UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_216192

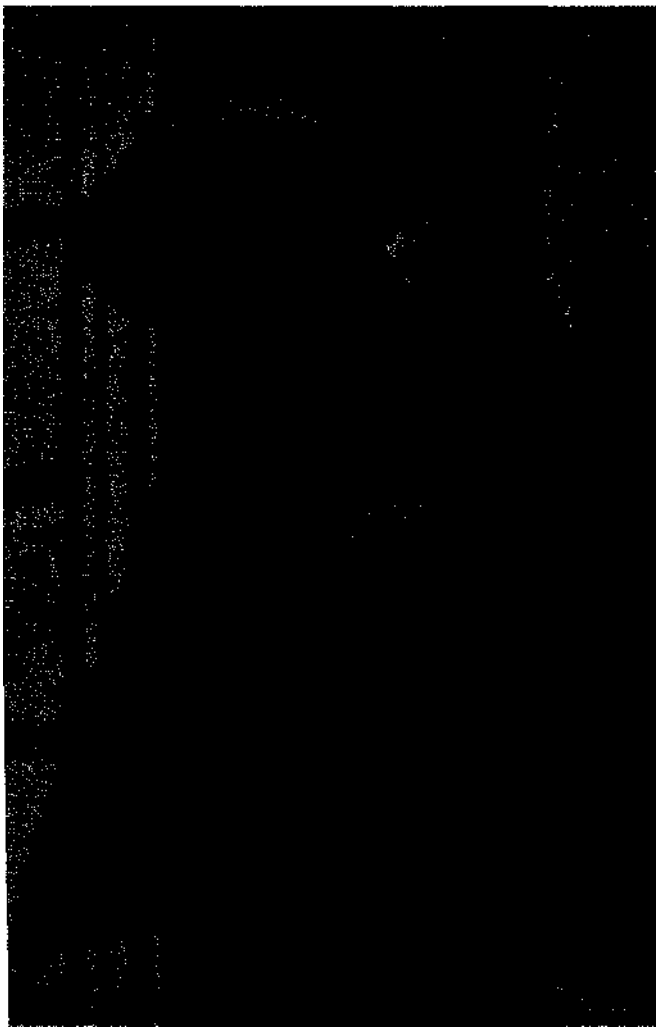
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MASARYK

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
EUROPE AND BRITAIN, 1715-1815
ECONOMIC SOCIETY
INDUSTRY AND LIFE
THE BRITISH COMMONWEAL
JEREMY BENTHAM
MODERN FRENCH VERSE

etc.



Masaryk

[honlispmrc]

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MASARYK

THE PRESIDENT-LIBERATOR

A Biographical Study of Central Europe since 1848

BY
VICTOR COHEN

WITH A PREFACE BY
JAN MASARYK

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

ALAS!
ONLY *TO*
CICELY AND GEOFFREY!I
WITHOUT FORGETTING
UNCLE OLDFIELD

***First Edition* . . . 1941**

Made and Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner Ltd., Frome and London

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	ix
I.	THE RE-BIRTH OF A NATION	x
II.	RACE PROBLEMS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY	5
III.	MASARYK	XI
IV.	THE ITALIAN WAR OF LIBERATION, 1859	21
V.	THE AUSTAO-PRUSSIAN WAR	31
VI.	THE AUSGLEICH *i*	39
VII.	MASARYK IN THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM	42
VIII.	L'ANN^E TERRIBLE	49
IX.	MASARYK IN VIENNA	55
X.	DR. TOMAS MASARYK	62
XI.	MR. AND MRS. TOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK	68
XII.	GERMAN AND SLAV	74
XIII.	PROFESSOR TOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK	79
XIV.	THE BATTLE OF THE MANUSCRIPTS	86
XV.	THE POLNA " RITUAL-MURDER " TRIAL	98
XVI.	MASARYK AS SLAV LEADER	104
XVII.	THE DIPLOMATIC REVOLUTION	104
XVIII.	THE AGRAM TRIAL	122
XIX.	THE WAR OF CZECHO-SLOVAK LIBERATION	138
XX.	MASARYK THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADER	152

CHAP.		PAGE
XXI.	THE WAR OF SLAV AGAINST TEUTON .	165
XXII.	MASARYK IN RUSSIA.	175
XXIII.	THE MARCH OF THE 50,000 .	199
XXIV.	PRESIDENT MASARYK.	215
XXV.	AT THE HELM OF STATE .	221
XXVI.	CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.	333
	INDEX.	353

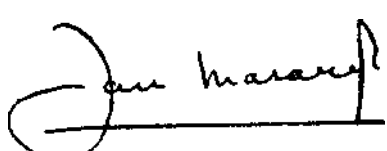
ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Masaryk . . . . Frontispiece	
Masaryk in his library at the Castle of Prague .	98
Hradtany : The official seat of the Presidents of Czecho-Slovakia, occupied by German soldiers .	216
The Castle of Prague.	216
Dr. Edvard Benes, Masaryk's successor as President of Czechoslovakia . . . . . (Photo: "Illustrated")	252

FOREWORD

SINCE my father died, European history, mostly very unpleasant and unsavoury, has been proceeding at such a pace that the date of his death and the then prevailing conditions in Czecho-Slovakia seem almost like ancient history. A book about my father's life can do no harm to whosoever reads it. It can only do good, because his life in this surprisingly short period of time has become a symbol of decent Europeanism to a great many people who have not lost their sense of values.

It is an unusual thing to recommend a book about one's father, but I am doing it gladly, in the unshakable knowledge that only when some of the fundamental principles, which you will find well, honestly and intelligently described in this little book, again prevail, will Europe call her soul her own. That that day will come, there is, there can be, no doubt.



LONDON,
May **1941.**

PREFACE

THE life-story of Masaryk, the President-Liberator of Czecho-Slovakia, symbolizes one aspect, and the brighter aspect, in the emergence of the New Europe. The span of his life witnessed the collapse of dynastic tyrannies and the rise of the new plebiscitary dictatorships. To have told his life-story without the historical background would have meant telling a fairy-tale with little historical significance. To have told the story of his age, without the connecting thread of his life would have meant repeating an oft-told story lacking the glow and colour that the personal impress gives to history. For " there is properly no history, only biography."

I have attempted to weave the story of an Age round the life of one who symbolized it. I have told the story of a Slav Risorgimento, for its impacts touched every fibre of European life. Its age recasts its history in the light of the new forces surging to life. Masaryk focused those forces that assumed political form in the twentieth century. With Cavour and Deak and Bismarck, he remains the most powerful figure of the Dynastic age. With Lenin, he remains the most outstanding figure of the War period. With Hitler and Mussolini he remains the most representative figure of the Modern world. This biography will appeal, as the story of one who rose from poverty and obscurity to become the Liberator and the first President of a long-oppressed people. In its heroism

and adventure it reflects the ceaseless flow of the human epic. More practically the utilitarian needs of examinations have also been kept in view. Material not easily accessible to students has been consulted and the work of specialists so used as to make of their studies a story of interest to the general public and of value to schools.

I am especially indebted to—

The Hapsburg Monarchy by Wickham Steed.
Eurdpe in the Melting Pot, by Seton Watson.
President Masaryk Tells his Story, by Karel Kapek.
German, Slav and Magyar, by Seton Watson.
President Masaryk, by C. J. C. Street.
Leaders of Europe, by Emil Ludwig.
Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, by D. A. Lowrie.
The Making of a State, by President Masaryk.
Nineteenth-Century Europe and Britain, by Prof. R. Beazeley.

I have to thank many friends for helpful criticism and especially Mr. K. L. Mowl, A.L.A. (Librarian of Brentwood Library), for reading the manuscript and proof.

VICTOR COHEN.

CHINGFORD.

CHAPTER I

THE RE-BIRTH OF A NATION

WHEN on July 23rd, 1914, Serbia was presented with a sharply worded ultimatum, who could have foreseen as a consequence the grim catastrophes that have so profoundly changed the flow of ordered life ?

Before the first German World War there were four great empires in Europe—the Russian Empire, ruled by Nicholas II (1894-1917); the German Empire with Kaiser Wilhelm II (1888-1918) as emperor; the Turkish Empire With Mohammed V (1909-18), the younger brother of Abdul Hamid " the damned," as Sultan-Caliph ; and the Austro-Hungarian Empire with the good Kaiser Franz Josef as the Emperor-King. The guns that boomed during those four fateful years swept these Imperial tyrannies all away.

A communistic Union of Socialist Soviet Republics replaced Czarist Russia, a National-Socialist Reich succeeded to all and more than all the claims of the Potsdam king, Islamic Turkey deposed its Sultan and Caliph to form a republic westernized by the genius of Mustafa Kemal "Ataturk." But the greatest calamity was that which overtook the proud realm of the Hapsburgs. Under the stress of war and defeat the age-long edifice of empire just crumbled away. Galicia, north of the Carpathians, went to a resurrected Kingdom of Poland; East Hungary with the province of Transylvania went to

enlarge the Kingdom of Roumania; the Southern Tyrol with the Istrian Peninsula went to the Kingdom of Italy as her price for entering the war; Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzogovina were added to the small Kingdom of Serbia, renamed Yugo-Slavia; the Imperial provinces of Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia (Northern Hungary) were combined in a new state of Czecho-Slovakia ; Hungary was severed, under a Regency of her own; while Austria proper became but one large city with a population of some two million souls surrounded by a small mountainous hinterland of some four million peasants—before she suffered the further humiliation of being absorbed by the state she had formerly despised, feared and fought.

The first German World War was indeed a link in the long historic enmity between France and Germany, a link that had become attached to the blood-feud between Slav and Teuton. But it also included two Wars of Independence, that of the Polish and the Czecho-Slovak. Czecho-Slovakia was a child of the war and of the peace that ended the struggle. She was one of the Succession States of the dynastic empires. But although , she was only reborn in October 1918 her history went back far indeed into the past.

As the Kingdom of Bohemia she formed one of the mosaic of European domains in the Middle Ages. Among her rulers was the good King Wenceslas of our nursery rhymes; among her heroes was the blind knight-errant King John who died fighting at Crecy and whose escutcheon has been proudly borne by our Princes of Wales ever since; among her saints was the friend and disciple of John Wycliffe, the teacher and reformer John

Hus; among her warriors was the terrible Jan Cziska of the Chalice, who again and again defeated the Hapsburg Sigismund even into the lands of the Magyars; among her scholars was the pioneer teacher Johan Comenius (Komensky), who was so honourably called in by an English Puritan parliament to build up a national scheme of education. She caught the dramatic imagination of Shakespeare, who poetically described Bohemia as " a desert country near the sea," For the good Winter Queen Elizabeth, " the eclipse and glory of her kind," the daughter of James and the wife of the Elector Palatine and ruler of Bohemia, Englishmen in the seventeenth century went forth in their chivalrous endeavour to battle for faith and beauty.

But in the same century Bohemia was overwhelmed by a numbing disaster. In 1620 the Hapsburgs defeated the Bohemians at the disastrous Battle of the White Mountain and for three hundred years Bohemia as an independent state ceased to exist. As a result of the Thirty Years War her ancient nobility was destroyed, two-thirds of their lands were confiscated, Czech books were methodically and systematically burned—one Jesuit alone boasted that he had destroyed some six thousand volumes—the land was plundered and impoverished. She was so depopulated that her people dwindled from three millions to three-quarters of a million souls. Her speech was debased and sank from a cultured tongue to become the patois of impoverished peasants. Her institutions were uprooted, her people degraded. Bohemia was denationalized and Germanized. She became a lifeless province in the wide, scattered domains of the Hapsburg Monarchy. She seemed crippled in body and soul. Only a miracle,

it appeared, could again bring her to life. That miracle came to pass after almost two centuries of despairing slumber.

The Czech, the Bohemian Renaissance blossomed in the nineteenth century. The Revival was heralded by poets and priests, by scholars and historians. The Awakening was led by Jan Roller (1793-1852), the scholar, by Friedrich Smetana (1824-84), the composer, by Kari Havlicek (1831-56), the journalist, by Franticek Palacky, (1798-1876), the historian. They implanted their people with pride in their past, and self-respect in their present; they foretold hope and preached faith in the future. And they were opportune in the time of their coming. For in 1848, the Wonderful Year of the Nineteenth Century, a flame of liberal revolution swept the Western world; and when insurrection broke out in the Hapsburg realms, in Milan, in Venice, in Vienna, in Buda-Pesth, in Prague, it seemed to presage the doom of the Hapsburg Monarchy as it kindled the hopes of its Slav peoples.

CHAPTER II

RACE PROBLEMS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

JUST as the modern European- States system is conditioned by the Versailles Settlement of 1919 and 1920, so the States system of Europe in the last century dated from the Viennese Settlement that followed the deluge of the Napoleonic Wars. By the Settlement of 1815 the Hapsburg Monarchy was given rule over a wide straggling realm that had as its only cohesion the authority of a common Emperor, for it was sundered by geography, by language, by religion, by culture, by tradition and even by popular allegiance. The Emperor Francis became the ruler of the Plain of Lombardy and of the remains of the former Republic of Venice, he was master of Hungary, he was lord of Bohemia and Transylvania, his sway ran in Galicia and in Ruthenia, he was Kaiser in Austria, so that Vienna became the political nerve centre of his diverse subjects. For he ruled over Italians and Magyars, over Czechs and Slovaks and Roumanians, over Poles and Croats and Ruthenians. In structure the Hapsburg Empire of the nineteenth century was thus a Ramshackle Empire. When nationality was in the ascendant it obstructed the hopes of all its peoples. The realization of their aspirations meant the inevitable break-up of an empire that was then regarded as the sheet anchor of European stability. Yet for

a generation the Hapsburgs maintained their sway unchallenged.

The Revolutions of 1848 appeared to mark the end of the epoch and seemed to presage its early break-up. Milan rose in revolt. Venice, under the heroic leadership of Daniele Manin, declared its independence, the Hungarians, under the fiery persecuting patriot Louis Kossuth, proclaimed their freedom. Vienna itself, under the spell of freedom, demanded a Constitution. And the Slav peoples too were at last stirred. For a Slav Congress met at Prague, under the presidency of the gifted patriotic historian Franticek Palacky (pronounced Palatsky) to voice the claims of Slavdom and the rights of Bohemia.

Yet in spite of revolt in almost all their provinces the Hapsburgs weathered the rebellious storm. Their talented general, Josef Radetsky, crushed the Italians at Novara, March 23 rd, 1849, so jubilantly celebrated by Strauss in his " Radetsky March " ; Venice was invested and surrendered and the beloved Jewish leader of the domains of former Doges had to tread the exile's path tcf Paris. While more internally, the Emperor, wisely and politically, played his clashing subjects against each other. He called upon the Slavs to rally round the Monarchy against their enemies the Magyars. For the Hungarians, whilst claiming independdhce for themselves, as frantically denied any semblance of liberty to the Slav peoples living within their gates. And when even that strange alliance between Hapsburg and Slav did not suffice to quell the bravery of the Magyar, then as a legitimate ruler in war against rebellion, Franz Josef called upon the Iron Czar, Nicholas, the stern embodiment of authority and autocracy, to come to the help of a fellow king.

Right regally did he respond. He sent Cossacks and Tartars under the command of the veteran Ivan Paskievitch and crushed the last despairing stand of the Magyars at Vilagos, August 14th, 1849. So again the God of Battles had decided in favour of authority and the Hapsburgs. Now, however, that the Italian provinces were defeated and the Magyars crushed, the Kaiser Franz Josef proved himself the "incarnation of ingratitude." In his victorious policy of oppression he made no distinction between rebel and loyalist. The Hapsburg police state treated with the same callous authority loyal Slav and Croat, as rebel Magyar and Italian. And never does despotism feel more secure than after military victory.

The Monarchy had emerged triumphant from an ordeal that had threatened its very existence. But a graver menace appeared from beyond its borders. The Viennese Settlement had dealt kindly with Germany. Before the Napoleonic War, some four hundred states had made up the loose political organism that still went by the name of the Holy Roman Empire. But in Voltaire's destructive criticism, it had long ceased to be either Holy or Roman or an Empire and during the fray the Holy Roman Emperor Francis had at last recognized realities and in 1806 had given up the shadowy, meaningless title for the more prosaic and real dignity of Emperor of Austria. The Peace further reduced these four hundred states to forty. So that in spite of himself Napoleon contributed to the unity of Germany. Among these states, two stood out pre-eminent by their size, their prowess and their rivalry; Austria and Prussia. In the new Europe, Prussia might with some justice claim to be German, but what was Austria ? She was Italian and Hungarian and

Slav at a time when among Germans there was growing an intense longing to be a nation even as were France and England. Even the princely Congress at Vienna had in 1815 paid some homage to the new urge; for it had replaced the Holy Empire of former days by a German Confederation of princes with a Diet or Assembly that was to meet at Frankfurt. But of this nation-to-be who dare assume the leadership? By tradition, by prestige, the Hapsburgs were the historical leaders of Deutschthum. And indeed by virtue of her past, she had received in 1815 the perpetual presidency of the Diet.

However, in the infectious enthusiasm of liberal revolution, in 1848 delegates had met and decided to convene a German National Parliament which was to decide by a people's will the government of the future German state. The delegates met in Frankfurt, in St. Paul's Church, the famous Pauluskirche. They were the first German National Assembly, the first to be elected by universal manhood suffrage. They symbolized a new Germany even as the Slav Congress which met in the same year in Prague symbolized the New Slavdom. And after long, learned discussion they decided to offer the diadem of the New Germany not to the traditional Emperor in Vienna who ruled Italians and Magyars and Slavs. They decided to break with the pasf* to break with the Hapsburgs and to offer the crown to Frederick William IV, the Prussian king. The offer was indeed tempting. But there were two fatal drawbacks. What an Assembly could give an Assembly could take away. No Prussian king could wear a crown at the whim of an elected assembly of talkers. A Hohenzollern would not accept an Imperial bribe from Revolution. And more materially

the Prussian king knew that if he accepted the crown, Austria would fight and the issue to his cautious, methodical war staff was still in doubt. With the result of war doubtful no Hohenzollern would " pick a crown from the gutter." So Frederick William rejected the offer of the Kaiserwurde. He made the Great Refusal; and with his refusal, there vanished the German democratic parliament and any hope of uniting Germany on a liberal basis. So that the results of three years of revolution appeared drearily futile. The Princely Diet slumbered on in Frankfurt; Austria misruled her discordant peoples; Prussia remained—Prussia.

The liberal revolution of 1848 nevertheless had two unexpected consequences. The first took place in 1849. The Austrian Emperor issued an edict that freed the serfs on his domains from their feudal dues. In the following year at Hodonin on one of the Imperial estates in Moravia was born a free man, Tomas Masaryk. The second took place in 1851. As the Diet of Princes still sat on at Frankfurt (the only tangible expression of German unity), the Prussian king had to be represented. He chose as his delegate, to the consternation of all good German democrats, a young Pomeranian junker of thirty-' six. His name was Otto von Bismarck and he defiantly insisted on his " von." He had watched the shame of a liberal revolution take hold of even good Berliners. He had watched the struggle between Austria and Prussia, between the old and the new, in the Diet and in the People's Parliament. He too was determined to unite Germany, not however through Assemblies, nor by phrases and votes, but " by blood and iron." Widely different as they were, a Slovak coachman's son **and a**

proud Prussian noble, who in his aristocratic pride looked down on his king as an upstart, they had one aim in common, a common hostility to the victorious Hapsburg Emperor ruling from Vienna.

The Austrian Monarchy had a third enemy. He was neither as haughty and as arrogant as the six-foot Prussian junker nor as humble and as lowly as the unnoticed peasant boy at Hodonin. He was a quiet, stoutish, short-sighted, untidy little man. Since 1852 he had been prime minister of the Italian mountain state of Piedmont. His enemies called him sarcastically " Milord,'' for he hoped to make his little state a Parliamentary Monarchy after the English model. His name was Camillo Benso Cavour. He dreamed of uniting Italy, of " Italy Una, from the Alps to the Adriatic/' under the sceptre of King Victor Emmanuel; but Austria, because of her possession of Lombardy and Venice, barred his and Italy's path. So that it was the Austrian Monarchy that checked the aspiration to Italian unity, to German consolidation, to Slav liberation. The nineteenth century saw the first two accomplished. It was left to the twentieth to witness the triumph—and a recession—of the last. And every victory could only be secured at the expense of the proud Hapsburg Monarchy. The " logic of history " sent it to its doom.

CHAPTER III

MASARYK

THE peasantry and the gentry in the wide Austrian domains heard with amazement and alarm in the year 1849 how the young Emperor had issued a decree by which ancient traditional feudal obligations were to be abolished and that the serfs on the vast patrician estates were declared to be free. They shrugged their shoulders. An edict from Vienna remained—an edict on paper. It was a politic gesture. For who could compel the gentry to forgo their age-long rights, and who among the cowed peasantry could refuse to obey his customary lord ? So that in practice serfdom lingered on.

It was on one of the Imperial estates in the Czech province of Moravia, at Hodonin, that in the year 1849 Josef Masaryk, a Slovak coachman and teamster, went to the royal bailiff to ask permission to marry a Czech girl, Therese Kropacek, who had been in service in the great town of Vienna. Tomas was born the following year on March 7th, 1850. There was nothing to indicate any exceptional future. Thousands of peasant boys were born in similar humble semi-servile circumstances. His father was, and remained throughout his life, an ordinary, simple, unambitious teamster. He had been nurtured in serfdom and although now legally free, in mind, **in outlook,** he remained a serf and teamster. His horizon

remained limited by his peasant and servile calling. But his mother was of a different stamp. She was indeed a peasant woman, but as a housemaid in Vienna, she had had glimpses of an easier and more leisured life, and she determined to give her son an education that might make it possible for him to escape from the labourer's life that awaited him. It was due to her ambition that he was sent to school. His father saw little value in schooling. As a farm boy in his native Slovak village of Kopchan he had obtained all his learning from the widow of a soldier who taught him how to read in exchange for digging her potatoes. He never learnt to write.

The early recollections of the precocious peasant-boy blessed by an ambitious mother were the simple facts of his simple peasant life. One day a runaway horse scattered a helpless terror-stricken crowd. In the path of the terrified animal crouched a little child. But he escaped unhurt, to the joy and relief of the immobilized onlookers. Another day, in March, his father brought home a young hare snuggling in his coat. He had found it hiding in his horse's footprints. Other memories soon bit into his little mind as painful experiences. Unlike most little boys he and his parents were always removing. He would watch his black, bushy-bearded father work at the stables and horses and then one day all their little belongings would be packed on a cart, the heavy oxen harnessed, and all would trudge to another estate where they had been sent at the whim of the royal steward. And Tomas, young as he was, noted the mute resignation on the faces of his serf-bred parents. All apparently was not well in Moravia. Two experiences especially remained fixed in

his little mind ; they became profound impressions of the social order of his day.

When the gentry met to go hunting, they would disdainfully throw their fur coats into the Masaryks* house to be cared for by the teamster and his wife. And as the huntsmen rode off, father and mother would glance at each other and at the coats. . . . They understood their impotent servitude and even young Tomas felt a longing to cut these fine fur coats into bits.

After the hunt, the gentry would halt at the gamekeeper's lodge for a meal and with mocking, haughty laughter watch the servants throw the remains of their food to the villagers who had gathered round to wait for the crumbs from their table—and frequently to fight for them. They laughed with especial disdain one day when their servants threw out some macaroni. The villagers had never seen macaroni before—they called it worms—and how they fought for these worms ! Even young Tomas remembered " they fought like beasts," to the mocking laughter of their superiors.

Young Tomas noted such events, but it never occurred to him that they could ever be changed. They were part of the accepted order of things, like the seasons and the church and the frowning castle and the beasts of the fields. They were just there.

At the first sign of spring, he and the other village children would take off their boots, wander through the miry street of their village and roam over the fields and forests barefooted. And he remembered the dingy, crowded village school at Chaikovitz, where his parents had gone in their never-ending vagrant life ; and the bricks that could be removed from behind the stove,

through which the more daring would slip off to play truant. Young as he was, the teacher excited his pity, for he had to eke out his meagre pittance of a living by doing so many other tasks in addition to teaching. He would play at weddings and sing at funerals. He would help the village priest with the church service. A teacher's post was not a grand ambition to aim at, yet it appeared able to remove a man from serfdom and labouring.

His home-life was close and intimate, of the intimacy of the poor. The cottages that were assigned to his parents in their roaming lives rarely had more than two rooms, and they generally reeked from the stables near by. He obtained little help or encouragement from his over-worked, illiterate father, so that his mother became his confidant and stand-by. To her love and endeavour, he owed it that he went to school. From her he learnt his simple Bible stories, the folk-lore of his people and the superstitions that still haunted the Moravian country-side. She would have loved to attend church on Sundays, but she found.housework in her poor, crowded cottage too burdensome, so she repeated in consolation, " Herrens-dienst geht vor Gottesdienst," for in their home-life they frequently spoke German. German was the language of culture and refinement and Frau Masaryk, having been in service in Vienna, considered herself superior to the general run of village wives. Only when father returned did they speak Czech.

Tomas proved himself a successful and promising student in his village school at Chaikovitz. Indeed, so bright and intelligent was he, that he, a teamster's son, was chosen to become the playmate of the steward's son who lived in the great Schloss. The steward had come

to the school to find a companion for his own boy who was lonely in the great house and who, of course, would not demean himself by attending the village school. He had a tutor of his own.

The two young boys had their lessons and play together. They explored the old castle. They looked through the old books which they could hardly read, but they enjoyed the pictures of the old knights of Moravia in their armour. Tomas found the old church service book of especial interest. He was already a server in his church. But alas, this intimacy with the great did not last long. One day he returned home to find his mother packing and he knew they were to remove again. This time the Masaryk family trudged along the miry lanes to Chaitz, there but to begin again their servile lives. Josef Masaryk accepted it all with the dumb, mute resignation of an animal; he and his father and his father's father had all been serfs. Submission and toil had become second nature. But young Tomas had already begun to wonder at it all. When he questioned his father he invariably received the same monotonous answer. " It was always so. It must be so." But Tomas had begun to question the very foundations of his social heritage.

In the routine of the family wanderings they returned to Chaikovitz and Tomas to the village school.

One day there was great excitement among the village boys as they returned home from school. For strange soldiers strutted about in stranger uniforms. The boys gathered round them as they cleaned their equipment and sang their strange and yet oddly familiar songs. Even young Tomas could understand some of their words, although he could not follow all that they said. His

parents, it appeared, could understand their strange tongue well. He asked his parents who these soldiers were, why they spoke such a strange language. His mother explained that they were a regiment of Polish troops who had been quartered on the village. Who were the Poles ? he insisted. Where did they come from ? Why were some words so similar to Czech ? To the babel of childish questions, his mother could not give him a complete answer. But on his childish mind there began to dawn a realization of a vaster Slav family of peoples of which the Czechs and Slovaks were but a small part.

A more personal experience came to widen very much further his limited village horizon. It was towards the end of the spring term when the annual inspection of the school fell due. The visiting parson arrived. He proved a sympathetic and kindly man. He asked the children to recite the poem each had liked best. It came to Tomas's turn. He was now 10 years old. He had been particularly moved by one poem entitled " Above the Stars," for it reminded him of his dead baby sister. He began to recite it, halted, broke down. The inspector was visibly moved too. He asked the teacher who the boy was, and he took the unusual step of calling that evening on the Masaryk family. He found a stolid, suspicious father, an eager aspiring mother and he persuaded them both to send this promising young scholar to the High School.

Then his delighted mother began to plan and scheme. He had no clothes. The High School was at Hustopetz some fourteen miles to the west of their little village. Where could he live ? The competent, ambitious mother

solved all problems. She cut down father's uniform, blue with brass buttons, to fit the young High School scholar. Fortunately she had a sister living in Hustopetz, where she kept a little village store. It was arranged that Tomas was to live with his aunt and help in the shop and in return his cousin, a girl of his own age, was to live with the family at Chaikovitz. And at last as the cold autumn set in, one morning in the month of October in the year 1861 he set off with his mother to the new world.

The years that Tomas spent at the High School proved the seed-time of a new life. He was now growing rapidly, physically and mentally, and the strange surroundings away from his home, amidst boys who were his social superiors," made him age, too, above his years. His loneliness at the school was increased by the fact that the school was conducted in German, and his German was not equal to the new academic demands. For the first months he had to learn all his lessons by heart. His clothes, too, singled him out for ridicule by the other boys who despised his peasant origins. For companionship, he turned to a young Czech teacher from Prague. They went for long walks together and discussed long into the evenings. And now for the first time Tomas learnt of the glorious past of the Czechs, before they were degraded by the defeat of the Battle of the White Mountain. For the Czech Renaissance was now in bloom and its children were becoming increasingly race-conscious.

A further experience came to enrich his expanding life. In Hustopetz there were Jews. There was even a Jewish boy in his class at the High School. He had never known Jews before and the stories he had heard of them had but

frightened him. In the long winter evenings, at home, his mother would repeat to him frightening superstitions about Jews. Of course they crucified Jesus and she would whisper that they still used Christian blood for their Passover. It never occurred to her peasant mind that Jesus and the Apostles were all Jews and had Themselves kept Passover. As a child Tomas was taught to be afraid of Jews. If he came to a Jewish house he would hurriedly cross the street. But here at Hustopetz there were Jewish boys at the High School. They appeared much the same as the rest, as hard-working and as lazy, as clever and as stupid. Still Tomas was afraid. One day his class went out on a school excursion on to the Palovska hills. It was glorious weather, and after dinner the boys were allowed to roam about, play and tease one another. Amidst the fun, Tomas noted that Arnold, the Jewish boy, was missing. What could he be up to? Jews were, after all—Jews! Laughing and shouting, Tomas went to see where he could be. He found him behind an open gate with his face to the wall, in midday prayer. Softly he tiptoed away. He felt secretly ashamed that while his Christian school-fellows were at thoughtless play the Jew was praying and that he had not forgotten his prayers amidst the excitement of play. This experience left an abiding impression on his whole mental make-up.

The young promising scholar with a precocious mind, soon began to be assailed by other doubts. He had been reared in the shadow of the Church. He had acted as server to the priest, Father Francis, at his village church at Chaikovitz and had found almost unspeakable happiness

when serving at Mass. Any criticism that his childish mind had dared to express was treated as so impious that he dare not think of doubt again. To the many questions that he had put to the good Father he had always received the same, stern, enigmatic answer. " It was a mystery of the Church/' " It was an act of faith to accept such mysteries." But now he began to read of Russia, of the Orthodox Church which, too, had its saints and shrines and pilgrimages and miracles and mysteries. Which could be the true faith ? His little mind pondered. He was told that there were more Roman Catholics than members of the Orthodox Church. But he was disturbed that there were even more Mohammedans and even more heathens.

Not too distant from Hustopetz there were heretics, Calvinists with their Church. One day he went off alone to visit their Evangelical Chapel. When he arrived there he was afraid to enter lest he be struck dead as a punishment, but he dared the unknown and went in. Nothing happened. He was startled by the bare walls, the plain pulpit; the utter simplicity puzzled him, irritated him. Why were they so staunch in their faith ? He could find no answer. The priest would not discuss such matters with him. He obtained no help in his doubt. And his doubt was intensified and his little religious world confused that his school report should give a mark for religion. Surely, he reflected, the way one recited the Catechism was not religion.

The school work itself delighted him. He was an apt pupil. He always remembered his delight and astonishment when he began to learn physics and mechanics—especially when his teacher explained to him that the

ordinary wheelbarrow was simply a one-armed lever and wheel and so corresponded to the theoretical and mechanical formula. While at school, news filtered through that all was not well with the great Austrian colossus, for the Italian War of Liberation had broken out.

CHAPTER IV

THE ITALIAN WAR OF LIBERATION, 1859

HOW THE AUSTRIANS WERE DRIVEN FROM ITALY

THE rebellions of 1848 had come as a rude shock for the Hapsburgs. They had indeed triumphed but they lacked the wisdom to make their victory secure. For statesmanship was indeed needed to give a common loyalty to Lombard and Magyar, to Austrian and Czech, to Venetian and Croat. Instead they resolved to re-create order by repression. And their power now seemed as secure as ever. The government ruled by administrative terror. No one felt safe. The army appeared invincible, the police reported every unguarded word, the priests preached submission.

But the enemy, too, was preparing; preparing, too, in a strange, tortuous way. Cavour surveyed the European scene. He wanted Italy to be free. Austria stood in her path. He wanted Italy united under Piedmontese leadership. But he recognized that the little hilly state of Piedmont was no match for the master of many legions. How then could he drive the Tedeschi from his Italia ? He slowly prepared. He increased his little army. He filled his war-chest. Against whom ? all wondered. To the amazement of Europe, to the consternation even of his friends, he joined England and France in their war in

the Crimea against Russia, 1855. Even his own people thought that he was mad. Why fight Russia ? But he tested his little army, he tested his war staff, he gave the soldiers confidence by their little victory of Tchernaya and as one of the belligerents he took his place at the Conference at Paris in 1856 in order to make peace. And at the Congress he arraigned not Russia but Austria before the High Court of Europe . . . and Europe understood.

A fortunate crime came to help him in his plotting. In January 1858 Felice Orsini came over from London and threw a bomb at the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon, Napoleon le petit, as he was riding in state to the Opera. The bomb killed eight and injured a hundred and forty onlookers, but the Emperor, guarded by his Napoleonic star, escaped. The assassin was caught and tried. The trial was most elaborately and politically staged. Orsini was indeed found guilty, but he pleaded with Latin fervour, " So long as Italy is not independent, the tranquillity of Europe, no less than that of Your Majesty, is a mere chimera. . . . Deliver my country and the blessings of twenty-five million citizens will follow you in posterity." On the scaffold he died with the cry of " Vive lTtalie ! "

To Napoleon the attempted assassination came as a rebuke for not following the Napoleonic tradition. It is true that he had carried through a Russian campaign where his greater uncle had failed, but it was also in the family tradition to abase the Hapsburgs and to befriend Italy. Under the pretence of a health cure, he invited therefore the Piedmontese pilot of Italian independence to a secret meeting at Plombi£res, a small watering-place

in the Vosges, during the hot June of 1858, and here, under cover of drinking medicinal waters, they concluded the pact to provoke Austria to war and drive her from Italy. For Italians had long hummed the refrain

Italy's three plagues that grieve her
Are friars, Austrians and fever.

It now remained to manoeuvre Austria to place herself in the wrong and to the Machiavellian delight of Cavour, Austria fell into the diplomatic trap and sent the longed-for ultimatum to Piedmont. In 1859 the Italian War of Liberation broke out. The red-trousered French troops that had so suspiciously been stationed near Toulon for service in Morocco, now crossed the Alps and joined the Piedmontese forces. The war in North Italy speedily turned against the Austrians. Defeated by Franco-Sardinian armies at Montebello and Magenta, they evacuated the plains of Lombardy, although the slaughter at Solferino on Midsummer Day of 1859 showed that the struggle might still be prolonged. But the French Plotter found the plot turning against himself. Napoleon had planned an Italian federation under grateful French protection. He found that Italian nationalism would brook nothing less than unity, while in his absence Prussia was arming and sent an army corps to the Rhine. So, amidst the curses of Italians, he hastily concluded with the defeated enemy the Armistice of Villafranca, July nth, 1859.

But this time, too, the Hapsburgs recognized the fiat of the ordeal by battle. They ceded Lombardy to the new Italian state and but for Venice and her lagoons retreated beyond the Alps. Thus Piedmont grew to become almost the Italian realm. Only Venetia and the

Roman Patrimony remained outside and in response to the acclamations of his Parliament at Turin, Victor Emmanuel in 1861 took the longed-for title of King of Italy, with Florence as his temporary capital.

The proud Hapsburgs looked round to see where they could make good their loss. Where indeed ? In Germany ? Prussia was arming. In the Balkans ? Russia barred the way.

The Ramshackle Empire was cracking.

Masaryk and his school-friends heard of and discussed the war against their Emperor. In secret indeed many had prayed for Italian success. They heard the teachers following the war news. They heard news of defeat. They heard that Prussia was arming, that the Austrian province of Lombardy had been lost to the enemy. The headmaster had never called the school together to cheer for victory. Masaryk's little mind was mystified by the events that few would explain to him.

He was now fourteen years old. He had been a very successful scholar, excelling especially at mathematics, and his teachers were proud of their peasant pupil who showed such promise. But where was all this to lead ? He was poor and had to earn his living. Other boys of fourteen were already hard at work. After many a talk at home and the kindly advice of his Czech teacher-friend, it was decided that he too should become a teacher. For teaching had taken the place of the Church as an avenue through which the poor and humble could rise.

But the training school for teachers only accepted pupils from the age of 16. How should he fill in the next two years ? There again took place long, serious and quarrelsome discussion between his parents. On his mother's insistence, it was at last decided that Tomas should return to his village to become assistant teacher at the village school. It was a great rise for a teamster's son.

But the post proved a disillusionment. While in theory he was to assist with the teaching, in sober fact he had to spend his time helping in the kitchen, running errands. He hated it all and of course he soon got into mischief. He was caught stealing grapes for the fun of it, too—in a grape-growing country !

What could be done ? Father and mother again talked it over. This time father had his way. One morning, his little, very little, trunk was packed and all set off for the great city of Vienna. On the way his mother explained. She had been in service in Vienna in the house of Herr von Mahly a Kurschmeid. He kept an art-locksmith shop and it had been decided to apprentice him to this high-class craft.

His matter-of-fact father had urged that the boy should be put to learn the trade at the local blacksmith's, but as usual, mother had won. He was to be apprenticed for four years—even then it would prove a serious drain on the slender resources of the poor family. Tomas himself was quite elated at his new prospects. He was to live in Vienna—to the villagers, Vienna was a city paved with gold. And in his little precocious mind, he recognized that he would escape the drudgery and the servility of his father's calling.

In the humbler quarter of the city they stopped before a house adorned with a large gilded key as a sign and in flaming letters " Kunstschlosserei " above the window. They knocked. They were met by round, stubby, bald Herr von Mahly. They went in. They talked and talked. The parents left and Tomas was an apprentice. He was shown to his room with the other apprentices and he was set to work. Like so many enthusiastic boys, he had looked forward to designing locks and then to have the craftsman's joy of making them.

He was shown a machine for making iron heel-tips. He was shown how to insert a piece of metal on one side of the machine. He was also shown how to turn a lever. He was shown how to take it out on the other side, a complete heel-tip. For the first day, the new task was possible. The second day it grew monotonous. On the third day it was unbearable. Surely, he reasoned to himself, this kind of work did not need four years' apprenticeship. The monotony was maddening. There was nothing to learn. Apprenticeship life, too, was dreary. The master took his charge seriously and forbade his apprentices to go out in the evening, so that Tomas only saw his dream city of Vienna during the short lunch-hour. He would hurry-over his frugal dinner of wurst and black bread and then rush out to watch the stream of passers-by and the booksellers' shops. He had brought with him his own treasures, his atlas and his school books. At night time, he poured over them as a solace to and an escape from his mean, dreary surroundings. But this only excited the venom and the devilish instinct of his fellow apprentices. They nicknamed him the bookworm. They hid his clothes. They tormented

him as only boys can, and loud indeed was their jeering laughter when they discovered him in tears over a map of his beloved Moravia. And with the careless cruelty of boys they watched his absence and stole his books. His grief was intense. He could not stay with them in that mechanizing, soul-destroying shop for a moment longer. At dinner-time he went into a random bookshop and offered his services as a copyist. It was curtly refused. At dawn next morning he packed his little trunk and set off home. Two days later he arrived, to his surprised and angry parents. His father burst into a storm of sarcastic censure. He would no longer listen to the pleadings of his wife. He had failed as an assistant teacher, he had run away from a post that was beyond his standing. This time he would have his way with the ne'er-do-well. That very week Tomas was working as an apprentice again, but this time to the local village blacksmith. It was a hard life. The working day began at four—for the ploughmen wanted their shears sharpened for their day's work, and ended at ten, when the drivers brought back their teams to be shod for the next day's work. But he proved as apt a craftsman as he had a scholar. Long later, when he proudly wore the uniform of a student at the Gymnasium (or High School) at Briinn, he surprised a doubtful, scornful smith in a village through which he was passing, by taking his hammer and hammering out a horse-shoe as skilfully as the smith himself. Yet although he worked from dawn till dusk, he would go off at every available moment to his beloved books in spite of jeer and taunt from the other apprentices. What could a blacksmith find of interest in books ? One raw autumn morning Tomas was sent by his master to

get some water from the village well. He filled the two wooden buckets and was carrying them homewards when a stranger stopped to gaze at him. Tomas stopped too, rather ashamed of his grimy face and grimier clothes, for he recognized him as one of the teachers of the High School at Hustopetz. Neither spoke. When Tomas returned to dinner his mother told him that his teacher had called, that he had told her and his simple father that they had no right to apprentice so promising a scholar to a blacksmith and that after a long discussion he had offered him the post of assistant to his father who was a teacher at Chaikovitz. So Tomas was saved from the forge, to forge a new state. He was now 14 years old. He was precocious beyond his years but he found no outlet in the social and political atmosphere of his realm. Had the Austrian realm been more democratic he might have risen to a distinguished position in the administrative service of his country. Had he remained at the forge, he might have led a great social revolt against the forces of privilege and autocracy. King Chance directed his gifts into the creation of a new state.

Very gladly he returned to the village of Chaikovitz which was so familiar to him. His post, of course, did not carry any salary, but he wasf given free board and the opportunity to continue his interrupted studies. He found his old friend the priest, who was as delighted as Tomas at the return of so promising a pupil. He gave him private lessons in Latin, he encouraged him with his reading, he answered the thorny questions on faith and creed that assail young, thoughtful minds. He fondly hoped that this young, gifted pupil might even enter the Church, for the Church needed able advocates against the

wave of heresy that was sweeping the Western world. But again success seemed remote.

