

PREFACE

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M. Bloch is a man of benevolent mien, of middle stature, and apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. He paid a flying visit to London in April, and is at the present moment of writing at the Grand Hotel in Paris. His home address is Warsaw. When he is in St. Petersburg he stays at the Hotel d'Europe.

"UTOPIANS," said M. Bloch; "and they call us Utopians, idealists, visionaries, because we believe that the end of war is in sight? But who are the Utopians, I should like to know? What is a Utopian, using the term as an epithet of opprobrium? He is a man who lives in a dream of the impossible; but what I know and am prepared to prove is, that the real Utopians who are living in a veritable realm of phantasy are those people who believe in war. War has been possible, no doubt, but it has at last become impossible, and those who are preparing for war, and basing all their schemes of life on the expectation of war, are visionaries of the worst kind, for war is no longer possible."

"That is good news, M. Bloch," I replied; "but is it not somewhat of a paradox? Only last year we had the Spanish-American war; the year before, the war between Turkey and Greece. Since when has war become impossible?"

"Oh," replied M. Bloch, with vivacity, "I do not speak of such wars. It is not to such frontier brawls, or punitive operations such as you in England, for instance, are perpetually engaging in on the frontiers of your