THE NATIVE PRESS.

SYRIA'S CAUSE IN PARIS.

"Lisan el-Hal" (a leading journal of Beyrout, from an account of the reception of the members of the "Lebanon Delegation," on the occasion of their return from Paris, held at the headquarters of the Lebanese Government, at Bachfa).—The members of the Delegation went up to the hall where they were given distinguished seats. The leading officials of the Government and members of the Council, together with a number of notables, were present in the hall while a large crowd of people stood outside the doors and in the galleries. Habib Pasha el-Saud, President of the Administrative Council made a brief speech on the occasion congratulating the deputation on its safe arrival... Daoud Bey Ammoun then delivered a speech explaining the work of the Delegation in Paris to the following effect: The Delegation considers that it is its first duty after its return to thank the members of the Administrative Council who had placed confidence in it by delegating its members to go on that important mission which it has carried out. When we left this country we greatly regretted the absence of our colleagues Tamer Bey Hamada, Ibrahim Bey Aslan, and Mahmoud Bey Djublatt, who were unable to join us and cooperate with us for the attainment of the national ideal in view; but the member who replaced Mahmoud Bey has demonstrated a zeal, energy and intelligence which have lessened our regret. Our delegation's mission was most necessary and it was arrived at the right moment. Had it been delayed until a little further the Lebanon would not have had the position it has obtained with regard to its desires and future happiness, for the Lebanese question was until then unheard of at the Peace Conference, except occasionally when our ardent compatriots M. Shekri Ghanem, and Dr. Alfred Khouri attracted attention to it. On our arrival in France we found that the Lebanon was among those who were overlooked, having no mention at the Conference, but our presence attracted great attention to the question which has since then begun to figure prominently in the columns of the press... Immediately we arrived in Paris we began to study the question carefully, and we then found it proper to devote a little from the line authorised for us M. Shekri Ghanem is of opinion that the commercial, economic and geographical relations existing between the Lebanon and Syria are so strong that they are inseparable, and this calls for keeping the neighbouring regions with one another. We agreed that it was necessary for both to remain together and to be under one formal control....

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

The "Afkar." Those who have no principle wished to create a gulf between ourselves and those who have resided comfortably for so long amongst us in this land of Egypt, and they seized the present opportunity to carry out their evil ideas, which are mischievous for all. They invented falsehoods of which we absolve ourselves, and though we have given successive hospitals that we are hospitable to our guests, we would like to declare to-day that foreigners confide in our attitude regarding them and are satisfied with their stay amongst us. The "Epiphanie"—the Greek journal—which appears in Alexandria makes the following statement on the subject: "We cannot forget the attitude of Omdeles of Teh el-Baroud, the Khazzan and Beltings, the Mamours of Damanhour, Desouk, the notables of Kafr el-Zayat, the native merchants of Atf, and recently the Omdeh of Senafeen and the Omdeh of Ghamrawi. The latter two had remained for two days in the shop of a Greek merchant in their village in order to prevent the pillaging of the place. The Omdeh of Mashagha and many officials and notables have made energetic efforts to ward off the evil deeds which have had bad effects on Egypt. We also remember on this occasion the noble deed that has been done by the notables of Samannoud and Mansoura who have paid indemnities to Greek merchants who sustained losses. This is only an extract of what our contemporary writes. We hope the statement will be read by those evildoers.

ATTITUDE OF WISE EGYPTIANS.

The "Minbar." — Three days ago some native notables arrived in Cairo from Upper Egypt, and we interviewed one of them who told us that they had left Assiout on March 10 for Minia where they stopped for three days during which they took note of many current events. Among the things they mention is that, Wittingham Pasha, Director General of Prisons in Egypt was at Minia where he and were there together with some other English men. The latter were guarded closely by certain gentlemen in the town in order to save them from molestation on the part of rioters. Dr. Mahmoud Bey Abdul Razek displayed a laudable attitude on the occasion for both he and his children stopped at the residence where Wittingham Pasha was housed. They did not leave the place, but stayed in it day and night vigilantly guarding their guest until he was able to leave with those who accompanied him at night by a Nile launch.