It arose from his first real conflict with authority—and the Church. In the geography lessons he gave his pupils an account of the Copernican theory of the universe. He explained that in spite of external appearance it was the sun that was stationary and that the earth revolved round it. The children repeated this strange lesson to their parents, and angry mothers and fathers came to complain to the priest of the heresy of the young assistant teacher. Tomas stood his ground. He would not betray what he regarded as true. The Vicar called in the young rebel. He appealed to him. The Copernican theory was but a theory ; it was contrary to Scripture and why worry the simple villagers with a disturbing theory. Tomas would not give way. He could not teach what he regarded as untrue. A few days later, however, it happened to be the annual fair ; the yokels came to interview the young rebel teacher. Tomas received them outwardly very bravely, but really rather frightened. He waited to hear what they had to say and then calmly and gravely gave them a lesson on the disputed and troublesome theory. And they listened quietly. . . . When he had finished, their spokesman stepped forward. " Just don't take any notice of the old women, but go on teaching/ ' he rejoined. " You are teaching all right." He then paused, pulled out a four-heller piece, placed it on the piano near by and slowly left. Stolidly, with peasant gait, the rest followed and left him alone with his first triumph. It was indeed his first victory of unpopular truth over popular superstition. It was not to be the last.

Now, too, his intellectual calibre was more than obvious

and he was persuaded and encouraged to go to the market-town of Straznitz where there was a Gymnasium or High School and attempt the entrance examination. He was 14 and passed with high honours. Next year he entered the German Gymnasium of Briinn. It was in the autumn of the year 1865.

CHAPTER V

THE AUSTROPRUSSIAN WAR. (THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR)

HOW THE AUSTRIANS WERE DRIVEN FROM GERMANY

THE nineteenth century saw the decline of the Austrian Empire; the twentieth witnessed its fall. But her doom was apparent long before her fall. Cavour had schemed for Italian unity under the crown of Piedmont. That dream was becoming a reality at the expense of Austria. The Junker of Pomerania had begun by equal craft and guile to scheme for German unity under the crown of Prussia. That too could only be achieved at the expense of Austria. For what indeed could Austria scheme? She could not lead a united Italy, although she was an Italian power. She could not lead a united Germany, for not only did Prussia challenge her leadership but she also ruled Magyars and Slavs.

Bismarck cautiously, daringly prepared. He had already built up a reputation as a very Junker of Junkers at the Frankfurt Diet, 1851-9, where he had challenged Austria at every point; then at St. Petersburg, 1859-62, where he paved the way for that Russo-Prussian informal alliance that was to give him a free hand in the west; and then for a short time in Paris, the very heart of the enemy. At last a quarrel between the Prussian

King William and his parliament—the House of Phrases wanted to control his army! Which Prussian ruler could accept that ?—in 1862, had brought him to power. He had followed the " talking futility " of Princely Diet and People's Parliament. He recognized that German although she was, the Prussian enemy was Austria, that Austria barred the way to Prussian hegemony in Germany. He did not shrink from a " bruderkrieg,'' notwithstanding that it hurt the sentiment of all Deutschthum, for armed success alone, he had concluded, determined the destinies of nations. And he could find priest and poet and professor to justify military victory. It was his aim to provoke Austria to her defeat, even as Cavour had done. He began the hostilities by diplomatic war.

Austria had been defeated. She had lost a large province. In the canon of " real politik/' if she wished to retain her prestige she must make good her loss. But how and where ? The feebleness of the German Princely Diet and the growing clamant nationalism supplied her with an opportunity. She decided to call a Conference of German Princes in order to show the world that her power in Germany was still supreme. This public display of her ascendancy she concealed under the diplomatic veil of a " Congress for-Federal Reform.'' In 1863 the summoned princes met at Frankfurt. But at this Regal Congress there were four missing, the rulers of Lippe, Holstein, Anhalt-Bernburg—and Prussia. Even the Austrian president recognized that without Prussia, the Conference was but a prince's beer party. It was, therefore, unanimously decided to send a special summons to the Potsdam king and the King of Saxony was asked to go in person and prevail upon the most powerful king

in Germany to attend the deliberations of his brother kings, on a matter of common concern. " An appeal from thirty reigning kings and a king to bring the message." King William was highly flattered and sorely tempted. But against him there now stood his six-foot Minister-President. For Bismarck had seen through the camouflaged purpose. He recognized that the Congress was called in order to rivet the Austrian presidency the more securely on the Germany that he already schemed to dominate. He sent his diplomatic ultimatum. The King of Prussia would attend this German conference on three conditions. If the Germanic Confederation was to be reformed then the Viennese Settlement must go—for Prussia must have absolute equality with Austria; she must have the same right to the Presidency; and finally, horror of horrors to Austria and even to his own Junkers, only a parliament representing the whole German nation was to be the arbiter of the fate of Germans. The Congress dispersed. The gage to battle had been thrown down.

His next victory was in the domain more truly Prussian. Since the great War of Liberation, German nationalism had been increasing in intensity and growing in volume. One of its aims was to redeem the " Germania irredenta " of the north, the little Duchy of Holstein and part, if not all, of the sister Duchy of Schleswig. But to redeem duchies whose independence was guaranteed by European treaties meant war, war with Denmark certainly, whose king was also duke of these debatable lands, but war also with the guarantors of their independence and of European stability. Could war be risked ? Bismarck sounded the soldiers. Their report was assuring. How could he pro-

voke a war and yet keep the powers from intervening? Bismarck triumphed over such diplomatic cobwebs. A war for Germanism, he knew, would be wildly welcomed in Germania. If he led the enthusiasm himself Austria would obstruct and oppose. So he boldly used the arch-enemy as his ally to issue an ultimatum to Denmark while at the same time he encouraged the little doomed state to fight by making her ministers believe that England had threatened to intervene should hostilities break out, "though as a matter of fact England did nothing of the kind." Consequently in 1863 Austrian and Prussian forces invaded the peaceful land. The Danes waited—for England to act. They abandoned the defences of the Dannevirke. But England paid no heed. They fought stubbornly but in vain behind the Duppler Schanzen. England still looked on. By May 1863 the Danes saw that they were abandoned to "the gaunt and wolfish marauders" and sued for peace. On October 30th the formal Peace of Vienna was signed and the Danes ceded all sovereign rights in the Duchies to the two attacking powers, jointly.

Now that the two rival German powers had won the Duchies, they had to settle their future. War between the robbers seemed imminent. Bismarck, however, decided that it was still worth keeping the peace. By the Convention of Gastein the two rivals concluded a settlement that Bismarck recognized could only lead to war. Austria was to occupy and administer Holstein; Prussia, Schleswig. "We have papered over the cracks," he cynically agreed.

The Danish campaign had been a rehearsal, and the soldiers were satisfied. Now at last with safety could

Prussia provoke her rival to war and to defeat. Excuses, of course, could easily be found or created. But there was a graver problem than finding a pretext for war. Was the world diplomatically ready for Prussian victory ? Bismarck worked cautiously. He met Napoleon III at Biarritz and lulled that plotter, that "unrecognized incapacity," by vague promises. Prussia was safe from the west. Already in 1863 he had secured the haughty neutrality of Russia in a struggle against the Hapsburgs. For Russia remembered the ingratitude of Austria during the Crimean War. It had been Russian arms that had given the Hapsburgs the victory against the Hungarian rebels in '49, yet Austria had remained passively hostile as the western democracies had launched their attack on Holy Russia. And more recently when the Poles had taken up arms against the Czar, then with a foresight that events unhappily justified, Bismarck had concluded the Convention of Alvensleben with Russia against the Polish bid for independence. Prussia was safe from the east. England ? Her bellicose menaces had for long died away in "a white paper" of excuses. He had nothing to fear from England. Italy needed Venice to round off her realm. Venice was still Austrian. In this game of power politics what more natural then than alliance of Piedmont and Prussia against a common foe. The diplomatic horizon was clear.

The dual control by the two rivals in the Duchies was an opportunity not to be missed. Bismarck incited hostility, he aroused opposition, he provoked reprisals. To his delight Austria again fell into the trap. She proposed to lay the problem of German Duchies before the German Federal Diet. Prussia could not but agree ;

but, insisted Bismarck, it must be before a reformed Diet —and it must be reformed on a plan which he knew Austria and the princes could not accept. For his plan included a German parliament based on manhood suffrage, from which, to add to the provocation, Austria was to be excluded. He knew that his proposed plan was an ultimatum. He knew that it meant war. But then it was war that he wanted.

The Austrian reply was the only one compatible with the prestige of power. She ordered the mobilization of the Federal German armies against " the disturber of the German peace." Prussia replied by declaring the German Confederation and the Viennese Settlement at an end. War began.

The Austro-Prussian-Italian War was an affair of seven weeks. On the surface it looked like a war of Germany against Prussia, for the vast majority of Germanic states ranged themselves on the Austrian cause ; but the appearance was far more formidable than the reality. The states were hesitant, for they wished the rivalry between the two enemy powers to continue and when not overtly disloyal were ineffective. And Bismarck had foreseen everything. Diplomatically he had isolated the enemy ; while Prussia was ready. In von Moltke, tli*e " master spirit of war," she had the finest strategist, in von Roon the best war minister, in the new needle gun the deadliest weapon of the age. Whilst Austria lived on her prestige. She had no allies, her peoples were turbulent, her soldiers outmatched. In the " Protestant bourgeois," Ludwig Benedek, she indeed possessed an army chief of rare nobility, but he insisted that he was no match for his opponents and expressed his pain " that Austria should not possess

a better soldier." So Austria marched to her doom and the " Old Sand Box of Germany " surprised a world that looked to her defeat.

In Germany there were three main theatres of war. The Hanoverian army was defeated at Langansalza, the Bavarian forces were brushed aside at Kissingen and three Prussian armies converged on Benedek in the fastnesses of Bohemia. Moltke so far had directed the war by telegraph from Berlin. He now promised his king that he had won not merely the battle, but the campaign. The two armies met in the early morning of July 2nd between the hamlet of Sadowa and the fortress of Koniggratz and after a day's hard fighting the Austrian army began to retreat. On July ioth the Prussians occupied Prague; two days later they entered Briinn. They began their triumphal march on Vienna. With no reserve force to check the Prussian onrush, Austria lay at the mercy of her enemy. The Prussian generals were elated. They wished to enjoy the traditional triumphs of victory. Medals were distributed, priests vied with one another to preach the victory sermon. And the Prussian king wished to march at the head of his victorious armies through the capital of his defeated foe, for chivalry had long departed from the western world.

And again to the chagrin and surprise of all, Bismarck opposed his king. He cared little for chivalry or military pride. He had won the war. What more could be desired ? Why abase the foe ? What purpose would it serve ? With every power of artifice at his command he carried his views. The defeated Hapsburgs were treated generously even according to the canons of Prussian humiliating generosity. They were not abased. No

Teutonic lands were taken from them. They were simply excluded from Germany. They had been further saved from utter humiliation, for their army had defeated the traditional enemy on the historic field of Custozza and their fleet had destroyed the nascent sea power of Italy at Lissa. So that by the Treaty of Prague, 1866, Austria merely handed over to the defeated realm the Venetian province (although again, to salve her pride, through the intermediary of Napoleon)—but she severed all her political connections with Germany. And as was to be expected, Prussia now tore up what remained of the European Viennese Settlement. The feeble Princely Diet ceased to exist. Prussia absorbed the Kingdom of Hanover, the Electorate of Hesse, the Principality of Nassau, the Free City of Frankfurt and, of course, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. "The Prussian eagle could now proudly dip one wing in the Moselle and the other in the Niemen." Prussian hegemony had begun. For the new North Germanic Confederation that Bismarck created included all Germany north of the River Main and was, as Bismarck intended it to be, a Prussian Empire. He was forging German unity by Prussian methods. And already he was planning to complete his edifice across the prostrate "body of the vigilant enemy across the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI

THE AUSGLEICH

THE DRANG NACH OSTEN

THE Treaty of Prague marked one of the decisive turning points in the chequered story of the Hapsburgs. For the sobering shock of military defeat brought greater statesmanship than reason or right. They had been driven from Italy, they were now excluded from Germany. Where could they seek compensation, and how? And how could they meet the growing clamour of their subject peoples for greater liberty. Of these subject peoples the most numerous, the most powerful and the most menacing were the Magyars of Hungary. They had made a bid for liberty in 1848 and had been crushed with the aid of Czarist Cossacks. , But the Austria of 1867 was very different from the Austria of 1849. Even the Kaiser Franz Josef could recognize that shorn of his Italian domain, deprived of Germanic support, with his soldiers defeated and the prestige of power shattered, a small Austro-German minority could not permanently suppress a majority of repressed fellow subjects. The Kaiser recognized his changed political plight. He recognized the hint from the master-plotter of Europe, that the solution to the Austro-German problem was for Austria to shift her political centre of gravity eastwards.

On the morrow of defeat he met the Magyar leader, Deak, and asked of him what the Hungarians now wanted. And with statesmanlike forbearance he replied, " What they wanted before Sadowa ! "

So in 1867 was carried through, in spite of German extremist and threatened Slav, the Ausgleich or Compromise. The German would have preferred to maintain the centralized constitution that gave the German minority domination in the realm, the Slavs had hoped for federalism as a solution to defeat and as a reward for loyalty. And indeed in the end the Compromise satisfied no one but the Magyars.

By the Ausgleich, Hungary was given political equality with Austria in the still wide Hapsburg domains. The Empire was divided into two parts, the Lands of the Austrian Crown and the Lands of the Hungarian Crown, divided by the little River Leitha. There was to be a separate parliament in Buda-Pesth to deal with Hungarian affairs, and of course a parliament in Vienna to deal with the affairs of the rest of the realm. But for the " governmental triple alliance "—war, finance and foreign affairs, still regarded as the key to statecraft—there were to be common ministries and a joint assembly called the Delegations, composed of sixty members of the Austrian Reichsrath and sixty from the Hungarian Diet. They were to meet every year at Buda and Vienna alternately. They were to conduct their debates separately and to communicate their decisions to each other in writing. And if no decision could be reached they were to meet together and vote—in silence.

To the world as a whole, there was a common Austro-Hungarian army, a common purse and a common foreign

policy, for the Magyars were taken into partnership with the Austro-Germans.

Vienna and Buda-Pesth became a Dual Monarchy with the Kaiser Emperor in Vienna and King in Buda-Pesth. The Ausgleich was sealed by the grandiose coronation of Franz Josef as the Apostolic King of Hungary on June 8th, 1867. But the coronation also sealed the fate of the other peoples subject to the Emperor-King. The Dual Monarchy became a Dual Tyranny. Officially, the very existence of Slovaks and Czechs, of Poles and Ruthenians was ignored. The Magyars but emphasized their policy to Magyarize all the peoples living within the borders of Hungary. Their organizations were suppressed, their schools closed, their language forbidden. By the stringent Law of Nationalities staunch Magyar patriots, Deak, Eotvos, attempted to destroy the national existence and the corporate life of the Slovaks. And in Austria, too, the subject peoples were kept subject.

It was in this atmosphere of increasing race hostility that a Slovak born in Moravia spent his school-days in the German Gymnasium in Briinn.

CHAPTER VII

MASARYK IN THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM OR HIGH SCHOOL OF BRlINN

WHEN Tomas entered the German Gymnasium of Briinn he was 15 years old. He knew poverty and hard work and he knew that now he had to make good. But from the beginning, he was faced with the urgent problem of how to keep himself. His parents were far too poor to support him at an age when boys of his station often supported their parents. When his mother occasionally sent him some coppers, he understood how she must have scraped and economized to get them, and what hard scrubbing it must have meant at the Schloss. He lived with six other students at a shoemaker's house, for which he paid about two florins a month, for bed and breakfast and laundry. Of his frugal breakfast, he remembered that his coffee was " wet and that it was hot." In order"to make ends meet he had to give private lessons, at first to the backward son of a railway official. This gave him two florins a month and a dinner on Sundays. He recalled, in happier days, that he could have eaten three such dinners at once, for he often had to go without one during the week. Later he was recommended as a tutor to the daughter of a baker, for which he received no money payment, but after each lesson he could have as much bread as he could eat and

he carefully planned his lessons so that they should come at the end of the day.

In his second year—when the Austro-Prussian rivalry burst into open warfare, a Polish boy arrived at the Briinn Gymnasium. Some three years previously, in 1863, Poland had again made one of her luckless dashes for liberty against the might of the Czar. It was ill-planned, and ill-executed. What, indeed, could little mutilated Poland do against the might and hordes of Holy Russia ? So slowly, surely, relentlessly, she was hemmed round, and after a three-days' battle at Grokowiska, 1863, her leaders fled, her armies dispersed, her people again succumbed. But her gallant, successless fight had stirred all Europe—to admiration. The mighty powers had been loud in sympathy, but looked on unmoved as life was again crushed out of a people who had relied on their support. The sympathy and fellow-feeling of those Poles who lived under the Hapsburg eagles, for Poles fighting for freedom, was intense. They gave shelter to fugitives, they organized medical and financial aid, they supported widows and orphans. As soldiers fled the Cossack knout, they crossed the border, and many reached the villages of Moravia, where the peasantry thrilled at their story of bravery and rebellion. For the Slav Renaissance had begun to ferment, the Polish struggle appeared to be theirs. Their own oppression began to feel more oppressive.

Tomas was of an age when enthusiasm is as reckless as inexperience can justify. He, too, had thrilled at the story of Polish bravery and daring, and he speedily made friends with the young Pole. They gave each other lessons. In return for help in class-work, Tomas

learnt Polish. Slav kinship and Slav consciousness were dawning. Luck, too, now came his way. Monsieur le Monnier was the police chief of the Czech-German town of Briinn and, in this police-ridden land, consequently the most important and the most terrifying personage. He had a young son who, indeed, had a tutor, but who craved for the companionship and emulation of another boy. So the High School was asked to recommend a boy who was to act both as comrade and help. Tomas was recommended. Young le Monnier was lame, so that it was the duty of the boy companion to take him to and from school, as well as to help him in his studies and homework. And in return, he received all his meals with the police family. Here was wealth indeed. So wealthy did he now consider himself, that he sent for his brother to come to study at Briinn, for he could provide for two.

There were six boys living together at the cobbler's house, all Czechs or Slovaks. Amongst themselves they spoke Czech, although in school, of course, they spoke German. When their homework was finished they sang Czech songs, recalled Czech history, retold Czech stories. They were almost like a Czech " cell " within this German school. For the race hostility jfhat was being envenomed in the outer world was reflected in this narrower world of the school. The town itself was half German, half Czech. The higher posts in the administration, in every department of public life, were all held by Germans. The Czechs were mainly " hands " in the growing workshops, or in service to the German bourgeoisie. And the Germans flaunted their superiority.

In school itself, fights and rags occurred between the German and Czech groups of boys ; harmless and boyish

though they were, they betrayed the growing hostility in the town and beyond, and the bitterness that one day was to disrupt the Empire. Under the pressure of hostility, Tomas became aggressively Czech, especially as the new Headmaster began to impose on his school a more severely German discipline. The Classical master happened to be a Czech. He had previously signed himself Stanek. Now under the Germanic pressure of the new Headmaster he Germanized his name to Staniek. Tomas was furious. At the next Latin lesson, he read his text with an exaggerated Czech accent. The Herr Professor checked and corrected him. " Pardon me, Herr Professor," retorted the young hot-head, " you are a German and pronounce your Latin with a German accent. I am a Czech, and I pronounce Latin with a Czech accent," Tomas was, of course, reported to the new, red-haired, Teutonic Headmaster who gave the young rebel a severe reprimand and marked him down for conduct in the terminal report. Such incidents grew common and the hostility increased.

A sterner conflict with authority now threatened to wreck his new academic career. * He was now 17 years old and in the fifth form. One day he waited on good Father Prochazka to tell him that he could no longer, with any sincerity, go to confession. The pious Father was genuinely pained. He liked the brilliant young pupil who was so obviously marked out for leadership. He listened patiently. He pleaded with him to reconsider his decision. For it meant a very serious step for a pupil to take. In this government school, religion was an official subject, it was part of the scholastic discipline. All were expected to attend church and to go to con-

fession and communion. But Tomas had begun seriously and conscientiously to doubt the dogmas of his Church and his haunting doubts were emphasized by the jeering, irreligious attitude of those boys who so dutifully obeyed this compulsory discipline. They discussed jokingly among themselves as to who was to tell the most fantastic story of sin to the Father-Confessor, and confession made no difference, of course, to their lives. The pious, pained Father waited. He made inquiries as to the personal habits of the young heretic. He found nothing wrong. One evening he called him into his study and discussed the difficulty. Tomas remained firm. He repeated respectfully and firmly. He would not go. It was dishonest. So the good Father had again to report him to the red-haired, Teutonic Headmaster. The Head stood for discipline. School regulations said that all pupils had to go to confession, whether they believed in it or not. He could make no exception in his case. He must comply with school regulations. But Tomas quietly and simply replied that he could not act dishonestly, that he could not go. He was now a marked boy. Soon a silly, boyish love-affair—he fell in love with a girl of his own age, sister-in-law of his landlprd—was reported to the irate Head and he received a curt note that he need not return to the Briinn High School for the coming school year. He was now 19 years of age, penniless and without any post.

It was during his stay at the Briinn High School that the Austro-Prussian war, the Seven Weeks' war, was fought. Bohemia and Moravia were the very centre of the fray. The schools were closed, and Tomas trudged home on foot. He arrived to find the Austrian troops in retreat

and the rumour spread that the Prussians were coming. It had ever been a dread cry. The villagers began to bolt and bar their doors, for they feared the looting of their homes. The Czech High School boy was equal to the occasion. Whilst the frightened peasantry waited, not knowing quite what to do, he made his way to the most outlying cottage and chalked in large letters: " Cholera in this village." The Prussians, indeed, arrived, saw the dread notice, and made a wide detour. Even his father admitted that schooling was of some worth.

The four years that he spent at the Briinn High School were years of active, intellectual development. He read avidly, far beyond his years and the needs of the school curriculum. He became acquainted with foreign literatures, with French and German thought. Intellectually he had moved a long way from the mental horizons of his native villages, but he retained nevertheless the simple, modest charm of the Moravian countryside. He remained rooted in his past. Never would he deny his peasant and Czech origins. Never could he be tempted to Germanize his name for material reasons.

In this period of adolescent exuberance he began to write his first novel. He completed the early chapters and one day when the Czech club of his school went for **a** swim in the river, he called the members together and asked them to listen. He took out his manuscript and began. They gathered round him and listened impatiently, for they wanted to swim. But he kept them all listening to the end. Then one at last burst out, " Tom, such a silly story I've never heard in all my life," and they all dived into the water. That evening he slowly burnt page after page of his first efforts.

But now he was sent down from school. He was 19. He was faced with the very urgent and immediate problem that he was penniless and with a future that appeared as grim and as hungry as his past. It was in the year 1869.

CHAPTER VIII

L'ANNfiE TERRIBLE

IT was on a hot July day, the 5th, in the year 1870 that Hammond, the experienced British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, assured his Chief, Lord Granville, that " except for some Greek brigandage he had never, during his long experience, known so great a lull." On the following day the Due de Gramont, the haughty Foreign Minister of a mock-Napoleonic France, assured the Chamber in Napoleonic language that " France would know how to do her duty without hesitation and without weakness." A week later on July 14th, the anniversary of the national fete, it was announced to a war-ridden senate and chamber by the same Foreign Minister, " Guarantees we cannot bring you, but we bring you war." Even the ageing, cautious Emperor* had been carried off his vigilance by the braggart reply of the army chief, Marshal Leboeuf, to his anxious query, " Are the soldiers ready ? " " The soldiers of Jena are ready. All is in order to the last button on the gaiters . . . We are archiprets." . . . On August 4th, three German armies began to pour into the heart of France through every gap in her mountain frontier, while France herself fumbled for her arms, and the triumph of Bismarck was complete.

But the triumph of Bismarck meant the undoing of

Austria, for almost every political change in the Western world affected her policy and influenced her future. It was events beyond her frontiers that came to drive her further eastward and southward to the ignominy of defeat and disruption.

With conspicuous skill and utter lack of scruple, Bismarck at Berlin moved the levers of European policy to seal the impress of Prussian hegemony on the new Germany. His only possible rival he had already excluded. She was excluded as the result of a successful war. But, dreamed hopefully Count Beust, the Austrian Chancellor, " the God of Battles might prove fickle. What a war gave, a war might take away." If in a future conflict Prussia were abased, might not the Hapsburgs regain their traditional leadership in Germany ? So he bided his time, tried to follow and unravel the plans of his hated rival. But to Bismarck a war was not a chance, lucky or unlucky, on which a policy might be staked. It was a carefully prepared machine, working to a policy even more carefully prepared. He wanted a united Germany. He wanted that unified Germany to be the creation and under the control of Prussia. One age-long foe still barred that path. Unity in the, face of the foe was the only prelude to unity under Prussia. Victory over that foe was the only means to that goal. As for the machine, the army was ready, not in the flamboyant, braggart way of a Leboeuf, but in the scientific, methodical way taught to an efficient and duty-devoted War Staff by Clausewitz (1780-1831), in his *Vom Krieg,* 1837, where he explained with Prussian erudition that war was but a " manifestation of life through the nation's will."

Bismarck then wanted war, but he wanted to manoeuvre

the enemy to declare it, for he was master of that diplomatic guile that gave the appearance of right to wrong. How could he goad the enemy to declare war, which meant, of course, her defeat ? The stars were on his side. Spain was in search of a ruler. This proud-pauper land came unexpectedly to his help. The army under a Marshal Prim had revolted, her shameless Queen Isabella had fled and the Cortez voted for a constitutional monarchy.

A Hohenzollern was sounded. France feared a Hohenzollern encirclement; there was one in Berlin, another in Bucarest (since 1866, when Prince Carol had accepted the crown of Roumania). Was there to be a third in Madrid ? The French ambassador, Count Vincent Benedetti, was instructed to protest, but Bismarck very carefully and opportunely could not be found ; he was away in the country recuperating. Benedetti, therefore, went off to interview the King himself who was taking the waters at Ems near Coblenz. The two met, the king and the ambassador. The king showed himself inclined to peace. Would Bismarck really be baulked of his war ? When Count Gramont heard of the favourable attitude of a Prussian king, he desired to press his victory home. He instructed the ambassador to ask for guarantees that a Hohenzollern candidature would *never* be renewed. So on the morning of July 13 th, Benedetti again met the king with the new request. " He spoke to me, on the promenade," wrote the king, " to demand from me . . . in a very importunate manner never again to give my consent if the Hohenzollerns should renew their candidature. I refused at last somewhat sternly." The king then sent the Ems Telegram to acquaint his minister

with what had transpired. That evening, the Iron Chancellor was dining with von Roon and von Moltke. They were all in deep dejection at their king's weakness in giving way to the demands of an excitable French envoy. Bismarck himself talked again of resigning. It was between six and seven o'clock. A telegram arrived. Bismarck read it. He looked up and asked Moltke if he were ready. He received the encouraging reply that " a rapid outbreak would, on the whole, be more favourable than delay." Bismarck took up an official pencil and crossed through the telegram but without adding or altering any word. He read the Bismarckian version. " Now it has a different ring," was the comment of Moltke ; " it sounded before like a parley, now it is like a flourish in answer to a challenge." " Our God of old lives still," agreed Roon. And Bismarck himself admitted that his version would act "as a red rag upon the Gallic bull."

So it was that on the next day, July 14th, the war dogs were again loosed on Europe. " Nach Paris ! " shrieked the good Berliners round the royal Schloss. " A Berlin! " shrieked the good Parisiens round the Tuileries. But Bismarck was ready. Napoleon was not. The German mobilization was complete withip a fortnight. But the French marched out of quarters insufficiently equipped, often with no artillery, baggage, ambulance or magazines. Their railway organization was inefficient, their intelligence service bad—they had to use German maps of their own border regions ! So it was that the Germans crossed the Rhine and marched through the shame of Sedan and Metz to . . . Paris. This time, there was no chivalry, diplomatic or otherwise. Bismarck's raucous, jeering laughter of elation drowned even that of the generals.

France was abased, and in the Salle des Glaces, in the palace of Louis XIV, at Versailles on January 18th, 1871, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor. So at last had Bismarck fashioned German unity under Prussian hegemony. His work was achieved.

Austria had watched with sullen resignation the struggle on the Rhine. For one short moment, there had been a dream of a possibility of France finding in Austria an ally against a common foe. But the Catholic alliance never materialized and the Hapsburgs sadly realized that the disasters to France meant also their own defeat. Never could they now regain their former supremacy in the new Prussian Germany. Their political centre of gravity had to move eastward. If Austria now wanted compensation for her losses in the west there was only one path—eastwards, into the Balkans.

But that path led also to never-ending complications. Across the Balkans there loomed large and ominous the dread shadow of the Czars. Russia in the '70*3 was not a mystery, but a might. And she, too, desired to expand —southward to the warm waters of the Mediterranean. She, too, desired to be a Mediterranean power, for she inherited the traditions of the old Byzantine Empire and longed to cleanse the Mosque of Stamboul from the Islamic heresy, and again raise Cross and Ikon in the Christian cathedral of Santa Sophia. She still called Constantinople, Tsarigrad, the city of her Czars.

In Holy Russia, Austria could not but find a determined opponent. But there was a further and more internal complication. The more lands she might secure in her " Drang nach Osten " the more Slav peoples would she rule. Already the Austrians in the Hapsburg realms

found themselves " an islet in a Slav ocean." To add more Slavs to the Ramshackle Empire meant the aggravation of menacing, internal problems. If the Slavs were granted equality and the vote, they could and would control the Austrian monarchy. If they were not, then an Empire divided within herself could not survive the historical aspirations of the age. What way was there out of this impasse ? One was shown . . . long later by the Moravian Slovak peasant student of 19 who, in the year 1869, was dismissed from the High School of Briinn.

MASARYK IN VIENNA

MASARYK returned home, to the bovine indignation of his father and the tearful confidence of his mother. He was saved from a return to the forge by the father of the lame boy he had so successfully tutored. Herr le Monnier had been promoted to the position of Police Director in Vienna. He repaid former kindness and used his powerful influence so that next term Tomas Masaryk entered the Gymnasium of Vienna. The great, beautiful city on the Danube was the pivot of the Hapsburg realm and of the Near East. The undercurrents that had flown so sluggishly in a provincial town like Briinn, became rolling torrents in the heart of this discordant realm. Masaryk watched the scene—the Kaiser and his exclusive aristocrat court in which thirty-two quarterings were still the indispensable standards for admission, the ostentatious display of the haute bourgeoisie, the squalor in the back streets. For coupled with the race problem was a social and economic problem. He never grew to like town life, he far preferred the country-side ; but with the influence of time, and the pressure of necessity, he grew accustomed to it. He was still a school-boy attending the High School, but from the outset he sought out the centres of CzgcbJife, the workmen's clubs, the Beseda—the Czech,'societies which

were then formed in almost every city where Czechs lived —and the university students' clubs. They discussed together political problems as they brooded over social problems. They discussed how the Czechs, like the Magyars, might extort some measure of autonomy and political freedom from the autocracy that surrounded the Hapsburgs. They brooded over the misery of factory hand and agricultural labourer, and the possibility of some measures of relief from new industrialist and older aristocrat. As a social education, it proved to be a far more powerful influence on the penniless student than the more academic training at the High School.

During his first year at the High School, he worked hard and easily attained first position in his classes, but he soon found the curriculum too narrow so he contented himself with passing creditably in his school work, while devoting his leisure and energy to studying all sorts of new subjects—history, philosophy, art, languages. He was, of course, alone in the great city where every temptation was rife, but he later explained that he never could find time to fall into bad habits, for he had to earn his own living. He was blessed with the experience of poverty and hardship. As for the fyture, he was still vague and undecided. He was drawn to the study of geography, for the racial clashes within the realm seemed to give it an immediate and practical bearing, but in addition, by temperament he found himself fascinated by the picture of wide ocean and desert expanses, by the mystery of arctic tundra and tropical jungle. Prompted by the Wanderlust, he decided that he would enter the diplomatic service, where in the course of sober duty, he might travel, see the world, its peoples and places. He actually began the

study of Arabic in addition to his school work as a preparation to enter the School of Oriental Studies from which the diplomatic corps were recruited. Alas, with pain and anger he learnt that such posts were reserved for the sons of the nobility. How could a peasant's son desire to serve his country in so exclusive a calling ? He turned again to reality. For the stark reality was never lacking in his life. Throughout his long student days he had always to think of earning his living. During his last year at the High School he secured a post as tutor to a Hungarian family over the long midsummer holidays. It transpired when he arrived in the small remote Hungarian village, that the father was Hungarian and the mother German and he noted their relationship, as well as something more sinister, the evil relations between the Magyars and the Slovaks. He saw the inferiority to which the Slovaks were degraded by every artifice of social and legal pressure. And he felt kinship with these oppressed peoples, a kinship of oppression, but also now a kinship of history and tradition and culture. He began to seek and build up some scientific theory on the distribution of the members of the great Slav family, of Russian and Pole, of Czech and Slovak, of Serb and Croat. One morning he sat alone on a bench in the village green, studying his maps. An elderly man came and sat down beside him. They began a conversation. The stranger asked him about his maps and Tomas began to expand on his theory of the Slav dispersion. The stranger listened kindly but shook his head, questioned and then angered the young student. When he at last arose to leave, they gave each other their names. "I am Professor Sichel," said the smiling stranger. He had been

speaking to and opposing the leading authority in the empire. He learnt the lesson of the need for caution and patience in the search for truth. However, his intensive study of Hungary and its races stood him in good stead. In the final examination of his school, a question appeared on the social and religious conditions of Hungary. And as they marked his script, the examiners could not but realize that he knew more about Hungary than they did themselves. So that, although his marks in some other subjects were, for him, surprisingly low, they allowed him to pass. In 1872 he finally matriculated and entered the University of Vienna. He had for long earned his own living; he now had to prepare for a career.

King Chance again proved kind. He was recommended as tutor to the two sons, Max and Alfred Schlesinger, of the President of the Anglo-Viennese Bank. For this, he received what he considered a princely salary, for in addition to board and lodging with a rich banker, he also received about £2 a week, so that he was now able not only to maintain himself in comparative ease, but also to keep his younger brother Ludwig at the university too. He learnt of the life of the rich as he already knew, only too well, that of the -poor. Above all he found a valued life-long friend in his pupil Alfred Schlesinger.

With the basic problem of living solved, he turned to decide what study to take up at the university, for upon that depended his future. Even at 22 he had no clear idea of what he wanted to be. He loved knowledge and the pursuit of truth, but such pursuit has rarely led to wealth. After a period of hesitation he decided to study philosophy, for it seemed to embrace so many subjects and moreover seemed to answer his perpetual query as to

the why of things. So he called on Professor Zimmerman, the professor of philosophy at the university, for advice. The learned professor suggested to the young man, to read through first the whole history of philosophy and so see which of the great thinkers he found most attractive. So Masaryk sat down stolidly to read through the story of the world's great thinkers. He tried to read many in the original and found that in Europe at least, the study of human thought began with that of the Greeks and Romans. And as he wished to read their books in the original, he attended lectures on Greek and Latin. He found the scholarly lecturers really tedious. He wanted Latin, in order to read Latin thought. The professor spent most of his time in a detailed study of Catullus, describing minutely the divergences in the texts and how the manuscripts differed. How remote he thought was the professorial world from the world of life. Eventually, like so many serious-minded young men, he grew enamoured with the thought and teaching of Plato. He remained a Platonist throughout his life. And he marvelled, as he could not help but noting, how two small peoples, the Greeks and the Jews, still exerted their influence on the culture and thought of mankind. He found university life as stimulating by personal contacts as by its learning. To Professor Franz Brentano he was particularly indebted. He could not attend his lectures, as he would have wished, for he himself was tied by his tutoring at the time when Brentano was lecturing, but he would visit him in his house. He found himself greatly attracted by his depth of original thinking and by his independence of mind. He had been a Roman Catholic priest but had left the Roman Church after the

promulgation of the Decree of Papal Infallibility in 1870 as a Catholic dogma. Although they rarely discussed religion, this attitude of independence profoundly influenced the young student, who had himself refused to attend the Confessional because it was a discipline and not an act of faith.

The '7o's saw Slavism growing more militant, especially as Germanism grew more strident and aggressive. Most Slavs looked with hope and confidence to Russia, the great Slav Mother who, when the hour struck, would come to their help, and free them from their thraldom. History, of course, mocked them ; it recorded the terrible Czarist oppression in Poland. Masaryk heard at almost every Czech gathering of this Russian myth. Very eagerly indeed did he grasp the opportunity of becoming tutor to a Russian boy then studying in Vienna and very speedily did he learn Russian ; so well, indeed, that he was able to write and lecture in this acquired tongue. He began to read systematically the Russian Pan-Slavists, Gogol, Dostoievski. Little did he imagine that all this book learning would one day have practical value in freeing his people from their servitude.

Yet although he remained a hard-working, serious student, he also found time for practical affairs. He joined the gymnastic society ; he learnt to box and wrestle and ride and swim. And he took an active and prominent part in the growing Czech movement. In Vienna, as was to be expected, Czech life centred round the Workmen's Club. He lectured to them, gave them financial help from his own meagre resources, made them proud of being Czech. He speedily became president of the Czech Student's Club at the university and here, too, he gave

help freely, not alone in time and organization, but financially. He began to write too, for reviews, for the press. He was becoming known. Against the lofty, jeering, strident tones of the German students, with their flamboyant student caps, he held aloft the value and the hope of the Czech. He wrote in Czech an article on " Patriotism in Plato," followed by another on " Progress." He flaunted his Czech origins. As a gage of defiance he wrote under the pen-name of Vlastimil, meaning " lover of my country." He became the intellectual leader of the Czechs, amidst the German intellectuals who mocked at their culture and denied them a literature, even a past. The peasant boy was repaying society for the little opportunity she had given him of making good.

In 1876 his student days ended, although he remained a student all his days. He presented his thesis on " Plato on Immortality " and was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was now 26 years old, still penniless and without a livelihood.

CHAPTER X

DR. TOMAS MASARYK

THE gifted son of a teamster born in servitude had at last reached the intellectual eminence of becoming a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Vienna. But what could he do now? He loved learning. But that could provide no livelihood. He discussed the problem with the Schlesingers. At last he decided that he would like to become a Professor. But to become a Professor he had to qualify in still another university. To which university could he go? He had no means! And there were so many penniless doctors of philosophy in Vienna! Very fortunately again, his pupil Alfred Schlesinger finished the same year at the High School, first in his class, and gratefully he attributed his success to the conscientious tuition of the Czech scholar. The family decided to give Alfred a holiday in Italy because of his success, with Masaryk to accompany him. Never was holiday so thoroughly enjoyed. The life of ancient Rome and of modern Italy assumed a profounder significance as they wandered through the ruins of the past and the life of the present—the Forum still half-excavated, the Colosseum in its historic beauty, the church of St. Peter, the mother-church of Western Christendom and the Vatican, into which the Holy Father had entered as a voluntary prisoner as a protest against the victory of Italy over Rome.

To it all was added a touch of Realism. For the re-birth of Italy gave a touch of hope to the Czech who had watched her birth-pangs. The Austrians still despised the Italians ; to the Court and the Society of Vienna, as to the Austrian military staff, Italy was still the traditional enemy. Now Italy had won her freedom, and the Czechs had watched this anti-Austrian victory with sympathy and joy. Not that Masaryk was a rebel or a revolutionary, nor indeed was he a prophet or inspired. But he had watched, as all the civilized peoples had watched six years previously, how on the famous Venti Settembre, the 20th of September, 1870, the troops of modern Italy had entered the city of the Caesars and the Popes by the Porta Pia, and Rome, the cradle of European civilization, had again become the heart and head of a living state. Would Golden Prague again enjoy such a phoenix-like resurrection ? His wildest imagination could hardly yet focus such hopes.

In the autumn of the following year, Masaryk again accompanied his young charge when he went to study at the University of Leipzig. King Chance again seemed to throw the dice of life in his favour. In order to become a professor, he had to have at least a year's study at a foreign university. Being penniless, he had petitioned the Minister of Education for a year's scholarship abroad. But what could a Czech expect from an Austrian Minister of Education ? He had received a curt official reply. " Your petition for a scholarship for study abroad has been refused." It was, therefore, with hope and joy that he now went to continue his studies at the German University of Leipzig. Alfred Schlesinger turned to law, but Masaryk continued with his study of philosophy.

He found an excellent and sympathetic teacher in Professor Gustav Techner. He enjoyed especially the meetings of the University Philosophical Society, where scholars with world-wide reputations, such as Wundt and Zollner, took a vigorous part in the debates. He even turned to the study of Theology, for Leipzig was one of the great centres of Protestant scholarship, and he found a striking contrast between the vigour and the critical learning of the Protestant teaching and the submissive acceptance of Catholic dogma in his native Moravia. But although he was immersed in books, he never remained bookish nor an intellectual recluse. He found in Leipzig a Russian Club, for most of the Czech students in Leipzig were preparing themselves for teaching in Russia, and they cordially welcomed the tall, distinguished-looking Czech who had graduated so brilliantly at Vienna, and whose intellectual future seemed so promising. He was soon at home in the Czech Club. As elsewhere, most of the members were working men, and they too gave a surprised and joyous welcome to the gifted intellectual, who was in no way ashamed of his peasant origins, who courted working men and who challenged the self-assertive^ superiority of Teutonism.

He read papers to them, he gave them a vista of educational and intellectual life that sweetened their daily toil. He explained how Czech life was embedded in the past and could look forward to a still more glorious future, and he told them the story of how the very University of Leipzig was but an offshoot of the great historic University of Prague. For in 1409 the German students left Prague because of the racial clash so many centuries earlier. Already he showed himself to be a practical

philosopher, for he explained to these humble working folk how to improve their lives by forming friendly and benefit societies for mutual help. Unwittingly he was laying the foundations of that co-operation which is the basis for civic life. Here, too, beyond the reach of the Austrian police, they studied together those writers which were either censored or forbidden to be printed and read in the Hapsburg realms—the patriotic and nationalistic writings of the Czech Carl Havlicek and the Slovak Stefanic.

