poincaré, Mussolini or Mustafa Kemal who directs the show, applause greets the exhibition.

I remember the first days of the Great War. There was not a heliograph capital where great and enthusiastic crowds did not parade the streets to cheer for war. In those days, men did not know what war meant. Their conception of it was formed from pictures of heroic and always victorious—feats hung in national galleries and reproduced in the

form of cheap chromes, engravings and prints which adorn the walls in every cottage throughout most lands. Triumphant warriors on horseback, with gleaming eye and flourishing sabre are their own countrymen; the poor vanquished, under crashing hoofs, are the foe. Hurrah for more pictures. The crown prince denies that he ever used the phrase "this jolly war." His denial ought to be accepted in the absence of better proof than is yet forthcoming as to the statement ever having been made. But the phrase represented the temper of millions in those fatal days.

Cheers and Graves.
It used to be said that in wars one lot cheered and the other fought. But the cheering mobs who filled the streets that August were filling trenches in September, and multitudes were filling graves as the year was out. But when they cheered, they had no realization of the actualities of war. They idealized it. They only saw it in pictures.

But the cheerers of today know what war means. France lost well over a million lives in the last fight. Italy lost 600,000, and there are men in every workshop in both countries who know something of the miseries, as well as the horrors of war, and can tell those who do not. What then accounts for their readiness, at the slightest provocation, to rush in to all the same wretchedness over again? The infinite capacity of mankind for deluding itself. The last time, it is true, it was a ghastly affair. This time it will be an easy victory. Then you had to fight a perfectly-armed Germany or Austria—now it is a very small affair indeed. In one case a disarmed Germany which cannot fight or, in the other case, a miserable little country like Greece, with no army or navy to talk of.

So hurrah for the guns! A bloodless victory, except of course, to the vanquished. More pictures for the



FIGURES IN THE GRECO-ITALIAN CRISIS.

Here are the men to whom Lloyd George refers today in his discussion of Europe's new crisis and his criticism of Premier Mussolini of Italy.

From left to right the men: Mussolini; Salandra, Italian delegate to the League of Nations; Politis, the delegate from Greece; and Lord Robert Cecil from Great Britain, who is insisting upon the league's authority and right to deal with the dispute.

Lloyd George Says:

"To drop hot cinders in the Balkans is a dangerous experiment. A cinder flung from Vienna started a conflagration which spread over continents. That was only nine years ago. The ground is still hot."

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"Mussolini's answer to the Greek acknowledgment of liability is to bombard a defenseless town, kill a few unarmed citizens and enter into occupation of Greek islands. Had it been Britain, would he have shelled Coves and occupied the Isle of Wight? But Greece has no navy."

"I have heard it said that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. There is no doubt that there is one international law for the strong and another for the weak."

"It is one of the gross ironies of the European situation that the Treaty of Versailles is being gradually torn to pieces by the countries which are not only its authors but have most to gain by its provisions."

Greece has no navy. That, I suppose, alters the merits of the case! Force is still the supreme arbiter of right and wrong in international affairs in Europe.

It is worth noting how the new code of international law is coming into existence since the war. French armies invade neighbors' territory, occupy it, establish martial law, seize and run the railways, regulate its

press, deport tens of thousands of its inhabitants, imprison or shoot down all who resist, and then proclaim that this is not an act of war. It is only a peaceful occupation to enforce rights under a peace treaty. Signor Mussolini shells towns belonging to a country with whom he is at peace and forcibly occupies part of its territory, and then, solemnly declares that it is not an act of war but just

a reasonable measure of diplomatic precaution. Once force decides the issue it also settles rules.

There was a time when the English and Spaniards fought each other in the West Indies, whilst their governments at home were ostensibly at peace. And French and English fought in India without any diplomatic rupture between Versailles and St. James'. But in those days these lands were very remote, and the control over the center of events at these distances was intermittent and occasionally feeble. And sometimes it suited governments to ignore what was taking place on the fringe of the empire. But even in those days, an attack on homeland meant war, and it would mean war today were the attacked countries not powerless. I have heard it said that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. There is no doubt that there is one international law for the strong and another for the weak.