SCHOOLS REOPENING.

The "Bastir." The Government primary schools reopened their doors this morning (March 20), and about 50 per cent. of their pupils resumed their studies to-day. Sanieh Training College for girls, will be opened on Saturday next. Teaching has also been resumed in many native schools. As for the Secondary and higher schools these are still closed.

SOLDIERS WELFARE

Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, and Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, have united in issuing a statement approving the expenditure of 205 million dollars for after-the-war welfare work among the Allied and American fighting men.

It is officially announced that the port of Venice has now been fully reopened. The restoration of the houses damaged by aerial bombardments is proceeding rapidly.

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THE BRITISH IN GERMANY.

LIFE ON THE RHINE.

MANNERS OF THE TEUTON.

When we first crossed the German frontier we were very gloomy. All through France and Belgium we had been overwhelmed with enthusiastic kindness, but now we could hardly expect anything but sullen hostility from our hosts. The country, too, was desolate and uninviting, and the weather, as though in spite, turned wet. The first German we saw was a sullen-looking girl, standing at the door of a poor cottage. She stared sullkily at us as we passed. Then a voice said: "Under when she'll get a smile on the clock. Might think we'd done her a serious injury." Has there ever been a victorious army occupying a conquered soil that took itself as light-heartedly as the British army to-day?

Much to our surprise, we were most warmly received by the villagers along our route, and more than once you might have heard the strains of a melodeon and men's voices singing "The Wearing of the Green" had you walked back with me to my bed. A common hearth is a great leveller, and I wonder whether there are any two men in the world who, if they marched seventeen miles in the rain along rough, muddy roads and in the evening found themselves sitting at the same fireside, drying themselves and drinking coffee (even of the ersatz variety), could still refuse to speak to one another, more especially if they could only talk in looks and laughter, not in words.

BRITISH MODERATION—GERMAN SERVILITY.

In Cologne to-day no British officer carries arms unless he is on duty, and soldiers only carry a bayonet. That is at once the measure of our moderation and of German servility. Khaki is everywhere, but its life seems separate from that of the civilians. The British soldiers are wonderfully clean, and have an unconcerned look about them which contrasts strangely with the pre-occupied expression of the Germans, who are continually reminded of the disaster that has come upon them when they see the "feldgrey," of whom six months ago they were so proud, shuffling about in buttonless uniforms and badgeless caps. Moreover, every now and then you may see a Prussian officer in full uniform, with epaulettes and long grey coat, but his sleeve with its white band belies him. Most mornings, too, headed by their drums and with colours flying in their midst, a battalion of British infantry will pass you, taking each a pride in themselves and their turnout that you feel it a good to be an Englishman, whilst a German can but gnash his teeth in silence as he hears the regular tramp and admires the steady discipline of the armed forces of the British Empire. Mutual civility between the two nations exists, and the Germans, maybe, are grateful to us for our moderation when they reflect on their own deeds in Belgium and elsewhere. But every now and then their old pride breaks out again, and you realise that they still regard themselves as one of the greatest races upon earth, that they cling to the memory of their front troops, who had contended against the whole world for four long years, and that underlying all their show of kindness lie a great loathing and a great fear. I have more respect for the Prussian officer in Hommers who would not wave a hat lest he should have to take it off than I have for an obliging, courteous German. Their self-restraint is admirable; but their servility is loathsome.

A TWO-SIDED LIFE.

For the most part life is quiet and uneventful enough. In the morning there are parades for drill or physical training, and then a lecture or an hour's education, this last being relieved by the diversity of the subjects and the inexperience of the teachers. Then in the afternoon there may be a football match, or the men will sit and write letters home, or they will go down to look at the shops and the kinemas or to meet their friends, until, perhaps, they return for a voluntary class in foreign languages in the evening. It is in the afternoons that the streets of Cologne are interesting. Then you may see khaki mingled with the blue of the French uniforms. Sometimes, too, you will see a Belgian or an American, or even an escaped Serbian prisoner who can probably talk every language under the sun except his own, and two you happen to know. Mingling with them on the pavements go the streams of Germans plying their daily business. But you will rarely see an Allied soldier speak to any of them, and if you need a further reminder of how this strange two-sided life comes to exist you may find it in the fixed bayonets of the sentries marching up and down outside the various headquarters.