But the greatest adventure of his Leipzig days was his meeting with Miss Charlotte Garrigue, his future life partner. Schlesinger and Masaryk had found a good boarding-house, kept by kindly Frau Goering. She was a homely German Frau who pointed out to the newcomers the sights of this university city, who recommended them to go and enjoy the concerts at the Gewandhaus and to listen to Bach at the old Church of St. Thomas. One day she announced rather excitedly to the newcomers that a foreign Fraulein, who had previously stayed at her pension, was returning for the summer. Her bustling pleasure indicated that she had been a welcome pensionnaire. During the year 1870 an American, a Mr. Garrigue, a bookseller from New York, had spent his holidays in Germany with part of his large family. One of his daughters, Charlotte, was a keen and cultured student of music, especially of the piano. She took the opportunity of visiting Liszt, and at Leipzig she spent a large part of her holiday listening to the music at the Gewandhaus and the motets at St. Thomas's Church. She enjoyed her stay at Leipzig so intensely that in 1877, her father sent her back to study at the Leipzig Con-

servatory. Tomas Masaryk was still a young man and he was intrigued to see this American Fraulein, especially as good Frau Goering had given such an exuberant account of her talents and her family history. The Garrigues, it appeared, were scions of an old Huguenot family which had fled to the tolerant shelter of Holland when Louis X I V had revoked the Edict of Nantes. They had finally settled in Denmark, where old Mr. Garrigue was born. He was a person of some standing, for he numbered Thorwald, the sculptor, among his friends. Finally, however, he had emigrated to America where he had made good as a bookseller and which was now his home. He had married a Miss Whiting, who was sprung from an old Puritan family, a worthy representative herself of the great pioneering days of the great western republic. Tomas watched her arrival from behind the curtains of the front room, and soon in the limited opportunities for conversation in a private boarding-house, he found her really interested in the deeper things of life. They discussed and compared Goethe and Shakespeare. He found to his surprise that she really had a workable and intelligent knowledge of mathematics. Female education in Austria was still sadly backward. They began to go to concerts together, to the debates of the philosophical society, to the public lectures of the university. A happy accident decided a happier engagement. One day they all went on an excursion to one of the Slovak villages lying just outside Leipzig. On the way back as they were being ferried across the River Elster, the boat ran against the shore and poor, stout Frau Goering fell into the river. Tomas jumped in and rescued her. But our hero caught a chill and the doctors ordered him to stay in bed. He

was, of course, nursed by the grateful and speedily recovered Frau Goering. It was arranged that as he could not go to lectures, Fraulein Goering and Miss Charlotte Garrigue were to read to him. They read Byron (Byron appears to be the favourite English poet on the continent). Then they went on to Buckle's *History of Civilization* and Mill's *Subjection of Women.* So began the partnership which was to last so beautifully for half a century. Tomas also gave, to very sympathetic ears, an account of contemporary life and politics. He spoke of Austrian oppression, of Czech humiliation, of the growing, strident, hectoring Germanism. Her sympathy and understanding led to mutual love.

Then, one day, she announced that she was going off to stay with a friend at Elgesburg, near Thuringia. Tomas saw her to the station. " Auf wiedersehen " they both repeated. He walked back musingly to his pension, sat down and wrote her a long letter proposing marriage. She did not take long in replying, but the letter neither consented nor refused. So the penniless student plucked up courage. He collected all the pennies he could and travelled to Elgesburg, fourth class, which meant travelling in carriages with wooden seats and straight backs. And the lovers met and the independent Miss from beyond the seas consented to marry the peasant boy who was still a penniless doctor of philosophy.

Charlotte returned to America. Masaryk returned to Vienna ; he to write his great book which was to qualify him for a university post; she to announce to her family her engagement to an unknown peasant boy from **the** depths of Moravia.

CHAPTER XI

MR. AND MRS. TOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

MASARYK now began, seriously and earnestly, to work on his book, *On Self-inflicted Death,* which he hoped would qualify him for the post of a university lecturer. Suddenly he received a telegram from Mr. Garrigue saying that Charlotte had fallen from a carriage and that he was to come to see her at once. He hastily collected all the money he could, left his work and was preparing to set off when he received another note which relieved him of his intense anxiety. Charlotte wrote to tell him that her accident was not really so serious as had been feared, that he was not to interrupt his work, but continue with his book. But his anxiety would not be allayed. It was on a cold wintry day in February in the year 1878 when he set off for'Hamburg, and booked his passage on the *Herder* bound for New York. Those were the days of the great exodus from the pauper- and aristocratic-ridden areas of Europe to the freedom and hope of the land of the Stars and Stripes, and shipping companies took advantage of this human flow to fill their hulks to the brim with human cargo. That February the weather seemed worse than ever. Masaryk could only afford to travel steerage, and the bad food, the vile quarters and the noxious atmosphere made the journey

as wretched as it was dangerous. The *Herder* was really unfit for the crossing (indeed, on the next voyage she foundered), while every day fresh storms and fears appeared. One night there was a sudden crash, water swept through the cabins, passengers screamed and prayed, the boat appeared lost. Tomas was himself surprised to find himself lying quite still on his bunk waiting. Nothing happened. After a time the crying, panic-stricken passengers were re-assured. It was not the ship's side that had crashed. A water reservoir had burst. But the horror of the crossing never seemed to end. The voyage from Hamburg to New York generally took about fourteen days. On this frightful journey it took seventeen. New York, with its statue of Liberty, came into view. He asked a passing sailor to point out to him where Brooklyn lay. Charlotte lived in Brooklyn. With his strange Czech English, he made his way to her home. He met a large, healthy, happy, independent family. They welcomed the foreigner in a most friendly way. Masaryk himself was most struck by the variety of their religious loyalties. Mr. Garrigue himself was an Agnostic—Agnostics were then described as Atheists —Charlotte was a Unitarian, for Garrigue allowed his children to adopt any creed which they regarded as true, so that eight different " religions " were represented round the family table of eleven. The family atmosphere, too, was one of independence and personal endeavour. So Tomas had arrived in the great " Melting Pot." Europe and her problems seemed so distant. In this Melting Pot, a man of grit and character might still carve out for himself a career and a future. Tomas had lost, by his sudden departure, the lessons in Vienna by which he had

kept himself. A university post, for a Czech, was difficult to obtain. Might he not stay on and find employment in America? He might secure a university post or some journalistic work. His fiancee, however, recalled him to reality. So, one evening, he had a long interview with old Mr. Garrigue. He explained his present situation and his future hopes. When his book would be published, he might secure a post as a junior lecturer. It would be unpaid and probably last for two years. After that, he might become a university professor. For a while, at least, life for a young married couple would be a grinding struggle. . . . Then he haltingly explained that in Austria it was the custom for every bride to have a dowry, a "Mitgift" which might help to tide over the earlier lean years. Old Garrigue listened, his face grew sterner. He too explained. In America it was the custom for every husband to keep his wife; he would have no fortune-hunter after his daughter, no son-in-law would ever live on his bounty. . . . Deadlock seemed complete. Should he stay on in America where dollars were so easy to earn? Charlotte would not listen to that. Should they marry and return to Vienna and poverty? Behind the scenes they all pleaded with the stern, angry old man. Eventually he relented. He agreed to pay their fare back to Europe and to give them some three thousand marks with which to begin life. So one windy morning in March there was a brief civil marriage in the Town Hall and, after the wedding meal, another religious marriage "en famille," and a week later Mr. and Mrs. Tomas Garrigue Masaryk set sail for Vienna—and, had they but known it, to found a new European state. On his wedding day he announced to the family that he had decided to

add a middle name to his own. Henceforth he was to be Tomas Garrigue Masaryk.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomas Garrigue Masaryk set sail for Vienna in 1878. They stopped at Leipzig where kindly Frau Goering offered the newly-weds her blessings and congratulations. They passed through Prague, where they watched the stately bridges over the Moldain and glanced in awe and admiration at the Castle which represented alien and almost feudal rule—and from which Masaryk, as President, was one day to rule his freed people. Then they returned to the poverty and the humdrum life of struggle in Vienna. They hunted for a flat, and because of their very straitened circumstances, they picked one out in the poorer quarter of the city, across the canal in the Leopoldstadt at Number 10 Salmgasse. It consisted of two rooms, a bed-dining-sitting-room and a kitchen. To earn a living, he turned to what the intellectual poor always turn, to teaching. He found some work as a supply teacher to the High Schools, but the pay was poor and the work sporadic, so he preferred private tutoring, and all the time he toiled away at his book which was to be the passport to a university post.

Yet, ironically enough, everybody thought he had married wealth. A doctor of philosophy to cross the seas to the land of the dollars and bring back a poor wife was unthinkable. Bankers called on him, offering their advice and help—for a consideration, of course—to place his newly-obtained riches. And once, when he was staying at Klobouky, he was surprised by a deputation from the district, who came to plead with him that they needed a railway and would he use his dollars to build one for them, from Klobouky to Hustopetz. While to add yet

a further touch of ignorant humour to the ignorant irony, an old peasant woman came to visit him and, peasant-like, slyly asked him if his wife was really an American and if so, could she please see her, for she had never yet seen—a negress. And all the while, in sober reality, there was penury and struggle in their little two-roomed flat. In the summer, too, he fell ill with typhoid, and soon a baby girl came, followed a year later by a baby boy, all of which added to the worry and stress of the brave, poor home. Both parents worked hard. Masaryk at his book and lessons ; " Charlie " even found time to translate an English philosophical treatise.

At last his book was finished, but the University was reluctant to accept it. It was only on the powerful intervention of influential friends, like Professor Brentano, that the University, after a year's delay, reconsidered its decision. The title of the book was *Suicide as a Mass Phenomenon,* It treated of the philosophical aspect of life and death, and those basic problems of life which have stirred thinkers throughout the ages. So now, in the year 1879, he was at last appointed a junior lecturer in the University of Vienna. His life was just as struggling as before his appointment, «for» junior lecturers received no pay, but he records that " it was worth it." Now he had a status and a possible future. He records of this period, " We lived in a room with only a window into a passage, by a curious chance just next to the house where I had worked as a locksmith's apprentice when I was a boy. We used to cook our breakfast at home, our other meals we got at some little cheap eating-house round the corner." The three years 1879 to 1882 were, perhaps, the most difficult of his life. In the morning he prepared

his lectures, in the afternoon he gave private lessons, in the evening he wrote his books and articles. There was no time for social life or leisure. Yet it was in these years of toil and struggle that he began to build up his reputation. Students would come to his simple, poverty-stricken home to talk, discuss, listen. They found a kindly, tolerant teacher who understood and sympathized with their student difficulties, whether intellectual or financial. He understood their problems, for they had been his own. He, too, had gone through that long vale of toil and privation alone and unaided. In this period, too, he finally took the serious step of breaking with the Church of his fathers and joining a Czech Protestant denomination. Materially it could do him no good. A Czech who made his home a rendezvous for students, who had written a book on Suicide—could he find no other subject to write about ?—who left the dominant Church . . . what preferment could he expect ? Moreover, no vacancy seemed likely. He thought of going to Germany, but he feared that once in Germany he would hardly be singled out from -the many Herr Doktors. Then again King Chance waved his magic sceptre. In 1882, after a venomous political fight in the Reichsrath, the Czechs secured the establishment of a Czech University at Prague to focus the cultural life of the Slav subjects of the Hapsburgs. The trustees invited Masaryk to join the Faculty as Professor of Philosophy.

And he accepted the invitation.

CHAPTER XII

GERMAN AND SLAV

THE 'seventies had seen the triumph of Germany. The God of Battles had decided in her favour. Her population was hardy and vigorous and increasing at a rate that added an army corps to her forces every year. Her industry was expanding at a speed that she might well claim to be the factory of Europe, and already she was challenging in every market Great Britain, once the factory of the world. Her universities were in the forefront of learning and research, her civil service was impeccable and impregnated with a sense of duty that was the envy of the civilized world. In science and scholarship, in work as in war, Germania appeared triumphant. So with success came a philosophy that purported to give the reason and justification for this success, as well as for the overweening ambition that fed on success. And, strange to say, it was an alien philosopher who came to provide it with a justification. Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau (1816-82), was a French diplomat of the nineteenth century. He went through all the vicissitudes of the changing political loyalties of his realm. He was brought up in royalist Brittany by a royalist father. He was educated in German Switzerland. He proved hostile to the regime of Louis Napoleon and was given a minor diplomatic appointment at the French Embassy at Berne.

His later diplomatic career included appointments at Hanover and Frankfurt. He became First Secretary of the French Legation at Teheran, although later by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to utter penury. He died in Italy in 1882. His diplomatic fame is now dimmed. His chief claim to glory rests upon his work, *The Inequality of Human Races*, which began to appear in 1858. For Gobineau had found time in his wanderings to take an interest in history, not in the conventional story of kings and princes, not even in the story of peoples and their work. He claimed to have found something more profound, which supplied the real and final clue to human " progress." He sought to prove that the dynamic force of mankind was " Race " (which he never defined). He attempted to show that races are inherently unequal (he never answered the query, unequal for what ?) but of all the races, the White Races are superior (he, of course, belonged to the White Race), and further, of these White Races, the Aryans are the apex (he claimed to be an Aryan).

Could there have been a creed, for soon this theory was elevated to the dignity of a cult, more pleasing to the victorious Germans ? Not merely were they successful; history " proved " that. But they were destined to be successful by those inherent qualities of blood and bone which made them superior to all mankind. To them belonged the twentieth century, as the nineteenth already was but a monotonous record of their glorious achievement. The French were a decadent nation, a mongrel people, defeated in war, that unique and true test of nobility, and now in " the sunset of the west," with a declining population, a literature of defeatism, she was

German language. They used every artifice of argument and power to disparage the Slavs, who they asserted were without a history or a literature, who had, so they claimed, made no contribution to the world of letters and science. One German delegate appeared ostentatiously in the Reichsrath with a thin volume under his arm. " Here," he exclaimed, amidst the ribald laughter of the Germans, " is the whole Slav literature."

However, the Slav pressure grew so powerful that by 1882 the Germans founded a new organization more fanatical and more extreme, the National German Union, with the object of maintaining unswervingly " unverfalschten Deutschthum."

For in that year the Slavs won a great victory. They secured in the face of powerful opposition and envy from the Austrian Minister, Count Taaffe, the right to establish at Prague a Czech University, as a focus of the cultural and intellectual life of the Slavs within the Empire. To this Czech University there now came as Professor of Philosophy, Tomas Garrigue Masaryk. In the same year a German military mission led by Colmar Freiherr von der Goltz arrived in Stamboul to reorganize the discredited Ottoman army and, "of course, Krupp began to arm the Infidel. So the stage was being set for the Great Conflagration.

CHAPTER XIII

PROFESSOR TOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

THE little runaway apprentice had at last arrived. At the age of 32, he was Professor of Philosophy at the University of Prague. It is true that, in the administrative rung of the Austrian professorial ladder, he was only Professor-in-Extraordinary, but in the routine of advancement he should wait but three years to become Professor-in-Ordinary and he could look forward to a life of learning and fellowship, of relative ease and quiet—to an old age of happy memories when, in the fullness of time, he would pass on to make way for a successor. Alas, the fates appear rarely logical in their life's weaving. He found that almost in spite of himself, he was not considered a " safe " professor, and he had to wait not three, but thirteen years, before he was appointed Professor-in-Ordinary. His means too were not princely. He had a yearly stipend of 1,800 florins; it was barely sufficient for him to live on with any comfort. Occasionally he had to borrow, but the material struggle for a livelihood was no new experience. Yet, when money came his way he rarely used it all for himself. In 1884 one of his former pupils, Flesch, left to his sympathetic teacher a legacy of about 60,000 florins. Masaryk used this unexpected wealth to pay his mounting debts. He then set up

his ageing parents in a small inn at Hustopetz, where they could spend the twilight of their humble lives in relative ease. He bought a printing press at Hustopetz for his brother Ludwig. He gave liberally to many poor students who followed his lectures at the University —he had known poverty and could sympathize with their struggles, and what little there remained he used to found a scientific magazine in Czech, the first to be founded, the *Athenaeum,*

Nevertheless, in the staircase of life, Prague proved an important landing. Till then he had been but an unknown student. He had indeed grown concerned with the race problem that obtruded itself so powerfully and prominently in all the Hapsburgs' domains. But this interest had, as yet, found no political expression. He had found the sheer struggle for life too hard. He had had to devote his time and energy to the very basic problem of just how to live. For it will always remain true that if Man cannot live by bread alone, without bread he cannot live at all. But now he was Professor, with a peculiarly happy and powerful influence over the youths he taught. He taught in Prague, the capital of Czech hopes, and he'became involved in Czech problems. Step by step, he was led by circumstances and the flow of events to leadership, and when the day of trial came he rose to the heights and the pains of the occasion. The peasant boy then mounted the President's chair.

From the first his extraordinary hold over the students was astonishing. He lectured on philosophy, but he took the Muse from her academic swaddling clothes and brought her into the mundane, concrete life of

the ordinary man. No longer was it merely a bookish subject with long words to hide ignorance, with learned names to refute, with ideas to deny or to toy with. It was life itself. To the dismay of the sedate, academic professors, he discussed with the students the problems in which they were really concerned—their attitude to women, to founding a home, to falling in love, to the state, to one another. He preferred to discuss concrete, everyday problems that puzzled the adolescent mind, for such lecture-discussions indicated that the students were thinking and not merely repeating, parrot-like, lecture notes or dissected set books. And what he could not finish in the lecture-room they all finished at his home. At first the Masaryks had found rooms in Karlova Ulice in Smichov, the windows of which looked out on to the Kinske Gardens, but " they got no sun " so they moved across the river to Vinohrady Hill, and, a little later, to Vlcek's villa. Here his home became almost an extension of the University. He took his lectures very seriously, with almost a moral fervour. He felt a sort of personal responsibility for the lives and thoughts of the students who followed his course. His long soirees at home saw him and his students at their best. He was then a student among students. And if he remained a teacher and a friend in the lecture-room and at home, out-of-doors he was simply their comrade. To the consternation of the more conservative professors, he seemed to break the very foundations of professorial decorum. He would go on long Sunday walks with his friends, the students—there was no barrier then between teacher and pupil. They ran races together, they jumped ditches, in winter they pelted one

another with snowballs. And next day they would return to the lecture-room to discuss the problems of the good life, and in the evening to talk of the problems of clean living. The news of his crowded lecture-halls soon spread beyond the confines of the University—of a Czech professor who taught practical philosophy, in Czech, in a Czech University, and soon Serbs and Slovaks, Poles and Croats all flocked to his teaching. For in this hotbed of racial antagonism, racialism infected all life.

The Germans were organized in athletic and gymnastic societies, Turnverein ; the Czechs formed a counter-organization, the Sokols—Sokol means falcon—to foster athletics and gymnastics amongst themselves. And even Professor Masaryk was seen two evenings every week in training with his students, on the bars, on the rings, vaulting, jumping, climbing, boxing ; who had ever heard of a professor of philosophy boxing ? The racial antagonism was, of course, not merely confined to the University ; it had spread to the whole land. Bohemia in particular, under the revivifying influence of her sons, had become the^bulwark of Slavism against the menacing Germanism. Every German move was now countered by a Czech. Against the Turnverein there were the Sokols, against the Deutsche Schulverein there were now the Motica Skolska which fought Germanism in every village and hamlet. Komensky schools were even opened in Vienna itself. Every Czech inscription over a shop or little store bore witness to the antagonism. And as was to be expected, this civic hostility was but a shadow of the bitterness and hostility that prevailed in politics. Hitherto, Bohemian claims

had been relatively moderate. Her scholars and patriots had but pleaded for two concessions—that Czech should be given linguistic equality with Magyar and German in the administration, in schools and in the general civic life of the Hapsburg realms, and secondly, that the realm of St. Wenceslas should be accorded a treatment not less equal than the realm of St. Stephen. But now, in this later nineteenth century, new demands began to be heard. For Bohemia, in common with the rest of the European world, had been swept by economic changes that blurred the old human relationships. She became almost the factory of the Dual Empire. Where once feudal estates bore witness to the legacy of the past, there now grew up vast industrial concerns, glass factories at Eger (Cheb) and Giblonz, the giant armament works of Skoda, porcelain factories at Carlsbad, breweries of Pilsen, sugar refining at Briinn and Troppau, textiles at Ruchenberg and Briinn. They all raised new human problems; problems, indeed, that are common to all industrialized lands. What should be the relation between employer and employee? What exactly is the function of the state as the older human boundaries are obliterated in the struggle for a livelihood? Under what conditions should human beings labour? Should child life be exploited at the whim and power of Mammon? So that, to the linguistic and national causes of friction, there was now added a social feud between the older generation and the younger. The older generation had been liberal in their claims, the newer grew to be socialistic. To them, the theories of Karl Marx seemed such an obvious explanation of the social wrongs inherent in industrialism. Rich and

poor had divergent interests and opposing claims! On the whole, the Germans had been the rich in Bohemia, but in the new Bohemia there were Czechs, too, who were prospering as a result of the growth of industry and commerce. And the new rich resented the social and civic rule of the German minority. Time seemed to complicate rather than simplify the race feud.

In a land where professional attachments to politics had become more than a tradition, Masaryk could not, even had he desired to, stand aloof. His own university was a living symbol of the German-Czech enmity. He sympathized with oppressed peoples, for he belonged to one. He sympathized, too, with the claims of the labourer, for he had endured their suffering. Partisan he had to be. But his partisanship never dimmed his reason, nor clouded his caution. He told the patriots:

> You all want to be good patriots. The very best way to do this is to be a good doctor or teacher or engineer. It is not enough to proclaim yourself a Czech. You must know what you have to do about it. First, to be the best possible kind of man yourself. Then to know the kind of truth the Czech tradition stands for. Only what4s right can hope to succeed. Think out your plan, be sure it is morally true. Then act, don't dream.

He told the Socialists who pressed for action, action. . . .

> My Socialism is simply the love of one's neighbour, of humanity. I want to abolish poverty and enable everyone to be able to live by his work.

And although he walked in workers' processions during strikes, he would not subscribe to the Marxist programme

He was to endure the penalty of moderation in an atmosphere of extremes, for there burst into his life and across his loyalty to truth, a storm of hatred and obloquy that only his philosophic mind could have weathered so serenely.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF THE MANUSCRIPTS

ONE of the most telling claims of arrogant German Kultur had been that the Czechs, if a civilized people at all, were one without a past, without a literature and without the intellectual bonds of a civilized tongue. That the Germans had deliberately destroyed their literature in the early flower of a literary Renaissance, that they had debased the Czech tongue, that they had consistently refused to give to the sons of Bohemia the cultural life that was their due—all was forgotten in the obvious fact of Czech literary inferiority. The Czechs hunted for a literary past and caught at—straws. In 1817 Hanka, a Czech student, discovered an old thirteenth-century manuscript in the church tower at Konigshof in Bohemia. This manuscript consisted of strips of parchment wrapped round some Hussite spears. There was obvious mystery from the beginning. The discovery was hailed with delight. The precious manuscript was placed in the Bohemian Museum. It was visited and studied by admiring Czechs. Here at last were the remains of a literary past that had escaped German destruction. Czech literature was as ancient as German. . . .

Hanka was so elated by his success that he discovered a second manuscript, this time at Griinberg, and although some scholars began to doubt its authenticity, they were

accepted by most patriotic students as genuine. . . . To the vehement nationalism of the Czechs, it appeared almost sinful to doubt their genuineness. Here, at last, there existed visible proof of early Czech culture. With such proof, they could meet unabashed the derision of the German scoffers. He who doubted their genuineness was obviously unpatriotic and anti-Czech. Belief in their genuineness became an article of faith to all true Czechs. It was a badge of patriotism.

But doubt persisted. In 1885 Professor Gebauer, a friend of Masaryk, wrote an article in the *Athenaeum* in which he suggested that, from the careful study of the philology of the manuscripts, he had come to the conclusion that they might be forgeries. Then the whirlwind raged. Philologists, chemists, historians, palaeographers, were all brought into the Controversy of the Manuscripts. The patriots wanted them to be genuine. Truth, harsh truth, indicated that they were not. . . . The article had been written in the paper that Masaryk had founded. He, too, was brought into the controversy. To him, frQm the first, the question was not a scientific one, whether chemists or historians could agree that the documents were true or false. It was first and foremost a moral question. He explained his position to his people.

> If they are forgeries we must confess it before the world. Our pride, our culture, must not be based on a lie. We could not get to know our real history while we are obsessed by a fancied past. I cannot understand how national honour demands defence of these manuscripts. National honour demands the defence and the confirmation of the truth, and more moral courage is required to acknowledge an error than to defend it.

But to the patriots and the populace reason itself was an enemy when their faith in the manuscripts was assailed. Masaryk was attacked in the University, in the press, in the streets. He was accused of being in the pay of the Hapsburgs. He and his friends were ostracized. Even an official disciplinary investigation took place to inquire into his purpose in doubting what false pride wanted to believe. The young Professor, it appeared, had now deliberately marred his career. He was suspected by Vienna, he was hated by his fellow-Czechs. The leading Prague newspaper wrote of this Czech Professor, who had dared to doubt the popular, ignorant clamour:

> Go, traitor, join the enemy you are serving. Forget that you were born of a Czech mother. Forget that you ever walked on Czech soil. We cut you off as a festering ulcer. Go ! Flee from this holy earth before it opens and swallows you.

Some, indeed, recognized his courage to fight for the truth or for what he regarded the truth, even when it was unpopular. But the press, the people and the professors showed no mercy or restraint in their hostility. They organized a campaign against his periodical; it failed, the first scientific Czech periodical. He was preparing a scientific dictionary, it collapsed. But he would not give way. He would not build on a lie. When he entered a cafe or beer-house he found them all cursing the traitor Masaryk. Once he even joined a crowd of people in a tram in cursing the traitor. But he felt even more angry, because he discerned that they were not even honest in their curses ; they did not believe in the manuscript but they were too afraid to

confess it. He stood alone fighting for truth against a popular lie.

The bitterness died down. The truth, unpalatable as it was, had to be recognized, and tardily recognition came to the man who had fought for his people by fighting them. And, unpleasant as the whole episode was, it served at least one purpose. Masaryk first achieved fame by his unpopularity. He secured recognition beyond the confines of Prague. For the first time he became a European figure. And he, too, gained. In order to maintain his case, he read the whole literature of the period which gave birth to the manuscript. He went carefully through the whole story of the Czech National revival, from Dobrovsky to Safarik. He began to know the story of the Slav Renaissance as never before. The agitation died away ; the routine of life was resumed, but the controversy raised the Slavic question into the most profound interest in his life. He now remembered with particular vividness how, as a boy, he had understood the Polish lancers who had been quartered in his village and how, out of a romantic sympathy for the Polish fight for freedom, he had learnt Polish while at school. Now to the Slav world, especially as Pan-Germanism grew in force and fervour, Russia appeared as the mother and redeemer. She was free; most Slav peoples were in bondage. She was mighty ; Serbia, the only other free Slav state, was feeble and small. And she now proclaimed her doctrine of Pan-Slavism as aggressively as the Germans did their cult of Pan-Germanism.

A Pan-Slav Congress had met under the leadership of Michael Katkoff in 1867 in Moscow, the very heart of the Slav world, to focus the aspirations, and parade

the unity of the Slav family under the leadership of Holy Russia. It voiced claims as wild and aspirations as forbidding as did the Germans. " Western Europe, " they declared, " was decadent; it had lost its Faith; it denied Authority; it was corrupted by its wealth; rationalism had undermined its Religion; revolution had overthrown Rule; wealth had destroyed its Well-being. It was Russia that had maintained the pristine virtues of life. In the mir it had a focus of communal life; in the Orthodox Church, the faith and the cement of an ordered society; in the Czar, a loving ruler for a contented people. Russia could borrow nothing from the West, except its vices. For democracy was a sham, by which the astute exploited the simple, a free press meant the free dissemination of lies, a parliamentary system but a cloak for the rule of Mammon. The Russians were as yet untouched by the Western poison. They were a young people. The future was theirs." Palacky had attended this Congress as the representative of Bohemia, but like so many other Slav delegates, he had felt outraged at the Russian atrocities in Poland but four years previously. To Masaryk, such Pan-Slav doctrines were but reactionary verbiage. He was a child of the West. He embodied its liberal faith and democratic ideal. Yet to the bulk of the Czechs, Russia appeared nevertheless the only way of escape from the thraldom of the Hapsburgs. How else could they ever secure their freedom? Masaryk began seriously to study the Slav Gospel. He read the writings of the Slavophils, especially Dostoievski, and he took the first opportunity of going to Russia to see for himself. He visited Holy Russia in 1887 and again

in 1888. He stayed at Warsaw in order to get to know the Poles. He spent some time at St. Petersburg, at Moscow, at Kiev, at Odessa. For both pecuniary reasons as well as in order to study the people more closely, he travelled third class. He visited churches and shrines and pilgrimages. He saw the ignorant vodka-drunk moujik but recently legally freed from generations of serfdom. He saw the people en masse, the black priests in their monasteries, the popes and their ikons. And he remained unimpressed. For he saw the utter lack of culture, the gross superstition, the backward and uneconomical way in which the mir was worked, and he wondered how it was that, in the West, educated Slavophils could look to such a people for emancipation. He visited Tolstoy, "the seeker after God," who sought salvation through peace and poverty, first in Moscow and then at his home in Yasnaya Polyana. There was much in common between Lyov Nikolaievitch and Tomas Masaryk in spite of their differing origins. Both possessed a burning love for truth; both were sympathetic with the downtrodden and oppressed. But the magnetic charm of the great Russian prophet and reformer left little permanent influence on the inquisitive-minded professor. Tolstoy appeared to him affected and unnatural. The aristocratic reformer wore a belted shirt like a moujik, boots that he had sewn himself, badly. He sipped his Russian tea, like a moujik, through a piece of sugar. Masaryk found the contrast between the relative comfort of his peasant-aping home and the real wretched poverty of the peasantry too glaring. He asked him, "What about your house, with its reception room and its arm-

chairs and divan, and the wretched poverty-stricken life of your peasants ? Is that the simple life ? It's true that you don't drink, but you smoke cigarette after cigarette. If we are to have gestures, then let it be thorough. The peasant lives wretchedly because he is poor, not for the sake of asceticism." They disagreed most about mass resistance to evil. Tolstoy explained that if the Russians had not resisted their Tartar invaders, then the Tartars would, after a short period of violence, have desisted from further violence. Masaryk was more matter-of-fact. If a man attacked him, he declared he would defend himself. " If one had to be killed, it should be the one who had originated the evil." Once Tolstoy glanced at the hands which Masaryk used so freely in discussion and added enviously, " You must have been a workman yourself." Masaryk returned from Russia bitterly disillusioned about the great Slav Mother and her power to aid her Slav children. His interest in Slavism, however, remained. He gave a series of lectures on tour, which brought him into almost every Czech and Moravian town. He began to build up a following among the younger generation, which made him the most outstandiiTgifrgure in Central European Slavism. He would spend his summer holidays in Slovakia, choosing a different town on each occasion. He studied the Slav question like his philosophy, practically. And as was to be expected, he was soon drawn into active practical politics. In 1890 he was elected to the Austrian Reichsrath for the Sumava district of Bohemia. He had heard of the perpetual conflict that went on in the assembly between German and Czech. He knew that the attitude of the Czech parliamentarians

was consistently anti-Austrian although his own attitude to Austria was not yet quite decided.

Parliamentary life proved a new and difficult experience for a professor of philosophy. He was no great orator. He lacked parliamentary technique. Party loyalties were too powerful for him to be able to sway opinion. He belonged to a minority, but even in that minority he was not regarded as a safe partisan. Yet, in spite of all disabilities, he made his mark. His tall, neat, athletic figure seemed to carry conviction. He told the ruling caste, " We wish to arrange our own affairs. Whatever a people should do for its own culture, we wish to do for ourselves," And he went on to give the delegates more detailed accounts of what Hapsburg domination actually meant in Bohemia and in Moravia. He nevertheless recognized that in politics he was still sadly inexperienced. Next year he was appointed a member of a Commission to visit Bosnia-Herzegovina. He knew that he was being watched by spies, that every movement that he made would be deliberately falsified, that master minds were paid to trap or betray him, but he would not be deterred from seeking the truth. His utter incapacity for deceit and lack of guile made all such attempts recoil on the Hapsburgs.

Bosnia-Herzegovina were two provinces inhabited by Slavs. They had once formed part of the great Ottoman Empire, but in the nineteenth century sickness had overtaken the Turks and now they were being driven back, by a new kind of Crusade, to their Asiatic shores. The two provinces were part of the lands redeemed to Christendom. The Bosnia-Herzegovina Question more specifically dated from the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8. The

war began with risings in Bulgaria and Bosnia, with "movements" in Serbia and Montenegro against the Turkish oppressors. In the "Bulgarian atrocities," the Turks retaliated—as Turks. By 1877, Russia as the Christian Slav Protector was drawn into the struggle and the last War of Liberation of the nineteenth century began. After a struggle that was heroic on all sides, the Orthodox Crusaders invested Plevna, forced the Shipka Pass, and the dashing General Gurko with astonishing speed occupied Philippopolis and Adrianople and from the Chatalja Heights overlooked the spires and minarets of Tsarigrad. The dome of Santa Sophia was within sight of the advance guard of Christendom when the Turk, muttering "Kismet," decided to treat. He had learnt of old that Christian powers would not easily accept a Christian victory over the Moslem. He agreed to the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano—he would have agreed to anything. By this treaty, Bulgaria won her independence, but it was a *Great* Bulgaria stretching to the Aegean Sea and the Albanian frontiers and it was to be under Russian tutelage. Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro at last threw off every* vestige of vassalage to the age-long Conqueror. Russia was rewarded by lands in Bessarabia and in Turkish Armenia, while Bosnia and Herzegovina were to have free institutions under *joint control* of Russia and Austria.

Now, however, that peace was signed, terror overtook Europe. Russia in the Balkans meant that all the Austrian lines of advance were blocked. Russian ikons so near Constantinople was a nineteenth-century nightmare to Britain. Austria armed, Disraeli called out the reserves, dispatched Indian troops to Malta and ordered the British

fleet to steam through the Dardanelles. From his observation post in Berlin, Bismarck watched the growing tension and feared the coming clash. He knew that once the war-dogs were unleashed, who indeed could control their ravages ? He thought of France mourning her two lost " children " across the Rhine. Was his new Reich to face so early the testing ordeal of battle ? So he decided for once to act as " an honest broker," for he confessed—for the public to believe—" the whole Eastern Question was not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier." He summoned a Conference to Berlin to keep the peace. Russians came, Turks came, Benjamin Disraeli came. Under the presidency of Bismarck, they all haggled, and from it there emerged the Treaty of Berlin, July 13th, 1878. By this treaty the Christian peoples of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro gained, at last, complete independence. A new small state of Bulgaria was founded. Britain was put in *occupation* of Cyprus and Austria-Hungary of the provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

At first sight this occupation of two provinces seemed a solatium for the Dual Empire. The Hapsburgs had been excluded from the west, from Germany. Their political centre of gravity was being driven remorselessly eastward, where they could seek expansion and pride by marching to Salonika. But the peoples of the two newly " occupied" provinces were Slavs. And every Slav added to this German-Magyar-Slav Empire increased the race tension. Every move into the Balkans increased the hostility of Russia. For Russia nursed her wrong; her defeat in victory. Her victorious arms had wrested from the Turk, in defeat, the glorious terms of San Stefano, when the Powers had baulked her of her

victories. The Berlin Peace meant the defeat of her successes. She might be diverted to the Far East, she might seek compensation on the Yellow Sea for her set-back from the Mediterranean. But her hostility to the Powers of the West would not be allayed ; to the Power that was now her rival in the Balkans, it grew to become the basis of a feud that engulfed the world. And Bismarck's brokerage, too, was soon seen to be not so " honest," for four years later, in 1882, General von der Goltz was appointed to re-organize the defeated Turkish armies, while Turkish officers began to be sent to German military schools for " instruction."

The occupation of the Slav provinces was begun immediately, but it became difficult to distinguish this " occupation " from a formal conquest. Masaryk saw what the occupation meant, and next year, on his return, he simply, soberly, in professorial tones, told the Reichsrath what he had seen. Then indeed there was uproar and acrimony. The Reichsrath lost all dignity and restraint. Masaryk was accused of lying, of creating hostility, of breaking up the Empire. He himself was amazed at the bitterness. Eor he was still not fighting for the Slavs, he was fighting for truth. His speeches, however, brought no alleviation. The corrupt Austrian officials remained as corrupt as before. But he had gained the sympathy of the Slavs and the friendship of the Croat and Serb deputies. He was gathering experience and contact that were to stand him in good stead when the greater Ordeal arrived.

But on the whole these earlier years in parliament were not happy ones for this champion of truth. He was no party man. He was out of sympathy with the con-

servative Old Czechs, as well as with the radicalism and Marxism of the Young Czechs. After two years' experience in the Vienna parliament, he records that " he devoted himself again to the study of Czech politics since 1848." He again read through the works of the great Czech thinkers, those who had led the Czech Renaissance, he studied their times and their difficulties, and he focused their hopes and policy on to his own age in " The Czech Question."

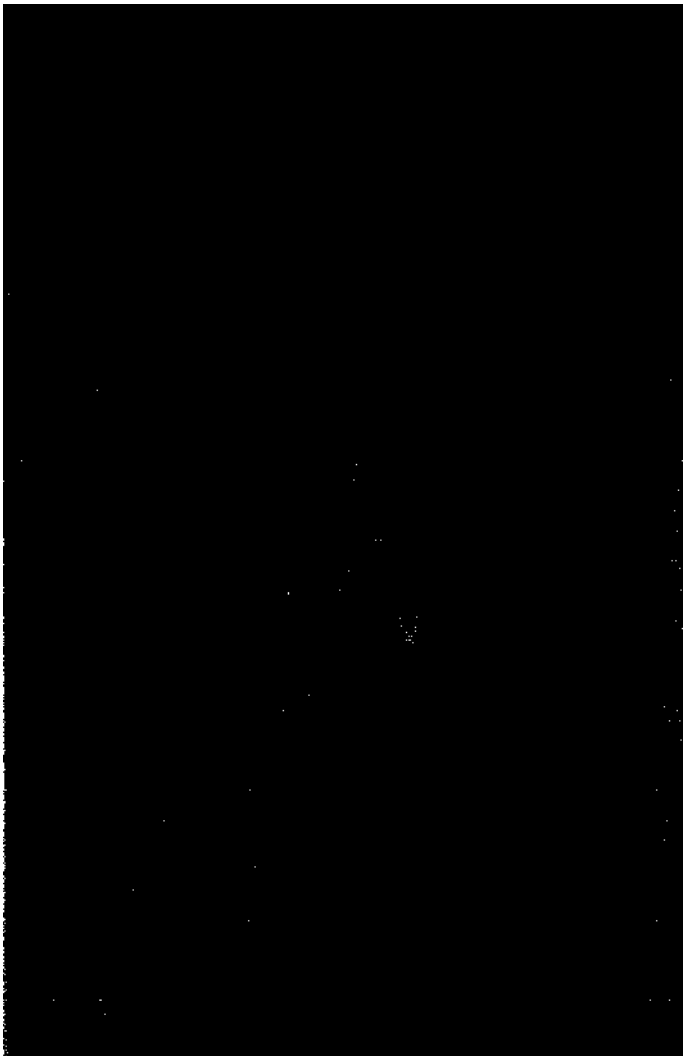
The 9o's, too, seemed a period of disillusionment to all thinkers. Social harmony, the dream of idealists since the days of Plato, seemed as remote as ever. Racial antagonism seemed embittered by every new political change, while the rapid industrial changes seemed to create further discord. There were strikes in Prague; Marxism grew militant; Masaryk watched the social horizon and seemed unable to suggest a solution.

His sympathy went out to the poor in their struggle, and while strikes were raging, he arranged courses of lectures for the unemployed, for, as he explained, he " wanted to divert their thoughts so that they should not have merely hunger and poverty in their heads." He suggested the formation of Workers' Academies as a permanent feature of national cultural life. But his sympathy with those who toil and suffer never assumed political shape. He ardently desired to abolish poverty and the exploitation of Man by Man, but he remained aloof from the Social Democrats who sought to build on Marxian materialism. On the other hand, he suggested no other solution. In the midst of such vexations and difficulties there came the thunderbolt of the Affaire Hillsner.

CHAPTER XV

THE POLNA "RITUAL-MURDER" TRIAL

IN the year 1899 on the Saturday before Easter a peasant girl named Agnes Hruza was found dead, with a knife wound in her throat, on the road near Polna in Moravia. A half-witted cobbler's apprentice, Leopold Hillsner, aged 22, was accused of having committed the gruesome murder. In September, he was tried and found guilty. Hillsner earnestly pleaded his innocence. More doctors were called upon to give evidence, for the dead body of the murdered girl was found to be strangely bloodless. Amidst the excitement and anxiety of the long-drawn-out proceedings, it was discovered that another girl, Maria Klima, also of Polna, had been murdered in a similar, singular way, in the previous July, although now only her skeleton was to be seen. Without a shred of evidence Hillsner was further accused of having perpetrated this crime also. Then madness fell on the people. Hillsner was a Jew, and it was everywhere proclaimed that he had committed the crime for "ritual" purposes connected with the practice of Passover. In vain the Jews protested that no such rites existed ; in vain they pleaded that no blood was needed for the practice of the faith of Jesus; in vain they showed that all Jewish ritual was public. A whole people were accused through the cobbler's apprentice. The Hillsner murder trial ceased



Masaryk in his library at the Castle of Prague

to be a Bohemian concern, it became the concern of the civilized world.

