(February 28th, 1916.)

The Position of Greece in Relation to the War.

By Principal Maurice Hutton.*

AT a regular luncheon of the Club held on the 28th February, Principal Hutton said:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen,—There is an old riddle of the ancient Greeks, "What thing is it that goes at different times with four feet, with three feet, and with two feet?" The ancient Greeks supposed in their innocence that the riddle was answered by the word "Man," but recently it has appeared to all of us to have been rather an unconscious prophecy of the policy of the Greece of the 20th century, which one day goes with the Quadruple Alliance, another with the Triple Alliance, and another with the Dual Alliance. (Laughter.) I mean that Greece in her national policy has been what the ancient typical Athenians were in their character, and that is, everything by starts, and nothing long,—mankind's epitome! (Laughter.) And yet when the classical scholar smiles indulgently as he looks at the attitude of Greece, saying, "True Greeks: the same race still: very smart, very shrewd, very slim, courtiers and parasites; they show their origin much better by their behavior than they could prove it by their ethnological evidence!" the irony, though natural, is misplaced: for the real cause of our doubt and distrust of Greece, the real offender to-day, the man who is making Greece a byword, is not a Greek at all, but a German Dane—King Constantine—while the one man who from the first has not been a riddle at all, not a sphinx at all, the one man who from the first has been cool, fair, conciliatory, generous, and always definite in his policy, is the best Greek of all Greeks, because he belongs to that ancient island where Greece created its first civilization, where the god of Greece was born and died,—Venizelos the Cretan. (Applause.) There is a man worthy not only of Crete, but worthy of Ithaca, worthy of being called a second Odysseus,—much better than a second

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Ulysses—not only shrewd and calculating, with the wisdom of the serpent, but also conciliatory and fair, with the harmlessness of the dove.

Venizelos tried hard to make his country reasonable and fair to Bulgaria, to give Bulgaria one decent port at least, when Greece had so many good ports; he tried hard last February to make Greece and Serbia conciliatory and generous to Bulgaria, to make them, if you like, enlightenedly selfish; but, gentlemen, it is a contradiction in terms: there is no such thing as enlightened selfishness: no man was ever honest in this world because it is the best policy (if he was he wasn't) (Laughter); but at any rate it is so in the Balkans, —there was never such a thing as enlightened selfishness there. If they had been really enlightened, truly politic, they would still be allied to-day, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia and Roumania,—and it is pretty certain that with such an alliance against such danger as is threatening them now, neither Roumania, Bulgaria nor Greece would be shaking in her shoes, and it would have kept Serbia safe against Austrian invasion.

Of course, it is a very cheap thing to say that a little vulgar Christianity would have saved all these States, including Roumania, from the terrors that have since beset them: I remember that even the great Cavour himself had his doubt about the practicability of Christian politics: "if I had done for myself the things I have done for Italy I should be a scoundrel," he said. It was a sad thing for a great man to say, and for an honest man to hear; but nevertheless I think, in spite of that remark by Cavour, it is true that if there had been a good spice of Christianity in Greece's policy towards Bulgaria, in Serbia's policy towards Bulgaria, in Roumania's policy towards Serbia, and in Bulgaria's policy towards Greece and Serbia, in the summer of 1913, all these four States would have been richly paid for a little investment in that vulgar Christianity. (Hear, hear and applause.)

And yet the only man in the Balkans who seems to have striven for a little vlugar Christianity in foreign politics was Venizelos the Cretan: the man who steered a safe though devious course like President Lincoln amid opposite dangers: who never played to the gallery of Athens, yet kept the gallery quiet, and also kept the officers in the stage boxes quiet too. And anybody who can keep quiet the dress circle and the gallery at the same time in the Balkans does wonders. (Applause.)