Perhaps this gulf is most marked at the Opera. There special seats are reserved for the troops, and the house is always packed. Thither go all the Germans of Cologne in their Sunday best, and you may see them in the interval, strolling round the *foyer*, watched by little groups of our officers standing apart in the window corners or the passage. One by one, as they pass yet, you instinctively pair them off with drawings in "Punch" which once you took to be caricature and which now you realise are singularly true to life. Every member of the family having its "morning hat" is there, and even the singers of Lissauer's famous "Hymn" would not be far to seek.

"MANNERS MAKETH MAN."

Yet every night the tramcars are crowded to their uttermost, and the German tradesman reaps a golden harvest. So enterprising is he in catering for us with dictionaries and picture postcards, too, that even Tommy Atkins, that he almost deserves his prosperity; but I fear the indemnity will be paid largely out of Allied pockets, for who could resist the squad of wooden "Sturmtruppen" that extend in perfect order when you pull a lever, and the tableau on which they stand, or the more insidious attractions of a real Punch and Judy show, a policeman with his silver scabbard and long blue overcoat? Sometimes there is a comic side to this gulf between the two nations, owing to their different customs. No good German ever gives up his seat to a lady in a crowded tram. One night an English officer rose to offer his seat to a middle-aged *frau*, but was horrified to see a healthy-looking German youth dart into his place. The next moment he was neatly picked up by the collar and deposited on the other side of the tram whilst the lady, under protest, was made to sit in the vacated seat.

Cologne is full of barracks, but they are empty, as for a few men, mostly railway workers with a white band on their arm, hurrying home, regardless of the instant to produce their sight-pass. The streets are silent, and the only signs of the occupation are the sentries, a few soldiers, and the blaze of lights streaming from the windows of the schools and barracks where the troops are billeted.

WHERE WE LIVE.

Where do we live? One of the neighbouring brigades is lodged in a palatial barracks overlooking the Rhine. The walls are hung with pictures taken from German military history, and everything has been done to make the life of the soldier a happy one. Gymnasiums, beds with real white sheets, baths, parade grounds (the latter perhaps less conducive to health than the rest), splendid mess-rooms, each of them large enough for a ping-pong tournament, and a whole aviary of Prussian eagles on the plate-ways go to make up the Englishman's home.

We are less fortunate. We are in a school, and where once stood rows of forms there are now rows of wooden beds, piled one upon the other. The walls are variously decorated with imaginary trees whose branches illustrate the hypothesis of Darwin with pictures of the heroic deeds of German soldiers of photographs of groups of German soldiers or photographs of ancient ruins. In the office hangs a photograph of Trajan's Column, which the C.S.M. said he supposed was put up in honour of the German victories early in the war! It seems odd to open a door marked "Unter-prima" only to find inside a group of men doing machine-gun training. Upstairs are the laboratories and lecture-rooms. Downstairs the gymnasium has been turned into a canteen and recreation room. Further along the passage lives "Inerr Director," an old man with grey hair and a stooping figure, whom you may find at any time of the day sitting writing at his table or reading by the light of a green-shaded lamp. Behind in the yard stand the cookers. It is as well that they are hidden from the public view, as the fragrant smell of a British dinner would have an almost irresistible attraction for a German, at any rate so long as the blockade continues. One morning we spent blocking the drains in the yard and flooding it for a skating rink. At other times it serves for a parade ground.

A MATTER OF DELICACY.

