

May 2, 1921.—Well, the Senate has voted the Knox resolutions declaring the war with Germany at an end, and this is the forerunner of a separate, which is to say, a dishonourable peace. It makes an American hide his head—and all the more because just at this very moment the Allies are struggling with Germany in an effort to collect the reparations.

Meanwhile there is a divergence of minds between Briand and Lloyd George in the Supreme Council at London. The bankers of the City and the Labour men have urged Lloyd George not to consent to the occupation of the Ruhr, and Mr. Asquith and Lord Robert Cecil have made strong speeches against it. France, and of course Belgium, demand immediate guarantees and a conversation afterwards, that is, occupy the Ruhr, and then discuss, while the English and the Italians wish to send an ultimatum and have discussions. Briand says that he is inexorable and has given orders for mobilization. Jaspars has suggested some formula by which the sanctions may be applied at once, but, as it would require some days to prepare the military measures necessary, the Germans would then be given time to make other proposals.

What France wants, that is, what the financiers who now govern

France want, is the coal of the Ruhr Valley, which would help their industry, and destroy Germany's industry. And the military party, Foch, and others, are in favour of this because it gives employment, advancement, and decorations to soldiers; Briand is kept breathless running to keep ahead of Poincaré—and so all this neo-Napoleonism that menaces the peace of Europe. What should be done, of course, is to leave Foch and the magnates and the scurvy politicians at home, and have some clear, sensible heads find out what Germany can pay, and then make her pay it. But that would be too simple. By making her pay it, I mean, that if a sum were computed on her resources and ability to pay, she would probably see, or be brought to see, the wisdom of paying it. What the little neo-Napoleons want is not reparations so much as the coal-fields, while the politicians in France, afraid to vote taxes, have been lying to the people for so long that they can postpone the day of reckoning only by getting their hands on something tangible—like the coal-fields.

Tonight we dined with the —s. The Carton de Wiarts were there, and while we were at table, Carton was called to the telephone by London. Every one instantly excited, of course. Carton went upstairs, and one could hear him shouting, as though he expected his voice to carry across the channel to London. Every one, while politely ignoring it, was nevertheless trying to hear what he said. . . . When he came down he announced that the sanctions were to be applied, but that as their application would require time, the result was to give Germany until May 12th to pay up. That is to say, the formula suggested by M. Jaspar has been adopted. The Belgians were not satisfied, though Carton was relieved. The feeling against England is intense and wholly unreasonable. Indeed, the Belgians can be highly unreasonable when they are once started. After dinner, in the smoking room, —, who is an ass, a drunken ass, pointing, insulted Carton. "That means," he said, "that you are giving the Germans ten days to sabotage Essen." Carton was very calm and gentlemanly, and in an undertone to me said that he was very glad of the delay, that the occupation of the Ruhr was to be avoided if possible.