

many must be well served indeed by spies if she knows of the operation in time to guard against it. Such a power is the supreme strategic advantage. Is it then so treacherous and aggressive if Germany, threatened by an alliance (hypocritically described as an *entente*) of powers outnumbering her six to one, sought to keep open a path to raid that universal base of operations? The English are the least military and the most warlike of all peoples, said some one; the converse is truer still of Germany.

"And since the Entente the ordeal of the Kaiser has been Promethean. Insult after insult he has had to swallow; injury upon injury he has had to endure. The Kiao-Chau adventure, harmless and rational, was balked, then sterilized, then counterpoised. The colonies did not prosper. England built like a maniac against his navy; Churchill deliberately pulled his nose by the impudent proposal for limitation of armaments.

"Agadir was a fresh humiliation; for a few acres of uninhabitable jungle on the Congo he had to surrender all interest in Morocco, a country he had nursed for years.

"It is still a diplomatic secret, and I must not betray it. But who financed Italy in her Tripolitan adventure, and why?

"The last straw was the Balkan war. Blotted was his one hope of escape to the east; his ewe-lamb, Turkey, was torn to pieces before his eyes, and he could not stir a finger to prevent it. Austria still blocked in the Adriatic, Italy alienated from the Triple Alliance, the Slav expanding everywhere, Constantinople itself threatened, Roumania (even) turning toward Russia, he must have felt like a victim of that maiden of armor and spears that once executed justice on the weak.

"And all this had been accomplished by England without sword drawn or cannon fired.

"Here then stood Wilhelm, dauntless but defeated. His diplomacy had failed; his one ally was handicapped by domestic unrest; he was isolated in Europe; England was increasing her navy at a pace which he could never beat; France, with her three years' law, was proposing to increase her army by 50 per cent at a stroke; Russia was turning the flank, pushing on through the Balkans subtly and surely.

"And the Kaiser answered: I am the servant of God; I stand for peace. And the Triple Entente gathered closer and chuckled: Aha! he dare not fight. Let us tighten the garrote!

"So Serbia plots and executes the crime of Sarajewo. Austria, its aged emperor smitten yet again and most foully, demands im-