

King, Kaiser, President and Czar

The Quartette of Rulers Now Doing Various Things on the Programme in the Concert of Europe

A LITTLE more than a year ago King George rode in the same carriage with the Kaiser through Berlin. It was the occasion of the wedding of the Crown Princess of Germany, and a return compliment to the Kaiser, who was present at the Coronation of King George, in June, 1911. The King was dressed in Field Marshal's uniform; the Kaiser as commander-in-chief of the German army. If a cerebrograph could have been used on these two monarchs during that memorable ride, it might have disclosed some strange processes of thought. Thus do monarchs wear smiling masks to the world at large.

King George has never spent much time dreaming about war. He is a man of peace, head of an Empire that depends for its very existence on honourable peace and justifiable war. Twice he has been in Canada as Prince of Wales; in 1901, after a tour of most of the Empire; in 1908, at the Tercenary celebration in Quebec, when on his way back he went below to stoke one of the boilers in the warship. King George is as much at home on a British battleship as on the throne of England. He was brought up as a sailor. His message to the navy was that of a man who knew. When he reviewed the naval pageant at Spithead, a few weeks ago, he was probably thinking more than he expressed about the work that navy might soon be doing. Not long before that he called the Conference on Home Rule, at which he said things that meant more than met the ear. A few weeks earlier he was down in the mines of Wales, whose miners supply most of the British navy with coal. There are those who say that if only King Edward had been alive the great war might have been averted. Even so, if possible; is it not better to have the war that was sure to come, under a King who, whatever he knows and hopes and fears, keeps his head, respects his counsellors and is universally looked up to by a free people?

WHAT of the Kaiser? A few days ago, with tears in his eyes, he shook hands with all the members of the Reichstag in the name of a united Germany. The tears were genuine. The Kaiser wept once in England; at the funeral of Queen Victoria. He is a man of impulses; who with the sublimest egotism since Napoleon, has much less than a Napoleonic



King and Kaiser in the same boat at Berlin when the German Crown Princess was married.



President Poincaré's visit to Russia a short time ago now looks like one of the "shadows before." This picture shows the French President and the Czar passing the guard of honour at Kronstadt.

brain, and has used it in the most complete mastery of twentieth century civilization ever achieved by any monarch. The Kaiser knows Germany. He knows the army and the navy, the university and the opera house, the Junker and the art gallery, the crooked counsels of the bureaucrats and the vaguely splendid dreams of the Socialists; and he has made of Berlin a vast civic hobby that makes the German capital the greatest city in continental Europe. More than that, he knows by his matchless system of "welt-politik" more than may be going on in the courts and counsels and practical affairs of the world at large than has ever been achieved by any national head in our times. Under his rule Germany has been organized on the factory system into a great civilization-machine that must find work to do bigger than Germany. If the machine cannot get work, the peace-prepared-for-war regime of Kaiser Wilhelm II. will have been largely in vain. The machine is now at work. When it fails, as it must; when the conscriptionized, war-taxed democracy of Germany gets its say in the Reichstag—what then of the Kaiser?

AND the Czar—what of him? Head of 130,000,000 people scattered over one-fourth of the world's surface, a vast cosmos of arrested development, of oppressed moujiks, penal colonies, anarchies, corrupt nobles, bloody archdukes, assassinations, Hebrew massacres, Poland and Finland crying out for vengeance, an army of ten millions on a war footing, a navy demoralized by Japan in 1905, a people who are bled white to glut the aristocracy and the war chest, a Duma that is the burlesque of popular government—and yet a tremendous and terrific machine of conquest and revolution that once it gets under way may grind the face of Europe as a glacier does a mountain. Was there ever a monarch with such awful, incomprehensible powers at his command; who is in hourly fear of a bomb or a dirk or a draught of poison; yet who in a world crisis like the present is able to command the blind allegiance of 130,000,000, mostly Slavs, eager to crush 120,000,000, mainly Germans, including Austria? The Czar trusts in God because he can't trust anybody else outside his own family. His alliance with England is one of the prac-

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