If you scan the history of Greece, I think Venizelos becomes even greater. Ancient Greece, in the eyes of more coarse

and vulgar but stronger people like the Romans,—ancient Greece at its best was always too clever by half, too clever and too mean; in the eyes of the mass of Romans,—the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind. The ancient Greeks were the domestic chaplains, the professors, the philosophers, the literary hacks, the intellectual menials of the Nobles of Rome; they were the men who blacked the boots of the Barbarians of Rome, as their descendants still black the boots of later barbarians up the whole length of Yonge St. (Laughter and applause.) Odysseus and Pericles, we heard at school, might pass muster as gentlemen,—but some gentlemen were doubtful of Odysseus,—so that left only one gentleman; at any rate the country was inherently weak, in spite of or because of intellect, and it fell after Pericles' time into utter pacifism and materialism, in spite of or because of its intellectual preeminence; and collapsed before the lumbermen of Macedonia and the trained soldiers of Rome. It became a part of the Roman Empire, and it secured from Rome the eastern part of that Empire and the city of Constantine. That city outlasted Rome as an Imperial City and was not captured until the Turks extorted it in the 15th century. Greece was overrun by Egyptians, and Slavs, and Venetians, and Franks, at different times and places; by reason of whom it is hard or impossible to trace the ancient in the modern Greeks. It was restored in 1829 by Russia and Great Britain from Turkish rule; it received back the Ionian Isles from Mr. Gladstone later on; it was the favorite protégé of the classical scholars of western Europe, especially of Great Britain and France, in the good old days when classical scholars ruled western Europe (from Canning and Byron to Mr. Gladstone) (laughter), also it was the protégé not less of Russia as well, because it was the parent of the Russian Church.

Greece has had considerable luck also in her modern history: for just as classical scholars passed out of power and date and just as the House of Commons came into the hands of ministers whose Latin is not so much rusty as raw (laughter), and who very likely interpret "vox populi, vox Dei," as one of them is said to have done, "wait and see" (laughter)—just at that same time the democratic trend of Greek politics—Athens is the very mother, the very parent of free thinking and free speaking in the world—and whatever she has not done or never been, she is at least able to think freely and speak freely; just at the time when the old classes lost control of politics, the democratic spirit of Greek politics made Greece popular with the modern democracies, with modern France and Great Britain, even as it had been with the previous

generation of Frence and British. So Europe always saves the Greeks from being hurt, even when they have brought it on themselves. In 1897-98 she fought an unfortunate war with the Turks, without allies; she was beaten, but Europe took care she did not suffer, and gave her Thessaly by way of consolation.

That brings us to Venizelos. The present Greek King fought in that war as Crown Prince and General. The British in Athens told me when I was there that they thought he fought well enough, but that his men fought badly; in any case he was beaten, and about ten years later the discontent arising in the first place from the war, and in the second from the fact that Crete was trying to join Greece and Europe would not let her, and from the third circumstance that Turkey was carrying out a blockade of Greece which was starving her, permitted a number of young Greek officers (like the Young Turk officers about the same time) to seize the government, dismiss the Crown Prince from the army, and drive the King into seclusion, and rule Greece. This was in 1909, and they held power till the autumn of 1910. Then they invited Venizelos from his island of Crete, which wanted to be Greek and couldn't. They turned to Venizelos, who had been in turn successful rebel ruler in Crete, and he came and made peace all round, brought the Crown Prince back to his army and the King to his palace, faced the mob of Athens and told them to hold their tongues, pacified them, and impressed himself upon them, and through the wisdom of King George, in spite of Prince George, he became Premier. In 1912 he made an alliance with Serbia and Bulgaria, the so-called Balkan Alliance, against Turkey, but the jealousy of Greece and Bulgaria in Macedonia was so acute that it was not found possible to decide beforehand how the division of Macedonia should go, if the war succeeded, how much should go to Greece, how much to Bulgaria; it all should have gone almost to Bulgaria alone; Greece has practically only the coast. Greece is of course the England of the Balkans—I mean she is the commercial, the maritime people of the Balkans; the Bulgars are just dour, sour, silent peasants and farmers, the Boeotians of ancient Greece, or the Scotch drovers of modern Macedonia. The Bulgars should have had the greater part of Macedonia, but she went into the war with her allies, but without an understanding as to the division of territory between her and Greece. It would pass the wit of man to delimit Macedonia fairly; nobody could divide the country according to the actual division of the people, because the people are so mixed, but the bulk of the hinterland throughout is—except in the north-