At first, Masaryk had taken no interest in the case. He was busy with his professorial duties, and murder stories did not usually interest him. Soon, however, he became curious as he heard the ignorant superstition of ritual murder mentioned. Still he was not concerned. A former pupil one day visited him, the Moravian writer Sigmund Munz, and discussed the trial with him. As a result, Masaryk gave his opinion on the superstition of ritual murder to the *Neue Freie Presse.* Then the ire of the populace, of the nationalists, of the Church fell with the blind force of an avalanche on the professor who dared to speak the truth. For his opinion was not based on the heat of the moment. Like everything he touched, it was formed on wide and extensive study of the origin and history of ritual superstition. And he had come to the honest conviction that it was but a superstition, a superstition, too, that could be revived in an ignorant populace by the unscrupulous. To the peasantry the superstition was at least understandable ; the frontier between their faith and their superstition was often difficult to distinguish ; but to the Church, to the nationalists, to the scholars, how could they accept such nonsense ? For speedily the Polna murders became a national issue. It became the hallmark of patriotism to believe that the crimes were ritual murders, as formerly it had been patriotic to believe that forgeries were literature. The situation was, of course, complicated by the German-Slav feud. To the Czech nationalist, the Jews were then associated with the ruling, hated Germans. To be anti-Jew, therefore, meant then to be anti-German. That all

Jews suffered because Hillsner had been accused of murder goes without saying. They were expelled from society; popular violence against Jews was condoned; their houses were beset; tombstones of Jewish cemeteries were desecrated ; windows of Jewish homes were broken ; their funeral processions attacked. Ruffians found that their acts were patriotic, hooligans saw their hooliganism praised as nationalistic. A handful of Christians, indeed, refused to follow popular clamour ; among them was the poet Macher and Professor Masaryk. Having come out to refute the popular superstition of ritual murder, Masaryk found that he had to go on. As the national and clerical press continued their personal attacks on him, he had to defend himself. He wrote two articles on " The Necessity for the Revision of the Polna Trial " and " The Significance of the Polna Trial, in relation to Ritual Murder.'' For he had read not only the mean story of the origin of the mediaeval superstition of ritual murder, but he had also been compelled to study criminology and physiology. He had consulted medical and legal authorities. He had applied for help to foreign scientists. He had travelled "to Polna to see for himself the scenes of these crimes. And from opposing ritual murder as a vague impossibility, he was led to oppose the whole trial of Hillsner. He revealed the conflicting descriptions and statements of the prosecuting lawyer and the various witnesses and the gross irregularities in the procedure of the trial. And he told his people how appalled he was at the ferocity of their superstition, how, as the result of their ignorant clamour, they were becoming the laughing-stock of the civilized world. So the fury of the populace was now directed against the knight who

fought for truth. He was accused of being in the pay of the Jews, of being a traitor to Christendom and Christianity, of being disloyal to his own people. His children were molested in the streets ; he was refused access to the Sokol; his friends would not be received in society. Students and non-students came to shout him down at his lectures. Courageously he went the round of the whole lecture-hall and challenged each to argument; none came. He tried to write a message on the blackboard, they knocked the chalk from his hands. " And what do you think," he bitterly wrote, " the University, instead of taking a strong hand and restoring order, actually suspended my lectures for a fortnight." So the patriotic mob came to his house. They jeered and booed. His wife came out and faced the crowd. She told them that if they wished to speak to him, they could send a deputation. No one came. He suffered, he admitted, not because he was attacked, but because the level of the attack was so low. He could have secured popularity and applause by just keeping silent. But he explained:

> I defended Hillsner because it was the case of an innocent man, and because Czech honour was at stake. I am called a traitor because I could not endure to see the disgrace of my people. We have lived for centuries side by side with the Jews. My opinion of them has been lowered by the events consequent upon the trial ; so many desired the termination of the affair, merely for the sake of peace.

Masaryk was not even spared the unkindest experience of all. His aged father came to visit him amidst the turmoil. Prague as a city, as the capital of Czech hopes, as the centre of his people's past, did not interest him. He

but noted how differently the horses were harnessed from the way they were in his village. He made friends with the porters and coachmen. Then, one evening, he came at last to the point with his disgraced son. " Could you not give us some of the two million you have received from the Jews ? It would help us to build an addition to our inn."

Throughout this ostracism only his wife remained loyal to him. Yet he felt so beaten, so helpless, before this popular, ignorant clamour, so distressed at the superstition of his people, that he talked of retiring from his post, of giving up the struggle and going off to America, there to begin life anew, away from the superstition of the Old World. But she dissuaded him from his resolve. She told him that his duty lay with his people—that " Truth will prevail." So he stayed, and fought through. But the echoes of this strife lingered on. In 1907 he again stood for Parliament, this time as a member of a new party, as a Realist. Then again all the forces of reaction mustered against him. He was arrested on a trumped-up charge (it was a favourite trick of governmental electioneering to seoice the arrest of an awkward opponent). High clerics came to demand his dismissal from the University. His opponents in his constituency denounced him as a paid agent of Jews, for whom no Christian should vote. Large, vivid posters warned his constituents—

If you love your country and your mother tongue, Vote against Masaryk.
If you love your Christian faith, Vote against Masaryk.
If you believe in a Christian home, Vote against Masaryk.

Fathers, Mothers, Wives, Vote against Masaryk, the man who preaches free love and homeless children.

But he was elected nevertheless, and now he began the campaign against the Hapsburgs that was to carry him to the President's chair.

CHAPTER XVI

MASARYK AS SLAV LEADER

AT the dawn of the new century, Masaryk was already a European figure. He was the unofficial spokesman of his people, although at least on two memorable occasions they had denounced him as a traitor, because he would not besmirch their fair name with a lie and a shame. He was known abroad as a fearless fighter for the truth, when he would have gained a greater popularity had he taken, as he could so easily have done, his stand with popular ignorance and superstition. On more than one occasion he showed that " vox populi " is not " vox Dei." The same unswerving loyalty to truth had led him to leave the traditional Czech party policies and loyalties, Old Czechs and Young Czechs, and to found a new political party, the Realists, and had led him also to look beyond his own Bohemia and Moravia to the wider problem of a great Slav people living submerged and degraded under the shadow of the Imperial eagles. For if the Czechs of Bohemia were chastised with whips, the Slovaks living under the sway of the Magyars were chastised with scorpions.

The Magyars, too, had known the suffering and degradation of oppression. In 1848 they had rebelled against Hapsburg tyranny. But they had been crushed and had endured the ignominy of defeat and yet greater injustice.

But they had been defeated by their own policy. They had denied to the Slav subject peoples living within their frontiers the freedom and independence that they themselves claimed. So German and Slav had combined to combat their bid for freedom. A wiser people might have learnt some lesson from history. Not so the proud Magyars. They remained staunch to their intolerance. And events had come to help and emphasize them in their tyranny. For when, in 1867, Austria had at last been exiled from Germany, German and Magyar had combined to frame the Ausgleich. The two dominant and powerful races of the Empire had combined to maintain their aggressive domination against all the other subjects of the Hapsburgs. The Magyars were left autonomy to do what they liked in Magyarland and they did. Led by Deak and Eotvos they adopted the " nationalistic " policy of " Magyarizing " all the peoples living in Hungary. Magyar became the official language of Parliament, of the Administration, of Justice, of the County Associations, of the Courts, of the Universities, although 48 per cent of the inhabitants were non-Magyar. Within their borders lived a submerged people, the Slovaks. They were a peasant folk who clung tenaciously and passionately to their heritage, which it was now the policy of the Magyars to destroy. In law they did not exist. On the flimsiest of pretexts their schools were closed, their associations banned, their papers suppressed. Every effort was made to prevent the rise of a middle class. Schoolboys were expelled their schools and prosecuted for speaking their mother-tongue " ostentatiously in the streets." On the railway, on the post office, on every public and semi-public building, only

Magyar inscriptions were permitted. All that human ingenuity and legal chicanery could do to degrade and destroy a people was done—without effect. Slovak medals and stamps which had been produced by Slovak colonies in the freedom of the U.S.A. and which bore such inscriptions as " For our Slovak language," " I am proud to be a Slovak," " Never forget Slovakia," were confiscated. All monuments to Slovak patriots or poets were forbidden. The hoisting of national colours was a crime. In the year 1892, the peasantry flocked to see the unveiling of a tombstone to the patriotic Slovak pastor Hurban. Police dispersed the peaceful crowd at the point of the bayonet. His poet son expressed his anger and grief; he was punished with imprisonment. The Slovak Academy, the focus of the cultural life of a people struggling to live, was closed. . . .

Masaryk turned to the help of this persecuted people. He claimed with truth that he himself was half Slovak, for his father was a Slovak from Kopcany. As a child he had spoken Slovak and had never been conscious of any difference between Slovaks and Moravians amongst whom he had been reared."" He had proudly worn the Slovak clothes which his grandmother had brought him as presents whenever she had visited their home. He first raised the Slovak problem at a meeting of university professors at Prague, but he found himself opposed. They agreed to work for the state rights of Bohemia-Moravia, but renounced Slovakia. They asked him to face the possible. From Vienna they might secure some concessions for the Czechs, but how could they intervene in the affairs of Buda ? But Masaryk would not abandon the Slovaks to the Magyars. So again he turned from

professorial indifference to his people. He was most anxious that the Czechs should really know the Slovaks, not merely sing sentimental Slovak songs. When he founded his paper *Cos* ("The Times"), he devoted an entire section to the affairs of Slovakia. He invited Slovak students at the University to come to his house. He spent his summer holidays in Slovakia in order to get to know personally the Slovak people, their hopes and aspirations, their difficulties and hardships. He founded a regular Summer School at Bystrica, a small town at the foot of the Carpathians. He went to speak on Kollar, the Slovak poet, at the spot where he was born, and only his public and political distinction prevented the Hungarian police from arresting him. And now, after so many years of labour, in the ^o's, his efforts at last began to bear fruit. With a small group of influential Slovaks, he discussed at Bystrica a programme of cultural and political activity, the outcome of which was the foundation in 1898 of a Czech review, the *Voice,* to serve as focus for the cultural and political aspirations of this persecuted people. Soon Slovak organizations sprang up. With hope they became more vocal—and the Magyars more oppressive.

When the day of trial came, the Slovaks did not forget their champion.

Early one morning in the year 1902, an American asked to see him. At first he thought that it was some needy journalist coming to ask for help—so many came for help—and he began mentally calculating how much he could afford to give him, but he turned out to be a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, a Mr. Crane, who also had vast business interests in Russia. Besides his business inter-

ests, however, he had the gift of combining commercial with intellectual pursuits. He was profoundly interested in the Slav Question and had used part of his wealth to found a School of Slavonic Studies at the University of Chicago. He came to ask the surprised Professor whether he could give a course of lectures at the School. Very gladly indeed did he accept this unexpected invitation. He visited England en route, and at Chicago he gave a course of lectures on Slavism, on Dostoievski, on the Czech Question. He also used this golden opportunity to travel over the land of freedom, to meet fellow Czechs, to speak to the Slovak colonies. Already he was a kind of unofficial ambassador of his people. This experience, too, proved of value, for, not only did he secure further contacts with his own people scattered over the West, but Crane was a personal friend of another Professor, a President of Wilson College, who like Professor Masaryk had been driven to enter politics. His name was Woodrow Wilson. He became the 28th President of the great democracy of the West, at a time when the fate of democracy was at stake in the whole world. During this ordeal of war, the son of Mr. Crane became a War Minister and their friendships proved of service to the liberation of a people and the founding of a state. Masaryk returned to his native Prague, wrote a successful book on his experiences in the Western democracies, and was again drawn into the vortex of parliamentary life and party strife.

A new franchise law had, at last, after a most bitter struggle, been passed in 1907. The new general elections were fixed for May 14th. Masaryk was nominated for a district of Moravia. Against him, in their serried ranks,

stood the Clericals and Reactionaries. He was always annoyed at the low level of their attacks, but he would in no way retaliate. He fought this bitter election campaign as cleanly as he lived. In his election address he told his constituents, " In battles of the spirit, as in physical conflicts, you may use every honourable means. The bravest and most skilful warriors are ever known for their chivalry; they battle like men, openly and honourably. Only the weak or the second-rate take refuge in dishonourable methods." While to the Clericals who opposed him, he simply replied " Jesus had no need of their police." To the credit of his constituents, they elected him to what proved to be one of the most momentous parliaments of the Empire. But of his party there were only two members, Professor Drtina and Professor Masaryk. They represented the new trend in Czech policy. They represented the Progressives, or as they preferred to call themselves, the Realists. Their Realism was soon put to the test.

In the same year, as if to tempt the fates, Count Apponyi passed through the Chamber at Buda, the most stringent, the most debasing and the most callous of Magyar laws against the corporate and cultural life of the Slovaks.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DIPLOMATIC REVOLUTION

IN the Western World two feuds especially darkened civilized life at the close of the nineteenth century—the feud between the Teuton and the Slav in the east and the feud between the German and the French in the west. For the Pan-Slav and the Pan-German agitations had not abated their hostile propagandas nor their hysterical claims. In Germany these pseudo-scientific claims had grown into a militant faith and this aggressive creed received further " learned " confirmation from the disordered pen of Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1855-1927).

Chamberlain, strange to say, was a scion of the governing families of a kindlier land. His father was a British admiral, his uncles were British generals, one was a Field-Marshal. He had been born at Southsea and educated at Versailles, but ill-health prevented him from following a military career. So he continued his education at Geneva and Dresden and finally settled at Bayreuth where he came under the powerful influence of German music and German metaphysics. He soon became a passionate devotee of Wagner and indeed married a daughter of " the master." So many Englishmen then felt the spell of German thought, but few gave it such a bewildering direction. In 1889 he published his magnum opus, *The*

Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. Never was confused mind made more confused by study than in this sickly child of a service house. The book was a history, a philosophy and a prophecy. He proved to his own and to German minds that the first place in the world belonged by right of birth and heritage to the Teutonic branch of the civilizing Nordic races. For they alone were the great culture carriers of humanity. By right of birth and blood they were destined to rulership. " The Teuton," he wrote, " is the soul of our culture. Only Teutons sit on the thrones of Europe. True history only begins when the Teuton took over the legacy of antiquity." Science and civilization are but Teutonic gifts to Man. All the virtues and knowledge that make Mankind great and noble are but Teutonic benefactions. Paraded in all the obscuring phraseology of German erudition, he proved, by analysing past and present, that alone the Teuton rules and that he alone by right of birth and achievement deserves to rule ; that he alone is civilized and civilizing, that he alone is religious and godly, almost divine. (When the War came, Chamberlain became a naturalized German and a traitor to his own Aryan-Teutonic-Nordic country.) Never were such wild themes so avidly accepted as by the militant, strident, aggressive Germans now intoxicated by their own success. For their success was now patent. They dominated the Great European Plain. Their goods competed successfully in every mart of the world. Russia appeared but an " economic colony " of their commercial empire. And history was working out their destiny Since 1886 Germany had joined the former Great Powers in their hunt for colonies. Since 1900 her Navy Law challenged the former Mistress

of the Seas for the Trident of the Future. Her science was supreme, her organizing gifts unmatched. She was marching to overlordship and rule.

Yet these aggressive, domineering tones were but an expression of inward doubt. Across the Rhine, the ache of France for " her lost children " could not be healed. Bismarck had done his best to divert France from " her watch on the Rhine " to colonies, to embroil her with Britain, to occupy her across the seas, in the Mediterranean, in the Pacific, anywhere but to make her forget her mourning. But her children, her patriots, would not be diverted. Paul Deroulede sang her sorrow to the heart of the sorrowing. Rene Bazin ennobled her grief in literature. France remained the ever-vigilant foe.

While to the east there stood the Colossus of Russia, an untapped reservoir of manhood, the exponent of a doctrine as mystical and as mythical as her own, the shield and buckler of the Slavs, whom she despised. In this world of " armed peace," her only possible ally was Austria. For Austria, although comprising many races, was still dominatingly German. While Austria too felt that her only possible ally in a world armed to war was mighty, successful Germany. She feared the Slavs both beyond and within her gates. There was indeed Italy, as yet apparently beyond the orbit of European rivalries, but Bismarck had seen to it that the " two Latin sisters " should quarrel in the Mediterranean, so that even Italy in 1882 joined the Germanic states to form the Triplice. But Italy was yet distrusted as the traditional enemy and Italy too was distrustful, for under Hapsburg rule Italians still suffered in Dalmatia, in Istria, in " unredeemed Italy," in Italy that could be redeemed only at the expense

of the Hapsburgs. So that the German-Austrian alliance became a political and military necessity.

It was the unquenchable racial animosity within the Hapsburg realm that fed and inflamed the European rivalries. The Slovaks endured the tyranny of Magyar rule, the Czechs that of the Germans. As a result of electoral success and parliamentary pressure, the Austrian Clerical Premier, Badeni, had in 1897 proposed in the Reichsrath the simple measure of giving linguistic equality to Czechs and Germans living in Bohemia. Pandemonium broke out. Every possible parliamentary and non-parliamentary obstruction was used to defeat this attempted solution to a vexed problem. One member spoke for twelve hours. Abuse was hurled across the Assembly. Ink-stands, papers, pens were thrown at opponents. The President was seized and held down while his papers were destroyed. And the populace followed the example set by their betters. Race-riots broke out in the streets. The measure was withdrawn. But in such an atmosphere of unreason, parliamentary life became impossible. So the Reichsrath was dissolved and Austria was governed by Imperial decree. It was hoped that a wider franchise might break down the racial deadlock and it was in this belief that in 1907, in spite of fierce obstruction, a new electoral law was carried which established equal, universal, direct suffrage for the election of deputies to the Imperial Reichsrath. It was under this law and to this parliament that Masaryk was elected.

This bitter, unreasoning German-Czech feud, however, now infected the whole Empire. Already in 1882 when a Czech University had been founded and Germanism appeared challenged in this witch's cauldron, George

Ritter von Schonerer founded a Pan-German League and invited the scholarly, gifted, official historian, Dr. Friedjung, to draw up the programme for Pan-Germanism. And when he had drawn up this programme, he was promptly excluded from this future Promised Land by the addition of a clause which limited its citizens to " pure Aryan Germans." For to the Jews in this Empire of Discord, the new Race-Craft (which compares in its unreason to mediaeval witchcraft) was peculiarly and defiantly evil. There were Jews scattered amongst all the races of the Hapsburg domains. In Prague they were considered pro-German, in Vienna according to the gospel of Gobineau and Chamberlain they could not be German. The Hillsner Affaire had shown with what fatal ease it had been possible for the unscrupulous to fan the public into hooligan fury against a defenceless people. In Vienna itself a popular, unscrupulous demagogue, Dr. Karl Lueger, had risen to the Mayoralty with a programme of " Christian Socialism," to fight" Jewish " capitalists in a city whose socialism was based mainly on the teaching of Karl Marx and whose Social Democratic Party was led by Victor Adler.

Pan-Germanism thus grew to be not only anti-Slav and anti-Czech but anti-Jew. And soon even the Holy Church became involved in the hatreds of this new race-cult. As the Church upheld the doctrine of her Founder and embraced all peoples within her fold, so the militant disciples of the new race evangile abjured her authority and her teaching as being anti-German. Von Schonerer founded a turbulent, noisy movement, " Los von Rom," to break with Rome, and build up a Church which was to be primarily and above all German. " Let us break,"

he wrote in 1898, " at last the chains that bind us to a Church which is the foe of Germanism."

Already three years earlier in 1895 Dr. Ernst Haase had founded in Berlin the Alldeutscher Verband with a programme of German domination and German dominion, to include all branches of the Germanic race, to redeem all German peoples into a common Vaterland and to consolidate Central Europe on this Germanic and economic foundation. Paul de Lagarde (1827-91) was equally candid.

> We must create [he wrote] a Central Europe which will guarantee the peace of the entire continent, from the moment when it shall have driven the Russians from the Black Sea and the Slavs from the south and shall have conquered large tracts to the east of our frontiers for German colonization. We cannot let loose, ex abrupti, the war which will create the Central Europe. All that we can do is to accustom our people to the thought that war must come !

It was in this militant, menacing atmosphere, anti-Slav, anti-Czech, anti-Jew, anti-Catholic, domineering and hectoring, that at Braunau on the River Inn, a frontier town of Upper Austria, on April 20th, 1889, Adolf Hitler was born, the son of a petty Customs official. He inherited the hatreds of his age. So the post-war world was being forged in pre-war days. For defeat, humiliation and hunger proved a forcing ground in which such hatreds grew into the policy of a state.

For in the previous two decades, 1887-1907, a new Diplomatic Revolution had swept across the European world and conditioned the changed policy of the Great Powers. France had been left defeated, humiliated and isolated after the horror of the " Annee Terrible." She sought a path

out of her isolation. In 1891 the world was startled by the appearance of the French fleet, under Admiral Gervais, at Cronstadt, and by the spectacle of the autocratic Czar Alexander III standing at the salute, to the strains of the revolutionary Marseillaise. And the officers and sailors of " republican and atheistic " France returned the salute as they stood listening with devotion to the anthem of Czarist and Holy Russia, " Death for the Czar." The speeches, too, were full of candour. " When in France you shall cry ' Formez vos bataillons,' the summons will find, in Russia, a joyous echo," explained General Chernaieff. Two years later, the Russian fleet under Admiral Avellan anchored off Toulon and the fetes of 1893 indicated to the politically discerning the trend of these visits. By 1895 France and Russia had concluded, to the Germans, " the dread alliance."

But the tactless, grandiloquent Emperor William II of all the Germans went on his way, heedless of the new warning. England alone now appeared to remain beyond the orbit of the Continental rivalries. She still maintained her policy of " splendid isolation." If she expressed any sympathy at all, for any power balancing on the sword, it was for Germany and her surface kinship with the British. Even Lord Salisbury, generally so cautious in public speech, expressed his opinion that " the Latin peoples "—France—" were dying nations." Bismarck had, in his masterly way, seen to it that causes for friction between England and France should not be lacking. He had provoked their colonial rivalries as part of his policy of keeping France occupied, away from the Rhine. Yet the redeless Kaiser, who had in 1890 so magniloquently " dropped the pilot," in his Pan-Ger-

manic mood, now proceeded to alienate the people, who had looked on unmoved at the debasement of France, among whom a sympathy for Germany still lingered, and whose weight on the new power-balance of Europe meant a decisive tilting of the scales. In 1896, he sent his thoughtless, luckless telegram to Kruger. In 1900 he challenged the sea might of a people, to whom sea power appeared their very life-blood. The French premier Delcasse, the British king, the Peacemaker Edward VII, noted the changing eddies of Germanic policy and by 1906 the Entente, an unsealed, unofficial understanding, was a "fait accompli," Policy, statecraft, fear had attached democratic England to revolutionary France and Czarist Russia. The German press and the German public loudly proclaimed these alliances as the dread policy of "Einkreisung"; that she was being encircled by her enemies—but the enemies were of her own making. She had vaunted that England, like France, was a decadent nation, living on her past, with a disrupting Empire and a strike-turbulent people; while her continued policy on the high seas, in the Colonial field and now, above all, in the Near East, provoked the hostility she feared.

To the Pan-Germanists who controlled policy, Turkey and her rich, vast, undeveloped hinterland appeared a fair field for Germanic penetration. The ground had, as usual, been well prepared with Germanic thoroughness. Since 1882 von der Goltz had been re-organizing the Sultan's forces; since 1897, the new "Great Elchi," Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, not only overshadowed all the other Christian envoys, but increasingly secured the ear of the Sultan Abdul "the damned" with demands for concessions and still more concessions. Kaiser

William II had ostentatiously paid a visit to a fellow-sovereign at Stamboul in 1889, and again in 1898, and proclaimed to a world, still horrified by the Armenian massacres, that he was the true " friend for ever " of Islam. So now, in 1899, the Deutsche Bank was established in Constantinople, and the economic penetration began. For the Pan-Germanists were not merely academic and prophetic in their vision. They would not wait till history accorded them the rule that was their due. They wished to help the hand of fate. They schemed for a vast economic and strategic railway to stretch from Berlin through Byzantium to Bagdad—the B.B.B. Railway—it was to link the Baltic Sea to the Persian Gulf. It was to unite in one wide economic expanse " Mittel Europa," the Central European Plain. It was to exploit the untapped riches of Asia Minor and the oil-fields of Mesopotamia. It was to give to Germany a commercial and strategic preponderance that would make her sway unassailable.

When in 1902 the Sultan renewed his concessions and permitted the Bagdad Railway Company to extend the growing line to the sunburnt^ qlay-built, fishing village of Koweit on the Persian Gulf which was to be its terminus, England at last awoke to the political and military possibilities of this " peaceful " penetration. If the terminus of this trans-continental railway were fortified—and of course that, too, was in the " logic " of German history—it would become a dangerous and threatening base of operations against India. In the nineteenth century the threat to India had come from Russia. In the twentieth century, it was to come from Germany. England found that a policy of " splendid isolation " for an Empire

that extended over the wide world was unwise as it was impossible. In 1903 Lord Lansdowne, the Foreign Secretary, voiced the growing apprehension. He declared that " Great Britain would regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf as a grave menace to British interests and would resist it by all means at her disposal." British pressure on the Sheik of Koweit indeed resulted—in his defiance of the Sultan and his refusal to permit the extension of the menacing iron road to the Persian Gulf. But it appeared now, that on all sides, on the sea, in the colonial world, in India, in the struggle for markets and raw material, the enemy was Germany.

The vortex of hostilities of this increasingly hostile world seemed, however, concentrated in the eastern cockpit of Europe, in what has been called the " slums of Europe," in the Balkans. The submerged nationalities which had secured their independence from the yoke of the unspeakable Turk should, if gratitude had been ever a political virtue, have looked to -Russia with trust and faith.

It had been Holy Russia that had secured their liberation. It had been Russian policy, as it had been her ambition, to free her daughter Slav states from the thraldom of ages. But strange to say, German diplomacy and German penetration had made of these states but German satrapies. The Sultan Abdul Hamid (1876-1908) was now under the control and influence of the wise and skilful Teuton, von Bieberstein. He had learnt in the sobering school of politics that his threatened independence rested on the disunity of Christendom, and German friendship widened the Christian breach. Prince

Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the new Balkan state created by Russian arms in her last onslaught against the Turk in 1878, was a German of the House of Saxe-Coburg, King Carol of Roumania was a Hohenzollern, Prince Constantine of Greece was married to Sophia Dorothea, sister of Kaiser William, King Alexander of Serbia was notoriously under the influence of German Austria.

The railway plans of Germany, the " Drang nach Osten " of Austria, seemed so easy of fulfilment. Then the fates intervened. One dark night in June 1903, in an orgy of murder and horror that darkened the already dark pages of Balkan history, King Alexander of Serbia and his more wicked wife, Queen Draga, were assassinated, and his rival, Peter, belonging to the opposing House of Karageorgevitch, ascended the throne of Serbia. And King Peter departed from the policy of his predecessor. He blew the bugle of Slavism. He sought the support of Russia. He dreamed of a Greater Serbia with an outlet to the sea and a bulwark against the " destined " march of Teutonism. Pan-Germanic prophecies and philosophies and more specifically, economic gain and financial profit to German magnates, all seemed obstructed now by a people of pig-rearers. Austria replied. She excluded Serbia's exports, pigs, from her markets. But the " pig war " (1904-6) only fed the hostility. Would the hostility explode into war ? Russian generals trained Serbia's armies, Russian advisers appeared in Belgrade. But war was delayed. Serbia by herself could not yet fight the forces of a great power, backed as they further were by those of a still greater. And Russia could not help. For she was embroiled in her fight with Japan. And the world noted with astonishment and alarm how " Jap the

Giant-Killer " had, in his first round with a white and Western power, secured the mastery. And when the Russo-Japanese War was at last over in August 1905 and the Treaty of Portsmouth (U.S.A.) had handed the laurels of victory to the Samurai, then internal revolution began to incapacitate the mighty Holy Empire in defeat. A Duma was summoned and Czarism seemed on the point of perishing, even as had perished the war-weary, bewildered, moujiks at Mukden and Tsushima.

To the Western democracies, the trend of events beyond their control seemed indeed disconcerting. But they found a kind of inverted consolation in the fact that autocracy in Russia was at last giving way to parliamentary institutions, that freedom would flourish where the knout had ruled. In England especially was this new hope welcomed. In the previous century, Russia had appeared as England's " natural " enemy. But the " real politik " of the changing world, and the " welt politik " of Germany, had begun to allay these fears, and since 1905 Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office had given effect to England's realization of the change. The growing menace of the Teuton had driven England to her entente with France. The same menace now drove her into an understanding with Russia. On August 31st, 1907, a Treaty was signed between England and Russia by which their outstanding causes of friction were to be settled by mutual agreement. In the same year, Masaryk entered the Austrian Parliament as a member of a Realist Party, which numbered two.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE AGRAM[1] TRIAL

MASARYK arrived to resume his parliamentary and political activities when Austria had at last decided on a forward policy in foreign affairs. Since 1906 her Foreign Office had been ruled by Baron Aehrenthal who had well learnt his statecraft as ambassador to the Czar.

It was his dream to out-Bismarck Bismarck, to show the world that Austria—and he—was still to be reckoned with. In 1908 he did, indeed, startle all the lovers of peace and of decency in international affairs by announcing that the Hapsburg Monarchy had formally annexed the two provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina. He had carefully timed his coup d'etat. For the diplomatic horizon seemed propitious—for the robbery. Every power that felt the menace, and might have obstructed, appeared to be palsied. Turkey was herself in the throes of a domestic revolution. For the power of the blood-stained Sultan Abdul Hamid had been sapped, and a " Young Turk " Committee of Union and Progress had in July 1908 taken control of the internal and external policy of the Caliph. Russia had not yet recovered from the exhaustion of her defeat, and was still groping hesitatingly towards constitutional change, amidst the threat of revolution. The Balkan states seemed ill

[1] In Croat, Agram is known as Zagreb.

policy but offshoots of Teutonism. Only Serbia, under her new monarch Peter, appeared hostile and arming. But what could Serbia do against the might of the Hapsburgs ? Bosnia-Herzegovina lay across the path of Austrian penetration into the Balkans. The annexation implied a victory for the Drang nach Osten. It ensured a clear path to the B.B.B. Railway and to German Welt Macht. Aehrenthal calculated that, Bismarck-like, he had secured a personal triumph, for his opponents were all helpless to hinder. He had added new domains to the dwindling realm of good Kaiser Franz Josef. He had reversed the nineteenth-century story of Hapsburg defeat and decline. That the new subjects were Slavs ; that the addition of still more Slavs to the Ramshackle Empire would but complicate the already over-complicated racial question; that he carried through the annexation with callous brutality ; such considerations paled before the obvious facts of success. And when the annexation appeared to be challenged ; when Serbia armed and Russia protested, then Kaiser William appeared " in shining armour " beside his ally and defied them to fight. So the war-hounds that had yelped so loudly whined their threats in whispers and all recognized another " fait accompli." However, before the almost universal opprobrium of the civilized world at such piracy in politics, even the over-successful Aehrenthal thought that he should give some justification for such high-handed action. He set out to prove that he had acted in self-defence, that he had unearthed a vast, powerful Pan-Slav conspiracy, which, centring in Belgrade, had for its object the disruption of the Hapsburg domains. He sent his police and spies into the annexed lands, into

Bosnia and Herzegovina as well as into Croatia and Slovakia, and they dutifully found plotters and conspirators. Wholesale arrests of course followed. The Ban of Croatia, Baron Rauch, intensified his reign of terror. By January 1909 some fifty-eight Serbs, peasants and teachers, were in prison in Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, on charges of high treason. They were accused of acting under the orders of a secret society, the Slovenski Jug (the Southern Slavs), which had for its object to foment unrest among the Slavs of the Austrian Empire, to seduce them from their allegiance, and so to work for the creation of a Greater Serbia. The trial began on March 3rd, 1909. From the beginning it developed into a public farce. The judges were obviously chosen for their servility. They allowed the fullest latitude to the prosecution. They browbeat and bullied the bewildered peasants and teachers, who were accused of attempting to break up the mighty Austrian Empire. Only hostile witnesses were allowed to give evidence. When the accusations were at last read, some created laughter even in that servile covnt. One was accused—and found guilty—of wearing a portrait of Peter of Serbia. One Serb was asked if it were not true that he wore cravats because the word cravat was so like the word Croat. Witnesses who dared to deny what the prosecuting counsel alleged that they had said, were accused of perjury.

Pupils of Masaryk, former acquaintances of Masaryk, in Bosnia and Croatia, friends he had made when he had conducted his previous campaign against Kallay, who had been Governor of Bosnia when it had been but "occupied" by Austria; all now came to the old

Professor and told him of the travesty of justice that was being administered at Zagreb. They asked him to come and watch the trial and to do what he could for the innocent accused. At first he demurred. But they appealed again to his love of truth, to his chivalry for the feeble. He went.

He found an Englishman also watching the trial. As the trial proceeded, their mutual astonishment grew. And they formed a friendship that was one day to lead to the disruption of an Empire, and to the foundation of a state that was to be a symbol of toleration and truth for which both stood. His name is Dr. Seton Watson.

On May 14th, 1909, Masaryk interpellated the Foreign Minister of the Hapsburgs in the Reichsrath in Vienna on the conduct of, and sentences in, the Zagreb trial. He demanded that a Commission be appointed to sift again the evidence. He denounced the unjudicial conduct of the judges during the proceedings. And he personally attacked Aehrenthal and the Ban of Croatia for their brutal behaviour in the Slav provinces of Croatia and Bosnia. But just as the trial had been witnessed beyond the boundaries of Austria, just as it had been watched by the whole civilized world, so now this interpellation of a professor to a haughty aristocratic Foreign Minister was an appeal to the civilized conscience of Man. Masaryk read out the official instructions, that he had secured, to the High Court of Zagreb, " that the judges should refrain from frequenting public-houses, at night-time, during the continuation of the trial." He showed how witnesses were prevented from giving evidence, what flimsy stories were accepted as evidence.

The world listened and compelled even Aehrenthal to listen and take note. Never did this knight-errant for truth incur such virulent hatred, no, not even during the affair of the Konigshofer Forgeries, nor during the Polna Ritual-Murder mania. The whole weight of the government was set to vilify and discredit him. He was denounced as an " agent provocateur," as a destroyer of peace and order, as a traitor to his country, to mankind. But he had learnt to face hatred. Quietly, the Professor continued his attack ; so quietly, so persistently, that a re-trial was ordered " on the basis of doubt as to the evidence on which the promulgation was given." Later, the Emperor, to save further discredit, quashed the whole action.

While the crisis was still at its bitter height, on March 24th, 1909, an article appeared in *Neue Freie Presse,* entitled " Austria, Hungary and Serbia " and written by the official court historian, Dr. Heinrich Friedjung. The article formally accused Serbia of interfering in the internal affairs of the Hapsburg realm, to her advantage. It further quoted the official evidence supplied to the historian on which these accusations were based. It was, of course, intended to be an official justification for the occupation of Serbia should war have broken out, and during that passionate period, war seemed certain. This article was to be the first of a series, which was to prove to the world the guilt of the to-be-conquered land. However, as war was averted, the sequel never appeared. The facts, coming from such official sources, created a profound impression. It mystified even those who were alienated by the farce of the Agram trial. Friedjung had logically contended,

" Should it be ordained that Austrian arms shall thoroughly purge Belgrade of the nest of conspirators, and help the healthy elements of the Serbian people to triumph, this would be a civilizing need of great value."

The Serbs and Croats denied having any knowledge of any such documents, and formally accused Dr. Friedjung of libel in the public courts. Dr. Freidjung had, of course, in self-defence, to place before the presiding judges—and the onlooking world—the documentary evidence on which he had based his article. They were extracts from the minutes of the Slovenski Jug, as well as official correspondence that had passed between the Serbian Minister and diplomatic officials. The trial opened on December 9th, 1909, in the High Court of Vienna. The Croatian deputy, Supilo, came to Masaryk to tell him that " he thought that the documents were forgeries and that behind these forgeries was Count Forgach," the Hapsburg minister at Belgrade, " as well as other agents of Aehrenthal." Many of the accused had been his pupils. So Masaryk went off to Belgrade to investigate. He went, he was well aware, at the risk of his life. He knew that spies dogged his steps. He knew that every effort would be made to implicate him. His experience over the Manuscript Forgeries now stood him in good stead. So careful, so methodical, was he that he even found the little holes on the door on which documents had been pinned, when they had been photographed. The trial was of international importance and foreign correspondents were present from the wide world —to witness the depth of degradation to which the Austrian Empire had sunk. The defence mentioned twenty-four documents on which the guilt of Serbia could

be proved. Only three photographs were produced in court. The president of the secret society, who according to the documents was presiding over an important revolutionary session, was found to have been in Germany at that time ! . . .

And now, with the evidence he had accumulated in Belgrade, Masaryk came forward as a witness for the plaintiffs. He showed to the court—and to the world—that no disloyal conspiracy ever existed; that the Slovenski Jug was no secret organization, but a struggling public society suffering from a woeful lack of funds ; that its aim was purely cultural; and, taking the documents one by one, he showed from internal evidence and conflicting wording that they were—oh, such clumsy forgeries ! The trial ended in a legal compromise, for the authorities wished to hush up their conspiracy. But Masaryk now did not wish it to be hushed up. He had no doubt at all of the good faith and honesty of Dr. Friedjung, but it was obvious that the official historian was himself the victim of forged documents supplied to him. At the trial itself, the old Professor exposed to the world the low level to which the Austrian Foreign Office had sunk in its endeavour to cloak its aggression against a small, peaceful state. And the " Affaire Friedjung " was not finished, because the trial had been manipulated in order to prevent further exposure. Masaryk had been appointed a member of the "Delegation," of the joint body of Austrian and Hungarian delegates which dealt with the Foreign Affairs of the Dual Empire. On November 8th, 1910, he resumed his attack on the Foreign Minister. He asked simply why so obvious a forgery had not been recognized by the Foreign Office in Vienna, by the

Austro-Hungarian Legation in Belgrade, by the Minister **of** War, seeing that war preparations were being made on the strength of it. He declared that the only conclusion he could come to was that these clumsy forgeries had been prepared in Belgrade, with official connivance. He then showed that they had been prepared by the well-known forger Vasich, with the knowledge and help **of** Count Forgach, the Austrian minister in Belgrade. . . . He again turned to his accusations on November **nth**; in vain Aehrenthal used every artifice of officialdom to avoid an answer. But unfortunately for him, Vasich surrendered to the police in Belgrade and confessed the sorry story. Aehrenthal now lamely asserted that the communications from Vasich had been received by subordinate officials at the Legation and they, on their part, had acted in good faith. Masaryk, in reply, produced the telegram in the handwriting of the secretary of the Legation himself. The duel continued between the peasant and the peer in this aristocratic land, a duel between their parents would have been less than the shadow of a possibility a generation earlier. Yet in the face of the unchallengeable evidence, Aehrenthal had to admit that the reasons he had given for the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina were lies ; that when he denied any connection with the self-confessed forger, Vasich, he had lied ; that he had used official pressure to interfere in the Friedjung trial. For even Count Forgach had had to admit that he had done merely what was demanded of him. And in discrediting Aehrenthal, Masaryk exposed the whole " Austrian system."

Later, Masaryk published the whole unsavoury story **for the world to** judge. He showed that Serbia had been

as innocent of any revolutionary, aggressive or perversive propaganda as she was seven years later.

For Austrian policy did not change after the rebuff. Count Forgach, the forger, was made a Privy Councillor and later Permanent Under-Secretary of the Austrian Foreign Office. His ill-will towards Serbia did not improve because of his exposure. He was one of those who, in July 1914, were responsible for the ultimatum to Serbia which led to the dismemberment of the Hapsburg Empire.

Masaryk was already known as " Le Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche " of the Slavs. At Belgrade, he met another Englishman, a Mr. Henry Wickham Steed, then The *Times* correspondent for the Balkans and Central Europe. He, too, listened to the story of shame and falsehood, and he formed a friendship with the Professor that was to have vital consequences on the destiny of man. Now, too, the attitude of Masaryk to the Monarchy underwent a radical change. So far he had been no firebrand or revolutionary. He had believed with Palacky that " if Austria did nQt exist, it would have been necessary to have created her." He saw that Austria gave at least some unity to the diverse peoples living in the Danube valley. He had hoped that with time Austria too would develop into a democracy, and, with political maturity, into a federation of peoples, and that in this democratic and federal Austria, each nation would secure cultural and administrative autonomy. Federalism had been his political goal and his solution to the race problem that embittered every humble home within the vast realm. But now he began to recognize that because of Austria's ambition to expand eastward into the Balkans—into

Slavdom—peace was at the mercy of an Aehrenthal. War was a permanent menace. From now onward he began to consider the possibility for an independent Bohemia. How, he could not as yet even surmise. To the vigorous zealots of Bohemian nationalism, Russia still appeared as the only possible saviour. In the glow of their dreams, they had forgotten that when Russia had intervened it had been to save autocracy, not Slavdom. Masaryk stood out. He knew Russia. He had studied her Pan-Slav philosophy. He had visited the Slav colossus. He again returned to the cradle of Slav hopes in 1910, only to be confirmed in his unpopular, reluctant conclusion. He published his impressions and convictions in a book, *Russia and Europe,* and he told the Pan-Slavs that they could hope for little from Holy Russia, from Czardom. "Absolutism," he told them, "is morally, and therefore legally, dangerous to society and the state. . . . It is impossible to improve it by peaceful means,"

On his arrival home in 1910 he was publicly feted on his sixtieth birthday. In replying to the toast—it was in the expansive mood after a good dinner—he said that what he had done had been mere preparation and that his real work was still before him. . . . It was later taken as a prophecy. He himself could scarcely guess how the Fates were weaving the human web. Yet all the politically intelligent must have guessed that if a crisis ever arose, Masaryk would also rise with the opportunity. For he had accomplished a mighty achievement. He had united the Slavs living within the Dual Monarchy in a common hope, divergent as they were in culture, in political experience, in administrative outlook, even in religion. **And**

Masaryk, as no other person could, focused that unity. As Hermann Bahr said of him, " When you look for the source of this new conciliation, you are sure to run into a pupil of Masaryk, someone who has sat in his class-room and learnt to co-operate with his fellows. . . . This is the influence of the lonely Slovak of Prague."

In 1911 Masaryk was again returned to the Reichsrath by his constituency. Professor Drtina had ceased to be a delegate, so that he was the only member of his party, the Realist, in the House. He now grew more embroiled in politics, for the European tension was increasing and his political duties demanded all his time and care. He strove, above all, to keep the peace, for he recognized that in the welter of war, the unknown and the unwanted too often emerges. He gave his last lectures at the University, for war had begun.

