

May 24, 1921.—The Germans, with their usual stupidity, are complicating the crisis by raids in Upper Silesia. But Lloyd George stands by his guns.

At Desamblancx's this afternoon, he showed me a book, the finest he says in Belgium, a book, a sort of novel, written in Flemish by a man at Bruges, illustrated by water-colour views of Bruges by an artist of that town, printed by a printer at Bruges, who after having printed, on Holland paper, most beautifully, this one copy, distributed the type. The book was intended as a gift for a bibliophile, and Desamblancx bound it superbly. Toward the end of the book there were portraits in aquarelle of the author, the artist, the printer, of Desamblancx, and of the bibliophile. While Desamblancx was showing this book to us—Ruskin, Thomas, and Voltichenko, the Russian, had come in—the whole thing seemed strangely familiar to me; I had a confusing sense of having heard all this before, and when he showed me the portraits I recognized in the bibliophile August Michel, who used to come to see me, and who the last time he was here told me all about this very book, and promised to show it to me. And now he is dead; died two months ago, so Desamblancx said. The widow wishes to sell the book, and Desamblancx is going to take it to Paris to sell it at auction; he wishes to keep it in Belgium, and may, if necessary, he says, buy it himself. He says that it is worth twenty thousand francs.

While there I bought a fine edition of Montaigne.

This evening Nell and I dined at the British Embassy with Grahame—we three alone. Grahame has done over the embassy handsomely; has made a nice smoking-room of Sir Francis's old study, and there, after dinner, we sat and talked about Fashoda, Agadir, Algeciras, Morocco, Ireland, and all the interesting train

of circumstances that led up to this war, beginning, since one must start somewhere, with Fashoda—and of the crisis today. It is all simple and clear enough; France made the entente with England after her great check at Fashoda to revenge herself on Germany. Now that Germany is defeated, her army destroyed, and her power gone, leaving France the strongest nation in a military sense in Europe, France revives her old animosity to England; the paths of the two nations, whose interests are antagonistic, diverge. France resumes her old strategy; seeks to surround herself with allies who will act as shields and bucklers for her; Belgium she is already sure of; she has Poland, too, but must make her strong and durable, hence this policy in Upper Silesia. Then the old policy of dividing Germany, isolating Prussia, creating small German states, Bavaria, the Rhenish republic, and so on, these to be Roman Catholic, a sort of New Holy Roman Empire. And here the church, Rome, the Vatican comes in, and here England has been crassly stupid. Her two ancient enemies were France and the Roman church; they are today her enemies, but they have been divided.¹ During the war, England sent a Minister to the Vatican, a mission that never accomplished one whit of good for England, and never could, for Rome hates Protestant England, and would undo her if she could. The revolt in Ireland lives only on Romish support and encouragement; the Romish priests in Ireland never say a word against the murder that is nightly done by the cowardly, savage, half-civilized Irish whom they control. France had broken with the Vatican; the Catholic party in France had been reduced to nothing; but now it revives—Foch, *l'Echo de Paris*, Poincaré, all that; Roman Catholic, militarist, industrial. This party has slowly regained the power since the armistice, and the disappearance of the ribald old free-thinker Clemenceau; this party, strong in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, was responsible for the recent attempt of Charles of Hapsburg to regain his throne; he was beyond any doubt assured of French support; this same party was responsible—as history surely will prove—for Korfanty's drive; and the Pope encourages

¹ Whitlock was of course completely free from religious prejudices. In Toledo some Catholics had supported him at times when he was attacked by the leading Protestant clergymen, and he had been grateful. But the reactionary and militaristic policy favored by many of the Catholic Party in Belgium and France was repugnant to him as a liberal, and as he here indicates, made him deeply suspicious of the political activities of Catholics throughout Europe. His utterances would have seemed mild, however, compared with those of many of the Socialist and Liberal leaders in Belgium.

Poland, too, and helps to make the French dream come true. But this Catholic party in France would never have dared to propose that France send a representative to the Vatican if England had not set the example, and thus given them an argument to use on the reluctant. And so the other day a French diplomat, Jonnart, is sent to the Vatican—even before the Senate had approved the law creating the mission! and now England's enemies are again united, and Rome would divide England and America.