west—Bulgarian. But Bulgaria fell between two stools or three stools. Turkey was thoroughly beaten, but unfortuntaely for Bulgaria she did all the hard work, took all the hard knocks, did the beating of the Turks, yet missed the two Macedonian plums; the Greeks pushed north and captured Salonika from the south two hours before the Bulgarians took it from the north; in the same way the Serbs captured Monastir in southwest Macedonia just before Bulgaria could reach the scene after massing her troops in Thrace. So Bulgaria missed the two Macedonian plums; she missed also even the Thracian plum, Adrianople, after putting it into her mouth and getting her teeth into it. The peace was signed at London on June 1st, 1913; but no division of Macedonia was made by the ambassadors in London, because the ambassadors were there not to mediate between the Balkan allies, but between Turkey and the Balkan allies, and that was all they did. The Austrian Ambassador refused to mediate between the Balkan allies, as Austria was bent on making mischief between the allies: she was even then designing war on Serbia, in June, 1913, as we have learned from Signor Giolitti only recently; she had no wish to make terms between the Balkan allies or mediate; and Europe didn't mediate. Venizelos worked hard to make concessions to Bulgaria, if not Salonika at least Kavala, the next good port farther east, and with it the good tobacco land behind it which grows Turkish tobacco, almost the only lands worth having in that part. Venizelos tried to get Kavala and its tobacco lands for Bulgaria. But Bulgaria wanted Salonika as well, and Monastir as well from the Serbians; the Serbians at first had been willing, but something else had happened: Austria and Italy (then allies) objected to Serbia staying in Albania, where she had captured the port of Durazzo on the Adriatic. They could get their pigs out of the country—that is their chief industry—which they could never do before, by sea. They were satisfied with Durazzo and the Adriatic outlet, but the Concert would not let them retain it. Austria and Italy wanted the Adriatic confined to themselves and Albania. The Concert refused to give Serbia her port on the Adriatic. Notice to quit was served on Serbia in December, 1912, and Greece was turned out of southern Albania a little later in the summer of 1913. Serbia had agreed to let Bulgaria have Monastir, but after Europe refused to give her Durazzo she refused to give up Monastir. She said she had only meant to resign southern Macedonia to Bulgaria and to resign access to the Ægæn Sea through Salonika if she gained instead access to the Adriatic; Bulgaria said that there was no such "if" in the