What About the League?

What about the League of Nations? This is pre-eminently a case for action under the covenant. Italy and Greece are both parties. How can they, consistently with the terms of the treaty they so recently signed, refuse to leave this dispute to be dealt with by the league? Italy had a special part in drafting the treaty and in imposing it upon Germany and Austria. She cannot now in decency repudiate its clauses. It is suggested in some quarters that, the dignity of Italy being involved in the dispute, she cannot possibly consent to leave it in the hands of the league. That surely is a fatal limitation on the activities of the League of Nations.

Every dispute involving right implicates national honor and, as every nation is judge of its own honor, ultimately all differences would be ruled out of the covenant which it did not suit one country or the other to refer. The league is not allowed to touch reparations. If this quarrel also is excluded from the consideration of the league, it is no exaggeration to say that this valuable part of the Treaty of Versailles becomes a dead letter paragraph. It is one of the gross ironies of the European situation that the Treaty of Versailles is being gradually torn to pieces by countries which are not only its authors, but have most to

"Had It Been Britain Would Mussolini Have Shelled Coves and Occupied the Isle of Wight?"

gain by its provisions. France has already repudiated the first and most important part of the treaty by declaring that it will refer no question arising between herself and her neighbors under the treaty itself to the League of Nations. She has further invaded and occupied her neighbors' territory in defiance of the provisions of the treaty.

If Italy also declines to respect the first part of that treaty, then nothing is left of it except what it suits the nations to enforce or obey. And if the framers do not owe allegiance to the treaty they drafted, why should those who only accepted it under duress bow to its behests? The victors are busily engaged in discrediting their own charter. It would have been a more honorable course for the nations to pursue if they had followed the example of America by refusing to ratify the whole treaty. To sign a contract and then to pick and choose for execution parts of it that suit you is unworthy of the honor of great nations which profess to lead the world towards a higher civilization.

There are ugly rumors of possible complications arising out of this unfortunate incident. It does not need a vivid imagination to foretell one or two possible results of a disastrous character. In this country they would be deplored, not only for their effect on European peace, but for the damage they must inevitably inflict on the best interests of Italy. She has had enough of victory. What she needs now—what we all need—is peace. There is no country which has a more genuine goodwill for Italy's prosperity and greatness than Great Britain. It is an old and tried friendship. The two nations have many common interests, they have no rivalries. Hence the deep anxiety of Britain that Italy should not commit a mistake which will mortgage her future, even if it does not imperil her present.

There are no doubt strategic ad-

vantages for Italy in holding Corfu. It enables them to "bottle up" the Adriatic. But it is Greek, and it menaces Slavonia, and this introduction of foreign elements into the body of a state for strategic reasons always provokes inflammatory symptoms injurious to the general health of the community. They tend to become malignant and, sooner or later, they bring disaster. Bosnia ultimately proved to be the death of the Austrian empire. When the Bosnian cancer became active, the evil of Italia Irredenta broke out once more and, between them, they laid the empire of the Hapsburgs in the dust.

Italy has played a great part in the work of civilization, and so has Greece. They have still greater tasks awaiting them—one on a great and the other necessarily on a smaller scale. It would be a misfortune to humanity if they spent their fine enthusiasm on hating and thwarting each other.