The war began with an Italian attack on the Turkish " vilayet " of Tripoli. Italy was nominally a member of the German-Austrian partnership. In the European balance of power since 1882 she formed part of the Triplice which now faced the Triple Entente. But her political loyalty had not yet found an abiding allegiance. She, too, claimed to be a great power. Every great power had an Empire. She, too, must then have an Empire. But where ? She was a Mediterranean power, but in this Latin sea, England had acquired Egypt, France had appropriated Algeria and Tunis, Spain occupied Morocco. There was only Tripoli left. Tripoli, however, was part of the Ottoman Empire and the Ottoman Empire was under the hardly-concealed protection of her allies, Germany and Austria.

Italy determined, nevertheless, to expand in the only

direction open to her, even at the expense of her ally's protege. In September 1911, without warning, she declared war on Turkey and occupied the coast towns of Tripoli. She followed up her offensive against the "Sick Man of Europe" by bombarding the entrance to the Dardanelles and occupying Rhodes and the Dodecanese Archipelago. Turkey as usual relied on the certain protection of the Christian powers to save her from Christian defeat. But this time the unexpected happened. The Christian powers seemed, miraculously, to have become Christian! The jealous, squabbling Balkan states united against the old, common enemy. A new Crusade was declared against the Infidel. It was an Orthodox Crusade, a Slav Crusade against a weakening foe. Under the inspiring genius of Venezelos, the Greek from Crete, with the sympathy of the great Orthodox Slav power of Russia, and even with the covert patronage of Germany and Austria, an unexpected Balkan League of Greece, Serbia, Montenegro and Bulgaria was formed to drive the Turk from Europe and, of course, to aggrandize their own territories.

The Turk hastily made peace with Italy, and by the Treaty of Lausanne, October 15th, 1912, ceded Tripoli to the victor. Then she turned against the states that she despised. But to the consternation of the Germanic military world she was everywhere defeated. The Bulgarians invested Adrianople; the Serbs defeated the Turks at the surprising battle of Kumonov and seized the Adriatic port of Durazzo; the Montenegrins invaded Albania, the Greeks invaded Thessaly and simply walked into Salonika. Berlin and Vienna had watched the growth of the Balkan League, and with their usual over-

cleverness had surmised that, whichever side won, it would remain a victory for Teutonism. Turkey was expected to beat easily the despised armies of the Balkan states. Her armies had been trained by German soldiers, they had been re-organized by German staff officers, their military prowess had become a European tradition. But even if the unexpected happened and the Christians won, were they not under Germanic sway ? German penetration, royal connections, distorted policy had made of these states but so many offshoots of German policy in the East.

But with their victory, ambition grew. Serbs and Montenegrins had captured Scutari in Albania and Serbia at last possessed a port to the seas. But Serbian expansion meant a defeat for the Hapsburgs. Count Berchtold, Foreign Minister since 1912, opposed the expansion of a Slav state into Albania. For the time, peace was again patched up. By the Treaty of London, 1913, Albania was set up as an autonomous state under another German princeling, the Prince of Wied.

Masaryk had worked hard to preserve the peace. He had watched the Balkan fray, philosophically and helplessly. He had tried to state the case for Serbia. He met Count Berchtold ; he journeyed to Belgrade ; he tried to mediate. All in vain. Mankind seemed but feeble puppets in the hands of the war-machine they had created. The actual chain of events, moreover, belied reason, for no sooner had a united Christian effort at last succeeded against the age-long infidel foe in the Balkans, than they treacherously began fighting among themselves. Towards the end of June 1913 Bulgaria suddenly attacked her rival, Serbia, and, of course, the old allies were

brought into this struggle. Turkey took advantage of this Christian discord and attacked the " Prussia of the Balkans." The Second Balkan War lasted but a month, and peace, which was scarcely a truce, was made in August 1913 at Bucharest. Hardly a year later, the Third Balkan War broke out and this time it engulfed the world. Masaryk had tried to mediate between the Hapsburgs and the Serbs and had failed. He watched the outbreak of the Second Balkan War with fear and disgust at human behaviour. He noted the overt encouragement given to Bulgaria by Austria in her struggle with Serbia. He grew more than ever convinced that any equality between German and Slav within the Austrian dominions was now politically impossible. Of all the Balkan states, Serbia alone was now pro-Russian and anti-German. She had incited the hostility of Austria by her recent successes; she checked the Austrian advance to Salonika; she lay across the German path to the Near East. Her growth, her independence, her victories acted as a magnet to the Slavs and Slovaks living beneath the shadow of the Hapsburg eagles. A war under such circumstances seemed within " the logic " of German history. Both Germany and Austria were now but armed camps.

On June 28th, 1914, extensive military manoeuvres were being held in Bosnia. It was a display of military preparedness, of Hapsburg military might. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand came to the Serb-Croat town of Sarajevo to be present at this warning to Serbia. The Austrian government was advised that the day of his visit was also the anniversary of the Battle of Kossovo, the national day of all Serbs, and that patriotic feeling would be tunning high. But the visit was not postponed nor were

adequate precautions taken for his safety. On the morning of his arrival, a " patriot," Chabrinovitch, threw a bomb at the Archduke, but he missed. The Royal progress continued. As he turned a corner a " student," Princip, rushed forward and fired three revolver shots at the Archduke and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. He was successful. Circumstances .seemed to indicate that the Pan-Germans hoped that he would be successful, for the Archduke was regarded by the Slavs " as the saviour of the future." By July 23rd, Austria delivered a Note to Serbia deliberately couched in terms such that no self-respecting state could accept. And with it there came a peremptory demand for a reply within forty-eight hours. Serbia replied. She was as conciliatory as an independent state could be. She gave way on all demands, except those which she judged infringed on her sovereignty and she expressed her willingness to have even these brought before a Hague Tribunal. The Austrians refused all negotiations. On the 28th they declared their " patience at an end " and declared war on Serbia.

The world had watched the events in the Near East. Every level-headed statesman recognized that a Third Balkan War, with Austria-Hungary as a belligerent, would no longer be a local war. On July 24th Sir Edward Grey had proposed that the four Great Powers not directly concerned with the issue, Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany, should mediate. But neither Austria nor Germany would accept the mediation of the proposed Conference of Ambassadors on the ground that the Sarajevo assassination was a purely Austrian affair. On July 30th Austria had invaded Serbia and had begun the bombardment of Belgrade. Russia mobilized. Ger-

many treated the mobilization of Russia as a **declaration of** war and on the 31st dispatched an ultimatum to Russia demanding the cessation of military preparations within twenty-four hours, under threat of German mobilization. On August 1 st Germany declared war on Russia. On August 3rd, she followed it up by a declaration of war against the ally of Russia, France. On August 2nd she had already invaded the neutral state of Luxemburg. On the same day, August 2nd, she demanded from the neutral-guaranteed state of Belgium a passage for her armies. She promised to evacuate the occupied territory on the conclusion of peace. If the passage were refused, she threatened to treat her as an enemy. Belgium refused. On August 3rd, she invaded France through Belgium. By midnight, August 4th, England had declared war against Germany in fulfilment of international obligations.

So the Great Ordeal began.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WAR OF CZECHOSLOVAK LIBERATION

TO a dispassionate observer from a remote planet visiting Mother Earth to study human behaviour, the scales of war and peace might have appeared to be well balanced on the eve of the great ordeal that mankind was to endure. The civilized world had, indeed, grown into an armed camp, but the forces making for sanity and human concord seemed as potent and as well organized. For the generation that preceded the World War seemed, on the whole, to be aware of the menace and appeared to take precautions to prevent the collapse of ordered civic life. International Health Organizations, the International Postal Union, the International Court of Justice, International Medical and Scientific Congresses supplied a hope that the unifying forces of society might yet prevail. Individuals, too, had devoted their life and their wealth to the promotion of human concord.

Alfred Nobel (1833-96), who was born at Stockholm, went to Russia at the age of 19 to construct submarines, mines and torpedoes for the Iron Czar. In 1866 he invented dynamite and rapidly amassed a huge, almost unwieldy fortune. But although he owed his riches to the manufacture of " instruments of destruction," he bequeathed a legacy to be awarded annually to the person or institution that had given the greatest service to the

cause of peace during the year. Accumulatively the efforts of the Nobel Peace Prize-winners bore hopeful results. In a similar endeavour Andrew Carnegie (1835—1919), the mighty American ironmaster, born in Dunfermline, Scotland, the Steel king of Pittsburgh, the envy of all in the pioneering days of the mid-Victorian age, left a large part of his fortune to build a Palace of Peace at The Hague and established the Carnegie Foundation, in order to promote the study of the causes of human strife, to analyse the economic and psychological motives that make for human discord, from the study of which it was hoped that a scientific remedy might at last be found against the scourge that has infected mankind since the Historic Age. With a more personal devotion, Count Lyov Nikolaievitch Tolstoy (1828-1910) relinquished a career in the army and the court, voluntarily renounced his property, divested himself of his estate and lived the life of an ordinary moujik, in order to preach the virtues of pacifism and combat the social wrongs of a military society.

And persuasive and logical writers came to the help of philanthropists and saints to promote the cause of peace. In 1898 Jean Bloch (1836-1902), a Polish-Jewish railway constructor, published his *War of the Future.* He showed, with remorseless logic, that war under modern conditions could no longer be the arbiter of the fate of Man. For, with modern military equipment and the state as the war-machine, war would but lead to economic exhaustion ; it would entail starvation and the dislocation of the whole social fabric. The result of war cannot be victory in the **older** sense, but revolution and social upheaval. For " soldiers may fight as they please ; the ultimate decision

is in the hands of famine." This appeal to the forces of reason and common sense was further emphasized by Norman Angell in his *Great Illusion*, 1908, who showed with great persuasiveness and an equally pitiless logic that the military terms "victory" and "defeat" were in modern life archaic survivals of the past. For the world to-day is economically interdependent, and the economic well-being of the conquered would be just as essential to the conqueror after his victory as it was before the carnage began. If the conquering realm found its markets either lost or diminished through its victory, it would suffer in economic well-being as much as the loser.

The general and intellectual appeal for peace seemed to find, at last, official and political expression when, in 1898, to the astonishment of a sceptical world, the Czar Nicholas II addressed "to the nations of the world, an Appeal," in which he declared that the armed peace then existing was ruinous to all, that such an armed peace diverted the intellectual and physical efforts of all peoples to useless and harmful channels and that if it were continued, a social upheaval of appalling horror could only be the inevitable outcome. He suggested that a Conference of Powers be called to discuss the problem, in order to find some way out of the military rivalry. A Congress was convened. Twenty-six states responded to the Czar's appeal and attended the First Peace Conference at The Hague on July 29th, 1899. But alas, the meeting showed how peaceless the world still was. Every effort to reduce armaments was blocked, especially by the German delegates. War was lauded as a nursery of patriotic virtues, as indispensable to human progress, as the arbiter of nations. The world would not disarm, even

though it might have been " profitable " to do so. Instead of which, the Powers agreed to set up a Permanent Court of Arbitration and to codify the laws of warfare. * All recognized that in a world where " Macht Politik " ruled, a Court with no authority behind it to enforce its decision was a harmless House of Babble and that the first boom of a gun would blow all the " laws of warfare " sky-high. A Second Peace Conference was called at The Hague in 1907 by President Theodore Roosevelt and the Czar Nicholas, but the practical results were not very much different. For states had grown to be military organizations and their rivalries and jealousies were too bitter to be smoothed over by a congress. While to deride this striving for human concord, the twentieth century ushered in wars that belied the mock-homage of states to peace, the Russo-Japanese War, the Italo-Turkish War, the Balkan wars.

Yet, as if to maintain hope in spite of realities, states themselves seemed to be undergoing a change that might make for peace. In most of the civilized states there had grown up new parties which stressed the solidarity of working men, if not of all men, and placed peace in the forefront of their policies. International Congresses were held at which resolutions were passed condemning " war as a capitalist manoeuvre," for whoever might gain as a result of war, workers always suffered and lost. They even threatened a " general strike " should war break out, as a workers' reply to the " capitalist" warring governments. International Peace Societies similarly met and passed verbose resolutions. The pistol fired at Sarajevo blew up the whole structure of idealism. For it had been built on frail foundations. When the bugles sounded,

Socialists marched against Socialists **and** pacifists against pacifists.

Professor Masaryk was on holiday with his family at Schandau in Saxony when the dread news arrived. For a while he was dazed. Only the year previously, Serbia had sought a peaceful understanding with Austria, and Pacich, the* Serbian Prime Minister, had actually made a proposal, through Masaryk, to have all causes of friction between the two realms settled amicably. But now events moved fast, for they were beyond human control. Masaryk watched the war fever in Germany and the efficiency of the preparedness. He could not get back to Prague, for all the railways were requisitioned for troops. So he stayed anxiously and watched the mobilization. He dimly recognized that a decisive hour for the Czech people had at last struck, but he also realized their helplessness. What could they do, hemmed in as they were on all sides by Germans ? Yet something had to be done. He analysed the military situation as it stood in August 1914. Austria, he felt convinced, would collapse, but he feared that the swift onslaught on France, through neutral territory, might again abase a Slav ally. That America might ever enter into this European fray never occurred to him at all. He felt most doubts about Russia. He had seen the Holy Colossus at too close quarters. And he recognized that behind the fa$ade of a common Slav " cult," there also lay deep and vital differences. Russia was Orthodox and the champion of Orthodoxy, the Czechs were Catholic. Russia was ignorant, Bohemia was cultivated. Russia was still a

realm with no profound political tradition nor political experience, the Czechs were democratic and parliamentary, both by conviction as by necessity. Above all, he never could acquiesce in the accepted solution of a Russian Grand Duke ruling at Prague.

At last he reached Prague. He found his land already under the strictest censorship ; the local assembly had been prorogued by order from Vienna; the newspapers were under police control; the most outspoken had already been confiscated by Imperial decree. Everything distinctively Czech was being removed by the authorities. The soldiers were indeed reporting for duty, but it was obvious that their sympathies were anti-Austrian and pro-Serb and Russian. They carried home-made Czech banners to their depots. Soldiers were transported in open wagons marked " 8 Pferde and 40 Mann" ; beneath, the Czechs scrawled " Export of fresh meat to Russia," " Cannon fodder, export to Serbia." They openly sang Czech national songs and made up impromptu ones about " We are marching against the Russians, but we do not know why." For to the Czech populace, Russia was regarded as the saviour. Everywhere the belief was accepted, that speedily the Czar would liberate Bohemia, and the saying was current throughout Bohemia that " the market women were saving their best geese until the Russians should arrive." In spite of the censorship, news soon filtered through of Czech action where Czech action was free. In Paris, Czechs had torn down the flag at the Austrian Embassy. In Chicago, huge spontaneous anti-Austrian demonstrations took place. In both France and Russia, Czechs were joining as volunteers and forming Czech Legions to fight the Hapsburgs.

Masaryk listened to the news filtering through. He recognized that action was necessary. But what action ? Armed insurrection was obviously out of the question. Not only would it be easily crushed, but it would supply the sought-for justification for the declaration of martial law and for the mass arrqsts of those who might be useful in this Czech ordeal. Masaryk mused . . . " Are we ripe for the struggle ? In this world-historic hour, do we grasp its significance ? Shall we make good, once for all, the disaster that overwhelmed us as a nation at the Battle of the White Mountain, three centuries ago ? Can we vanquish in ourselves the influence of Austria and of the centuries of subjection to her ? Is the hour of fulfilment of Commenius's Testament at hand ? I, too, believe before God that when the storms of wrath have passed, to thee shall return the rule over thine own things, O Czech People! "

War news also came through—of the cruel punishments meted out to Czechs once they were over the border, and how Czechs were deserting to the Russians, singing Slav anthems. The 28th Regiment known as the " Children of Prague " deserted en masse, singing Heg Slovana, the Slav hymn. He felt impelled to action.

When I heard that a man had been hanged in Moravia simply because he had *in* his possession a Russian proclamation by the Grand Duke Nikolai . . . and that this and that good patriot had been shot, I was ashamed that we politicians were still hesitant when our common folk were already active. I decided that we could do no less than our troops. I must be on the side of those who were fighting against Austria. . . . Now I must do my share too.

But again what could he do ? There were spies everywhere. For four months he studied the problem. Then

he took the irrevocable step. He decided to become a revolutionary at the age of 64, at a time when all the dice seemed cast against him. His friend, almost his fellow conspirator, Wickham Steed, explained. " To Masaryk, to the Czechs, the name Austria meant every device that could kill the soul of a people. He knew the dimensions of his venture. For his people, the price of failure would have been oppression more fierce, demoralization more dire. For him, it would have meant a choice between death on a Hapsburg gallows or lifelong exile." He studied the problem, not merely as a student and professor. He waited outside the newspaper offices to see the reaction of his people to the censored news. He noted that men spoke in whispers, that the Austro-Hungarian war loan met with scant support. He spoke to the soldiery off to the front. And he sounded quietly, furtively, the leaders of all the Czech parties. He came to the conclusion " that the great majority in all the parties whose leaders I had consulted would remain anti-Austrian." Having come to his decision he determined to get in touch with the democracies of the West.

King Chance again favoured him. His American sister-in-law had been on a visit to see her sister and family in Prague. She now decided to return, and Masaryk saw her off to her steamer at Rotterdam. Here, at last, he was beyond spy and censor. He sent off letters to his friends in London and Paris, to Seton Watson, to Wickham Steed, to Professor Denis. . . .

And Dr. Seton Watson came to Rotterdam. They were both experts on Austria-Hungary and her racial policy. Dr. Seton Watson had seen at first hand the political and economic persecution of the Slovaks in Hungary; he

had studied the intricate and embittered race problems of the Ramshackle Empire, he was sympathetic with the aims of the Slovak Prague Professor who explained, " If Austria wins will Vienna be capable of carrying out the necessary reforms ? . . . Victory would strengthen the old system. The soldiers would have the upper hand and after a victorious war they would centralize and Germanize. . . . It would be absolutism with parliamentary embellishments. . . . The only possible solution was the break-up of Austria and the transformation of Central Europe. . . ." Who in 1914 could have prophesied such a solution ? From these plotters' discussions Dr. Seton Watson drew up a Memorandum which he sent to the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey. It bore fruit in 1918.

Masaryk returned to Prague, but he had no peace of mind at home. He wandered about aimlessly in search of a plan, of some kind of action. And that strange historic destiny that rules Man and shapes events came to his help. One day he received a visit from a stranger, a Czech, a Mr. Voska who had become an American citizen. They discussed the Czech problem in the light of the war and the unknown future. Here indeed there was an unexpected opportunity. Masaryk might be watched and detained, but Voska, under the protection of the " Stars and Stripes," was free. And as a free American citizen he set out with a series of messages to Paris, to London, to New York. As soon as he could, he returned via war-drunken Germany, to report. So began the network of the great conspiracy to free a nation. From the beginning, they recognized the value of caution **and** craft. Voska carried no written notes; with the

help of figures he memorized his messages and the replies. And as the plan succeeded, with Masaryk in the background, he organized a vast courier service of neutrals to keep the Leader in contact with the outside world, to organize propaganda, to spread the hope of freedom. No professional secret service proved so efficient. Success came early. The Russians sent word, in reply, that those Czech regiments which desired to surrender should sing a popular and well-known Slav song and the Czech front in the east speedily collapsed. This was later to supply the state yet unborn with its epic army. It was to give reality to a dream.

Early in his professorial days, Masaryk had founded a Czech paper *Cos* (" The Times ") to act as a forum for Slav claims. In September 1914 a former student of Masaryk, one who had had as romantic a career, Dr. Edvard Benes, came to join the staff of *Cas* as an unpaid contributor. He was the youngest of eight sons of a Bohemian peasant who, by ability, had made his way to the Grammar School at Prague. He had been an active member of the Sokol, but an accident and a broken shin ended his athletic career. When he matriculated and went to the University, he one day walked out of one of Masaryk's lectures because he protested " against the religious background " given by the lecturer " to his philosophy." He then went off to study at the Sorbonne, came to England and returned to become professor at the Commercial Academy. He, too, was moved by hopes of national independence. He, too, wished to do something. He met Masaryk and spoke to him of hopes such as he nourished. Benes records, " The end of our long conversation on the events at home and on the situation of Germany, France, Eng-

land and Russia which took place on that pleasant day on the slopes of the Letna, with its delightful view of the whole beauty of Prague, was that Professor Masaryk informed me that he had already started working and therefore that we should work together. . . ." Masaryk had told Benes of his meeting with Seton Watson, of the wide ramification of the propaganda already begun, adding that " he would be the first to be hanged when the Russians entered Prague." On that autumn day, the compact between the two future chiefs of the new Slav state was sealed. It was solemnly and faithfully kept by them both to the end.

However, the two fellow conspirators still found opposition even among the initiated. The majority still put their faith in Russia. How else could they think? Russia seemed so mighty. Russia alone could have any sympathy for a Slav people. France was concerned for her very existence, England with her sea-power. The Czechs were hardly known beyond the Narrow Seas. They explained to Benes ,'hat " Masaryk's policy was a gambling policy," to ignore Russia and to place faith in the Allies. What concern had the Allies in their cause? Indeed, in the first onrush of war, Masaryk's schemes seemed to border on the impossible. Germany was at the gates of Paris. Of all the claims put forward by Great Britain for entering the war, no mention was made, or thought given, to Bohemia. Yet, against all such rational opposition, Masaryk kept to his self-imposed faith. He now announced his decision to go abroad and work there. Before setting off, he showed that he was a practical organizer as well as a " practical dreamer." He formed the nucleus of the secret organization, known as the Maffia,

which was to carry Czech propaganda across the wide world and to undermine the proudest monarchy of Europe. He avoided initiating the more prominent leaders of the Czechs, for they would, of necessity, be suspect of the police. He explained to its members how to maintain a ceaseless propaganda among their own people, even in defeat; how to maintain contact with the Maffia even when caught and arrested, how to use cipher, all sorts of unsuspecting cipher; how to avoid " agents-provocateurs " and the ever-vigilant spies; how to receive news at home and to smuggle news abroad. Then, when all was complete and he was ready to go, he bearded the very lion in his den. He called on Count Thun, the Hapsburg Governor of Bohemia. He had heard that the Lord-Lieutenant had received from Vienna a list of suspects who were to be imprisoned. Was he among them ? The Count was obviously embarrassed by this unexpected visit. He received him courteously in a working apartment. On one side of the room there was a heavy green curtain hanging from the ceiling to the floor, and Masaryk knew that behind that curtain a shorthand typist was recording their conversation. Peasant and peer were again face to face. Masaryk began to explain to the Hapsburg representative the reasons for his visit. As a parliamentary representative of a Czech constituency, he complained of the difficulties that, under war-conditions, faced the Czechs, of the inadequacy of the medical services provided for the Czech regiments, and of the inadequate precautions that were being taken in Prague to prevent anti-Jew riots, where the Austrian Jews were suspected ! of sympathizing with Austria, and the general opposition in Bohemia to the growing German domination

of Austria. Count Thun listened courteously, promised to deal with the abuses as well as he could, thanked the Professor for his call, and quite incidentally remarked " conditions being what they were, Austria had to take special measures in Bohemia," adding that, as yet, he had received no orders to take any measure against Masaryk himself. Masaryk was inwardly overjoyed, for he had come in order to secure confirmation of his hopes ; it meant that he could go abroad freely, and begin his work. But already he was skilled in his plotter's craft, for he remained disarmingly calm at the glad news. He immediately decided that now it was time to begin that great pilgrimage round the globe, that was to lead to the liberation of his people.

It was in the month of December 1914, a cold, cheerless month for the Allies, and the Czech cause, that he left Prague, not to return again until December 21st, 1918, as President of the Czecho-Slovak republic. Never was venture more daring and more romantic. He was relatively unknown, his people were unknown. He had no credentials to enable him to speak in the name of his people. There was no official organization in Prague that he could represent. By many influential Czechs he was openly disavowed. His self-imposed task was to disrupt the oldest empire in Europe, backed by the most militant power in the world. He had to convince the Allies, not alone of the possibility of his dreams, but also to impose it on their war aims. To the matter-of-fact, it was more than a quixotic task. For the Allies regarded Germany, not Austria, as the enemy. It was hoped, among the allied councils, to detach Austria from her militant partner, make peace with her and continue the

struggle against Germany alone. And such a peace, all Czechs recognized, could only be based on the recognition of the integrity of all the Hapsburg dominions, not by disrupting them. Yet Masaryk achieved the impossible.

His daughter Olga had been ill. He announced publicly that he was going to take her to Italy for special treatment. After all, he was an old man, he was 64, what harm could he do ? Fortunately, he possessed a passport correctly visa'd before the war. He was saved from making a special application. So, on December 17th, 1914, openly and unmolested, they left Prague. Without mishap they reached the Italian frontier. But here they were stopped by the dutiful and vigilant Austrian station-master. It was war-time, he explained apologetically, and the ordinary passports were not sufficient. Special permission would have to be obtained before they could cross the frontier. Masaryk was in a dilemma. The courteous official excused himself and added that it would be all right, that he was going to telegraph to Vienna. . . . The risk of a refusal was too great. So Masaryk kept him talking until he knew that no reply could come before the train left. Then as the train was about to leave, he showed the timid, disciplined officer his identity card as a member of the Imperial Parliament —and jumped in. Within a quarter of an hour they were in Italy and in safety. So began his pilgrimage ; the most romantic part of a romantic life—in exile.

CHAPTER XX

MASARYK THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADER

IN the month of December 1914 Masaryk escaped to Italy, which was then still neutral, in order to secure contacts with his Serb and Croat fellow-workers. He went first to Venice, then he went on to Florence and Rome. He met Serbs and Croats and Slovenes, all eager for " action," but as he had expected, far from unanimous. Some were planning for a Greater Serbia, some for a Greater Croatia, many were aimless. But he found also, to his great satisfaction, that the Italian agitation for " Dalmazia Nostra," for " Italia Irredenta," to redeem the Italians still held enthralled by Austria, was beginning, and he recognized that if Italy ever entered the war, it would not be on the side of the Hapsburgs. (She then declared that she was not bound by the terms of the Triple Alliance which held good only for a defensive war.) He also met his friend, the historian, Professor Lombroso, who showed him the news how " Masaryk had been killed in Prague," all complete with the obituary notice—to such a level Austrian propaganda had already sunk. More practically, he obtained an interview with Sir James Rennell Rodd, the British ambassador, to whom he gave an account of the condition of Austria and who passed on his letters and memoranda to Wickham Steed. As he was being constantly dogged by spies, he thought of

returning home, in order to destroy his papers and note-books, for he knew that if these were found by the authorities they would take revenge on his wife. So he stayed in Rome for about a month, and then, with a member of the Italian Diplomatic Service, he travelled by car to Genoa, and then on to Geneva. Here he heard from his friend, the poet Macher, who, writing from Vienna, informed him that an order had been issued that " he should be hanged without further ceremony if caught," This curt note was followed by one from Benes, from Prague, telling him that he was to be arrested as soon as he set foot on Austrian soil. So the die was cast and he had crossed the Rubicon—the Italian frontier.

Domestic tragedy also came to add to his public worries. News came through that his son Herbert had died; he had caught typhus from Galician refugees. He simply records, " My old Clerical opponents did not fail to send me, from Prague, their coarse and malicious, anonymous letters. ' The finger of God,' they said." . . . "To me it seemed rather an injunction not to abate or grow weary in my efforts." Then there came further news that his daughter Alice had been imprisoned. Her name had been discovered by the police concealed in a button which had been sent by a Czech Social Democrat from Geneva. The women of America, indeed, organized a petition for her release, but petitions were so frequent in war-time and Austria was so war-immersed. He learnt also that his wife was ill, and American papers further reported that his youngest son John, who was serving in the Austrian army, was to be hanged because of his father's activities. From his Maffia friends, rumours came that his co-workers, Kramar, Razin, even Benes, had been

arrested. He lived on in a kind of ugly dream but he recalled proudly that he was not broken and that all he saw was the goal that he had set himself to pursue.

He lived at the Hotel Richmond in Geneva, and from there he now began his world-wide propaganda. Benes supervised the work from Prague, but soon he heard that his arrest was ordered, so he escaped and joined Masaryk at Geneva. They knew of the ordinary methods of secret communication so dear to officialdom, such as sewing a message into a collar, or putting it into the heel of a shoe. They had to devise a new technique, and gradually they outwitted the trained staff of a police state. They would hide a message under the regulator of a watch, within the hollow of an umbrella handle or they would roll up a message and place it into a pencil from which a piece of lead had been taken. They frequently used the newspapers, and, by a prearranged code, an ordinary advertisement in Prague gave Masaryk the desired information in Geneva, and an advertisement in the *Journal de Genive* was a message to the Maffia in Prague. " One messenger carried an important microscopic letter in the hollow of his tooth, two hundred words printed on the finest silk." Another wore socks knitted of yarn in which a connected letter had been written in dots and dashes. Sometimes, of course, their code did not work. . . . A co-worker was bringing a message from Prague bound in the inside of a cover of one of Smetana's operas. When the train reached the frontier where luggage was particularly carefully searched the messenger caught fright, luckily saw his opportunity and threw the incriminating volume out of the window. Masaryk had especial difficulty in finding suitable messengers, for everywhere there were spies and

" agents-provocateurs." He would examine each volunteer to carry messages, personally, would tell them of the difficulties and dangers they would meet, what story to tell if they were caught. He would make them rehearse their story again and again. His hotel grew into a plotter's lair that defied the professional secret service of the great Central Powers.

And very shortly, from this plotter's lair at Geneva, he had organized and co-ordinated the efforts of Czechs and Slovaks in Paris, in Berne, in Moscow, in the U.S.A., even in the Balkans ; and in spite of spies, in spite of the Russophiles, by the summer of 1915 he had organized a united front. He had formed organizations of Czechs in Switzerland into committees to collect money for their cause. He arranged to have newspapers printed in Czech and in French. He began to appeal to the Czechs living in England and in France and to the more organized groups of his countrymen living in Russia and the U.S.A. Soon the results were patent. . .\ His work was already worth an army to his people. As early as January 1915 a National Congress of Czechs was held in Cleveland in the U.S.A. which became the nucleus of the great Czech-American bid for their nation's independence. Official representatives of Czech colonies abroad came to Geneva to seek advice and to secure co-ordination of their efforts, for he was already the unofficial president of the new state. Although there was no official state, or even official organization, it was clear that all Czechs looked to Masaryk as their " chief," that alone his wisdom and leadership could give expression to their common hopes.

So far he had worked with Czechs and Slovaks to create a common unity of purpose. He had as yet made

no public appeal, beyond the Memorandum that he had sent to Sir Edward Grey through the good offices of his friend Seton Watson. He now judged it prudent and wise to carry his appeal to the world. And, characteristically and professor-like, he declared war, officially, by a lecture. On July 6th, 1915, on the anniversary of the fourth centenary of the martyrdom of John Hus, he appeared on the platform of the Reformation Hall in Geneva, with Lucien Gautier as Chairman, to lecture on " Hus, the Symbol of Bohemian Freedom." He chose that day, he declared, " to prove to the world the historical continuity of his country's history " and ended his historical lecture with an historic appeal. " Hus, and the reformers of his time demanded the right to think and act for themselves. The Czech nation faces exactly that problem to-day. Every Czech who knows his nation's history must decide for or against Austria. Hus is our living programme." . . . The lecture was reported the world over, among the Allies as among the Central Powers, and everywhere its significance was grasped. The *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna correctly described it as " the first Czech declaration of war against Austria." Its cruel results were immediate. The poet Macher records that " no persecution since that following the Battle of the White Mountain was more cruel than this military one carried out in the Kingdom of Bohemia in the years 1915-16"

Masaryk had now completed his organization. He had launched his attack ; he felt that in order to carry through with his work, he had to be at the centre of things. Whilst in Switzerland he was in neutral territory. Such territory gave him a haven, but his cause was bound up

with that of the Allies and he felt it essential now to be in contact with the Allies. He recognized that if Paris was the military capital, London was the political capital of the Allied cause. So he decided to leave Geneva; his decision being further emphasized by the fact that even Geneva was growing unsafe for him as an asylum. Spies dogged his footsteps. Abscesses appeared on his shoulders and were attributed to attempts to poison him through his laundry. So he secured a Serbian passport from the Serbian Consul-General in Geneva. He gave his correct name, profession, birth-place, because he did not want " to get himself into difficulties by securing a passport under a false name," but he had himself described as a Serbian citizen. With that passport, he made his way into France. He got into touch with his old friends, with Professor Denis, who arranged with him to edit a new paper, *La Nation Tcheque*, and with General Milan Stefanik, a former pupil, now risen to the rank of General in the Allied cause. His admiration for his old teacher was embarrassing, and amounted almost to veneration. In his impulsive gratitude he wished to caress him when they met. He called him lovingly " Tatischek," little father. He recalled their former days, when he had been a poor student at Prague and how, one frosty winters day, when he had called at Masaryk's house stiff with cold, the sympathetic Professor had given him his overcoat, for Stefanik was too poor to buy one himself, and further, how the overcoat had to be cut down, for it was too big for him—a strange Professor indeed, who secured such personal love!

From Paris, on September 26th, 1915, he made his way to London. He landed as a Serbian subject, but his

birth-place still marked him as an enemy alien during the war, and he was only saved from internment by the personal intervention of his many English friends. He stayed at first at a boarding-house kept by Miss Brown at 4 Holford Road, Hampstead, and speedily he got in touch with his political friends, Wickham Steed, Seton Watson, Professor Sarolea, and now he wrote a full memorandum to the British Government and to the Allies, stating the case for his cause, for the independence of his people from the yoke of centuries. At first he found his life in this country very distressing. As an enemy alien, he was subject to special regulations, having to report to the police again and again, while at the same time he was being constantly dogged by spies. How they passed through the police net is, indeed, a mystery. One night his rooms were broken into and the contents ransacked. In self-defence Masaryk began to take shooting lessons. And again, as at Geneva, he began to suffer from abscesses on his shoulders and arms. This time blood-poisoning set in, and an operation became necessary. His doctors told him that his shirts had been treated with poison either at the laundry or between the laundry and his home. He also had to face more mundane difficulties. He had deposited his funds—it was not much—at a bank in Geneva. One day he went to the London branch of the Swiss Bank to draw some out in order to continue his very modest life. He showed his passport to the cashier in order to establish his identity. The cashier happened to be a German Swiss. He glanced at the passport, he glanced at Masaryk. Then he pointed out that he could not be a Serb, for he was born at Hodonin in Moravia. Only the quick wit of Masaryk saved

him from further difficulty. He replied authoritatively, " Since you know so much geography, you ought to know that Morava is a river in Serbia. . . . Moreover, what does my passport matter to you ? " He received his money, but he speedily changed his bank. The " living " problem proved, indeed, acute. Fortunately his friends came to his rescue. A School of Slavonic Studies was founded at King's College, London, then under the sympathetic administration of Dr. Ronald Burrows, and Masaryk was appointed Professor. This, at least, saved him from hunger. Later, he wrote of these troublesome times,

> To-day I am astonished that I had the strength to work as I did then. Every week I used to write an article for the *Sunday Times.* I wrote also for other papers, for the *Nation,* the *Spectator* and *New Europe*—and the letters I had to write ! Then there was my course at the University, lectures at Cambridge and at Oxford, where I stayed with the Cretan expert, Sir Arthur Evans, and got to know-Miliukov and Vinogradov. I used to go to the Foreign Office to see Sir George Clerk, who later became British minister at Prague. There were Saturdays at Wickham Steed's where newspaper men, officers and diplomats used to meet. . . . At first I was empty-handed and could promise nothing. I only had my argument that the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary was to the interest of the whole of Europe. . . . I tried to contrive that every day the newspapers should publish something against Austria and about us ; we had to make our cause known. . . .

All the while, too, he was dogged ceaselessly by spies and detectives. His Professorship proved helpful in more ways than in earning a living. On October 19th, 1915, he gave his Inaugural Lecture on " The Problem of Small Nations in the Empire Crisis." It was, in effect, another declaration of war against Germanism. But it was also

a personal triumph, for the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, was to have taken the Chair. Unfortunately he fell ill, but Lord Robert Cecil deputized for him. Under such official chairmanship, the Cause was progressing. A full report was published and it served as useful propaganda. However, he also used the report of his lecture in the press to show the detective who would not leave him. " If your Prime Minister trusts me, I should think you can trust me too," he told the dutiful representative of war-time mistrust. But the officer paid no heed. He had been told off to watch an enemy alien, and he obeyed orders. So Masaryk turned to Seton Watson for help. He got in touch with Scotland Yard and from then on he was left almost in peace. To the end of his days, even as President, he suffered from the haunting feeling that the police were following him. Moreover, Sir Basil Thomson, the Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, got interested in this professor who was waging a lone fight against a mighty empire and his help, too, proved of value in a future crisis. ,,

Masaryk lived very modestly in his lodgings, for economy was essential. He liked living in London, for he found that in such a great city he could be alone, even among millions. He would travel by bus, for he could not afford a car, making up for the loss of time by watching war-time life in the London streets. If it rained, he would travel by Underground. He would have his meals at the cheaper London shops and as he could not entertain at his flat, when he had guests and he had to think of his position, he would take them to the Cafe Royal. At his boarding-house too he suffered severely from the cold, " for English fires don't give out

much heat." However, things began to improve. In the autumn of 1916 his daughter Olga found him a little furnished house at 21 Piatt Lane, Hampstead, which had domestic convenience, so that he could enjoy the additional pleasure of having meals at home. He would spend long hours, even at night-time, walking over the Heath, dreaming, thinking, worrying ; once in a London fog he cut his head when he collided with a lamp-post, while periodically he would be startled to reality by the sirens that would blare away at the approach of German Zeppelins.

And all the while he watched the war and maintained his ceaseless propaganda. He would go to the cinema, not to watch the pictures but the reaction of an English crowd to the war films and war news. He got to love the English, and he took great pains to earn the love of his hosts. He studied our literature, the moderns, Lawrence, Bennett, Conrad, Wells and Shaw, as well as the Classics, for he believed that a nation can only be portrayed in its poets and writers. And he records of England in war-time . . .

English culture I hold to be the most progressive and, as I was able to see during the war, the most humane. . . . The claims of conscientious objectors, opponents of war on religious and ethical grounds, were very liberally admitted. Besides, the English published trustworthy news of the war and did not suppress opinion. . . . No European city seemed so rich as London. I walked and rode through its length and breadth in all directions. Almost everywhere the door-handles were in good order, the many brass plates of business houses well polished, garden fences well kept; these things showed me the wealth of England more clearly than any statistical figures.

By the force of his simple character and patient persistence, his influence was spreading. His ceaseless,

remorseless propaganda became effective because it was true. He laid it down to his co-workers " not to abuse the German, not to under-rate the enemy, not to distort facts or make boasts, not to make empty promises ; to let facts speak for themselves and use them as evidence; to influence, by ideas and arguments, not to be an opportunist ; to have one plan, one standard in everything—truth.'' He imposed such methods on the Czech Committee who were working in Paris under the direction of Benes and on the other Czech organizations which were now at work for Czech independence. Equally important did he consider it for his Cause, not to accept money from anyone but his own people, even when they were all badly in need of it. Many a time their activity languished for the lack of sufficient funds, but he recalls " on almost every such occasion a welcome cheque would arrive from the U.S.A." He could, indeed, repeat proudly, "never was there a revolution carried through so cheaply." He lived in England for about eighteen months and his activity throughout was almost ceaseless and tireless. He kept in contact with every Czech colony. There was hardly a person, who might be of help to the Cause, who was not approached. Throughout this plotter's existence he seemed to bear a charmed life. He was aware that some spy or fanatic would attempt to assassinate him. He simply discussed with Benes how to continue the work should such an eventuality happen.

In 1916 General Stefanik arranged an interview for him with Briand, the Breton Premier of France. He bought a ticket on the steamer *Sussex.* When he was about to set off, he suddenly received a wire from Benes that the appointment was postponed and that he need not cross.

On that journey the *Sussex* was torpedoed by a German submarine and sank. Later, when he had decided to go to Russia, he waited at the port of Amble for the boat which was to take him to Bergen in Norway and from which he was to make his way, as best he could, to Russia in revolt. He waited, but no boat came. She, too, had been torpedoed. A few days later he at last embarked from Aberdeen. His ship was escorted by two British torpedo-boats. During the hazardous voyage, the vessel swung round with such suddenness that everything on board was scattered. The captain explained to him the next morning that she had just missed a floating mine.