bond, and there was no "if." Bulgaria had all the obvious legal rights on her side. Russia tried to mediate, but Bulgaria is not exactly a Slav State, it is a Finn State; the people are not so close to Russia in race and character as the Serbs are, and they did not trust Russia; besides, Russia had tried to abduct their first King, Alexander, in the eighties; and that chicken came home to roost. (Laughter.) Worse still, the King of Greece, George, who had seen the ups and downs of life, who had succeeded a dethroned King and had been for a time himself in a political rest cure, a cautious, patient man, was assassinated just before this (in March, 1913), so there wasn't his influence to make peace in that early summer of 1913, and the King instead was Constantine and the Bulgarians didn't trust Constantine, and perhaps they didn't trust Venizelos' influence with Constantine. The Government of Bulgaria wanted nevertheless to come to terms with Serbia and Greece. All Europe said Bulgaria should get terms, that Bulgaria was abominably treated; all Europe hoped she would get the port of Kavala at least from the arbitrators. But before any arbitration came, a very unfortunate thing happened: the Bulgarian staff, on June 29th, 1913, apparently unauthorised and without declaring war made a midnight attack upon the Serbian troops, hoping by that midnight attack to hurry up Russia's procrastinating arbitrators, and give Europe a lesson in punctuality, and in order get into her hands the two ports in dispute. It is always best of course in law to have possession (laughter), and most important with courts like the Hague Tribunal or the Concert of Europe. General Savoff wanted to go into the court of law, after that midnight attack, with the cities in his hands; the midnight attack, fortunately and deservedly, failed; then Bulgaria was worse off than ever; the Bulgarian Government called General Savoff back, and forbade him to fight a second time; the Russian Government protested; the Roumanians invaded Bulgaria from the north; Turkey tore up the Treaty of London while the ink was not yet dry, and reoccupied Adrianople from the east and south; Greece swept away the little force that was trying to occupy Salonika; Serbia set her troops in motion: so there was the unfortunate little country with four different enemies fighting her, as punishment for her unfortunate breach of faith and midnight attack. She could hardly have been worse off if she had gone on fighting, and risked a second battle against Greeks and Serbians; but the Government refused to fight, and went to Bucharest and signed the ignominious treaty of Bucharest, by which it gave up southern and western Macedonia and was left without any seaboard

in Thrace except only a miserable strip of marsh and beach and open roadstead from the eastern corner of Kavala to Enos. It isn't any wonder that last year Bulgaria was ready to make almost any alliance against Greece or against Serbia or against Roumania.

Nobody knows, I think, where the king of Bulgaria stood in this collision between the Commander-in-Chief and the Government, whether he was behind the Commander-in-Chief and equally to blame: he is a very difficult man to place; he is what is vulgarly termed a "sob artist" (laughter),—he can shed tears at will, he can control his voice as musically as the birds which he collects and with the same scenic affects with which he manages his wardrobe; he can let his voice break just at the right moment; he is a most competent actor, perhaps for that reason most convincing in his parlor tricks to his very inarticulate people; and of course, being a supreme actor he must be very much drawn to that supreme stage manager, Emperor William. (Laughter.)

Bulgaria was forced to sign the peace of Bucharest in September, 1913, and a similar treaty with Turkey immediately afterwards and lost thereby the only other plum, the city of Adrianople. Of course Europe ought to have interfered, and bundled Turkey out of Adrianople, but the trouble with the Concert of Europe, even if it had been a Concert, is that it is just like the Hague Tribunal—it has no international officers to carry out its decrees. People said Britain should have used its fleet against Turkey, but of course it isn't Sir Edward Grey's way to take heroic measures like that; he always tries to work through the European Concert with his European colleagues and his colleagues were not united. He always was a man for peace at all price in Balkan negotiations. The Concert could have stopped the Balkan wars altogether, but they procrastinated and dawdled and interfered so long that it was too late. Then when the third Balkan war threatened, they could have interfered to help Bulgaria, but they were not a Concert any longer. Sir Edward Grey was shocked by the third Balkan war, and was anxious to give Kavala to Bulgaria.—(I call it the third Balkan war, but most people say second, though the first was divided into two wars by a long armistice, the third being the war of Greece and Serbia against Bulgaria.)—But the German Emperor said "No," and the King of Greece, in September, 1913, thanked the German Emperor for that "No." That is, I think, the most ominous thing from 1913 in connection with the present situation for the Allies. The Concert should have interfered to drive Turkey out of Adrianople: the German

Emperor again said "No." The Concert of Europe did not interfere to help Bulgaria, but had interfered to turn Serbia out of Durazzo; in short, the Concert of Europe, because it was not a Concert and could not agree, first stole Serbia's prize, the coast of north Albania and her harbor on the Adriatic, then, by disappointing Serbia made Serbia steal Bulgaria's prize, Monastir and the southwestern portions of Macedonia, and then allowed Turkey to steal Bulgaria's other prize, Adrianople. The policy of Austria and Italy of controlling the Adriatic threw the Balkan States at each other's throats, and wore them out against one another, and seemed to be designed to reduce them to helplessness and exhaustion against the time when Austria should be ready to advance again through Serbia to Salonika.

