

Malta at Rome, later the property of Prince Bülow.

On the other hand, Frederick William of Prussia remained at the helm, tried to render futile what he had promised, and died insane. For him the revolution of 1848 was simply the work of Poles, Frenchmen, and Jews.

How Ludwig I looked upon it his verses show: —

Forlorn and sad I wander,
My dreary fate I sing,
No kinder heart nor fonder
Could beat than of your King.
The proud and selfish nobles
Befouled for me my throne,
Betrayed you too, while feeling
For both but scorn alone.

The courtier, body-bending,
The priest, fair love pretending —
They stole from me my crown!

So it was not possible to place the responsibility for the revolution on foreign shoulders. Nor was it necessary, when a Kurt Eisner was afterward murdered by another Count Arco-Valley, to falsify him into a Galician Solomon Kosmanowsky. It was all good German fruit, but picked a little too soon. For Berlin came limping behind. Munich was the length of a nose ahead.

And it is the same to-day — only in the way of reaction.

NO ABDICATION IN SPAIN

BY LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN

[Señor Araquistain has been for years a recognized figure in Spanish literature. Recently he has achieved success as a dramatist and his last play, Remedios heroicos, has just been clamorously welcomed in a Madrid theatre.]

From *España*, March 10

(MADRID INDEPENDENT LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

SPANIARDS have just lived through some anxious days. The tidings — borne upon the amphibious wings of the press, wings that cleave the clouds as well as dive through the stormy billows of life — that the King had abdicated, came like the blow of a sledge hammer, for the rumor was spread by a periodical known for its loyalty to existing institutions, and not by some sheet of discredited character. The sovereign was said to miss, on the part of his subjects, that sympathy which is indispensable to the existence of rulers, without which oxygen they languish as the lungs do without air. For this

reason he planned to abandon us, for he felt himself losing his hold upon our affections.

If this was the case, it would seem wiser to have examined carefully the causes of dissatisfaction, and to eliminate them if they existed. In any case, reasonable or not, it was his will that paralyzed our own, throwing us into perplexity and despair.

Under these circumstances we seemed to foresee in our mind's eye a whole series of national misfortunes. Not only should we lose a good pilot, parting from us in bitterness, but the heavy helm of state would fall into the weak

hands of a child, who must guide it between reefs and sandbanks, exposed to the hostile winds of revolution, factional dangers, the cliffs of unions and nonunions, and the sirens of bossism. It would indeed be a dangerous voyage.

Our present pilot has certainly kept good watch, ready for the slightest movement of the compass, any indication of political mischief, ever ready to sacrifice his own ideas upon the altar of the common weal, the supreme policy of the state, and the destiny of the fatherland. Take it all in all, it would be a difficult journey under different guidance, and not even the greatest expert could guarantee, to use a commercial expression, the dividends of so risky an enterprise. All good patriots can easily visualize the shipwreck that would threaten the country.

In treating of this sincere anxiety felt by all true Spaniards, one would not be telling the whole truth without mentioning, as a kind of counterbalance to sensationalism, the fact that there has been a certain suspicion that the rumor of the abdication was simply a manoeuvre to stimulate the dynastic sympathies of the people, or at least to put them to the proof. It is a well-known phenomenon that the masses are prone to a disposition to compassion, mourning, and other emotional demonstrations, becoming violent partisans of some personage whom they regard as illtreated, only to turn upon him fickle to-morrow. It would therefore not be a matter for surprise if certain subtle elements among us, familiar with these psychological reactions of the masses, did not shrink from recourse to them in order to regain the approval of the public. Possibly the spreaders of the abdication report hoped that the whole nation would rise as one man and fervidly pe-

tition the King to retain the crown upon his own head and not pass it to another.

If this was the case, the calculation was a futile one, for nobody has said a single word of mourning or made a supplicating gesture, proving either that the country is quite indifferent to the question of abdication, or that it lacks confidence in the champions of the Crown. In any case, the prestige of the Crown has undoubtedly suffered considerably by the incident.

As a matter of fact, it may be said en passant that the Crown of Spain is rather unfortunate in its partisans and incense-bearers. Here is an illuminating example. Two representatives of the Spanish aristocracy, the well-known Marquis de Comillas and Count de Güell, offered to build a royal palace in the city of Barcelona. But from promise to realization is a long step. These gentlemen provided the idea — an excellent one, as may be seen — but the money was to be collected from those patriotic Spanish emigrants in America who are the natural prey of so many schemers and speculators on this side of the Atlantic, who count on the sentimental devotion of the emigrant to help them keep sharp the swords of our picturesque chivalry.