His life in London was not left untouched with tragedy. He was discussing with Wickham Steed in his study the Czech problem, the future of his people, the long war of attrition that seemed to trail on endlessly, when a lady called with a newspaper, which silently she showed to Masaryk. Slowly he read the marked paragraph. It told him that his daughter Alice had been arrested and condemned to death for High Treason. The lady was all nerves and sympathy. Masaryk slowly replied. " A man never goes into a thing like this without counting the cost, the cost to himself and to others. It was no easy matter to decide to ask our people to undertake armed revolution," . . . Alice was eventually freed, and took part in the glorious home-coming of her father as her people's Liberator. But it was now the war alone that mattered. Upon the fortune of that long-drawn-out struggle, the fate of his people depended. He now thought that it was time to secure official recognition. For he realized that throughout the Allied realms, little was known of his people, of their claims, of the Czechs

as a factor in Allied success. To the Western powers the fray was part of the ancient historic Franco-Germanic struggle. But to Masaryk it was part of the Slav-German feud. He now determined to show the Allies the influence of the Slav impact on the war. He determined to go to Russia.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WAR OF SLAV AGAINST TEUTON

WHEN in August 1914 war came almost as a relief to the tension of recurring crises, it was accepted both in the East as in the West as a war against Teutonism with its exclusive, aggressive Pan-Germanic doctrines (ideologies, they would be termed to-day). The Germans saw it as a union of barbaric Slav and decadent French against the citadel of civilization. The speedy entry of England showed the miscalculation possible even by such a well-trained organism as the German General Staff. Indeed the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, could only exclaim in agitation to Sir Edward Goschen, the British ambassador at Berlin, "just for **a** word, neutrality, a word which in war-time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to declare war on a kindred nation." Everywhere, however, the Slav aspect of the struggle was fully recognized. It had originated in the Balkans. It had begun by a march of Teutons against Serbia. It had provoked Slav Russia to mobilization. And to Slav delight the war had opened with Slav success. Holy Russia had mobilized her millions as in another crusade, no longer, as in the days of old, against the Infidel, but against the New Terror. Then, with surprising energy and strategy, she had thrown them against Austria **and**

Prussia. Both Galicia and East Prussia were overrun, Konigsberg and the Vistula approached, Cracow threatened. Subscriptions were opened to reward the first Russian soldiers who should enter Berlin. Yet Russian success, which was then so expected and so welcomed among the Allied peoples, was, nevertheless, a severe blow to Masaryk and his small, like-minded committee. For the pro-Russians among the Czechs now more than ever turned to Russia for liberation. The West seemed foiled. The Germans were already at the gates of Paris as during " l'annee terrible." England and her forces appeared inadequate for continental feuds, and her navy impotent to help. But by September 1914 the Russians in their turn had been hurled back in the fighting to which Germanism has so lovingly given the name of the Battle of Tannenberg, while on the west the " war of positions " had begun. . . . As the " stalemate war " continued, even the Allied statesmen began to look with less disregard on an unarmed professor who came to proffer his aid. For help was indeed needed. The German offensive under Hindenburg was sweeping all before it. Mackensen had, in May 1915, broken the Russian front at the Battle of Dunajec in Western Galicia. By September, the Russian millions had been hurled back beyond Vilna, almost to Riga, half-way from Tannenberg to Petrograd, and victorious Teutonism turned as successfully against the Balkans. By October, Belgrade and Nish had fallen, Serbia was overrun from the east and west, her armies driven to the Adriatic. The Teutonic Pan-German dream of a " Mittel Europa " seemed to be at last realized. Germany and her allies held and controlled a " Mittel Europa" stretching from Bruges and Bremen to the

Bosphorus and extending through her new "land-colony" of western Asia to Bagdad and beyond, as far as the Persian borderlands. It was amidst such gloom and defeat that on October 19th, 1915, Professor Masaryk gave his Inaugural Lecture at King's College, and amidst such disasters that the Czech Committee abroad, on November 14th, 1915, at last officially declared war against Austria. This Declaration of a War by a non-existent state was signed by a former runaway apprentice, Tomas Garrigue Masaryk.

This manifesto, coming as it did during the very slough of war despond, was welcomed in England as in France. Here, indeed, was an ally who did not despair. His moral support, for he could give no other, was worth having. He could be accepted or repudiated as the war waves surged and urged. Yet the scales of war seemed tilted against the Allies. The Germans appeared as triumphant in the west as in the east. By February 1916 the Teuton had launched his mass attack on Verdun and Briand thought that it was worth his while to see officially this leader of a non-existent land who fought so fiercely for his, and the Allied, cause. So Masaryk journeyed to Paris to visit the Premier of France. . . . Swift and vindictive was the reply of the Austrians again, to this new d-marche of Masaryk. All known, all suspected of sympathy with the cause of independence and freedom were arrested. Kramar and Razin, the two most distinguished Czech leaders still living in Bohemia, were condemned to death. Czech regiments were ordered to the most dangerous sectors of the front. . . . But nevertheless, the Maffia still continued its activities. Comic songs were sung and circulated about the Hapsburgs;

scorn was poured on their armies and their " pretes" victories. . . . When the Austrian war bulletins repoitted a " strategic movement towards the rear " the walls of Prague cemetery were chalked with " Rise ye dead, xhe Emperor is calling up his last reserves." Underground newspapers were printed and distributed from secrtet presses, whose hiding places were changed every week. Even in the darkest period of Teutonic success, communication and hope were maintained and the Prague workers could, with pride, boast " We are building a tunnel, we in Prague and Masaryk abroad. We believe that very soon now we shall meet and join hands—our task completed,''

The year 1916 had come and appeared to depart with the " stalemate war " still raging. But a modern war is fought on two fronts—the fighting front and the home front, and in Germany, while on the external enemy front it appeared " a stand-still war," " a stalemate struggle,'' with hope of] peace dimming, internally on the home front, in spite of buoyant hope, of victorious promises, of herd organization, defeat lurked amidst the growing suffering. It undermined morale, it began to undermine even hope.

Then the unexpected happened. When in 1914 the war had begun, all hopes appeared focused on Muscovy and her millions. The Slavs regarded her as " the deliverer " ; the Western powers saw her as " the steam roller.'' Even President Poincar6, a realist in most things, admonished the French armies with " Endure and fight, while the Russians strike at the heart of the German Empire." Time speedily showed that the vision and the knowledge of the Prague Professor had been the

clearer. Czardom failed in war as it had in peace. The successive defeats of Tannenberg, September 1st, 1914, the Winter Battle of the Masurian Lakes, February 12th, 1915, of Dunajec, May 1915, the break through at Gorlice, could not but destroy the myth of Russian might. Then too began the retreat, the surrender, the disorganization and the slow creeping paralysis that sapped Czardom. A feeble flicker of hope reappeared when, in June, Russia again resumed the offensive in Galicia, but the leaven of revolution, the work of generations against Czarism, was beginning to work at the very moment when a Russian success might have changed the story of the war—and of the world. For now a grim, determined army of vindictive, embittered exiles began to return and strengthen the hands and heads of the revolutionaries.

Djugashvilli Stalin and Kemenov came from Siberia, Leo Bronstein, better known as Trotsky, came from the U.S.A., while the master of all came from Switzerland. Vladimir Ulianov, famous in history as Lenin, was the son of a school inspector from the middle Volga. He was now 47 years old and had been away from Russia for ten years. But he took advantage of the war and got in touch with the German war staff, with Ludendorff, with Mackensen, and they allowed him to pass through Germany in a sealed railway carriage. They regarded him as but one of the many exiles and revolutionaries who would serve the German purpose of destroying the war-will of the hated foe. The German staff had learnt that in a war of attrition, into which this struggle was developing, the home front is as important as the war front, and they now inoculated Russia with the "virus of Bolshevism."

Lenin made his way to St. Petersburg and soon, by the force of his surging, flaming rhetoric, by the force too of his fiery, burning personality, he gave direction and coherence to the revolutionaries. Then, Bolshevism did not possess the psychological connotation it has since assumed. The word Bolshevik simply meant majority. It drew its origin from the Majority Programme of revolution against Czarism that had been adopted in London as far back as 1903. Their opponents were the Mensheviks or minority. These Mensheviks were more willing to compromise with their revolutionary creed; they were willing to work with Liberals, to win Russia to democracy and reform along the path of Western democracies, along the gentle slope of parliamentary evolution. But the passions, the fears, the hunger, that the war had engendered submerged their efforts. Defeat destroyed them. So that now in Russia too, although the war front remained intact, the home front began to' waver. And the war staff of the Central Powers were not slow to see the new-venom working.

Yet, to the Allies, there also appeared certain compensations. For if the Russian front was now beginning slowly to falter, there also appeared symptoms that Austria too was war-weary. On October 21st, 1916, her Prime Minister, Count Strurgkh, was assassinated. On November 11 th, 1916, there also passed away the Emperor-King Franz Josef. He was succeeded by his young grand-nephew, the Emperor Karl, destined to be the last of the Hapsburgs. The long reign, of almost seventy years (1848-1916), of the " good Kaiser " had begun, as it had ended, in calamity. He had seen his empire **fall** and revive ; he had seen her slowly shorn of her provinces

and her peoples. He had seen her at the apex of power and in the gloom of her defeat. But during the war he had kept true to the Prussian-German alliance. His young successor had read the sad Hapsburg story. He was strongly influenced by his Bourbon wife, Princess Zita of Parma. He began to resent the German domination, and he was bent on retaining the lands of his fathers. Around him he saw privation and want, for the effects of the "hunger blockade" were growing perceptible on the faces of his people. So he began his reign by a policy of conciliation. He attempted to reconcile the Czechs. Perhaps they might yet be won back to their hereditary allegiance, by granting them equality with German and Magyar, in a new federal realm. For peace alone could save now his crumbling heritage. But such a policy would have destroyed all the efforts, all the exertions and strivings of Masaryk. A peace that left the Hapsburg dominions intact would have meant defeat for his peoples; for promises made in the despair of defeat can so easily be absolved in victory. For the moment, too, there was peace in the air—the peace that meant a Czech defeat. On December 12th, 1916, immediately after the fall of Bucharest to the Germanic powers, the German government through its "speaking trumpet," the Reichstag, and by the "mouth" of the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, made peace proposals, while an ominous voice from across the High Seas, on December 21st, appealed to all the combatants to declare their war aims and announce their peace terms. To the hopeful and sanguine, peace seemed to dawn upon a war-weary world with the dawn of the year 1917. . . . But all such hopes were speedily dispelled by the foolish cleverness of the

Teuton. On January 5th, 1917, the German war government notified Count BernstorfF, the German ambassador at Washington, that unrestricted submarine warfare had at last been decided on, even against the merchantmen of neutral powers. By April 6th the United States of America, both in self-defence and in retaliation, had at last declared war against Germany and her Allies and a "New World was thrown in to redress the balance of the Old."

The period between the accession of the Emperor Karl and the address of President Woodrow Wilson to the Old World had been the most severe, the most exhausting and the most critical in the revolutionary life of Professor, Masaryk. In spite of his propaganda and his persistent, unquenchable enthusiasm, he recognized the sinister fact that no one would or should perpetuate the war, for the sake of Czechs and their dreams. A peace concluded with the new Austria, a peace on the basis of the status quo, meant, he well understood, the death-knell to his long, unsparing efforts—and the Czechs defeated. He worked on ceaselessly, hoping that even a peace might be of service to his people. Then came the call of another professor to the war-ridden world to state their aims. Would the new voice act as a sobering shock and bring the peace for which all craved? The German government affected to welcome Professor Wilson's appeal, but their public reply, their terms, was so vague, so nebulous that all recognized it to be what it was, but **a** "theatrical gesture" for the benefit of German public opinion, while confidentially, at Washington, they asked for "a slice of France, economic control of Belgium, and large indemnities."

(And indeed, when even on July 19th, 1917, the Reichstag at last voted for a peace " of understanding and the permanent reconciliation of the peoples, without forcible acquisition of territory and without political, economic or financial measures of coercion ; the Kaiser, voicing the faith of the militarists, derided the whole resolution before a meeting of party leaders. He pretended that the resolution had asked for a guaranteed peace. * Guarantee,' he explained flamboyantly, ' is a splendid word, it means taking money, raw materials, metals and oil from the enemy and putting them in our own pockets.' And he continued, ' The war will be over in two or three months as all English ships have been driven from the sea. Germany will make a close agreement with France and finally all Europe. Under my leadership will begin the real war against England ; the Second Punic War.' ") Amongst the Allied Powers some resentment was indeed felt at this intrusion of an American Professor into the affairs of their concern, but although no peace proposals were discussed, Masaryk now secured his first official triumph. For among the aims of the Allied Powers as announced on January 12th, 1917, was the " liberation of Czecho-Slovakia," and Benes records with pride and joy, " We received telegrams and letters of congratulations from our Russian colony and our troops, our American colony and our compatriots in Italy, Switzerland and elsewhere." Masaryk had launched his first attack by a lecture, he had secured his first great victory by a professorial query.

He now realized that to make sure of Czech success, he had to give the Allies more tangible proof of aid and adhesion than propaganda. He began to make prep-

arations to go to Russia to see what he could do for a Slav cause in the very heart of Slavdom. For the news that came through of the plight of Czardom disquietened even those who had never placed their faith in Czardom. . . . It had cracked at the first shock.

CHAPTER XXII

MASARYK IN RUSSIA

FOR long there had been two Russias, the official, Czarist Russia, orthodox and autocratic, and the unofficial "Underground Russia," Marxian and revolutionary. When in 1914 official, Czarist Russia summoned her manhood to arms, who could have guessed from that grandiose fa£ade, that it was but the prelude to the end of the Ancien Regime? Yet the Imperial tyranny was such that it was left friendless in its hour of need. The moujik armies had marched obediently and sullenly to their doom. They had endured their defeats with gloomy, lifeless resignation and by the end of 1916 the war exhaustion, the hunger, the sting of defeat, the internal disorganization, the redeless, shameless court and the corrupt Czarist government, all played into the hands of the revolutionaries who could now offer the people what they all craved for—peace. The Czar Nicholas, "Nicky" to his friends, by a singular coincidence, typified Czarism at its worst. He was in the hands and under the control of a corrupt cabal which had secured the contempt and the anger of even the conservative forces of this strange land. When political wisdom and war necessity dictated that he should take his people into his confidence, he forbade the Duma to meet and banned the feeble, but nevertheless national,

Congress of the Union of Towns and Zemstvos. Before even his loyal subjects there stretched a long vista of war—and further defeat.

At last the endurance and the patience of even the Imperial circle were exhausted by the royal shame. Acting with a cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Dmitri, on December 29th, 1916, they murdered the royal favourite, the monk, the charlatan Gregory Rasputin, for he symbolized the " dark forces " of reaction and superstition that surrounded and enfeebled the court. But Nicholas paid no heed, he punished the murderers and continued his Czarist way. The winter proved severe; hunger stalked the land; bread queues began to appear.

Sporadic rioting began on March 8th, bakers' shops were sacked. Nicholas now abandoned Petrograd for the front. His absence left the government more than ever rudderless. Three days later, on the nth, large forces of police appeared and began to fire on the hungry, bewildered crowds from the house-tops. . . . The soldiers were called out. . *rf* But the Imperial Guard refused to fire on the masses. . . . The Volhynian Regiment killed their officers and joined the populace. Next day, the 12th, the people had won their first victory. They invaded the Winter Palace; they burned the more unpopular of the public buildings; they forced the dreaded Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Czarist Bastille, and released the prisoners. Czarism found no defenders . . . no royalist counter-attack. . . . The Czar was repeatedly asked to summon the Duma. He paid no heed. In order to preserve a semblance of order, the Duma ignored the order of the Czarist Premier, Golitsin, not to meet and established a Committee to preserve

order. The Czar then awoke. He sent troops from the front to Petrograd to restore Czarist order. They joined the people. Nicholas himself then tried to preserve his crown, his dynasty, by entraining for his capital. His peasants tore up the lines before his train. So feebly, as he had lived, he gave up the struggle. In the ancient, dilapidated cathedral city of Pskov, on March 15th, 1917, he formally abdicated for himself and his young son and nominated his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, to take over the bankrupt heritage.

But if Czardom was dead, Russia remained. To the hopeful West, it appeared that now, at last through the agony of war and defeat, she was learning the need for some form of parliamentary government and democratic control. But in this hour of woe, two governments appeared. There was the official Provisional Government under the Presidency of Prince Lvov, composed mainly of the liberal members, of the banned Duma, with Kerensky, the only Social Revolutionary, as its dynamic force. It was they who reassured the Allies that Russian would remain true to her alliance, and prepared for the election of a Constituent Assembly that was to be the symbol of the new parliamentary, democratic Republic. But, side by side with this Provisional Government, there also existed an unofficial, self-constituted, revolutionary, " peace " government calling itself the Soviet or Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Representatives. They had reaped in the revolution, for they retained in their hands **the** chief nerve centres of the capital, the State bank, the Treasury, the post office—and the main railway stations.

It was amidst this chaos that the Russian branch of

Czecho-Slovakia was, of course, not yet in existence, but the Czecho-Slovak National Council, working in Paris under the gifted leadership of Edvard Benes, was now practically recognized by the Allies as a government. That government needed an army, and the Russian Higher Command was pressed to recognize this Czech Brigade as the official army of Czecho-Slovakia, and place it under the command of General Cervonka who was Czech by birth. It was at this stage that Masaryk arrived. He called on his friend Miliukov, he found the French ambassador, Albert Thomas, well disposed and the British ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, friendly.

In Italy and in France, Czecho-Slovak Legions had similarly been formed, and naturally and unquestioningly they all accepted Masaryk as their leader. It was the aim of this Professor, turned by the fates into an army commander, to unite the various Czech troops in Russia into a recognizable force, and he was face to face with—chaos.

The Russian army was simply melting away. For to the Russian soldier-peasants, Revolution meant not Socialism nor Marxism, but more land. Every soldier feared, that unless he deserted, he would be forestalled by his neighbour who had. Men left the ranks and made their way homeward. Defence was just crumbling away. In Russia, Masaryk confessed he worked even harder than he had worked in London, talking to the political leaders, to rebels, to generals, to staff officers, and travelling endlessly to all who might, or thought they might, help. The older Russian generals regarded with grave and gloomy misgivings the arrival of this new strange leader of troops in semi-rebellion, who wanted the com-

mand of an army under his sole authority. They were further in a grave dilemma. If these Czechs were granted autonomy as an army, why should not similar autonomy be granted to the Poles, who were, indeed, also Slavs, but hereditary enemies of Holy Russia? Moreover, there was a more practical difficulty. How could they equip, from their own slender resources, with arms and ammunition, an army whose activity they secretly distrusted, when they had not sufficient for their own troops? While to complicate Masaryk's efforts still further, there were many highly placed officers who did not want such skilled artisans, as were the Czechs, to become soldiers at all. Their own moujiks were relatively unskilled. They wished to see these Czech skilled artisans working in the munition factories, on the railroads, even in the fields. In vain Masaryk explained the wider aspect of the war. They listened and shrugged their shoulders. So Masaryk betook himself to Army Headquarters, to see what the Highest Command, what Brusilov and Alexiejev and Duchonin, reasonable men, who might be expected to see the war in its European value, could do to help. Fortune again came to his help. The Provisional Government had assured the Allies that they would continue the war. The fiery, romantic, idealist Kerensky became Minister for War and he now toured the trenches, exhorting the soldiers to fight on. But discipline had been sapped. The Soldiers' Soviet had more influence than army commanders. Yet Kerensky hoped that a united Russian offensive against the enemy would act as a cementing force and give some cohesion to mutinous troops. So it was that on July 3rd, the Russians launched their last offensive in the war. This dark, gloomy sunset of old

Russia was lit up by a flicker of light, for at Zborov they held the enemy. . . . The Germans were, however, prepared, for they had in readiness a counter-attack which had been well timed to coincide with a Bolshevik rising in Petrograd, of which they had been previously informed. Lenin was, indeed, paying the German Staff for their permission to re-enter Russia. Yet in this belated, useless success the gallant conduct of the Czech corps earned well-deserved admiration. Brusilov bowed before the tall, lithe figure who now came to plead for his troops. " I bow before your soldiers," he told the Professor, turned general. So Masaryk's demands were granted. He obtained his Czech army. It was in future to be independent of the Russian forces. It was to fight on, as the army of Czecho-Slovakia, the phantom state still to be born. . . .

But before any further action could be taken, General Chaos again intervened. On November 7th, according to the old style it was October 25th so that this rising is known as the October Revolution, the Bolsheviks at last carried through their coup. The cruiser *Aurora*—was it indeed the dawn of a new era ?—steamed up the Neva from Cronstadt, shelled the Winter Palace, where the impotent, Provisional Government had taken shelter, into a speedy capitulation ; while every building of any strategic value, the Post Office, the railway stations, the bridges, the banks, the telephone exchanges, were occupied, speedily, efficiently, for Trotsky was now the President of the Petrograd Soviet. Kerensky had fled to the safety of the army in an American motor-car. Part of a Women's Battalion of Death, which had been formed to shame the men into continuing the war, had made a hopeless stand

in the Winter Palace. . . . But that was all. The Bolshevik Revolution, the October Revolution, had been carried through " like a piece of music played with notes." . . .

A Congress of Russian Soviets met and handed over its authority to a Committee of Bolsheviks under the presidency of Lenin. Each member of this Revolutionary Committee became a Commissar or Executive Official, and they began by passing executive Decrees, so reminiscent of the Ukase of former Czars, to " communize " the realm—industry, agriculture, factories and farms—and to negotiate peace. Meanwhile during the month of November, the elections, long delayed and long postponed —if only the Czar had ordered these elections earlier—had been taking place, to a Constituent Assembly which was to decide in the manner of the France in the days of '89 the future government of Russia. The Delegates met and it was seen that not even the terrorism of revolution had prevented the election of a large body of Social Democrats opposed to Bolshevism. So—in the spirit of Napoleon—Lenin dispersed them, because " they did not represent the ' real will' of the Russian people." It was through this Revolutionary Terror that Masaryk was attempting to reorganize his army. . . . But with the Bolsheviks victorious and in command, he had to start **all** over again, to negotiate with Commissars, to cajole generals, to plead with Soviets. And he had the increasing difficulties to face that in the general chaos, his own **troops** did not escape the infection. . . . Some talked of electing their officers. While beyond still, he had to meet the military needs of a blackening military situation **and** the diplomacy of the Allies. . . .

In the autumn of the year 1916 the French command had urged him . . . that it was his duty to, throw his army into the Roumanian front.

Like Italy in May 1915, Roumania had entered the war, in the biting, laconic sarcasm of France, " pour venir au secours des vainqueurs." She wanted Transylvania from Hungary and Bessarabia from Russia and she had waited to see how, in the general division of spoils, she might secure these coveted provinces. In August 1916 the Allies were hard pressed. It was the opportunity of Roumania. On August 27th, she agreed to enter the war if she were guaranteed the Banat, Transylvania, the Hungarian Plains as far as the Tiza and the Bukovina as far as the Pruth. She entered the war with a levity that courted disaster. And indeed by December 6th, 1916, her capital was in the hands of the Central Powers. In July 1917 she indeed attempted a counter-offensive, but the Russian collapse enabled Mackensen to overrun and occupy this selfish land and speedily in December 1917 she secured an Armistice.

(But with equal selfishness she again came " au secours des vainqueurs.'* She declared war on Germany a few hours before the Armistice of November nth, 1918, and it served her well to fight a defeated foe. By the Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon she secured Transylvania from Hungary and later Bessarabia from the U.S.S.R.)

All the Allies were then hard pressed and an eastern diversion would have been extremely welcome till the arrival of the troops from the New World. So Masaryk travelled by what means he could to Jassy to see for himself the state of the Roumanian army. He found what he had expected. The whole eastern front appeared to be

collapsing, beaten by hunger. He heard that the soldiers were without meat, often without bread, that the commisariat was just giving out, that war-weariness had overtaken both officers and men. He sensed that Roumania was thinking of making her own peace. He saw that it would be useless and perhaps harmful to send his army to stiffen such a broken front. He therefore decided even against the insistent, imperious opinion of the new French Premier since October 1917, the " tiger " Clemenceau, that his troops should not be wasted there. But where could they go ? The Russian army was now a disorganization. The Bolsheviks were in power and with their cry of " Peace ! Land ! Bread ! " were deliberately sueing the enemy for release from war. Peace with the enemy meant his realm in chains—the great Slav Mother had not for the first time betrayed her children. There was now nowhere else but France to which his troops could be sent. But how ? To attempt to fight his way through the German lines was moje than madness. The only other way was to transport them from Archangel; in the chaos, not only did little transport exist, but even if the attempt were made with what did exist, the route was beset with German mines. So he decided that the shortest way to France, and home, was the longest, across Siberia, round the world. But to secure permission to march round the world required more negotiating, more palaver, more bargaining with Commissars, now in all their flaming, militant mood of terror and success.

The Bolsheviks had used the magic cry of Land, Bread, Peace to hungry, war-weary peasants, above all peace! . . . peace! The peasants hungered for peace, but so did the Bolsheviks. Without peace, Bol-

shevism was doomed, **and Lenin, the revolutionary** " strategist," addressed his peace proposals to all countries, calling for an " immediate cessation of hostilities " and a general settlement on the basis of the infectious formula " without annexations and without indemnities." . . . But within Bolshevik Russia there now existed a new Allied army, the army of Czecho-Slovakia. Should they not give peace then to the army in their own midst ? Masaryk began his exhausting negotiations.

First he saw the Bolshevik commander-in-chief, then the Commissar Fritch, who had been a university Professor. . . . Then, at long last, an agreement was reached. There was to be on the part of the Russian forces, a kind of armed neutrality. They were to put no obstacle in the path of the forward march of the Czecho-Slovak army; they in their turn were to take i}0 part in the internal affairs of Muscovy. . . . So on March 7th, 1918, he left Moscow for the Far East—and the Far West. He travelled ahead across Siberia " like a good quartermaster," he said, " to let our boys see that the thing can be done," fdtIndeed in sober narrative it appeared but the shadow of an impossible dream.

Throughout these long, almost interminable negotiations, he also had the additional task of reorganizing his army, of making it a fit instrument of Czecho-Slovak policy. For long it appeared an almost hopeless task. He found on his arrival that the Czechs in Russia were not a coherent, united or harmonious colony. There were, first, the older emigrants who had become as Russian **as** the Russians themselves. Some were royalist and Czarist and regarded with grave suspicion the Professor who wished to disrupt the Muscovite forces. Then he had to

reconcile the original volunteers, the Druzina, to work with the new Czechs recruited from among the large prison camps of Russia. The very recruiting led to difficulties. For the camp commanders were not too sympathetic, and frequently put obstacles in the way. The manifestos that appealed for volunteers betrayed a bad psychology and were menacingly and thoughtlessly phrased. They alarmed and terrified the would-be recruits rather than encouraged them to volunteer. " You will suffer privations . . . You will be full of lice in the trenches " . . . were the inducements offered on volunteering. Many of the newer prisoners, too, were infected with Bolshevism, wished to elect their own officers, often quarrelled with and over commands, for they wished to see all new armies " run by vote."

To all problems, Masaryk showed a tolerance and patience and above all a firmness that commanded respect and authority. He realized that the men had become demoralized by their aimless military and prison lives; humiliated by their treatment. And his firm, simple justice won through. He had trouble because there was disagreement as to whether the word of command should be in Russian or in Czech, whether the officers should mess with the men or away from them. Masaryk listened patiently to all these woes. He told them " It does not matter a tinker's curse what is the language of command, provided orders are obeyed," that " it does not matter whether officers and men eat together, provided the commissariat is well managed." All appealed to him, who had never been trained to soldiering, to make an army out of what was in reality a disorganization; and, strangely, all obeyed his commands. His one concern

was to see his Czecho-Slovaks good soldiers when they arrived in France and " all this business of brotherhood " did not matter as long as they remained an effective fighting force. So he started courses for officers and drill for the men, while to keep them all mentally occupied and physically employed, he further organized such useful activities as tailoring, shoemaking, printing. He opened a post and a bank for them. He showed them how to arrange their sports, and built a theatre for them; "so as to keep them occupied and prevent them running away," he explained. His greatest difficulty was to feed them, for they had no money but paper roubles and the Ukraine peasantry would not sell their corn for paper, although these peasants told how they had sold food to the Germans for nails. . . . Yet throughout all this perplexity his authority remained unquestioned, ite acknowledged with pride that the soldiers were fond of him and recognized him as Commander-in-Chief mainly because he " was severe with them," and naively he admitted " I like soldiers even though I don't like war."

He had left for Russia on May 15th, 1917. In the ten months of his stay he saw and lived through the death of an old world and the birth-pangs of a new. Two months earlier the Czar Nicholas had abdicated at Paskov and had wearily nominated his brother Michael as his successor. But no one now paid heed to a Czar's nomination. A Provisional Government had succeeded the autocratic. But side by side with this constitutional body was that of another, a self-constituted, revolutionary body, that of the Soviet of Workmen and Soldiers. Their clashing and competing authority wrecked every effort at home and abroad.

While the Provisional Government wished to **continue** the war, to regenerate Russia and aid the Allies, with their new idealism; the Soviets denounced the war as a capitalist struggle, ordered military units to elect representatives of the rank and file, to obey only the commands of the Soviets—in other words, they did all they could to demoralize the army in face of the enemy. While the Provisional Government honestly and enthusiastically hoped that the elections to the Constituent Assembly would result in a regenerated Duma and a democratic Russia; the Soviets as fiercely and, as honestly believed in the " dictatorship of the proletariat." Clashes were inevitable and deliberately provoked. Masaryk saw this Russia in travail. He lived through these clashes. Only his simple, steadfast purpose prevented him from becoming partisan, for both by sympathy and personal friendship he might so easily have decided to act with and for the Provisional Government. They, like he, believed in representative government, in parliamentary control, in democratic institutions. They, like he, wished to continue the war. He might have used his Corps to aid the efforts of Kerensky and Miliukov to crush the Revolution. Yet he nobly and wisely refrained. A weaker man might so easily have been tempted and fallen. He had had no faith in Czardom even when he had arrayed against him all the buoyant hopes of East and West. He now saw its mighty army disorganized and Russia useless for the Cause. He witnessed and lived through the chaos.

There had been a " stiff fight" over the Telegraph and Telephone Offices opposite the hotel where he lived. He used to go through the street-fighting daily, from his rooms near the Winter Palace to the offices of the Petro-

grad Branch of the Czech National Council on the Znamenskaya, until his people began to fear for his life. It is true that with his usual forethought, he had made preparation for his death and had explained to Benes how the " work " was to be continued. But who could have rallied the Czech forces, sustained the loyalty of the Czech people, maintained Czech diplomacy with the harassed Allied powers—but Masaryk ? He focused the national goal never so truly as when his life was in perpetual danger. His people begged him to look after himself; but how could he ? They eventually assigned a bodyguard to him, a Czech prisoner, Huza, but how could such a bodyguard save them both from stray or deliberate bullets ? Moreover, Huza proved a genuine embarrassment to the simple Masaryk. He had been in the habit of doing everything for himself, even cleaning his own boots—imagine a Commander-in-Chief cleaning his own boots ! But now his bodyguard insisted on doing everything for him ; only with time and effort did he grow accustomed to it and to him. . . . As the fighting in Petrograd continued, his friends insisted that he should go off to Moscow where they told him " it was quiet and the Branch would go with him." . . . He allowed himself to be persuaded and set off, but no sooner had he arrived than " shooting began."

He had booked a room at the National Hotel and had left the ever-faithful Huza at the station to see about the luggage. Masaryk then set off, He reached the Central Square where his hotel was situated when he was stopped by a cordon of soldiers. " Where are you going ? " asked an officer of the tall, unsuspecting Commander-in-Chief. " To the Hotel National," he replied. . . .

" Impossible. They are shooting there." Masaryk glanced into the open square, heard the crack, crack of rifles and saw the firing going on from both sides. The Bolsheviks were in control of the theatre; Kerensky's soldiers were firing from the buildings opposite. Soon the sharper and faster rattle of machine-guns drowned the rifle fire. Masaryk paused. What could he do? He spoke to the officer who advised him to go to the Hotel Metropole ; so he set off for the new hotel. A man was hurrying in the same direction, in front of him. They both reached the hotel doors. The man knocked, the doors were opened, he slunk in and the doors were again slammed to—in Masaryk's face. . . . He banged at the heavy doors. " Open the door, open the door. What are you doing ? " A harsh voice shouted back, " We can't let you in. We are full up ! Are you staying here ? " Masaryk was again in a dilemma. He did not want to tell lies. He shouted back, " Don't be a fool. Let me in." The porter stopped shouting and opened the doors. But Masaryk had gained little by the change. The Hotel Metropole had now become one of the last strongholds of the Whites against the Reds. Some fifty of Kerensky's cadets had taken up their position in the attic and were shooting at the Bolsheviks in the theatre. When he was at last in the refuge of the hotel, an officer came to see the newcomer. . . . " We've no room for you. We can't give you anything to eat. You must leave here." . . . Quietly Masaryk replied, " I'm not going to leave. I don't want you to give me anything to eat. . . . Just don't bother about me." So the Commander-in-Chief of the army of Czecho-Slovakia sat down in his travelling coat and waited. . . . No one

took any notice of him. The firing continued. Soon it grew worse and the frightened guests rushed into the cellars. There they were served their mid-day and evening meals. Masaryk still waited, alone. Towards the evening the hotel cook, who had seen him, took pity on him, began to chatter, told him a story about a father-in-law whom he expected but could not now arrive because of the shooting. . . . Eventually he offered Masaryk his room and gave him some supper.

The room happened to be high up on the third floor, round a bend into which bullets could not reach except when they ricochetted from the houses opposite. So he dragged the thick mattress from the bed, put it on the floor, in what he thought was a safe corner and fell asleep. He awoke next morning to the noise of artillery fire. The siege of Moscow had begun in earnest and the hotel was under incessant fire for six days. Masaryk began to wonder what had become of his faithful Huza, what the Moscow Czechs were doing, what had become of the Czech Council. . . . He cjare not leave the hotel and the telephone was in the hall where now the shooting was at its worst. . . . They were all cut off from the outside world. The firing continued, rifle and machine-guns mingling with the artillery. . . . The cannons boomed louder and soon the front of the hotel and part of the upper floors were shot away. . . . All who could, crowded into the cellars. But Masaryk could not endure the smell, the panic, the crying of the women and children. He looked in and crawled back from this panic-stricken humanity to his room. . . . He glanced out at the shooting. One picture he later recalled vividly. " I stood in the corner of my room by the window and I peered out

into the street. I saw a youth run out into the street and try to cross it. He raced along. Suddenly he fell down with his face to the ground, his arms flung out wide. There he lay on the pavement with his face to the stones and his sheepskin cap rolled away from him, a little further down the street. From under his face flowed a little stream of blood, then a second, a third . . . I counted them, there were seven. . . . A Red Cross ambulance round the corner took pity on him. They came waving their Red Cross and carried him away. I remember so many pictures like that." . . .

One evening Masaryk could stand the inferno no longer. He crawled down into the hall, crept to the telephone and rang up the Czech Office and told them where he was. He was not surprised to hear that they all thought he was dead. Huza had tried to go to see him but had been turned back. However, the ordeal was nearing its tragic end. During a particularly heavy bombardment one evening, the Kerensky Cadets withdrew and the hotel hoisted the white flag. . . . A Red officer came forward and next day it was agreed that the guests should leave. . . . The foreign group, some forty lost souls, chose Masaryk to speak for them. . . . All weapons were collected and piled in a heap. . . . Some Bolshevik soldiers came, collected them and occupied the hotel. They were a rough, rude soldiery, with their rifles slung on with rope or string. . . . All the guests were placed under guard. Masaryk happened to be wearing a white metal ring round his tie. It had been made by one of his soldiers from a fuse and pressed upon him as a souvenir, but because he disliked wearing rings —the only one he ever wore was his wedding-ring—he

had placed it round his tie. One of the guards snatched at it. "I want it," he insisted. "Give it to me." Masaryk refused. They entered into a discussion about it. Masaryk changed the subject, he asked the stupid, ragged fellow if he would be allowed out soon. "I'll let you out if I like, and if I like I'll cut your throat," was the candid, hardly assuring answer. Many of the guests began to bribe their guards, but Masaryk refused to descend to that degradation. To add, really, to his fears the guards got drunk on the wine they found in the cellars. Masaryk braved the drunken troops, went to the Commissar and asked him to change his men. Next morning a Commissar came to examine their passports. . . . After another week, he at last managed to get out from this inferno. He found some lodging with a member of his Council and began again to work out the organization of his army. Later, a member of the Czech Council went back to the hotel, secured a key as a souvenir and placed it, when they all reached home, in the national museum in Prague.

But now all Russia bec&&e one great inferno. The great Russian army simply demobilized itself; thousands went streaming back to their farms, to the great cities. . . . The railways became a struggling mass of wild, unkempt humanity, fighting for a foothold or any other hold in the overcrowded, creaky, smelly, trains. Hundreds were killed as they fell from the roofs, from the footboards or out of the packed carriages.

And throughout all this chaos Masaryk went on with his organization; he had to travel, negotiate, treat, bargain. He left for Kiev, for his army was now encamped in its suburbs. He put up at the Hotel Paris, but scarcely

had he settled down when the Bolsheviks again arrived **and** began their ten days' siege of the ancient capital of Holy Russia. Speedily they hemmed in the garrison of this doomed city. So again Masaryk was besieged. A friend arrived, a Dr. Girsa, who took him to the hospital for safety, but he thought it wiser to hold the meetings of the Czech Council in the hotel. And there he would go every day, on foot, through the whizz of bullets and the crashing of falling houses. Once a shell fell next to the room in which a Council meeting was actually going on. It hit the wall, fell to the floor and—all waited. But the shell did not explode. Soon the defence weakened and finally gave way. The Bolsheviks advanced into the city, fighting desperately for every street. One day he and his devoted Huza had to travel through the fighting on their way to a Council meeting. They took what cover they could against the houses, behind ruins. . . . When at last they reached the main street, an officer came striding towards these undaunted,, foolish heroes waving his hand, shouting, " Go back. Go back. There is no thoroughfare here. Danger. Go back." Masaryk glanced at Huza. Bullets whizzed past them all the time. " If we go back," he suggested, " we are just as likely to get hit. Let's go on." They raced across the **road.** Yet throughout all this nightmare he simply records that " the only time he felt really afraid was when the guards in Moscow got drunk in the hotel." His own Council protested at the way he was exposing his life. They accused him of " a physiological lack of the sense of danger." Masaryk explained it in his simple way. " How could I have authority if I were afraid ? "

By December **1917** the Bolsheviks were in power.

They had crushed all opposition ruthlessly, cruelly, effectively. With unconscious irony they now addressed Peace Proposals to all, calling for an " immediate armistice " and " a general peace " on terms they knew to be impossible, " on the basis of no annexation, no indemnities." . . . The Germans were eager for an eastern settlement. To them it was now a dire necessity, " a bread peace," for they needed the bread from the Ukraine in order to maintain their own cracking home front. Ludendorff then answered the Bolshevik peace call. To Brest-Litovsk, the timber-built town on the edge of the Pripet Marshes, there now came strange peacemakers. Trotsky, the tornado and the Carnot of the Revolution, the elegant Count Czernin, the representative of the Dual Monarchy who had come to the peace rendezvous with an order from the hard-pressed Emperor-King " under no circumstances to return without peace," delegates from Turkey, from Bulgaria, all anxious to take full and selfish advantage of the Bolshevik phrases of concluding " a peace that would safeguard the self-determination of peoples," the German Secretary of State, Kuhlmann, that hard-headed, clear-sighted representative of victorious Teutonism, who diplomatically accepted the Bolshevik peace phraseology and blandly pointed to the desire for self-determination and for independence of the peoples of Poland, Courland, Lithuania and the Ukraine. And the cool, matter-of-fact General Hoffman, formerly Head of the Operations Department of the German War Staff, who in this game of wits and bluff called them all to stark reality, by quietly explaining that Russia lay at the mercy of her enemy and that the Germans were only 100 **miles** from Petrograd. . . . To the Bolsheviks, the dilemma

was as cruel as it was ironical. For at the first sign of hesitation, the German advance began—and no effective resistance could be offered. Guns, ammunition, supplies, all the materials for a modern war, so hopefully supplied by the Allies to a former Russia, were simply gathered in by victorious Teutonism. While the glib Bolshevik peace-cry of " self-determination " in turn robbed Russia of her former realms. To Lenin fell the bitter, relentless choice. Should he preserve the Revolution or Russia ? If he fought on, " The Revolution " would be jeopardized, for to the war-weary, defeated moujiks Revolution now meant peace. While even to fight on, with an army disorganized by his own revolutionary propaganda, meant certain defeat and the dismemberment of Muscovy. So he prevailed upon the Central Bolshevik Committee to save the Revolution—and make peace.

The long, exhausting negotiations, one-sided from the beginning, led on December 15 th, 1917,to the armistice of Brest-Litovsk and finally in March 1918 to the Peace. So now Russia had deserted the Allies and was out of the war and Germany was free to hurl all her desperate might in one last dispairing onslaught on the west. But again the foolish wisdom of German statecraft over-reached itself. Her treatment of Russia in travail, her dismemberment of a defeated Empire, steeled the Western powers to grimmer resolve. They saw from the treatment by victorious Teutonism of a defeated power, what they too might expect. For Russia lost Finland, Livonia, Esthonia, Courland, Lithuania; the Germans remained in occupation of their forward lines, while with Ukrainia now equally " delivered " by German arms, and of course controlled by German armies, there had passed under

alien and enemy sway some of the most ancient and **most** vital centres of Russian life—Kiev, Kharkov, Kherson, **the** sea-board of the Azov, the ancient grain port of Odessa.

Masaryk had watched the collapse of Czardom, Russia **in** her agony, the Soviets in military retreat. He had warned the Pan-Slavs, he had cautioned the Allies, against their ignorant faith in Muscovy. A less noble man, a less wise leader might have taunted the Russophiles in order to enjoy a vain, useless triumph. But Masaryk was more concerned for his people than for his own personal enhancement. On March 7th, 1918—it was his 68th birthday—he left Moscow after having negotiated with Muravieff, the Bolshevik Commissar, for permission for himself and his troops to depart for France.

On the Western front, a month later, on April 6th, Professor-President Woodrow Wilson finally launched his declaration of war against the Teutonic menace. By May, the war-vessels of the great western democracy were already in the eastern Atlantic. For the moment, **the** Slav-Teuton feud had been composed. The world was now at war to prevent another Brest-Litovsk peace from shaping the political, economic and military contours of Western civilization.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MARCH OF THE 50,000

THE Commander-in-Chief of the Czecho-Slovakian armies made in Moscow, now the Bolshevik capital of the U.S.S.R., the final arrangements for the march of his men across the bleak plains of Siberia to France. He records in simple pride that " it had been heavy work in Russia, but fine work." It meant that he would not return home empty-handed ; he had an army, the work of his own creative genius, the first actual, although extra-territorial part of the future state. Through the kindness of Lady Paget, he secured a place in the English Red Cross train which was then taking the English Red Cross Mission out of Russia. It was only a hard bench in the train, but Huza managed to find him a mattress. It was all the comfort he had in the long, monotonous journey homewards. Usually, the train journey between Moscow and Vladivostock took nine days. This journey lasted a month, a long, desolate, bleak journey, as full of danger almost as his adventure in Holy Russia, which he saw converted into a godless realm. At each halting-place, at the old market centre of Krozan, at Omsk, at Krasnoyarsk, whose huge prison camp was being broken up, through Irkutsk and the halts in the long mountainous regions of Asia, the passengers would rush off the train and ransack the place for what food and fuel they could find. It was

a dreary, dangerous pilgrimage homewards. For fighting was going on ahead, fuel would give out, and the train would have to stop whilst wood was cut to keep it on its path. For companionship and conversation he turned to the English who were being evacuated from Russia and to the grim Bolshevik guards. And amidst it all, amidst the wild, bleak steppes of Siberia, amidst the parting of the world's ways, Masaryk sat on his hard bench writing his book, that showed that at the age of 68 he retained the hope and the wisdom of his early manhood, *The New Europe.* For with incurable optimism he reconstructed his New Europe, with her peoples free and independent; with democracy triumphant; with thought and self-expression unfettered ; with human personality respected and national cultures protected. . . . Alas ! they were still but the hopeful musings of a philosopher, bitter-sweet in their reverie, across the seemingly never-ending steppes of the Wild East. His army followed with greater difficulty and greater adventure their intrepid Commander-in-Chief. Their cohesion amidst every obstacle that would have shattered the fortitude and loyalty of a more experienced and more tried force is one of the great miracles of the war, already so replete with miracles of human endurance. It inspired the message that David Lloyd George, then almost the uncrowned king of a trusting people, sent to Masaryk, " The story of the adventures and triumph of this small army is indeed one of the greatest epics of history." It captivated the minds and imaginations of a world war-weary and satiated with hunfian heroism.