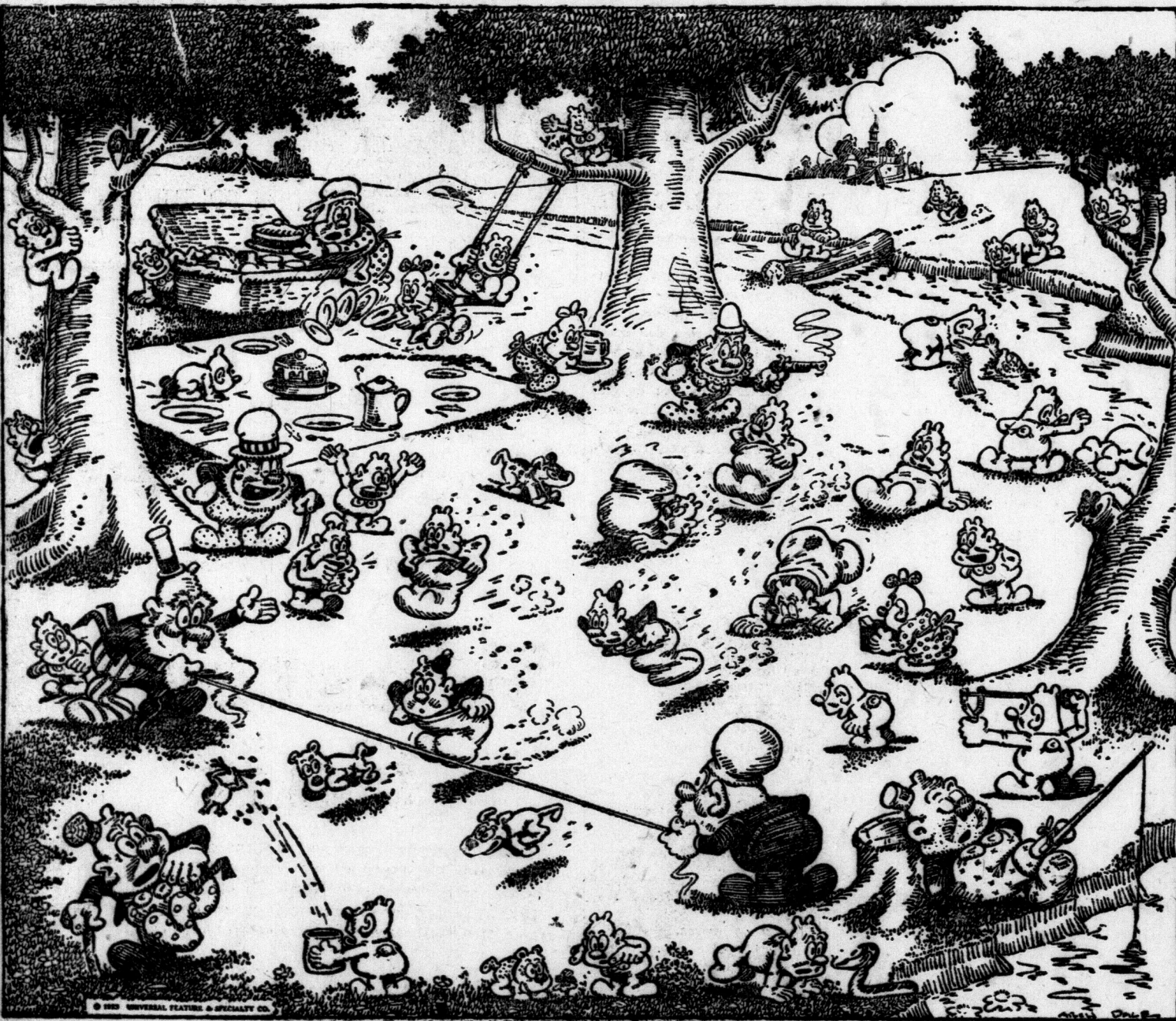
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WALLACEBURG BURGLARS ROB TWO BUTCHER SHOPS

Wallaceburg, Sept. 7.—Another burglary took place last evening when the meat market belonging to Charles Hazzard, James street, was entered between 8:30 and 9 o'clock, and all the cash removed from the till. An ice plant is connected with the store, and during a short temporary absence of the employee on duty the burglary was effected. This is the second burglary which occurred yesterday, the other one at Clifford's meat market, when all the cash was stolen out of the till.

The Doo Dads—The Annual Picnic

By Arch Dale.