This is the sort of crafty Machiavellian policy which the Germans attribute in this present war to Great Britain and Sir Edward Grey. Anybody who reads history will find nothing of the sort against him in the Balkan wars: the only criticism of Sir Edward Grey is that he always worked with his European colleagues, and never took his courage in both hands, never acted alone, to help Serbia on the Adriatic or Bulgaria on the Ægean against Austrian and German protests. His critics can't have it both ways, gentlemen,—he cannot be a man of peace at all price, and also a German Machiavelli! (Hear, hear.) He was frankly for peace even in July, 1914, so far as the Balkans were concerned: and would not have raised a finger for Serbia unless France and Belgium had been involved. He would have interfered for Bulgaria in 1913 but Europe would not let him. And now we reach 1914 and the Great War: it began in the Balkans and drifted at once to France and Galicia: and did not involve the Balkans again till the autumn of that year, when Turkey entered into it and blocked the Dardanelles, in October, to prevent Russian wheat from getting out and Russian munitions from going in.

From that time on, no doubt, negotiations went on continually in Sofia, in Athens, in Belgrade and in Bucharest, but nothing was accomplished, and the only man who came near to accomplishing anything was Venizelos, who in January, 1915, addressed his letter to the King of Greece, urging war on the side of the Allies. It is quite likely that the Gallipoli expedition was intended to help Greece to come in, to impress the Balkan States and to impress Italy with the prospect of the break up of Turkey. But it is generally understood that the Greek general staff disapproved entirely of that venture so it did not bring Greece in, on the contrary it helped to

keep her out. It may possibly have helped to bring Italy in, because Italy was looking forward to the division of the Turkish Empire, and wanted to be present when the sick man's will was made. (Laughter.) She had twelve islands, including Rhodes, off southwestern Asia Minor, railway concessions on the coast opposite, and an interest in the trade of the Turkish Empire.

It is strange when you think, gentlemen, that Cobden died only about sixty years ago. Cobden thought trade was to be the great pacificator, the harbinger of universal peace. but since Cobden's time men as able as he, but more melancholy in their theory of life, have told us, with equal conviction, that the very essence of life is trade, that the essence of trade is competition, and that the essence of competition is war, and that war will continue as long as the struggle for bread continues; that the only solution will come when men of science have come to our relief with a plan for the colonization of Mars. (Laughter.) I think it is high time science did something useful in that line; lately the only thing she has done has been to introduce submarines and poisonous gases, and make war ten times more brutal and more material, without making it impossible.

To return to Venizelos, he did not succeed in effecting any Balkan alliance against Turkey, and the King's illness held up negotiations, or possibly the King enjoyed bad health for a period. (Laughter.) The critical and sanguine moment came last April, when Przemysl had fallen, when the Carpathians were full of Russian troops, and Austria seemed on her last legs, and Roumania must have been itching to pour her army over her Carpathians into Transylvanian Hungary. The opportunity was allowed to pass; May came, and Mackensen with May; and the Russians were rolled back and the Carpathians were emptied, and Roumania took a long, long breath, relieved, I am sure, to know that she had kept her itching hands in her pockets.