He reached Tokyo on April 8th, tired, rather dazed by a month's monotony, but with the dignity and pride of

achievement. As Commander-in-Chief of the Czecho-slovak army, he was officially asked to inspect the Japanese forces. He stayed long enough to make preparations for the arrival of his troops, for they were to be transported to France from Japan; but he himself was eager to go off to the U.S.A. He recognized that the fate of Europe and of his people lay in the mind and hands of the American Professor who, by such different paths from his own, had become the Chief Representative of his people. Consequently he found no time to study the rising empire of the Far East. He had arrived in Tokyo on April 8th. On April 29th he left the port of Yokohama in the *Emperor of Asia*, an English ship. His rapturous welcome at Vancouver was as genuine as it was boisterous. Everywhere his people feted and acclaimed him ; public dinners were given in his honour, receptions were organized to meet the Professor who had made a nation. But he escaped the dangers of adulation as he had already escaped those of adversity. He kept his single, simple purpose before his eyes and before those of his people. He kept on repeating and explaining " Divide Austria," " Free Czecho-Slovakia." He found that the whole country was moved by the story of his exploits and of those of his Legions as they were hacking their way to freedom through the wilderness of Siberia—the march of the 50,000 across a continent to the help of freedom in travail. Yet he found time to note, amidst all the turmoil of welcoming receptions, that " to the American farmer, equipped with machines, the soil is a factory, not an object of love, as it is to our people." He noted the growth of large-scale industries, he saw the development of the mammoth American trusts, and contrasted all this

industrial bustle with the slower pace of his Bohemia* But he felt no misgivings at the growing Americanization of Europe, for he saw also how America was being Europeanized. He had now to struggle with a more urgent problem, domestic in its urgency. For the Czechs he could speak. He had become their recognized spokesman. But the Czechs alone would make a small, a very small state. Could he strengthen the union ; could he create a union between the Czechs and Slovaks, peoples so akin, with a tradition so similar, so that they could voice a common hope as a united nation. There were also the Ruthenians to consider. What would they do ? Would they plead for Ruthenian independence or would they unite with Poland ? And all the while that he was conducting these exploratory conversations with representatives of Slovaks and Ruthenians, he found that he still had to educate the American people on his aim and to convince President Wilson, now the arbiter of the Old World, of its sagacity and necessity. He found, that in spite of his propaganda, the American people knew little about his people or about the whole tangled skein of the Central European problems. To the Americans, the war appeared as a struggle against Germanism—the rest was of secondary importance. They argued, " the Germans were being beaten and soon there was to be retribution and peace." . . . So he began his propaganda anew. It was this propaganda, now enforced by the daring epic of the heroic adventures and vicissitudes of the Czech Legions in Siberia, that gave the voice of Czecho-Slovakia a popular and sympathetic hearing.

Amidst cheers and ovations he left Vancouver for Chicago which he reached on May 5 th. He fretted all the

way, for he was afraid that he might have come too late to be of service to his people.

Next to Prague, Chicago was the largest Czech city in the world, and the rapturous reception surprised even Masaryk, who was growing accustomed to public acclamation. For the first time he dimly began to perceive the enormous potency of mass psychology in the shaping of public opinion and even on state policy. He confessed, " Before the war, I used to denounce flag-waving, but in America I realized that in so doing, I had overshot the mark. Professor as I then was, I had failed to see that a well-organized procession may be worth quite as much as a world-shaking political article or a speech in parliament. " The streets between the station and the hotel at which he descended were garlanded with flags. A large enthusiastic procession, heralded by mounted marshals, led by military bands, escorted him to his hotel. He was made to realize that no longer was he a private citizen, but the unofficial head of an as yet unofficial state. It was but a foretaste of what he was to receive in every city he visited in the great Republic across the seas. He began to work immediately. He realized that processions, ovations, speeches, flags and bands were all useful but that they were not ends in themselves. The goal was to create a free state. He called to meet him representatives of Czechs and Slovaks for, as the architect of a new state, he had not only to build its foundations but also to see to its composition. As the goal grew nearer so his anxiety and activity grew greater. He was so afraid of time; time. From Chicago he made his way to Washington. Here his reception was almost regal. His friend Charles Crane had formed a special Committee of Welcome,

composed of senators, congressmen, men of learnmg and of influence in American public life, who came to receive him at the station. Addresses, dinners, receptions, public meetings, all the routine of welcome followed.

But he was now in Washington, the heart of the New World, the nerve centre of his and his people's hopes, and he set to work immediately with his accustomed patient enthusiasm. He began to negotiate with official America. He met Colonel Edward Mandell House, the former Texas planter who had already shown his diplomatic gifts in 1914, at the outbreak of the war, by the skill and the success with which he had drafted the Pan-American Peace Pact; who had shown his sympathy for the Allied Cause in 1917 when, as Head of the American Mission, he discussed with the Allies the important and urgent problems of finance, supplies and material and who now, on his return, was busy working out a scheme for a world-league for peace, that became the basis for President Wilson's plans for the League of Nations.

He sought out the American Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, and plied him with data and deeds of Czecho-slovakia so that when in November 1918 he went as a member of the American Peace Negotiation Commission to Paris, the cause of Czecho-Slovakia was well sustained. And at last he received a call to the White House to see the great President himself. Of this first interview, he records, " My first impression of him was one of such perfect neatness, that I said to myself, it is obvious that he has a wife who loves him." From the beginning, their relations were very sympathetic and cordial—although Masaryk found Wilson rather obstinate in his opinions. He thought that his very directness would prevent him

from understanding European statesmen, and he felt afraid that he would not be quite at home in the hatreds of Europe. He warned him not to come to Europe to attend a peace conference, but, say what he would, Masaryk could not persuade him to keep away, for Wilson was too righteously concerned to build a new, nobler world on his plan of a League of Nations even to think of difficulties.

In addition to negotiating with the influential and powerful, he maintained his incessant propaganda, writing, lecturing, fostering the formation of Czech and Slovak groups. He would make no special appeal to the wealthy Czech bankers of Chicago; replying to this suggestion, " I have not appealed especially to Czech miners in Ohio or to Czech farmers in Texas. I shall not approach Czech bankers either. This is a task common to us all." He now too secured the support of Justice Louis Brandeis of the Supreme Court, an honoured figure in the life of America, who well remembered Professor Masaryk, when as an obscure professor of an obscure European university, he had dared face public obloquy and private odium for the cause of truth, when against popular clamour and patriotic pretension he had defended a poor cobbler's apprentice, a Jew, Hillsner, for the cause of righteousness. He formed helpful and honoured friendships with Nicholas Murray Butler, the scholarly and venerated Head of Columbia University who had already been working so steadfastly for international understanding and for the betterment of international relations, with Charles William Eliot, the scientist and mathematician and now the respected Head of Harvard, with ex-President Roosevelt, who in spite of his age and illness still came

forward to fight nobly for democracy and freedom even for the little-known people, the Czechs.

In May, Masaryk's daughter Olga came from England to join her father. Because of the intense submarine menace, ships were, as a rule, not allowed to carry women and children, but Olga Masaryk was equal to the occasion. She obtained a permit to travel by a special order from President Wilson, claiming that she was coming as a courier of dispatches. It was, indeed, a joyful meeting between the two exiles and she gave a little touch of home life to the homeless wanderer. For recreation, he would go horse-riding in the Rock Creek Park. One day, however, he nearly broke his neck trying to jump the highest obstacle that he could find. So his well-wishers, fearing for his life, refused to allow him to go out riding alone. They subscribed and bought him a little Dodge. He also found time to visit his sister-in-law in New York and amidst the family welcome he could tell them of the value of the partnership he and his dear wife had enjoyed since he had first come, as a penniless student, to solicit her hand years ago. He told them, " You cannot know how I have missed her these past four years. Many times, deprived of her insight into affairs and her foresight into the future, I have been completely incapacitated. Yet I know that we have been working together ; our minds are so in tune that I believe we almost think the same thoughts."

Now, at last, his pilgrimage was ending. America was sending her sons as fast as she could train them and ship them, to fight—for Czecho-Slovakia. Proofs of success also came. On May ist, 1918, representatives of Slovakia had met at Leptovsky, in Slovakia, and declared them-

selves in favour of union with the Czechs. In the New World, a Convention of Czech and Slovak representatives met at Pittsburgh on June 30th and agreed upon the establishment of a Czecho-Slovak state. These declarations and conventions form perhaps the finest tribute to the industry and the endeavours of Masaryk. A Slovak by birth, a Czech by upbringing, he had pleaded and worked for unity. With the approach of summer, he saw at last his dream reaching fulfilment.

For the fortunes of war had at last dramatically changed. The Germans had begun their tremendous offensive, their " victory drive " before the " men from Atlantis " came to baulk them of their world triumph, on March 21st, along the whole middle sector of the French front. Their initial success was awesome. The British fell back behind Arras, the French as far as Montdidier. Amiens was approached. All the Allied slow, painful, costly gains of 1916 and 1917 were again in Teutonic hands. The two Allied Commanders-in-Chief met in haste at Dury. Here Haig learnt with suppressed rage that Petain could give him no help, and that he was thinking of concentrating the French armies to cover Paris. Such a manoeuvre would have spelt disaster for the British. Hurriedly he telegraphed for the War Minister and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

In the historic little town of Doullens, guarded by tanks for fear of enemy cavalry, a Supreme War Council was held. Haig and Petain arrived, each suspicious of the other. Clemenceau records the terrible scene, Petain repeating, " It's all over. We're finished," and Foch walking up and down in agitation but anxious to fight on. So he suggested, " Let's have Foch. At least we shall

die fighting." So at last on March 26th, 1918, under the stress of necessity, unity of command was achieved and Marshal Ferdinand Foch, the brilliant seminary-trained lecturer on military tactics, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Entente, to stem the Germanic tide. Again in April and again in May, the Germans attacked desperately and feverishly. By May 30th they were again on the Marne and within thirty-seven miles from Paris. Only the iron will of Clemenceau prevented the evacuation of the Allied military capital. " I will fight before Paris, I will fight in Paris, I will fight behind Paris, we shall be victorious, if only the public authorities are equal to their task " . . . he rallied the nation. But Germany had now reached the limit of her success. Her loss in man-power, in material, in morale were more than she could bear. Her people were exhausted in victory, and the " men of Atlantis " were coming ; by the middle of July, America had sent over a million men to fight a war-weary people, and more were arriving by every tide. For some time now, the war-will of the hungry German peoples had been showing signs of wakening. With despairing optimism, they had hoped firslt that Americans would not really fight, then if they decided to fight in a European cause, they could never raise an army sufficiently large to affect the fortunes of Germanic success, and if they did ultimately raise an army, they could never transport it to Europe ! Now that every hope was ruined, confidence and resolution broke down. Germany could hope for no new ally in the wide world, the Allies were being rejuvenated by the " transfusion of blood " from the Far West. On all sides now the shadow of defeat darkened the minds of the Germanic war lor'ds. Austria

was visibly collapsing. Her despairing offensive had been thrust back behind the Piave and now North Slavs and South Slavs, Roumans and Magyars, all the disrupting forces of her " Hereditary Empire," united in a common antagonism to war and to the Emperor Karl. On July 13th the National Committee in Prague at last proclaimed that " it would gather and direct all the spiritual and moral and material forces of the nation for obtaining the right of self-determination in an independent, democratic Czecho-Slovak state with its own administration beneath its own sovereignty." The beginning of the end was apparent.

Germany continued her despairing offensive. It was indeed an offensive of despair. For what could she accomplish now with almost all the civilized might of the world arrayed against her ? Yet on July 15th, Ludendorff launched what proved to be the last heroic dash against the overwhelming might of the West. It was a reckless, splendid, gallant failure. The Germans swept on, almost to fipernay, but there they were held by the Franco-American forces and now the initiative fell to the Allies. Already on the 17th, before the counter-attack, Ludendorff had given the order to withdraw across the River Marne, and to break off the attack. Next day on the 18th the counter-attack began. The Germans were forced back to the north of the river, and then to the joyous surprise of all, the retreat continued to widen and deepen and fall back right to their Hindenburg Line. And now the exaltation of victory swept over the Allied forces. On August 8th Haig launched his offensive, so vividly and accurately described by Ludendorff in his *Mdmoires* as " the Black Day of the German army." And this time,

too, there was no retreating. The Germans fell **back,** back—beyond the Hindenburg Line to the Siegfried Lines, then to the Wotan Lines. Her conquests were vanishing, her war-will melting away, even as had that of Muscovy ten months earlier. Austrian collapse, German defeat, was the opportunity of Masaryk. On August **9th** he saw his work and hope at last assuming official shape. For the British Government formally and officially declared that " Great Britain regards Czecho-Slovakia as an Allied nation," adding further that " Great Britain recognizes the Czecho-Slovak National Council as the present trustee for the future Czecho-Slovak government." . . .

The yet unborn state was still in jeopardy. The Hapsburg Emperor Karl, too, made a last despairing effort to retain the patrimony of his fathers. He saw around him defeat and bread queues. On September 14th he issued a Peace Manifesto independent of Germany. **But** the Allies now treated his move with haughty, needless scorn. On the same day unknown to Emperor Karl, Ludendorff, too, after a dark, gloomy war counsel with Hindenburg the night before, also suggested to his government that " an offer of peace, coupled with a demand for an armistice, should be immediately made." The Emperor Karl's peace offer to the Allies had failed ; so, pathetically, he turned to his own people. He proclaimed " that it was his intention to convert the Hereditary Empire of Austria into a federation of semi-independent states." Such an offer in 1913 would have saved his peoples from their doom and Europe from the fiery furnace. Now the reply came from across the High Seas. The rejoinder of Masaryk was simple. In the Land of Independence,

on October 14th, 1918, in Independence Hall, Washington, he formally issued his Declaration of Independence. He proclaimed the state of Czecho-Slovakia a free and independent state. The Allied Powers now officially received accredited diplomats from the new state, and the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia at last came into being. The National Council proclaimed itself the Provisional Government, and elected Masaryk as its President. Events now moved rapidly. Two weeks after Masaryk's Declaration of Independence, the Czech leaders in Bohemia, who had grown increasingly bolder as defeat sapped the Hapsburgs of their might, summoned a National Committee to meet in Prague. On October 28th there took place the " Bloodless Revolution " in Prague. The tall " column of victory " that the Hapsburgs had erected three centuries earlier to mark their triumph over the Czechs was pulled down—it was the Czech " storming of the Bastille " and the National Committee quietly and with dignity occupied, in the name of the new Republic, the government buildings, the Post Office, the Telephone Exchange, the Barracks and the grim Castle that had formerly symbolized their servitude but which now became the emblem of the resurrection of a free people. October 28th, Independence Day, became another milestone along Man's long, painful, historic journey to freedom.

The might and power of Teutonism were now crashing. As her soldiery were being driven back remorselessly, relentlessly, the generals recognized that it was only a matter of time before the Vaterland would experience the horrors of an enemy occupation and the spoliation of her people even as they had so wilfully carried out in the intoxication of victory.

The new German Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, saw the misery round him growing to menacing dimensions. Despairing plans for a levee en masse were discussed, of launching another War of Liberation against the " wild west." But the internal terror was increasing. Hunger stalked the most productive land of Europe. Plague came to remind mankind that civilization was still a feeble young plant, for in one day, on October 15th, nearly two thousand people succumbed in Berlin alone. Autumn was drawing nigh. Another winter was unthinkable and unendurable. A people, once so submissive, so disciplined, had been promised victory and peacfc. They now heard that victory was impossible and peace remote. Scheidemann, the Socialist, voiced the general despair when he exclaimed, " Better a terrible end than terror without end." From everywhere came news of defeat. On October 24th, the general offensive of Italy against Austria had opened, and after six days of fighting, the British and Italian forces reached Vittorio Veneto the enemy's headquarters. On the 27th the Emperor Karl sent his despairing letter to the German Emperor expressing his " irrevocable decision to issue, within twenty-four hours, a request for a separate peace and an immediate armistice." On the 28th, Czecho-Slovakia had declared her independence. The Hungarian Minister for War telegraphed to the Magyar units to lay down their arms. By the middle of October, too, France had been almost cleared of the enemy. From the other fronts came the same dismal news of collapse. On September 29th, with little resistance, Franchey d'Esperay had reduced Bulgaria to abject submission. Palestine and Syria had fallen before the genius of Lawrence and the generalship of Alknby,

who on September 21st, at the Battle of Megiddo, " the place which is called Armageddon," had hurled the enemy to confusion. The day of doom seemed at hand. And now, too, when the war front had collapsed, the home front gave way. In October, mutiny had broken out among the sailors and quickly spread to Kiel, Hamburg, Bremen and all along the Baltic sea-board. Ominous for the dread future, Workers' Councils began to be elected on the model of Communistic Russia. By November 5 th, revolution was sweeping the whole of Germany, and the gifted, humane Kurt Eisner was acclaimed leader of a Socialist Republic of Bavaria. On November 8th, at Rethondes, in the forest of Compiegne, where the Generalissimo Foch held his travelling headquarters in a railway train, the Allied terms for the suspension of hostilities were communicated to the German Armistice Commission led by Erzberger, the new Secretary of State. (He found them too severe, and sent them to Hindenburg for advice how to act. The reply came quickly, suggesting indeed various amendments, but ending with, " Even if you cannot obtain these points, you must still sign." He was later murdered by a " patriot" for carrying out this unpleasant duty.)

And now confronted by the universal collapse on November 9th, the Kaiser abdicated, and in another bloodless Revolution in Berlin, Prince Max of Baden, the Imperial Chancellor, resigned in favour of the ex-saddler, Ebert, the Socialist. And now, too, desperate, frenzied German soldiers began to stream back; all the Rhine bridge-heads were in the hands of mutineers ; at Liege, at Namur, at Brussels they hoisted the Red Flag. . . . Prince Rupprecht recalled this scene of humiliation. . . .

" For the first time in my life," he writes, " I am ashamed to be a German." . . .

The old order had vanished. Old Europe had committed suicide. On November nth, the " cease fire" was sounded over the whole front, and the armistice was officially announced, together with the flight of the Kaiser of all the Germans, and Germany reaped the whirlwind that, in the plenitude of self-confidence, she had so patriotically and recklessly sown.

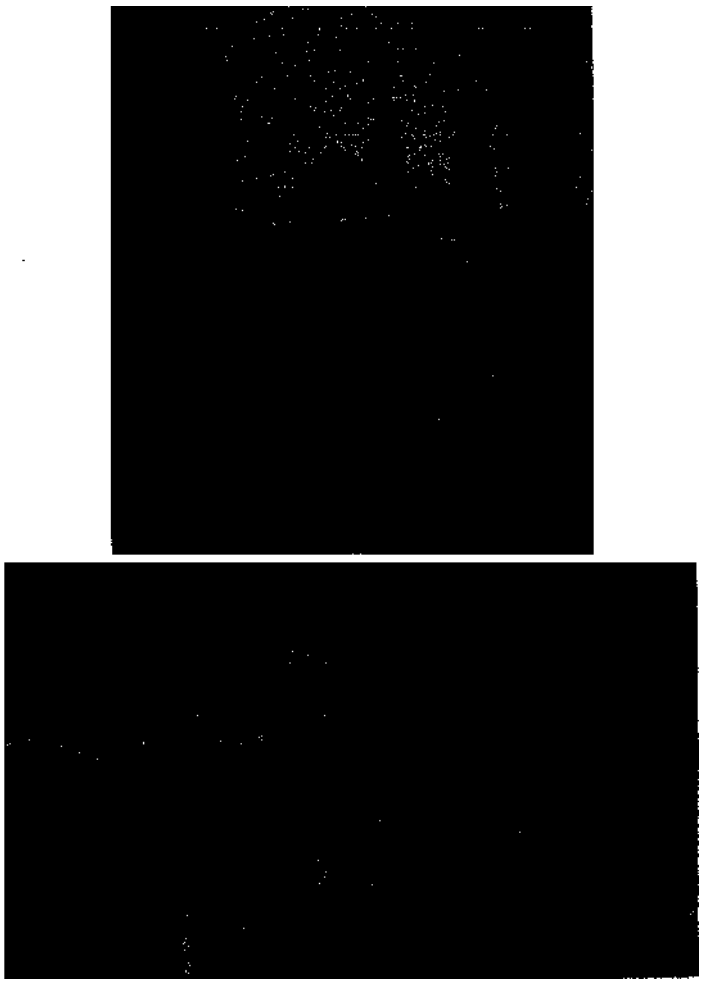
CHAPTER XXIV

PRESIDENT MASARYK

IN the historic and traditional way, the Provisional Government of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia had convened a National Assembly to meet in Prague. The delegates assembled in the large, flag-draped hall of Parliament and amidst enthusiasm passed three resolutions. First, they again formally reaffirmed the end of Hapsburg rule in Czecho-Slovakia; secondly, they declared the new state to constitute a democratic Republic; and thirdly, by acclamations and without vote—for no vote was needed—they proclaimed Tomas Garrigue Masaryk, the first President. It was Armistice Day. It was being celebrated the world over as marking the end of human carnage ; among the Central Powers, as the hoped-for end of hunger and privation that had broken the spirit and the nerve of the most disciplined peoples of the world; among the Allied Powers, as the day of victory and of retribution. Masaryk tried to drive, in his little Dodge, through the surging, cheering masses. He recorded, " Such popular rejoicings I have never seen in my life ; people were all shouting and singing, rushing into each other's arms, the whole of New York was snowed under with confetti," and he added a personal, observant touch, " We Czechs have not the art of being as wildly and as childishly gay as the Americans."

On the same day, he received the news by telegram of his election as President of the state he had founded. It reminded him of his new stewardship, and he felt just worried ; about his departure—who was to go with him ?; about his office—how would he fill it ?; about his people—how would he find them ?

He made his preparations with the same care and methodical patience as he had worked throughout the long war days and on November 15 th he paid his last visit to the White House before setting off home. He came now as the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, to pay his farewell call to the President of a sister Republic. As Head of a new state he entered immediately on to his duties—it all came so simply and naturally to the peasant son of Hodonin. He issued orders to the Czech Legions abroad, to those in France and in Italy, and to those still fighting their way through the snows of Siberia. He received the respects and the visits of the various ambassadors to the new state, and as President he signed the contract for the issue of the first National Czech loan of some 10 million dollars. He sailed for the old world on November 20th ; he remembered that it was his wife's birthday. It was a cold morning ; he recalled that day vividly. " On leaving Vanderbilt Hotel, I was surprised to find a detachment of American sailors awaiting me. They had been sent to render me my first military honours, which were henceforth to be paid to me as I came and went, everywhere and always, compelling me again and again to realize that I had ceased to be **a** private individual." He records, too, how happy he was on the voyage homeward on the *Carmenia* . . . He kept on repeating, " We **had** managed it after all." " We had managed it after all."



Hradcany : The official seat of the Presidents of Czechoslovakia, occupied by German soldiers

The Castle of Prague

He landed in the port of London on November 29th. The welcome was indeed now official and diplomatic, but it was also to one who, through the valley of despair, had maintained undimmed a hope that at last was realized. And he spent the first evening, not with the great and mighty who now sought his company, but with his "dear friends and fellow workers, Steed and Seton Watson." Honours and entertainments were showered on him . . . his head was never turned. Formerly he had thought of creating a state, now he worried how to rear it through its infancy. . . . He remained in London till December, and then he went off to Paris, to be feted and received by the Lorraine, Poincare, the President of the French Republic. He took the opportunity of thanking, in his simple effective way, Clemenceau and Briand for their help during the dark days of the struggle. He paid a happy visit to the camp where his Czech Legions were stationed and the wild loving ovation they offered to their Taticek, their little father, gladdened and thrilled his heart. Then he continued his triumphal tour to Italy, where as guest of King Victor Emmanuel, he began immediately to discuss the problems of his people and their future. And at last, on December 21st, he reached his capital. It was indeed a war-worn train that carried him into Prague, but everything in his native land bore the impress of the years of struggle—the white, haggard faces of the women, the nervous, hungry faces of the children, the dull, empty faces of the men. . . . The Czech legionaries who had served with the Italian forces formed the Guard of Honour as the train at last halted, and from it stepped a walking legend, a tall, lithe, grey figure in a black overcoat and soft hat, the President.

A state carriage, drawn by four white horses—the Master of Ceremonies had been very busy preparing for his arrival —stood ready for him to drive among his people. . . , But he would have none of such formality. A car was hurriedly prepared, some cushions were borrowed from another car in order to raise his seat, and for the President to be seen and greeted by the people he had freed. So President Masaryk drove from the station to the Castle. " It was like living in fairyland," he recalled. . . . For the moment the crowd had forgotten their ration cards and the haunting fear that had pursued them for four years as they welcomed their Taticek, their Liberator. . . . Only the day before, the stream of refugees had begun to return to their homeland from foreign service and enemy prison camps, and as they had crossed the new frontier at Budegovice, they had knelt in holy rapture, and kissed the soil of their homes. They had come in time to welcome their deliverer. . . . Of the three founders of the Republic, the Three Musketeers, as they are known, two were missing. Benes had remained on in Paris, waiting for the meeting of the Conference that was to give the international stamp on Czech independence, and Stefanik, who had gone off to Italy to superintend the Czech Legion. He had looked forward to the home-coming, but the fates willed otherwise, for he was killed in an aeroplane crash at the very moment of crossing the frontier. So Masaryk was alone and lonely in his very success. The official procession formed up . . passed through the cheering, welcoming people along the street already renamed, in honour of the Bloodless Revolution, the Street of 28th October ; on past the National Theatre ; then along the banks of the Moldau,

where the Castle and the Cathedral looked down for the first time in four hundred years on the victory march of a free people, and at last, after a short halt, reached the Parliament. . . . Here began the official welcome . . . and as befitted the people of Commenius, Jirasek the poet, the oldest and perhaps the most national of her writers, stepped forward to express the National Welcome:

> You left the country at the hour of its greatest slavery, you return to-day as the first President of a free state. You left Prague alone, now you re-enter it at the head of a noble company of Czecho-Slovak warriors. Our age-long enemy is vanquished. We have lived to see the deepest desire of our hearts fulfilled, the government of our country returned to our own hands. No such glorious moment had been ours for centuries. Your work has been blessed, Mr. President, and blessed shall be the epoch in our nation's history which you have begun. Welcome to you, our hero, our victor. Generations to come shall bless your name. . . .

What words could he reply ? . . . He pledged himself " in honour and in conscience, ta act for the weal of the Republic and of the People and to respect the laws." . . .

With bare heads, the Assembly stood while the Czech and Slovak National Anthems were sung and taken up by the crowds outside. . . . Then the procession re-formed and continued its progress till it reached the Castle. . . . The National Assembly issued a message to the nation : " With Tomas Masaryk at the head of this free republic, every Czech living should count it a privilege that we live in the presence of such a man, and that we can listen to his words of wisdom." . . . And the President ? . . . His thoughts were ever for his people. Amidst the glamour of the procession of welcome he had responded to the cheers, and although his

face betrayed no emotion, his heart had quickened as he again saw the peasant costumes of the villages of his boyhood . . . he thought of his dear wife, now lying too ill to share the honours of his home-coming and he thought of the future, and of the new state amidst the war-ridden, war-weary peoples of Central Europe.

His answer can best be given in the Presidential speech that he made later, when his state had at last been recognized by European treaty . . . in his speech to commemorate the Bloodless Revolution of October 28th . . . yet after the inevitable disillusionment that follows the glow of success.

> We began with empty hands, without an army, without constitutional traditions, in the midst of economic chaos and the universal decline of discipline, with the heritage of Dualism, with irredentism within our frontiers, and in the midst of states, shaken by upheavals from the Right and from the Left, handicapped by small resources, unaccustomed to govern, little inclined to obey and almost unknown to the world. And yet we have stood the test and acquitted ourselves with honour, we gave the restored State a Constitution, we organized the administration and the army, we faced the economic depression, the nationalist struggle and the international conflicts. Our tasks were heavier than we admitted to ourselves and yet we have built up a State which enjoys the confidence of foreign countries, and what is still more important, of ourselves, of us all. . . .

Unconsciously, simply, truthfully, as he had lived, Masaryk had spoken his own epitaph, for it was his doing.

CHAPTER XXV

AT THE HELM OF STATE

WHEN in December 1918 a refugee professor returned to Prague to assume the Presidency of the state that he had created, the world could not but look on expectantly to see if the experience of a plotter fitted him also for the more constructive task of piloting a new state through the post-war world. Amongst his war-weary subjects, his prestige was so great that had he been a man of less calibre, he could easily have assumed the crown of St. Wenceslas, or the powers of a Dictator, in order to discipline his people through the infancy of their freedom. But from the first, his personal ambitions were satisfied in his people's independence, and he declared, " personally I desire a republican form of government." " What were my feelings as the people of Prague gave me such a splendid reception ? " he mused. " Was I glad ? Was I joyous ? Seeing the rejoicings, the wealth of costumes, colours, banners, decorations, flowers, answering the warmth of the greetings, what were my thoughts ? " . . . And he answered, " The heavy work awaiting me, the work of building up our restored state, decently and well, constantly weighed on my mind. . . ." So he set to work . . . an old man, in a changed world, to show Mankind the nobility of which Man is fashioned. For as President,

the simple nobility of his character emerged more lustreful than ever.

When he returned to his native land he was startled to find that his former friends and contemporaries had all grown old; for he records that during the great struggle he had become so absorbed in his work that he had forgotten almost everything else and he now realized with a shock that he, too, had grown old. He was 68 when he assumed the responsibility of guiding an inexperienced state through all the problems that were besetting a new age. At first, too, he even forgot that he was President with all its ceremonial inconveniences.

For he records, in his simple direct way, that he promised his friends that he would meet them at the cafe where they had been accustomed to hold their political discussions in 1914, and that, too, the very day after he had taken the oath to the constitution! Next day he set out on foot from the Castle to the rendezvous and he was annoyed and surprised to find the crowd flocking round him. He had forgotten that he was President! He found it burdensome to be continuously under the eyes of officials and on public view, but he accepted it all as part of the price he had to pay for his people's freedom. He explained half in apology, half shyly, "Until I became President I had lived as far as possible in seclusion, but since I have had to reconcile myself to having those guards downstairs and parades and receptions and all the other ceremonies of office." . . . Yet he adds philosophically, "For myself, I live as I should like every citizen to live. My only expensive hobby is my books, but they will be put at the service of the public."

Even his home-coming was not as he had dreamed it. He had expected, as indeed those who were far more vindictive and more expert in war had expected, that the victorious Allied armies would march through defeated, chastened Germany and hold their military triumph in the capital of the frustrated and guilty foe. But revolution had sapped the civil discipline as well as the military resistance of the baffled enemy, and the Allied commanders, led by Foch, thought it both inexpedient and unwise to march victorious troops through a realm in revolution. So Masaryk, as Commander-in-Chief, did not lead the Czecho-Slovak legions through the Unter den Linden. He had looked forward to return with Benes, his faithful lieutenant, almost his other self—but Benes remained behind at Paris, to attend the Peace-making, and the mighty made the Treaties that then appeared so replete with righteousness and retributive justice, but which, alas, have proved so inimical to peace. When later Benes arrived home, Masaryk could not trust himself to attend the official welcome, but waited for his friend in a darkened room at the Castle, for he shrank from the display of the emotion that they both felt. Above all, he had longed to enjoy his well-merited triumph with his dear wife. When he had rushed off to exile and rebellion in December 1914, he had not even confided to his wife where he was going and what he was doing. For he knew that she would be questioned and that she would not lie. She was of course arrested and on being interrogated she had truthfully replied, " I do not know what my husband is doing, but I feel sure that whatever he does will be just. I am ready to go to prison in his place."

She was now suffering from heart disease and lay ill in a nursing home.

So now Masaryk settled down to the unromantic but essential task of presiding over the early difficulties of his people. But the destiny of his realm was bound up with the treaties then being made, that were settling the fate of almost all Europe. As soon as the Armistice was concluded, the belligerent powers began to appoint their Peace Delegations and as a result of the bargaining and the haggling, eventually on June 28th, 1919, a Treaty of Versailles was signed that gave the official and artificial stamp of peace to a war-ridden World. It was a hungry and exhausted Europe that gave an uproarious welcome of relief, but it proved to be a Peace without Plenty and a Relief without Reconciliation. For war and hunger had fed revolution. The political contours of the Western World could indeed be changed by the diplomats and peacemakers, who had gathered at Versailles to rebuild civilized life, but the social and economic contours of this world had been too deeply scarred by hatred and hunger for official statecraft 4o* heal. The peacemakers at Versailles were probably as representative of victorious vocal opinion as majority representation could achieve. They had before them previous examples of map-making, after a war had shattered political boundaries, and of failure when the new frontiers had been built on unstatesmanlike foundations. Yet in spite of honest endeavour and the reproof of the past, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and President Wilson built equally on sand. For idealism and statesmanship influenced the policies and aims of the peacemakers only in proportion as they were distant from the dread Teuton. By force of war achieve-

ment and of national might, three powers stood out as the final architects of victory and their representative spokesmen voiced their nations' fears and hopes. Clemenceau still feared a Prussianized Germania, the " furor Teutonicus," and remembered devastated France ; Lloyd George, riding on the crest of public clamour and popular vindictiveness, remembered the Teutonic challenge for the trident of the sea and for colonial empire, as well as the universal demand for a righteous punishment for the ravisher of small nations. President Wilson dreamed with Puritan conscience and Christian virtue of a world that had learnt, in the furnace of experience, the need for rebuilding civilized life on peaceful co-operation.

Around these peacemakers intrigued every people, every interest, every class. Being human they all bargained and cajoled, persuaded and deceived, and being human too they made mistakes, for in the passionate atmosphere of post-war hatreds and fears, moderation and vision were often swept aside. So that from this mixture of fear, vindictiveness and hope, there emerged a treaty framed mainly on four principles. First, Germany was branded as being guilty of a war for which all had prepared, and the German delegation led by BrockdorfF-Rantzau accepted, by force majeure, this indelible and unholy stain on a whole people. Secondly, the losers were in the old traditional habit committed to repair the losses that they had inflicted and the ravages that they had caused. Thirdly, a new map of political states emerged as a result of the territorial changes that war policy and military victory had conditioned. And lastly, in deference to the religious

and ethical idealism of President Wilson, as well as to the natural reaction of a war-tired world to four years of scientific carnage, a League of Nations was to be created in order to save the future from the experience for which Mankind prepares in order to avoid. Within a generation, these fiats of the victors **had** been, one by one, either repudiated or invalidated or impaired.

Germany passionately and hysterically repudiated her guilt for a war in which she was the loser.

Reparations have proved both difficult to pay and, what is more startling, difficult to receive. For in a world linked by economic bonds if sundered by political frontiers, for Germany to pay her reparations in goods would have meant unemployment among the peoples producing the goods, while if she paid the fantastic figures suggested by a vindictive patriotic economy in gold, then hunger would have followed among the victors as a consequence of high prices. A world economy had rendered military victory impotent in success. And indeed as the war fever and the war hysteria subsided, plans were suggested—in the Dawes Plan in 1924, the Young Plan in 1929—to maintain a semblance of international rectitude, but soon, with the rise of an Austrian house-painter to become the Fiihrer of a Republican Reich, even that Gordian knot was cut.

The territorial arrangements, too, hardly lasted **a** generation, for on all sides guns were being forged to fire through the paper treaty that was to preserve peace. And the League of Nations from the first suffered from the simple fact that all the nations would

not or could not enter. Even the U.S.A. repudiated the efforts of her noble-hearted and noble-minded President, deciding to keep aloof from the hatreds and antipathies of " the European ant-hill " which remained armed, entrenched and divided, and adopted a policy of " splendid isolation " as a safer method of avoiding future havoc.

By the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, the Hereditary Empire of Austria was dissolved and from the wreckage Czecho-Slovakia emerged as an independent state, guaranteed by international law. There had been a suggestion of building up a new *federal* state on the model of Switzerland, but that was over-ruled so that in the new state Czechs, Slovaks and Ruthenians were united in a *unitary* realm. The problem of boundaries had demanded long and careful consideration. On the fringes of the ancient lands of Bohemia and Moravia, peoples had so intermingled that to create a pure Slav state was ethnologically impossible. Many an area was peopled by Germans or Austrians or Magyars or Poles, as well as by Czechs or Slovaks or Ruthenians. To uproot them from their former homes would have meant a mass migration, that would have left a trail of revengeful memories against the infant state. So on grounds of history, as well as for strategical reasons, these border peoples became subjects of Czecho-slovakia. They were to become the open door to the foe.

At last, however, Masaryk could settle down to the difficult constructive task of governing the realm that he had created. From the outset he was faced with almost superhuman difficulties. The enthusiams had

waned, the buoyant hopes had evaporated and the **dull, drab** disillusionment that follows the hysteria of success began to darken the political atmosphere. He now ruled 131 million people, but of these only 8£ were Czecho-Slovaks. The rest included " minorities," who were overtly hostile to the new state, to which the treaty-makers had assigned them. There were Austrians in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, there were Magyars in Slovakia and Poles in Ruthenia, minorities who for so long had despised the peoples who had by the fiat of a passing victory become the majority, that their contempt had become traditional and they were now the ruled where formerly they had ruled.

Not alone did they refuse to co-operate in the new state, but they were actively encouraged to refrain, and often to hinder, by the mutilated neighbouring states from which they had so forcibly been taken. It needed a sympathetic as well as a wise statesmanship to secure their cohesion.

Moreover, among the new"*peoples, there was a grave lack of men with political and administrative experience who could take over the direction and control of a new state. Their political education had been stifled by their former rulers, and now that what had been formerly provinces had become an independent realm, the legislative and administration machinery that gives cohesion to a realm were lacking. It had to be built from the very foundations among a people who, by the very nature of their civic and political experience, were prone to criticize and obstruct rather than to co-operate and create. Czech members of the Reichsrath had for so long fought against Vienna, that statesmanship and

even patriotism had become confused with opposition. This political and parliamentary experience could not easily be shed. And lastly the economic interests and cultural heritage of the peoples who formed the Slav backbone of the new state were so diverse and divergent that almost inevitably hostile groups grew up in parliament, instead of parties. The Czechs were Roman Catholic, but with a singular, almost historic, antipathy to the Papacy ; for although they had been forcibly converted to the dominant faith after their disaster of the White Mountain, that habit of mind that had given birth to the Hussite movement still persisted, while it had been further emphasized by the support that the Holy Father had persistently given to the Emperor in Vienna in his struggles with his oppressed subjects. The Slovaks too were mainly descended from the Protestants who had fled from Bohemia after the Great Disaster; but here too the majority were now Roman Catholic in Faith. While in the Carpathian lands live the Ruthenians who are Orthodox in their faith and retain a kinship and sympathy with the people of the Ukraine.

But religion was not the only badge of difference. Among the Czechs there had grown up a prosperous bourgeoisie and its obverse a depressed proletariat, Marxist in sympathy, and looking to the post-war world as a haven of social justice. The wealthier, too, had acquired learning and leadership that had enabled them to challenge the overlordship of the German. But the Slovaks were simple peasants who had been kept in ignorance and subjection by their Magyar rulers. When Masaryk's English friend, Seton Watson, was at Pesth collecting some research material on Calvinism in Hungary, he

came across the Slovaks in his documents and asked his Magyar hosts about them and suggested that he would like to see them. " There are no Slovaks," the Magyars replied. " There are just a few shepherds in the mountains." But Seton Watson would not be put off. He went to Slovakia to see for himself—and when he returned to Vienna he told Wickham Steed in incredulous astonishment, " Think of it; the Magyars lied to me about them, lied to me." . . . But that lie was symptomatic of Magyar policy. The Slovaks consequently had no experience at all of self-government or of parliamentary life. To them the new democracy of Czechoslovakia was like an imposed faith. The culture gap between the Slovak and the Czech was so wide that it appeared that the Czechs might have to monopolize the offices of control because of the lack of any other suitable officers. And these Slovaks were ostentatiously despised by the Magyars in the new state who, by a turn of the political wheel, were now reduced to minority status. The Ruthenians, too, were peasants who formerly had worked on the lands of their Polish overlords. They had, indeed, found a strange and unexpected protector in the Monarchy. For the government of Vienna, out of fear that in the great Slav Crusade, Muscovy might attempt to incorporate the Ruthenians—for the Ruthenians were so akin to the Great Russians in both race and faith—had attempted to conciliate them to their rulers by granting subsidies to their schools, and had even appointed some of the more loyal among them to public office. So that now only the common bond of Slavism kept peoples with such wide cultural, linguistic and religious differ-

ences together at all; for their very unity had been conditioned by very obvious difficulty—that no one people was numerous enough to stand alone. From such divergent human material Masaryk had to build—for the future.