Boat races are fine fun. When the teams play ball in the back lot, the little Doo Dads cheer and clap their hands, and become greatly excited. When a circus comes to Dooville, they drink pink lemonade, eat peanuts and ride on the merry-go-round. They really enjoy the circus, but—Back of the village there is a big meadow. Through the meadow there is a well-beaten path. The well-beaten path leads to a big log that makes a bridge across the river above the turn. On the opposite bank there are open spaces, and deep, green grass; and always, even in the hottest weather, it is cool and pleasant in the dense shade of the great, wide-branching trees. Here's where the little Doo Dads come for their annual picnic, and for real fun, there is nothing else can compare with it. Look at the little Doo Dads in the sack race! Nicholas Nutt fired the pistol for the start. Away they went hoppety—hoppety. Doctor Sawbones and Flannelfeet are holding the tape that will be carried away by the winner. There can be no doubt but that little, fat, chubby Roly will win the race. Already he is nearing the finishing line, and he has left little Doo Dads sprawling all along the course, and on the sidelines Roly's friends are urging him on. One little Doo Dad had captured a big green frog and was carrying it home in a can. Mr. Frog became tired, and out

he jumped. Surely, Mr. Frog will land on Mr. Grouch—and Mr. Grouch does not like frogs. I'm sure Roly will never be able to stop very quickly, and if stupid Old Grouch stands where he is, Roly is bound to upset him, and then there will be a mixup. I just wonder how that little rascal was able to shin up that huge tree! No wonder the little fellow below is crying, for he cannot follow. Soon lunch will be ready. Already the cloth is laid, with an angel food cake, with white icing, in the centre of it. Wonder what that little baby Doo Dad intends doing! Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me! The little Doo Dad chap in the swing has upset the little girlie Doo Dad who was carrying the dishes, and surely it will strike the one who has started for a pitcher of water for the lemonade, if she doesn't hurry. Splash! That was a little Doo Dad hitting the water. His playmates pushed him in the river just as a big turtle pinched the nose of the other little chap who was leaning over the bank. The little Doo Dad and his puppy are interested in the buzzing bee. The little Doo Dad snake is interested in the little Doo Dad, but Old Sleepy Sam just keeps on snoozing. He'll never catch any fish, unless he's awake to jerk his line when the "bob" goes under the water. If I was giving advice—if I was—I would tell the Mother Doo Dad to take a look behind her luncheon basket.

Use Business Judgment In Buying a Car

As a practical man your good business judgment will decide which car is best suited to your requirements. And in coming to that decision consider the following points:

1. Quality and Appearance.

Chevrolet is a fine quality car—speedy, dependable and comfortable. It is good-looking and a car of which any owner can be proud.

2. Equipment.

Chevrolet is a fully equipped car. Every needed comfort, convenience, and appointment you could want comes as standard equipment.

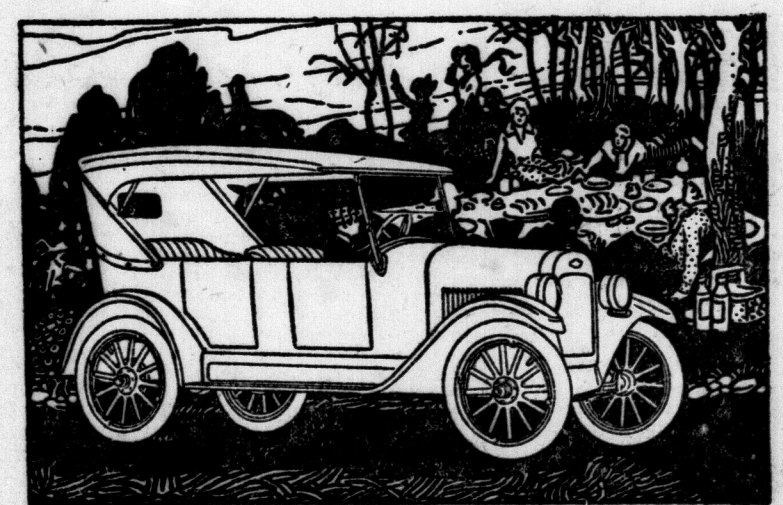
3. Price.

Chevrolet selling price including all the extras is considerably lower than that of any other quality car in the world.

4. Operation and Upkeep Cost.

Chevrolet is the most economical car built to run and maintain.

Buy a car as you would any other piece of practical equipment and your good business judgment will tell you that you cannot invest your money so as to get greater motoring satisfaction at anywhere near as small a cost as in Chevrolet.



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