There was no room for the mess in the school so we established ourselves outside in a palatial mansion where our dining-room is so smothered by other pretense that we never get any daylight. Unlike most of the other people in the neighbourhood, who are hospitable and obliging, whatever their motives may be, our hosts began by being sulky, then became aggressive, and, finally, exceeded the bounds of truculence by trying to prevent the company commander from having a bath and by turning out the lights in the conservatory while one of the mess was reading there. That evening after dinner the company commander and the interpreter, who as a chances is a budding diplomat, went into the hall and summoned the owner of the house by ringing the electric bell. The owner proved himself to be a tactician of the highest order. But he was finally routed, for the only real grievance he had was that we were not in the habit of greeting his daughter. To this it was replied that this was merely due to natural delicacy on our part, for had England been occupied by the enemy a greeting from a Prussian officer would have been taken as a personal affront by any of our women-kind. After that interview they let us alone. Perhaps it is not a war on, and that civility, if it was to exist at all, must be mutual. Now they are discursive in their politeness and disgustingly effusive. Our landlady, instead of greeting me with a look of implacable hatred on the stairs (for although her husband made a huge fortune long ago in margarine she still continues to do the cooking and scrubbing), now stands aside on the stairs with her toes sticking out through holes in the tops of her stockings), now parkeys are grateful to me for my moderation when they put on a great-coat when I go out of the house, for fear I may catch cold, or calls me of some concert which she says I ought to hear. Such is the self-restraint of the Hochs!

We crossed the Rhine by ferry one day, and the man at the gangway, uniformed like every good German, demanded a fare from us. He had obviously been a soldier, so we asked him whether he had ever paid a fare in any occupied territory when he was stationed and let us pass.

But perhaps this story will tell you more about the occupation than anything else. A certain general was billeted on a rich German, who owned, in addition to his mansion, a farm and a living, a house in Cologne. On this estate were several smaller houses, one of which he had given as an orphanage. When the occupation began he saw a chance of getting gracefully out of supporting this establishment, and told the children that they would have to clear out. The general heard of this and disapproved. So he summoned the German to him, and said that he had heard that the orphanage was to be cleared out. This, he remarked, would be particularly inconvenient, as he would then be able to billet troops there. The children are still in the orphanage.

(T. F. T. in the "Manchester Guardian.")

AIR POLICE.

Concurrent with the official announcement made by the American War Department removing the restrictions on civilian flying, comes the news of the proposed establishment of an Aviation Section of the New York Police. This is the first definite move by any country towards the foundation of an aerial police service, and it is extremely significant.

When flying becomes general in England, it is probable that the authorities there will follow suit. But the Air Ministry is alive to the necessity of exercising control over visiting aircraft from other countries, is evident in the outlines of the new Air Bill, but to enforce the necessary restrictions will be difficult and essential. The prevention of smuggling, the entry of undesirable aliens, maintaining order on the air roads, acting as pilots to strange aircraft are only a few of the many features of the new transport that will demand watchful attention from the air

The service will form an attractive profession to many pilots of the R.A.F.; for the positions and duties will be far removed from those of the ground constabulary, and will probably carry a certain amount of prestige with them, such as is enjoyed by the Indian Police or the Royal Irish Constabulary. In New York it is to be a volunteer body, consisting of an aero squadron divided into three aero companies, as prescribed by the United States Government. The Aero Club of America has suggested that smaller cities begin by organising an aero company each, the smallest tactical unit of the American flying service.

Air police will come to stay. Their work will be often very monotonous, often very exciting; not to say dangerous, and breakers of the aerial laws will have to be very wide awake if they are to escape their attentions, for the police will be equipped with the very fastest machines, and their advent will be a literal "bolt from the blue."

A United States wireless message says that a cheque for £7,700 has been received from Enrico Caruso, which is one-fourth of the payments due for the famous singers' entire tax. Caruso wrote with the cheque: "I am very proud to pay my part of the expenses of the war. America has done much for me; and I am happy to reciprocate."

FOCH

THE SOLDIER PHILOSOPHER

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER SKETCH.

"Marshal Foch and His Theory of Modern War." By Captain A. Conrad Atterridge, With a Preface by Colonel John Buchan. (Skeffington). 6s.