The very geography of the state was a further test of his statesmanship. The new state was landlocked and surrounded by vigilant enemies. The Republic was some 580 miles long and only some 160 miles wide, so that strategically the new state was imperilled by her long frontiers, for they impinged on powerful and vindictive foes who viewed their former nationals, now "minorities" living across the border, with a hope of regaining them to their former states and of disrupting the new republic. Of old, the area had been a meeting place of east and west and the menace that overshadows all buffer states threatened also the new realm. The Elbe valley between the Erzgebirge and the Riesengebirge and the Neumark Pass in the Bohemian forests were ever-open doors to the invader and of course a further source of weakness.

Yet in spite of all such difficulties, of human material and of natural features, Czecho-Slovakia not only survived for a generation, she became an oasis of freedom among peoples who had lost their liberty and a haven of peaceful development among the jarring political creeds that swept the Old World. Her existence was the measure of the statemanship of her President. From the beginning, his people recognized that Masaryk was greater than a fleeting president, that he should not rise or fall at the whim of a passing election tussle. Party strife and party bitterness indeed came to the new realm, but

Masaryk remained serenely and constitutionally above party. He remained " Taticek," their little Father, to guide them to statehood, even as he had led them to independence.

CHAPTER XXVI

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE story of Czecho-Slovakia from her foundation till the Nazi victory at Munich in September 1938, the German occupation of the Sudetenland and her partition and conquest in March 1939, had on the whole been a record of peaceful development along those liberal and constitutional paths that in the Victorian Age were accepted as the paths to progress and to freedom. As his first Prime Minister, Masaryk appointed Kramar at the head of a coalition of all parties, with Edvard Benes as Minister for Foreign Affairs. All were beset with difficulties both at home and abroad. They found the land hunger-ridden internally and jeopardized by the Magyars externally. It was Masaryk's policy and hope to maintain peace, for only in peace could his realm survive. But he was no pacifist. " Defending oneself by arms is an entirely different matter from committing violence," he explained. And he told his people of his firm hope, " We shall concentrate all our efforts upon making our state a fortress of liberty in the heart of Europe and the advance guard of democracy towards the east." But from the very beginning, he found that he was compelled to have recourse to arms if he wished to retain his realm intact. The Czech lands, the lands in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, had

been relatively easy to organize, for Austria **had been** too feeble to resist. But Slovakia proved from the outset a danger spot. The Slovaks had no organization, no officials, no committees of action, when speedy action was essential. For the Magyars in Slovakia very naturally resented their enforced separation from their Motherland. They appealed to their defender, the new Magyar, pacifist, premier Count Karolyi, and in the true Hungarian way he came to the help of his nationals. And Karolyi had an army while the Czecho-Slovak forces were still scattered as Legionaries among the Allied armies abroad. What could Masaryk do ? Very wisely he appealed to the Allied Powers for them to maintain the boundaries they had made and they too wisely came to his help. With their co-operation the frontier was re-drawn with slight modification and the discomfited Magyars retired beyond.

The menace from Hungary was, however, not yet stilled. The liberal peacemaker, Count Michael Karolyi, had done all that he could to-secure more favourable terms from the Allies for his kingless state. He had created the first Hungarian National Council to lead the Magyars to constitutionalism, but constitutional and parliamentary government failed to survive in the atmosphere of defeat and humiliation. And in this period of despair there arrived back in Buda-Pesth a former lecturer of Koloszvar University, an ex-prisoner of war from Russia, who while a prisoner had been captivated by the idealism of Bolshevik theorists. His name was Bela Kun. He found the realm humilated by the Allies (in terms later imposed by the Treaty of Trianon, June 4th, 1920), he saw the Magyars abased by the revengeful invasion of the Roumanians.

Almost overnight a Hungarian Soviet Republic was proclaimed, patriotically, to drive off the invaders and give the Realm of St. Stephen peace and dignity. While the Roumanians were on the march to Buda, Bela Kun knew that any attempt to regain Slovakia would not only be popular but a national and patriotic effort and would act as a magnet even on his opponents. But the Allies dreaded Bolshevism even more than an attempt by a defeated and almost bankrupt power to fight its way back to dignity. So the Supreme Council again stepped in. On June 8th it ordered the Magyars to retire or again fight the victors. And further it promised arms and food to the rivals of Bolshevism in Magyarland. So again Hungary was devastated, for the Roumanians took a bitter revenge for the previous devastation of their homes by Mackensen, while in July 1919 Bela Kun marched to his defeat. Then it was that Admiral Horthy led his White army into the capital and the White Terror added further horror to the stricken land. But Czecho-Slovakia was saved, although her relations with Hungary only tardily grew to be correct, if never cordial.

Yet another and more subtle danger continued to threaten the infant state. Her former ruler, the exiled Kaiser Karl, resolved to lead a forlorn hope and regain the throne of his fathers. In March 1922 and again in September, he made futile attempts to seize the throne of Buda-Pesth, but the new Succession States feared that a Hapsburg on his throne could not but mean their territory in jeopardy; so rapidly they formed the Little Entente and armed, for whatever their domestic policy might be, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia and Roumania then fully appreciated that a common foreign policy was

essential for their very existence. So at last did Czechoslovakia feel herself safe.

From the outset too the internal problems of the new state were as menacing as the external. The social dislocation that follows war was everywhere visible. The country was devastated through neglect and poverty and four years of strife. The first Premier Kramar was the leader of the Social Democrats, but he was spurred on by his Deputy Svehla, the leader of the Agrarian Party, and he initiated valuable land reforms. He divided the great landed estates among those who worked them. He made large state grants to enable peasants to purchase their holdings, he inaugurated encouraging educational activities among the Slovaks. He began to reconstruct a land devastated by war and misrule. But a Socialistic wave was sweeping the country so that constitutionally Kramar could not maintain office, which was indeed mainly due to the active part he had played for the liberation of his country during the war, rather than to the strength of his party in parliament. So on July 1919 a new government under Tusar the Socialist came to power supported by the Agrarians under Svehla. This Red-Green Coalition (Red for the Socialists, and the Green for the Agrarians) initiated a policy of advanced social reform sadly needed in the land. They passed Factory Acts, Eight-Hour Acts, Land Reform Acts. But the wave of social militancy, of hope after despair, that had spread over all society after the discipline and hysteria of the war, spread to Czechoslovakia. . . . The " left wing " of the Socialist Party resolved to leave the " bourgeois " Socialists and suggested joining the Commintern, the Communist International. . . . They were indeed expelled from their party, **but**

this fissure made majority government impossible in the new realm, not yet accustomed to party rule. The President watched this internal crisis that threatened his state. He recognized that his people still lacked the experience and forbearance necessary for parliamentary government. Should he dissolve parliament and rule as a Dictator? That might have been the simplest course. But in doing so, he would have given the lie to his political faith and withdrawn from his people all political education. So he resolved to act boldly, if not constitutionally in the western sense. He formed a government, not of party leaders, but of experts—a Committee of Five—the Petka as it was known, in September 1920 to administer the realm. It was a departure from constitutional precedent. Yet what else could he have done but compromise with hard facts? He admitted that it was a very regrettable necessity—and later he apologized to his people—and was compelled to have recourse to this unhappy experiment again, when in the general elections of 1925 no single party secured a working majority. . . . He confessed to his nation:

I am a convinced democrat and I accept the inherent difficulties of democracy. Our difficulties arise from the high demands of democracy which requires a body of citizens who are trtily educated in the political sense, and an intelligent electorate, both men and women. Hence I am not in favour of government by experts or officials. Of course we have already had two Cabinets of Officials. What does that signify? It means that for us the transition from monarchism to democracy is a difficult one. Problems, however, are solved by people who think and possess knowledge, and are not merely elected.

The path to democracy proved indeed thorny. For in December of the same year 1920 the Communists made

a determined, passionate dash for control. They proclaimed a General Strike and attempted to seize power in the traditional way of all coups d'etat. But the state, weathered the storm. The General Strike was not obeyed by the " proletariat," and their attempts to seize the government offices proved abortive—and they were firmly repudiated by the Social Democrats and the Socialists. By September 1921, the constitutional parties were at last firmly in the ascendant. Benes became prime minister and although two of his Cabinet were still officials, the political education of the nation was progressing. Czecho-Slovakia remained a parliamentary and democratic state, and the hope, the faith and the guidance of their Taticek proved justified. When in October 1922 Svehla came in turn to power, the see-saw of party-parliamentary government which seems to be the norm of democratic political life had become part of the constitutional story of the new state. . . .

Czecho-Slovakia had to face two further constitutional crises before the Taticek was able at last to feel that he could, with on-coming age, lay down his staff of office in the knowledge that his people would not betray their trust. In Czecho-Slovakia as in the other Hapsburg lands the Church was more than a religious organization. Both its dogmas and its wealth had made it, alas, too frequently the ally of political party, and often, too, the ally of economic class. In Czecho-Slovakia further, there had grown up a tradition that the Vatican was the ecclesiastical ally of the Hapsburgs and their autocracy. When the realm was freed, there consequently grew up a powerful movement among the nation to maintain indeed their Catholic faith, but to build up a kind of National

Church not so powerfully dominated by the Papacy. This movement grew in intensity and in 1925 the antagonism came to a head on the occasion of the Hus celebrations. The President thought it wise to attend, for to him Hus was a symbol of Czecho-Slovak nationalism, but the Papal Nuncio, as a protest, left Prague. The crisis raised two problems. The first was domestic. What should be the relation of the State to the Church ?; the other, a diplomatic problem. What should be the relation of the government to the Vatican ? In the realm, the outcry for the separation of Church and State grew in volume. Masaryk himself was sympathetic to this demand. He believed personally that a " Free Church in a Free State " could better perform its spiritual functions and better meet the spiritual craving of her children if she were freed from her mundane entanglements. In reply to the action of the Papal Nuncio, he withdrew his Minister from the Vatican. But he was also most anxious that if separation came, it should not involve a diplomatic breach with the Holy Father or cause internal bitterness and ecclesiastical conflict. Both sides felt the need for moderation and the conflict, if not finally solved, was at least not allowed to wreck the state.

The other crisis was graver. In the General Election of 1925, no party secured a working parliamentary majority and Masaryk most reluctantly and with every earnest desire to save his state from dictatorship or revolution, formed another Cabinet of Officials under the premiership of Dr. Cerney. But the forces of reaction saw their opportunity. Fascism reared its malevolent head. The Fascists wished to overthrow the democratic government that Masaryk had created, the parliamentary system that

he had consolidated, the peace that he had nursed. Particularly bitter was their personal hostility to Masaryk and Benes as the representatives of the constitutional democracy of the realm. They found a leader in General Gajda who had acquired popularity and notoriety as a leader of the Czecho-Slovak legions in their historic march across Siberia. But the nation's political health was such that they secured no support. The plot dismally failed. In October 1926 Svehla formed his new government and it was symptomatic of the growing political education of the Czecho-Slovaks, that the new Svehla government secured the support not only of the two German parties but also of the Clericals of the " Hlinka Party " as they were called, after their political chief, Father Hlinka. So democracy was saved in Czecho-Slovakia and the President's faith that his realm might become the advance guard of democracy towards the east and the fortress of liberty in the heart of Europe may yet one day be realized.

So that now after seven-yfcars of presidency, Masaryk had justified his stewardship. His gifts of leadership had saved his people in peace as in war. He had steered his nation through the extremes of Communism and Fascism. He had kept the boundaries of the state intact. He had reconciled the minorities. The franchise that had been introduced in 1920 was almost the broadest and noblest in Europe. Minorities were given the widest representation, their rights were guaranteed, their culture unmolested, their schools respected. And the results were now obvious. The state was internally stable and externally respected. Race tension had decreased, class hatred had softened, religious animosities hardly existed.

On February 29th, 1920, the Constitution of Czecho-slovakia had been formally promulgated. In legal phraseology, provision was made " for a Head of the State to be called a President," who was to be elected by the National Assembly for seven years. By a special clause it was further provided that because of the distinguished services of Masaryk he could be re-elected for a second term of office. In 1927 his first term of office had expired and an election became necessary for the Presidency. A Communist indeed came forward, " on principle," to challenge the prestige and lifework of the Liberator. He secured 54 votes out of 432, votes, too, gained by the union of the two extremes, Fascists and Communists, to oust the President who symbolized the constitutional development of a free realm. He was now 77 years old. He had taught his people how to conquer in themselves the numbing effects of their four hundred years of political oppression. He had educated them to rise above racial hatred, political enmity and class strife that elsewhere were thrusting Mankind back into the jungle. So time passed serenely and peacefully in Czecho-Slovakia, for new convulsions and tyrannies had reared their heads in the rest of Europe. The New Europe seemed so painfully different from the " New Europe " he had written and pictured during that lone journey when he had carried the Czecho-Slovak tricolour across the steppes of Siberia to the New World. From his democratic castle as he called it in Prague, Masaryk watched the new Dark Forces gathering momentum. **For** his people lived in the very heart of the Old World **and** their menacing shadows darkened his realm. For Europe and the world was still sick. The war had

neither healed ancient animosities nor appeased traditional enmities. On the civilized continent of Europe, there was hardly a people who did not live in greater fear after the Catastrophe than they had done before. And the fear and the hunger that war had conditioned broke down the ordered disciplines of life such as had appeared so logical to the historians and philosophers of the nineteenth century.

On October 26th, 1922, the Fascists " marched " on Rome where their leader, Benito Mussolini, duly arrived four days later in a sleeping-car from Milan. The democratic forces were too dispersed and divided to make their resistance effective. Opposition was crushed with scientific cruelty, and the brand-new Corporative Constitution which was soon promulgated, although it was based so singularly on many of the militant " syndicalist" theories that the Duce had imbibed in his early youth and manhood from his " Master," Albert Sorel, belied the parliamentary, democratic tradition of the western world and its raucous militarism and imperialism was a challenge to both human security and human concord. And Masaryk looked on and pondered. Would he too give up his political faith ? Italy was near. The new doctrine was contagious. Should he too drill his people, instead of educating them to their loyalties ?

Five years later, on November 15th, 1927, Trotsky and Zinovief, the two makers almost of post-war Russia, the heroes of Communism throughout the world, were expelled from the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. (Lenin had died at Gorky on January 31st, 1924, and had been canonized in the new godless way that had swept over Holy Russia), and the dictatorship of Stalin, the Man of

Steel, was as merciless, politically, as that of the Czars. Masaryk again pondered; for the shadow of Muscovy loomed, as of old, over the peoples of his realm. Events seemed to mock his liberal philosophy. There were Fascists and Communists amongst his own people, with all their aggressive falsehood of extremes. Was democracy, was freedom to be swept from the lives and the homes of Man?

But he retained his faith of which his state was still a living symbol. Ten years had passed since the Declaration of Independence had seen born a new free commonwealth. And the people and their Father were preparing to celebrate the Day of National Resurrection. It was October 28th, 1928, and the President chose that day to recapitulate his faith and hope in his people. He appeared on the balcony of his Castle as there marched past him, first, the youth of his nation, his nation's future citizens. Them he addressed first.

I wish you all God's blessing and sound health, that you may live long. It is not difficult to be healthy if you do your part. Don't be afraid of water or the open air and sunshine. Be moderate in eating and avoid all alcoholic drink. In your games or when you do your lessons, play with joy and work with zest. Never shirk work. I am myself grateful that I learned a trade. Work makes a man practical. We are all called to work of some sort, each according to his talents. Society needs workers of all kinds. All of us who work honestly are equal, and a good blacksmith is no less admirable than a good president.

The years fly, soon you will grow up and you will become fathers and mothers yourselves. Treat your parents as you would like your children to treat you. Keep the rule in all things of doing to others as you would they should do to you. Love your country, your nation, and your native tongue. You

must live in harmony with all your fellow-citizens, though they may differ in calling, in language or religion from yourselves. We are all equal, we must all be equally free.

Perhaps in this company there stands a future President of the Republic. Mr. Future President, I have a few words for you. You must be able to look your fellow-citizens and the whole world in the face, for you must carry out our high ideals, the ideals of our history. In thirty or forty years you will be speaking to the children from this place and you can say to them. Years ago we promised our first President here that we should be faithful to the motto of our forefathers on the standard floating over the Castle. Hear the rustle of that flag. It seems to be speaking to us, " Truth will conquer " it says. Guard that flag. Believe its motto, hand it down unspotted to coming generations.

It was a simple, fatherly speech. There was no vain boasting, no vainglory, no appeal to hatred and domination, but the simple teaching to live well, in sobriety and concord that is the fundamental of civilized life.

And later he addressed the nation and them he reminded

Institutions are not enough for true democracy, it needs people who believe in the mission of" their state and nation, people who are united by an idea. The training of officials and troops is itself not sufficient for our democracy. Our democracy is the vital moral task, not only of the officials and troops, but of all the men and women citizens and, above all, of their representatives and leaders. Our democracy must guarantee and protect all cultural effort in the technical and economic fields and in the spheres of science, art, morality and religion. Therefore our democracy must be constant reform and constant revolution, but a revolution of heads and hearts.

Above the President's head there floated the banner of a free state ; on the portico were engraved the arms of the Republic that he had created and nursed to its early maturity. On both were emblazoned the motto that

expressed his faith and life " Pravda Vitezi "—" Truth will prevail." And the cheering crowds, cheered again and again, " Na zdar taticek." . . . " Success to our Father." . . . He needed all his faith, and his people all their loyalty to humanity and right, for a new menace reared its threatening head closer to his frontiers. Germany had suffered the humiliation of defeat and of an occupation of the Ruhr, after her defeat (but then she too had occupied the homes of her foes). She had endured the agony of inflation and hunger. She had been burdened with the shame and the guilt of war. (Only the impossible ifs of history can answer the sphinx question what her peace terms would have been like had she secured the mastery.) She was now suffering the hunger, the unemployment, the neurosis, the helplessness that further swept over that humiliated land as a consequence of the economic blizzard that menaced the wide world in the years 1931-3. In that noxious atmosphere Adolf Hitler at last climbed to power. On January 30th, 1933, he was called to the Chancellery by a senile President Hindenburg and on his death, in August 1934, he became the Fuhrer of the Germanic peoples. He promised to heal every German wrong. To the hungry he offered bread, to the unemployed work ; to the humiliated he assured dignity, to the defeated victory. But it was to be at a price. The liberal virtues of civilization it appeared had led to the abasement of Germany, therefore he shrieked " they cannot be virtues and must go." So there departed from Germany, personal freedom and personal dignity, political parties and political life, democracy and parliament, even Trade Unions and the Christian Bible, all the civilized gains of centuries of painful effort;

as well as a grim army of exiles that reminded Man of a similar exile from Byzantium of the scholars and saints who fled the oncoming Turk; Jews and pacifists, Socialists and Communists, that is, the defenceless. In their place he erected, with the aid of the scientific and administrative equipment of the twentieth century, the new German Totalitarian state, to include even those Germans who lived beyond the borders of Germany, with its concentration camps and Gestapo, with its autarchy and autocracy, with its new evangile that combined the teachings of Gobineau and Chamberlain re-enforced by Rosenberg and with its new ideology, so singularly similar politically to the Muscovite—over those forces of reason and freedom that had stamped the Western world as civilized. On all sides now Czecho-Slovakia was hemmed in by new dictatorships in which intolerance and tyrannies were lauded and paraded in hysterical language as personal and public virtues. And peoples now deified their dictators. The Nazi menace, the menace from National Socialism, for so Hitler named his tyranny, was two-fold. Nazi Germany regarded the Germans living in Czechoslovakia as citizens of the Third Reich (the First Reich had lasted from the Imperial Constitution of 1871 till the Weimar Constitution of 1919; the Second Reich from the Weimar Constitution till the advent of Hitler), and fostered a separatist movement among the Sud-Deutschen in order to dismember the young democracy. There was also the perpetual danger that militant National Socialism would overflow its borders and military invasion would by force reabsorb Germans from a weaker land into a Vaterland which in the new doctrine had only racial frontiers. And provocation began almost immediately,

with all the new pre-military methods of conducting hostilities by radio-war, by press-campaigns, by slogan-battles, by jeer and jibe and vilification.

Masaryk watched the new menace. He could still have assumed the powers of a dictator. His prestige was still so great that he too could, had he wished, have caused a revision of the Constitution in a Corporative direction. But he held steadfast to his political faith. He admitted that " Dictatorships can sometimes abolish bad things," but he believed " that never could they create good and lasting ones." He with his people had weathered the post-war distress; together they had weathered the economic blizzard that had reduced Europe almost to a pauper asylum. But throughout he had maintained his loyalty to human freedom and personal worth. The state, he believed, existed to make the good life possible for the ordinary man. The state existed for Man not Man for the state. In the year 1934 Czecho-slovakia stood an islet of toleration and moderation, of parliamentary rule and democratic faith, amidst the surging seas of tyrannies. In that year Masaryk's second term of office as President expired and he again appealed to his people for their confidence. And in May of that year he was re-elected by a grateful people for a third time. . . . He was now 84.

And now too did he realize the depth and tragedy of the change that had overtaken Europe. In his boyhood the Hapsburg Monarchy had been the dominant state of the west, in his early manhood Austria had still been a power, now in his old age she was as shoreless, as land-locked, as menaced, as his own Czecho-Slovakia. She was a capital without provinces, she was hungry and

humiliated. She was surrounded by Bolshevik Russia, by Fascist Italy, by Nazi Germany, by the Regency-Dictatorship of Hungary. And Nazi Germany took advantage of her defencelessness, for Hitler's virtues were now more dangerous to mankind than his vices. By every Nazi canon, Austria was Aryan and German. She was weak. Her main defender was her traditional enemy Italy, which then still feared Teutonic control of the Brenner Pass. Could not Austria then be immediately incorporated in the Third Reich? So directed by Berlin, the Nazis in Austria carried out their Putsch. They secured control of the wireless, assassinated the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Eugellvort Dollfus, and hoped for a revolutionary Anschluss with the Greater Germany. But the coup failed and Austria was saved for a time from being Prussianized. But the menace remained and the menace threatened with special poignancy the little democratic republic. Masaryk strengthened her defences and kept his faith.

He remained the most democratic President of a democratic people. Ceaselessly he looked forward to the future of his people and he was afraid to lay down the staff of office till he was assured of their political health. " Almost every day I say to myself, thirty years more of peaceful, sensible, energetic development and our state will be secure," but he felt timid, perhaps with the timidity of old men, for he continued, " I can count on my fingers the real leaders, the men with strength and experience who are to carry our country over these thirty years." In his personal life he still remained the philosophic, frugal-living, simple student. " If you want to know about myself I will tell you," and he simply tells,

" I have three meals a day. For breakfast I first have fruit then a shred of meat, toast and marmalade or sometimes a piece of fried bacon and half a glass of tea without sugar. For dinner I have a few spoonfuls of thick soup, a small piece of meat and plenty of vegetables, some kind of sweet fruit and black coffee. For supper I have got used to having just a plate of milk pudding or a piece of cake and a cup of milk with a dash of coffee in it; that is sufficient. Apart from these three meals I take nothing, except perhaps a cup of tea at five o'clock if I have a guest. As for drinking, I have never in my life drunk spirits. Wine I have drunk from my boyhood; I was born in a wine country ; beer, I learned to drink when I came to the town. It was only just before I was fifty that I realized that alcohol is not beneficial but is actually bad, and I gave up drinking altogether. . . . For the rest, my way of life is very simple. When I get up in the morning I have a cold bath and then do my Sokol exercises. I have one or two hours' exercise on foot daily or else I go riding. . . . As for smoking, I smoked as a boy playing at the man, it was in 1866 and I wanted to show the Prussians that I was a Czech so I made cigarettes out of red, white and blue paper and puffed at these in front of them. Later at the University I smoked for a time ; what I enjoyed most really was rolling them deftly." . . . It is not often that the ordinary man gets a look behind the curtain to see how the great live.

He was now President of his people for a third span of years. He was in his 8o's and he looked forward still to the next thirty years ! . . • Alas, his time-glass was slowly emptying.

Shortly after his election he was taken ill with influenza.

All grew alarmed at the paralysis which set in ; his right eye and right hand became affected. Doctors were summoned, days passed, bulletins were flashed over the land. . . . Soon, to the relief of his anxious people, his iron constitution and abstemious habits came to his help and both eye and hand were cured and again he was able to take over the helm of state without any recourse to a Deputy, for which the Constitution had made provision if the President were incapacitated for more than six months. The task, however, proved too exacting even for the iron constitution of Masaryk. In December 1935 his people learnt with regret and misgivings that their beloved Liberator had decided to resign. There was a short, simple, moving ceremony. The premier, Dr. Milan Hodza, the president of the Senate, the Speaker of the Parliament, came to Castle Lany where the President was in residence, to hear from the Chancellor of the President's Office, the official Declaration of Resignation. Masaryk told the small, silent gathering, " The office of President is a difficult and responsible post which demands full strength. I realize that this office imposes on me duties which grow beyond my strength and thus I must depart." . . . He pleaded'that they should retain their faith in their future, that they should maintain their policy of toleration and forbearance, their belief in human worth, from which their nation was reborn; and with a particular reference to the Sudeten German problem, he made a special plea, " We require a good foreign policy and we must administer justice at home to all citizens of whatever nationality. . . . " So, simply, he laid down his staff of office. But not before he made a personal appeal, that his pupil and friend, his political brother-

in-arms might be elected as his successor. His people obeyed this simple request of their Father and four days later Dr. Edvard Benes became President of the Czecho-slovak Republic.

A resigned and grateful people accepted this inevitable departure from public life of their beloved Taticek. They bestowed on him the loving and well-merited title of " President-Liberator." They granted him for his personal use the beautiful castle of Lany for life. And here the President-Liberator spent the sunset of his crowded, romantic life. . . . He was now a lonely old man. For his dear wife had died in 1923. His daughter Olga, who had accompanied him during his romantic pilgrimage to the shrine of his people's freedom, had married and was now Madam Ravillaud. Herbert, his elder son, had died in the War. Jan, his younger son, was Czecho-Slovak Minister in London. Only Alice, who had remained behind with her mother in the hectic, dangerous war years, who had suffered imprisonment for the Cause, was with her aged father. . . . He lived still the simple life of a student. In quiet and retirement he maintained his accustomed routine. . . . He rode out daily in his carriage, for he was too feeble to ride his horse. He would read regularly every evening a report of the day's happenings both at home and abroad. He did his best to keep in touch with the affairs of men and of his people. Alas! his retirement from the world's great stage was not to last long. In September 1937 it was announced that his health was failing. There was a faint flicker of hope but that soon passed. On September 14th, there passed away, amidst a nation mourning the Liberator, the first Presi-

dent and Founder of the resurrected state of Czechoslovakia,

A sad, silent, sorrowful people came to pay their last respects to the hero who symbolized their reborn nationhood. Their grief was manifest on their tearless faces, as they filed slowly past the catafalque of their former President. They came from all over the land; many had stood in the rain during the entire night in order to pay their last homage ; for the crowd was intense and all wished to pay tribute, even for one minute, to one who had re-made a broken people. It is only on leaving that they weep bitterly. . . . All the houses are flying the black flag of sorrow. For the three days that his body lay in state, his people have forgotten, in their grief, the sinister events still being enacted beyond their borders; the Spanish civil war, the carnage in the Far East and the closer menace from the Teuton. For they are thinking of the morrow, of their land without the guidance and leadership of their Taticek. Before his people and before the representatives of the civilized world who had come to share a people's sorrow and pay their tribute to the " Grand Old Man of European Democracy," the new President, Edvard Benes gave his simple, moving funeral oration. . . . " President-Liberator, we will remain faithful to the heritage which you have laid into our hands," he promised ; adding that he, with his people, would abide by the legacy which had been both the philosophy and the practice of the nation's founder, "Jesus, not Caesar."

Dr. *Edvard Benes, Masaryks successor as President of Czechoslovakia*

INDEX

INDEX

Abdul Hamid, i, 117, 119, 122
Aberdeen, 163, 178
Adler, V., 114
Adrianople, 94, 133
Aehrenthal, Baron, 122, 123, 125
Agnes Hruza, 98
Albania, 133
Alexander III, 116
Alexander of Serbia, 120
Alexiejev, 181
Alldeutscher Verband, 115
Allenby, Gen., 212
Alvensleben, Convention of, 35
Amble, 163
Angell, Norman, 140
Anhalt Bernburg, 32
Apponyi, Count, 109
Archangel, 185
Armenian massacres, 118
Arras, 207
Asquith, H., 160
Athenaeum, 80, 87
Aurora, 182
Ausgleich, 40, 41
Avellan, Admiral, 116
Azov, 198

Badeni, Count, 113
Bahr, H., 132
Balkan League, 133
— War, 135
Balkans, 53, 119
Bavaria, 213
Bazin, R,, 112
B.B.B. railway, 118, 123
Belgrade, 120, 123, 127, 136, 166
Benedek, L., 36, 37
Beneditti, 51
Benes, E., 147, 153, 162, 173, 180, 218, 233, 251, 252
Berchtold, Count, 134
Bergen, 163
Berlin Conference, 95
— Treaty, 95
BernstorfT, Count, 172
Beseda, 53
Bessarabia, 184
Bethmann-Hollweg, Count, 165, 171
Beust, Count, 50
Biarritz, 35
Bieberstein, Count von, 117, 119
Bismarck, Otto von, 9, 31, 33, 35, 36, 37, 49, 52, 95
Bloch, Jean, 139
Bohemia, 2, 3, 5
Bolshevism, 170
Bosnia, 2

Bosnia-Herzogovina, 93, 1 , 132
Brandeis, Justice L., 205
Bremen, 213
Brentano, Prof., 59, 72
Brest-Litovsk, 196-7
Briand, 162, 217
BrockdorfT-Rantzau, 225
Brooklyn, 69
Brtinn, 27, 30, 37
Brusilov, Gen., 181, 182
Bucarest, 51
Buchanan, Sir G., 180
Buckle, 67
Buda-Pesth, 4, 40
Bukovina, 184
Bulgaria, 94, 134, 212
Bulgarian atrocities, 94
Burrows, Dr. R., 159
Bystrica, 107

Cafe Royal, 160
Calvinists, 19
***Carmenia,* 216**
Carnegie, A., 139
Carol, Prince, 51, 120
Carpathians, 1
***Gas,* 107, 147**
Catullus, 59
Cavour, Count, 10, 21, 23
Cecil, Lord R., 160
Cerney, Dr., 239
Cervonka, Gen., 180
Chabrinovitch, 136
Chaikovitz, 13, 14, 28
Chaitz, 15
Chamberlain, H. S., 110
Chatalja Heights, 94
Chernaieff, Gen., 116
Chicago, 108, 143, 202-3
Clausewitz, 50
Clemenceau, 185, 207, 208, 217, 224, 225
Cleveland, 155
Comenius, John, 3
Constantine of Greece, 120
Constantinople, 53
Copernican Theory, 29
Courland, 196, 197
Cracow, 166
Crane, Charles, 203
Crane, Mr., 107
Cr£cy, 2
Crimea, 32, 35
Croatia, 2
Croats, 5
Cronstadt, 116, 182
Cyprus, 95
Czernin, Count, 196
Cziska, J., 3

Dalmatia, 2, 112
Dannevirke, 34
Dardanelles, 133
Dawes Plan, 226
Deak, 40, 41, 105
Delcasse, 117
Delegations, 40, 125
Denis, Prof., 145, 157
Denmark, 33, 34
Deroulede, P., 112
Deutsche Bank, 118
Diet, German, 8
Disraeli, 94
Dmitri, Grand Duke, 176
Dobrovsky, 89
Dodecanese, 133
Dollfus, Dr. E., 248
Dostoievski, 60, 90, 108
Doullens, 207

Draga, Queen, 120
Drang nach Osten, 120, 123
Drtina, Prof., 109, 132
Druzina, 179, 187
Dual Monarchy, 41
Duchonin, 181
Duma, 121, 175, 179
Dunajec, 166, 169
Duppler Schanzen, 34
Durazzo, 133
Dury, 207

Ebert, 213
Edward VII, 117
Eger, 83
Einkreisung, 117
Eisner Kurt, 213
Elgesburg, 67
Eliot, C. W., 205
Elizabeth, Queen, 3
Elster, River, 66
Ems, 51
— Telegram, 51
English Culture, 161
Eotvos, 41, 105
Epernay, 209
Erzberger, 213
d'Esperay, F., 212
Esthonia, 197

Ferdinand of Bulgaria, 120
Finland, 197
Flesch, 79
Florence, 24
Foch, 207, 208, 213, 223
Forgach, Count, 130
Francis Ferdinand, Archduke, 135
Frankfurt, 8, *g,* 30, 32, 38
Franz Josef, 1, 6, 39, 170

Frederick William IV, 8, 9
Friedjung, Prof. H., 114
Fritch, Commissar, 186

Gajda, Gen., 240
Galicia, 1, 5, 166
Garrigue, Charlotte, 65, 69, 70
Gastein, Convention of, 36
Gautier, L., 156
Gebauer, Prof., 87
Geneva, 153~4, 156~7
Germania Irredenta, 33
Gervais, Admiral, 116
Gestapo, 246
Girsa, Dr., 195
Gobineau, 74-5, 246
Goering, Frau, 65
Gogol, 60
Golitsin, 176
Goltz, von der, 78, 96
Gorlice, 169
Goschen, Sir E., 165
Gramont, Due de, 49, 51
Granville, Lord, 49
Great Elchi, 117
Grev, Sir E., 121, 136, 146, 156
Grokowiska, 43
Griinberg, 86
Gurko, General, 94

Haase, Dr. Ernst, 115
Hague Conference, 140, 141
— Tribunal, 136
Hamburg, 68, 213
Hammond, 49
Hanka, 86
Hanover, 37, 38
Hapsburgs, 1, 5, 6
Havlicek, K., 4, 65

Heg Slovana, 144
Herder, 68
Herzogovina, 2
Hesse, 38
Hillsner, L., 98
Hindenburg, 166, 210, 245
— Line, 209-10
Hitler, A., 115, 245
Hlinka, Father, 240
Hodonin, 9, 11
Hodza, Dr., 250
Hoffman, General, 196
Hohenberg, Duchess of, 136
Hohenzollerns, 8
Holstein, 32, 33, 34
Holy Roman Empire, 7
Horthy, Admiral, 235
House, Col., 204
Hungary, 5
Hurban, 106
Hus, John, 3, 156
Hustopetz, 16, 17, 19, 28, 71, 80
Huza, 190, 192

India, 181
Irkutsk, 199
Isabella, Queen, 51
Istria, 2, 112

James I, 3
Japan, 120
Jassy, 184
Jews, 17, 114
Jirasek, 219
John, King, 2

Kallay, Baron, 124
Karl, Emperor, 170, 209, 212
Karolyi, Count, 234
Katkoff, M., 89
Kemenov, 169
Kerensky, 177, 181, 182, 189
Kharkov, 198
Kherson, 198
Kiel, 213
Kiev, 194, 195, 198
Kissingen, 37
Klobouky, 71
Koller, J., 4, 107
Komensky, J., 3
Komensky schools, 82
Kdniggratz, 37
Konigsberg, 166
K6nigshof, 86
Kopchan, 12
Kossovo, 135
Kossuth, 6
Koweit, 118, 119
Kramer, 153, 167
Kropacek, Therese, 11
Kruger, P., 117
Krupp, 78
Kumonov, Battle of, 133
Kun, Bela, 234, 235

Lagarde, P. de, 115
Langansalza, Battle of, 37
Lansdowne, Lord, 119
Lansing, R., 204
Lausanne, Treaty of, 133
League of Nations, 326
Lebceuf, Marshal, 49, 50
Leipzig, 63, 65, 71
Leitha, River, 40
Lenin, 169, 182, 183, 242
Leptovsky, 206
Lippe, 32
Lithuania, 196, 197
Livonia, 197

Lloyd George, D., 200, 224-5
Lombardy, 5, 23
Lombroso, Prof., 152
London, 157-91 197
— Treaty of, 134
Ludendorff, 169, 196,209,210
Lueger, Karl, 114
Luxemburg, 137
Lvov, Prince, 177

Macher, 100, 153, 156
Mackensen, Gen., 166, 169, 184
Madwig, 178
Mama, 148-9, 153
Magenta, 23
Magyars, 5, 39, 104-5, 253
Mahly, Herr von, 25, 26
Main, River, 38
Manin, Daniele, 6
Maria Klima, 98
Marsdon, T. G., 178
Marx, Karl, 83
Masaryk, Olga, 151, 161, 206, 251
Masurian Lakes, 169
Max of Baden, 212, 213
Megiddo, 213
Mensheviks, 170
Metz, 52
Michael, Grand Duke, 177, 188
Milan, 4, 6
Miliukov, 179, 180, 189
Mill, J. S,, 67
Minorities, 228
Mittel Europa, 166
Mohammed V, 1
Moldau, River, 71
Moltke, von, 36, 52
Monnier, M., 44, 55
Montdidier, 207
Montebello, 23
Moravia, 2, 9, 11, 12, 27, 52
Moscow, 89
Motica Skolska, 82
Mukden, 121
Munich, 233
Munz, S., 99

Napoleon I, 7
Napoleon I I I , 32, 35, 52
Nassau, 38
Navy Law, 111
Neue Freie Presse, 126, 156
Neumark Pass, 231
Nicholas I I , 1, 6, 140, 175-6, 188
Nihilism, 76
Nish, 166
Nobel, Alfred, 138
— Prize, 139
No vara, 6

October Revolution, 183
Odessa, 198
Omsk, 199
Orsini, F., 22
Orthodox Church, 19
Oslo, 178
Ottoman Empire, 132

Pacich, 142
Paget, Lady, 199
Palacky, F., 4, 6, 77, 90
Palestine, 212
Palovska hills, 18
Pan-Slavism, 90
Paris, 22, 31, 143
Paskievitch, I., 7

Pauluskirche, 8
P6tain, Marshal, 207
Peter of Serbia, 120
Petersburg, St., 31
Petka, 237
Philippopolis, 94
Piave, 209
Piedmont, 10, 21, 23, 35
Pig War, **120**
Pilsen, 83
Pittsburgh, 207
Plato, 59
Plevna, 94
Plombieres, 22
Poincar6, President, 168, 217
Poland, 1, 196, 202
Poles, 42
Polna, 98
Portsmouth, Treaty of, 121
Prague, 4, 6, 8, 71, 73, 79, *211*
— Treaty of, 38, 39
Prim, Marshal, 51
Princip, 136
Pripet Marshes, 196
Prochazka, Father, 45
Prussia, 7, 32, 35
Pruth, River, 184
Pskov, 177, 188

Radetsky, Josef, 6
Ramshackle Empire, 5, 24, 54, 123, 146
Rasputin, Gregory, 176
Rauch, Baron, 124
Razin, 153, 167
Realist Party, 102, 132
Reichsrath, 78, 93, 96, 113
Rethondes, 213
Rhodes, 133
Rodd, Sir J. R., 152
Rome, 62
Roon, von, 36, 52
Roosevelt, President, 205
Rosenberg, A., 246
Rotterdam, 145
Roumania, 2, 184
Rupprecht, Prince, 213
Russia, 22
Russo-Turkish War, 93
Ruthenia, 5, 229, 230

Sadowa, 37, 40
Safarik, 89
St. Germain, Treaty of, 227
Salisbury, Lord, 116
Salonika, 133
Samurai, 121
San Stefano, Treaty of, 94
Sarajevo, 135
Schandau, 142
Scheidemann, 212
Schlesinger, 58, 62
Schleswig, Duchy of, 33, 34
Schleswig-Holstein, 38
Schonerer, Dr. von, 114
Schulverein, 77, 82
Scutari, 134
~ **"Sedan, 52**
Serbia, 1, 2, 89, 120
Seton Watson, Dr., 125, 145, 160, 217, 229
Shakespeare, 3
Shipka Pass, 94
Sichel, Prof., 57
Siegfried Lines, 210
Skoda Works, 83
Slavs, 2
Slovaks, 2, 41, 57, 105, 229, 230
Slovenski Jug, 124, 128

Smetana, F., 4
Sokol, 82
Solferino, Battle of, 23
Sophia Dorothea, 120
Sorel, Albert, 242
Soviet, 177
Stalin, 169, 242
Stamboul, 53, 118
Stanek, 45
Steed, Wickham, 130, 145, 152, 163, 217
Stefanik, General, 157, 162, 218
Strauss, 6
Sudetenland, 233
Supilo, 127
Sussex, 162
Svehla, 236
Syria, 212

Taaffe, Count, 78
Tannenberg, 166, 169
Tchernaya, Battle of, 22
Techner, Prof., 64
Thessaly, 133
Thomas, Albert, 180
Thomson, Sir B., 160, 178
Thorwald, 66
Thun, Count, 149, 150
Tokyo, 200
Tolstoy, 91, 139
Toulon, 23
Transylvania, 1, 5, 184
Treitschke, Prof., 76
Trianon, Treaty of, 184, 234
Triplice, 112, 132
Tripoli, 132, 133
Trotsky, 169, 196, 242
Tsarigrad, 53, 94
Tsushima, Battle of, 121
Turin, 24
Turkey, 117, 122
Turnverein, 82
Tyrol, 2

Ukraine, 188, 196

Vancouver, 201, 202
Vanderbilt Hotel, 216
Vasich, 129
Venezelos, 133
Venice, 4, 5, 6, 23
Versailles, 5, 53, 224
Victor Emmanuel, 10, 24, 217
Vienna, 4, 40, 71
— Congress of, 8
— Peace of, 34
Vilagos, 7
Villafranca, 23
Vittorio Veneto, 212
Vlastimil, 61
Voice, The, 107
Voltaire, 7
Voska, Mr., 146

Wagner, 76, 110
War of the Future, 139
Washington, 203
Weimar Constitution, 246
Wenceslas, King, 2
White House, The, 204, 216
— Mountain, Battle of, 3, 17, 229
Wied, Prince of, 134
Wilhelm II, King, 1, 32, 118
Wilson, President, 108, 172, 178, 202, 224, 225
Winter Palace, 176, 189
Workers* Academies, 97
Wotan Lines, 210

Wundt, Prof., 64
WyclifTe, 2

Yasnaya Poly ana, 91
Yokohama, 201
Young Plan, 226
— Turks, 122
Yugo-Slavs, 2

Zagreb, 124
Zborov, 182
Zemstvos, 176
Zimmerman, Prof., 59
Zinovief, 242
Zita, Princess, 171
Zollner, Prof., 64