It has been said that Britain was terribly slack in diplomacy; from Oct., 1914, to Oct., 1915, in dealing with Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Roumania. Then it is said, in exactly the opposite spirit—of course by Germans—that British diplomacy has been just as unscrupulous as German in dealing with these small people; that we have violated the only neutral we could violate, Greece, the only one we could reach at a good port, that we have taken possession of Salonika, as they invaded Belgium; and that we are setting aside her neutrality since last October as they set aside Belgium's in August, 1914. Well, now, gentlemen, the critics can't have it both

ways: it cannot be that our diplomacy is slack, mild and weak, and also German! Great Britain never landed an army at Dedeagatch, on the Bulgarian coast last spring, because Bulgaria was neutral; she never landed an army in Greece at Salonika last summer, because Greece had a right to be neutral, as long as Bulgaria was neutral and as long as Greece, therefore, was under no obligation to help Serbia against Bulgaria; if she was slack and weak, in letting Greece and Bulgaria do nothing, then of course she was slack and weak; but she was not at the same time lawless and brutal and German!

What happened last summer before the occupation of Salonika? Bulgaria shilly-shallyed all through the summer, and still in August was tearfully coming in with the Allies, and yet on July 17th she had signed her secret treaty with Germany. It is said that the Kaiser thereby promised her Salonika; it is quite likely that he promised her Constantinople also; perhaps he promised them both to Greece as well. And if he promised them to Turkey and to Russia, he might in time have the four Powers fighting for them (laughter), and a supreme triumph for German diplomacy.

But what of the analogy between Belgium and Greece, between Antwerp and Salonika? I suppose it might seem enough to talk about fighting the devil with fire: if a Power begins by tearing up treaties and disregarding neutralities, does not that Power itself almost compel its opponents to disregard other neutralities, especially when these are contrary to treaty? Belgium, I mean, suffered at German hands because she kept her treaty: Greece suffers if she suffers at British hands because she would not keep her treaty. If that is not sufficient, perhaps it might be well to add that Greece is not a Belgium, not a country set aside and set apart and solemnely dedicated to peace, because it is of vital interest to all the western Powers, and has been the cockpit of Europe; Greece is not a guaranteed neutral; she is a Power recreated by England, France and Russia, in recent years; Greece never possessed Salonika in recent times until October, 1912, and then only by the skin of her teeth and luck and an advantage of a few hours over the Bulgarian army.

But I suppose the true defence is rather that the people of Greece, as represented by Venizelos, the premier, always wanted to join the Allies, and desire to do so now, being prevented only by military and monarchical interference. Venizelos tried to take Greece into the war this time last year; he tried again later; he claimed that he had the King's consent to give Kavala to Bulgaria; but the King said, "No, you misunderstood me;" so Venizelos went to the people—he resigned in protest and fought a general election; he came back with a majority again last August; he tried again to come to terms with Bulgaria and to bring Greece in; the King dismissed him. Then he told his followers not to vote at the election which followed, as a protest against the King's interference, and his party abstained from the polls. But he had invited the British to occupy Salonika, which is of course the only port Serbia could use, and therefore a sort of international port though under the Greek flag. Perhaps for this reason the occupation seemed less a violation of Greek neutrality than otherwise it would have been. Anyhow the Greek Goverment only offered mild protests, and only mild protests have come since. Meanwhile Greek and Bulgarian pickets are exchanging protests not quite so mild, and Greek officers are apparently fraternizing with the officers of the French army of occupation, their own old comrades, the men who had armed them and taught them how to fight in 1912 and 1913. There is not very much, gentlemen, in all that to remind one of Liége and Termonde and Louvain and Aerschot and Antwerp; though there may be a little of that chicanery and sharp practice which Cavour found more essential and more efficacious than modern Christianity for the attainment of even the loftiest political ends, such as the liberation of Italy.