Modest in bulk, but full of meat, this biography of a man of action has been written in the manner best calculated to give a portrait of its subject in the round—by a study of his actions and of their consequences. But it also inferentially, if not in the strictest extent of set purpose, impinges against the popular belief that a man of action is marked off from the man of ideas. With us the active characters, th; practical men, the individuals who, whether in public or in private life, "get on with the job," have always held the first place in esteem; the theorists and philosophers a place very secondary by comparison. It is not easy to account for this common estimate. For one thing, as soon as inquiry is made into it, the belief proves to be without foundation—just one of the idols of the market place. Greatness in action is always found when looked into to have sprung from greatness or boldness in ideas; in a word, from exceptional grasp of or faith in some theory. Let Cromwell, or Napoleon alike in the art of war and in that of government are no less a prime example of philosophers, inventors, and innovators, striking out on a line of their own, victorious in the first instance over doubt and. Without true, that is to say applicable, ideas, energy is nothing—more than, either in futility. True ideas, however, imply a power of thinking at once clear and deep, and it is the only power which ever has moved or ever will move the world. Greatness in action is greatness in design, and to profess admiration of the one while condemning the other is of all self-contradictions the most unreasonable.

Of the life of Ferdinal Foch, and of any sketch of him, this is the moral. He bulks large in the public eye as the successful general, the man of the hour, the commanding military genius of his epoch. But he is these things because, like others of his type, he is pre-eminent as a thinker and a theorist, and because the hallmark of the philosopher properly so called is the faculty of getting rid of the fetters of accepting past conventions, shams, and current delusions; of distinguishing fact from fiction. The term philosopher may be a bit too gown or a desk rather than a uniform and a marshal's baton; the scientist is a trifle more at home than the thunders of a battle. Yet the manner in which gre powers of thought may translate themselves depends upon the circumstances of the time. In a time of profound peace, present and prospective, the translation will not be that of an era of storm and stress. The power takes the form most servicable. Thus from the disastrous year 1871 onwards the continuance of France was that her genius should run into the mould which would ensure her salvation, for the menace of Gothic domination remained suspended over her like a cloud ever deepening in its gloom. By thousands the material resources would not suave off servitude and ruin. They must be handled with consummate skill; embodied in some instrument. The salvation of France must outmatch her sworn foes in the art of war.

Hence it is no accident that most of the great Frenchmen of this generation should be soldiers, for the situation of France gave to military studies a reality of purpose which attracted to them the strongest heads. And in that lay the assurance that among a people so endowed the master mind would not be found wanting when the time came.

In the War of 1870-1 Joffre took part in the defence of Paris, as a subaltern of artillery; Foch, a volunteer, as a private in the 4th Regiment of Infantry. Both were then youthful students. Joffre, by remarkable work he made, the very last quarter where a future generalissimo would have been looked for was among the solid judges of the Court of Appeal of the Pyrenees. But here too the boy was father of the man. It was surely no common taste for a boy to read through the Code and history of Consulate and Empire. Did that personal and its impressions at rest the train of reflection upon Napoleon, and the adaptation of Napoleon's methods to modern war? Almost certainly the question may be answered affirmatively. Though the idea only shaped itself by degrees, it was fertile, and Foch set out on his career having at the back of his mind the key to the future triumph of France. He, however, was not one of those precocious geniuses, who appear as if blocked out at one stroke. His character presents itself rather as a stout edifice built up stone by stone. Nor, though he held it strongly, and the more strongly and definitely as time went on, and as he developed and developed it, did he thrust his view upon others. No man was more aloof from the tricks of "influence" and self-advertisement.

"Foch never for a moment thought about easy ways of bringing his personality before the army and the political world, or even about acquiring a name for military insight among the chiefs of the French Army. He seemed to be a secondary figure at public functions; he was never interviewed by the Press; he made no use of professional reviews to bring his name before military readers. . . . From the day he received his first commission he was a laborious student of war patiently preparing himself to do his duty when the opportunity came, and meanwhile content to put all his energy into the work assigned to him."