The titled gentlemen mentioned actually dispatched a representative to Buenos Aires with the patriotic mission of collecting some thousand pesetas, to replace what they had been obliged to disburse; for monarchical fervor is one thing and its financing quite another. On the contrary, one may be very dynastic and very aristocratic without caring to risk one's fortune in maintaining this noble attitude; while one may be also very plebeian and republican, like many of these Spanish emigrants, and yet contribute to the building of a royal residence, because it is not necessary to

invite a confusion of ideas on the subject of what form of government is best for the country, no doubt symbolized in this case by the royal-palace project.

This was doubtless the line of thought of the Marquis and the Count, but it was certainly not that of the Spanish colony in Buenos Aires, which turned its back on the emissary of the nobility and his idea of making a gift with other people's money. The overseas Spaniards very naturally believed that if anybody desired to prove his loyalty to the Crown he should do this at his own cost, as every neighbor's son is wont to do when he wants to show his attachment and his generosity.

The result is that we see the King in danger of having to disavow the Marquis and the Count, as well as their transatlantic representative, and incidentally renounce the plan of a royal palace in an inhospitable city boiling with discontent. Barcelona is not Madrid, and, by its own testimony, can never be a suitable home for royalty.

In the meantime the King has contented himself with denying that he entertained any intention of abdicating, as had been announced by the newspaper. We breathe more easily, and are happy to learn from this authoritative source that the crown of Spain does not appear to be one of those loosely attached crowns like those of Germany, Austria, and Greece, and

formerly Portugal, which, at the least jostling of political disturbance, wobbled on the heads of their august bearers and fell to earth among the feet of the mob, in the monarchs' wild dash for safety. What — after losing their crowns, risk the loss of their heads as well? Never!

Once more let us breathe easily. Our institutions are secure. The pilot will not abandon the helm to inexperienced and unsteady hands. The vessel will not run aground. The special services of the great delayer of revolution will not be needed, though he stands ready to expose himself heroically to every danger to save the fatherland from shipwreck.

Let us proceed to a general election and elect half the legislature from among the sons, brothers, and other relatives of the office-holding class, and the other half from the ranks of the new rich. We will forget the politicians and the military, but avoid becoming unpopular with administrative circles. Let us proceed to the pacification of Morocco as modestly and decently as may be, and not with our haughty noses in the air. Then we can look for a pretext to start a war with Catalonia or with Portugal, so that in fifteen or twenty years we shall be justified in opening a new moral campaign in favor of the 'responsibilities' that will be called for!

No abdication here!

AN AFRICAN 1776

From the *Outlook*, March 31
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

IN the sixth decade of the eighteenth century occurred a dispute between the British Government and some colonists in North America over comparatively insignificant taxation problems. Burke and a few men with vision realized that what was here involved was no trivial wrangle, but a matter of high principle. The Government and the country were unable to recognize the mighty issue at stake, and a revolution followed that brought into existence a gigantic World Power, and profoundly changed the course of the history of our planet, so far as we can judge, not merely for two or three centuries, but for thousands of years to come.

A similar apathy at home, lack of understanding because of lack of interest, surrounds the struggle for freedom of 10,000 white men in the heart of Africa. In 1760 most literate Englishmen vaguely knew where Massachusetts was, but in 1923 we doubt whether one quarter of our people, if led to a map of the globe, could within two minutes put a finger on Kenya. It may seem sensational and far-fetched to record the belief that this little-known Kenya question involves, for the future of our Empire, issues of policy more important than any that have confronted the peoples living under the Union Jack since the revolt in the Thirteen Colonies. Setting aside such struggles for our national existence as those with Napoleon and the Kaiser, we nevertheless believe that such may prove to be the case.

Kenya is the 'last white man's country' available for colonization by Englishmen, where a great and rich civilization, becoming in time a rival to that

of the Mississippi Valley, can arise. Nature has showered on the East African Highlands her richest gifts. In Kenya great cotton-plantations may be developed that shall emancipate England from her present economically disastrous dependence upon the Southern States of America for this staple of our great Midlands industry. Fields of grain, rivaling those of the Western prairies, and the untapped resources of an inconceivably rich and gigantic region, are ours if we work for them; and here in Kenya, as in no other undeveloped dependency of the British Crown, the climate permits white men in their millions to lead healthy lives and to raise families. Before this will be altogether true, certain tropical diseases must be stamped out; but medical science has already conquered these elsewhere, and an expenditure of three or four million pounds would eradicate from the entire area suitable for settlement all those human plagues which now render Kenya less healthy than England.

Such is the vision of the future which those pioneers who have gone out into this promised land paint for us. But is Kenya to be a white man's country? There are four times as many Indians as white men in the colony to-day. Indian-Nationalists demand equality in all civic rights for the brown man against the white. So strong is the feeling aroused among Indians on this question that the Kenya problem has become of vital importance in our relations with India.

In a recent debate on the subject in the Indian Council of State, the claim was put forward by speaker after