As to what King Constantine really means, who knows? He may be afraid honestly of his wife; he may very well be afraid of his brother-in-law; he may be honestly infatuated with his brother-in-law; or he may be infatuated with his wife. (Laughter.) I know of no evidence except the slight evidence that he went out of his way to thank Germany in September, 1913, for her aid to Greece; or at least the only other piece of evidence I have heard is that the "Atlantis," a Greek paper in New York, was at the beginning of the war enthusiastically pro-Ally; and while protesting loyalty to the King of Greece was most eulogistic in its references to Great Britain; the Greeks of New York took similar views, and recommended Venizelos' policy to the King of Greece while also protesting their loyalty to him. But more recently the Editor—his name is rather significant—Blastos—was sent for by the King to Athens, and returned to New York with many honors—he had become "Blastus the King's chamberlain" (laughter)—and the "Atlantis" turned a sharp corner, and could not express sufficiently her sense of the iniquities of Great Britain; and the other Greeks in New York had to start another paper,

which they did, "The National Herald"—"Ethnikos Kerux," in order to support Venizelos against Blastos and the King! (Applause.) That looks as if the King was unfriendly to the Allies; but however it be he is trading no doubt on the decency, the forbearance, of Great Britain and France; he knows he can continue to annoy them and to oblige Germany without risking anything; he knows that whatever is taken at Salonika will be paid for and that there will be no confiscations and confiscatory requisitions; that there will be no shooting of hostages and murdering of nurses, nor any of the other concomitanats of Deutschtum and Kultur. (Applause.) He knows that when the Allies withdraw when the war is over, they will pay their bills and shake hands politely, express the pleasure they have found in making his acquaintance, and regret that a pleasant visit must end, and they will march out by the fine roads which they will have made gratis for the benefit of the country, as they made them in the Ionian Islands and in Cyprus. When you have to choose between offending gentlemen and offending Germans, of course you will offend the gentlemen (laughter), because they are too gentlemanly to retaliate except in a gentle and gentlemanly way. You know that Britons are always fools, and that Germans will never be gentlemen. (Laughter.) You know they never play the game, never indeed play any games, without cheating.

But is it not easy, gentlemen, quite apart from all the unhappy memories alredy mentioned, apart from all the taint and stench and stink of the three Balkan wars, to understand why neither Venizelos nor Sir Edward Grey has accomplished any alliance of these States on the side of the Allies? It would be very hard indeed, for look at the deep chasms between the States: there is the Italian friction with Greece both in the Adriatic and the Ægean; there is the similar friction between Italy and Serbia; there is the latent friction between Greece and Russia—Greece is the historical owner of Constantinople; she has given her name to the Church of Constantine, the Eastern or Greek Church; she is growing every day and coming back into her own; she is still the brains of the East; she has her Greek suburb in Constantinople; the Phanar and she formed, until the Young Turk movement began, the only "intelligentsia" of the Turkish Empire; Greece has her merchants and bankers in every capital of the world; Greece has even her best ambassadors, the currant bun, and the shoe black, in every city of the world. (Laughter.) But of course Russia requires Constantinople in order to get her grain out of and her munitions into the

Black Sea, whereas Greece has ports everywhere and is not sealed up every winter in icebound harbors.

There is also the oscillating balance, the unstable equilibrium, the insoluble problem, between the Balkan States and Russia. The stronger those States become, the less they need Russia, and the less use they are to Russia; the so-called balance of power in the Balkans which is a miniature of the balance of power in Europe and is a curse to the four States and fills them with jealousy, is a standing temptation and opportunity to Russia to play them off against one another. That is the different relation at present between Russia and the Balkan States.

If anybody, if Sir Edward Grey, could bring Bulgaria in on the side of the Allies even now, if he could pacify Bulgaria, and overlook her King's duplicity and tears, and reconcile her to Serbia, and secure for her her present holdings and Adrianople, I suppose we should almost all of us be well content. I think she should have some compensation for all the wrongs she has suffered from Greece, Serbia, Turkey and Roumania in the third Balkan war; and Kavala, or another decent port if there be any other port available which can be made decent, should be added. But it may no longer be possible; it may be impossible for many reasons.

And now this Club knows as much as I do of the relation of Greece to this war: I have tried to bring it down to date, but you see the chapter is not yet finished, and leaves off short; and every day, every hour, may add to it and change it. (Long and hearty applause.)