At once modest, reliable, and a man of ideas—qualities which in combination marked him out, while they disarmed opposition—he was, after various regimental, divisional, and staff experiences, appointed Assistant Professor of Military History and Strategy at the Ecole de Guerre. That was in 1894, and it was the turning point. He knew his subjects as few men knew them, and he brought them after a fashion as original as it was effective. It was during the six years of his professorship that there were published the two volumes containing the substances of his lectures—the "Principles of War" and "The Conduct of War." Of the latter, the more advanced treatise of the two, Captain Atterridge gives a synopsis clear, sound, and sensible.

For the next seven years Foch went back to active service, with successive advances in grade. So little, however, had he sought pressed for that when the directorship of the Ecole de Guerre fell vacant he did not apply for it. It was bestowed upon him as the man best fitted for the position. The selection could not have been more fortunate. In the mind and moral of the French Army his influence and his teaching now had the widest effect.

The rest we know, and we know how that influence and teaching have stood the test. To follow the author of this valid and faithful portrait through his account of the campaign of 1918 is not necessary. It is enough to say that the campaign was once more a proof that the true man of action is the man who, being master of theory, can design and originate. Captain Atterridge's summary is balanced and accurate; distinguished by a preference for sober severity over flashing antithesis. The personal traits of the marshal—his reticence, his reserve, his unaffected piety, his tireless industry, his indicible charm, and his kindness—are brought before the reader, but with the touch and intention of friendly revelation, not in the mood of panegyric.

Perhaps the most difficult period of Foch's career was that in which while Chief of the French Staff he was asked to combine with the duties those of military adviser to the Allied Council at Versailles. He found the two functions impossible, and delegated the second. The arrangement, in truth, was unworkable. Military opposition to a real unity of command there never was. The opposition was political. It gave way before the disasters of the Allied arms; its consequence. Those who distrusted theory thought they could get on better with a rumbrous substitute. Disaster followed the attempt, and the monumental achievement of Foch is that he clearly saw his way beyond launching and sustaining his victorious offensive.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND CONSCRIPTION.

The decisions arrived at in Paris on March 11 by the Supreme Council to cut down Germany's army to 100,000 and make its basis voluntary are regarded, both inside and outside Conference circles as most significant, and of far-reaching importance, because they constitute the greatest blow ever dealt at Conscription and against the theory of the indispensability of huge armies, says the correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette." That, he says, represents accurately the view of all the delegates of the Conference, for if Germany is to be limited to an army of 100,000 what need is there for any other country to have an army running into millions?

The opinion in Conference circles is that Germany will protest that 100,000 men are not sufficient for police purposes, but there is no reason to think she will carry her protest very far, for, once the principle is finally established that she shall not have a soldier more than she needs for the maintenance of internal order, the League of Nations, if she desires it, will guarantee her against external aggression.

It should be emphasised that the above decisions were unanimous so far as the delegates were concerned. The opposition came from their military advisers, other than the British military advisers.

PRAYER AGAINST RED TAPE.

In times like these, when souls are tried,
When urgent needs must be supplied,
When perils of the future bide—
Pray grant, O Lord, we may escape
The strangling meshes of Red Tape!

Give us wise men, men on the spot,
Who'll cut each tangled Gordian knot,
And clear away the dead dry rot—
Pray grant, O Lord, we may escape
The strangling meshes of Red Tape!

TUDOR JENKS, in the "New York Outlook"

RACING ENTHUSIASTS.

Those who cannot attend the Races can yet have a big interest by taking chances in the "Gazette" weekly competition. All entrance fees less ten per cent gives to the winner.

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An eminent man new at the Peace Conference gave the following shrewd comment on its proceedings during the last few weeks. He said: "The Peace Conference set out to make the world safe for democracy. As to the digested temperaments shown by the nations represented, his remark was: "It is, of course, so difficult to avoid the Frenchman, and to arrive at the Englishman. But the American bumps into you!" He then added that the relations were so good that never before had we been able to draw to such an unlimited extent on America's goodwill.

BRITISH MUSEUM