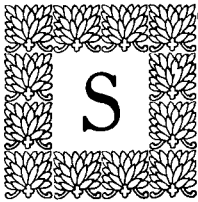




AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News



OME folks say that one way to make Americans proud to possess collections of books is to have architects and interior decorators demand that bookcases be built into every home.

Once an owner becomes convinced that books are as important as bathtubs, they continue, he will insist that they be "installed," and in thus provoking his neighbors to emulate him the cause of books will be well served. We acknowledge the effectiveness of this argument so far as motor cars are concerned, and we doubt not that some of the skurrying for worthless first editions is due to the desire of a limited number of newly rich to acquire culture at a bounce, but we have seen many built-in bookcases in apartment buildings that would not stand a critical inspection. A much better way to stimulate the reading of books is to publish good books, both new and old. We are optimistic this month because so many fine new and old books are available. The announcements of new editions of older writers lead us to believe that no man can excuse himself from reading by remarking that books do not seem to be so good as they used to be. It is surely fortunate that the works of Stephen Crane are now to be reprinted in a complete new edition by Alfred A. Knopf. This author has never been adequately read because few of his books were reprinted after their first editions were exhausted. Mr. Knopf has acquired permission for the publication of all his works.

The same publisher announces a new set of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche. An interesting announcement is that of the American Library, which is to be edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Morss Lovett, Albert J. Nock and John Macy and published by A. and C. Boni. The first five titles include the Journal of Columbus' first Voyage to America, Herman Melville's *Israel Potter* and *Redburn*, and Ambrose Bierce's *Can Such Things Be* and *In the Midst of Life*. Among the books in preparation are *The Damnation of Theron Ware* and the works of Artemus Ward.

An Interesting Experiment

Four phases of life among wealthy families in New York city in the last century are illuminated by Edith Wharton in her new book, *Old New York*. As a matter of fact it is a series of books, for here are four thin volumes, each containing a fairly long story, and the whole attractively presented in a box, an experiment in publishing. Mrs. Wharton's people belong to the environment that she knows best. In the first book, "False Dawn," a family is trying to acquire prestige and position in the Forties and fails. In the second, "The Old Maid," a woman of the Fifties gives up married life in order that she may remain near her illegitimate child. "The Spark," dealing with the Sixties, traces the career of the noblest man in the group, and "New Year's Day," placed in the Seventies, describes how society treated the woman who would not conform. In all of these stories we get the feeling that Mrs.

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Wharton has visualized the modes and manners of the times of which she writes. The most convincing tale is "The Old Maid," where the character of Charlotte Lovell is drawn with much understanding. We get the impression that manners have changed much, but that human traits have remained much the same. (D. Appleton & Co.)

A Novel of the Real American

The publication of *Country People* by Ruth Suckow marks a step in America's coming of age. It is original and native, and has no suggestion of derivative writing and thinking about it. It renews our confidence that not all American authors are going to dissipate their promise by imitating the prevailing European modes. The fact that its author is an Iowa woman, who, instead of lolling around the Biltmore or the Ritz keeps an apiary in Earlville, Ia., still further enforces our belief that the best of our native writers must isolate themselves or work far from the seaboard. *Country People* reads so simply that one wonders at times what has become of the author. Only gradually the reader becomes convinced that in this absence of artifice lies a perfected technical skill. It marks the work of a writer who has no wish to place herself between her story and the reader. She takes, out of the life of a family in an Iowa farming community, certain salient facts, tells them simple and effectively and closes the book. She makes no attempt to romanticize the tale or to develop high lights and gray tones by skillful writing. Here they are, these Kaetterhenrys, three generations of them, living their lives in the Wapsipinicon country of Iowa, near Dubuque; settling on virgin soil, mating, rearing children, building up modest homes, meeting rebuffs, victories, passing on. Every character is real, every line true. It will, we hope, open the eyes of both our artists and our public to the quality of the American material that has been obscured by the popularity of life in Sussex, or Dartmoor, or the Devon country. The use of this theme and the author's treatment of it proves that she also is in revolt against the literary artificiality which has so long dominated writing in America. *Country People* is important. It is one of the most important manifestations of competence in writing that has come out of the Middle West. We have had plenty of promising tales out of the midlands, but

many of them lacked either technical skill or originality. Miss Suckow's style is as native as her theme. She has the faculty of transmuting the provincial tongue into her prose without actually reproducing a dialect. It would be out of place here to draw comparison with other books, other writers. Miss Suckow's theme and method are her own, and although other writers are working in the same direction she will not influence them, nor will they affect her. Her personality inspires confidence. She has an apiary at Earlville, Ia., and writes without regard for the demands of the commercial market. This is her first novel. She first sent her work to H. L. Mencken, who encouraged her to continue. He has had every reason to do so. We recall that about two years ago one morning at 2 A.M. we were walking down Broadway with the redoubtable critic. He had been inquiring about the alfalfa in the West and was pessimistic about crops. "But if you get a chance," he said, "read the short stories by Ruth Suckow. I think she is going to do something." Of course he knew exactly what he was about. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

True Talk From Mr. White

When we opened a book called *The Editor and his People* we had no idea that upon closing it we would be convinced that we had read a novel out of the heart of American life. For the book is not a novel at all, but a collection of editorials written by William Allen White for the *Emporia Gazette* during several decades, now selected and arranged by Helen O. Mahin, with occasional comment by Mr. White. Through the pages of this book march a lot of real folks that so many novelists overlook but that politicians have a habit of referring to as "the plain people." Mr. White is as unpretentious as they; he talks about the weather, the crops, the old family horse, the stray dog, the traffic cop on the corner, the presidential election—producing, in other words, genuine Americana. In his preface he admits that some of these opinions are put down helter-skelter. "This book records," he writes, "the editorial output of a man growing from his mid-twenties into his mid-fifties, and contains all sorts of crazy contradictions." And then he admits that he began as "a fine old reactionary," believing in his twenties that this was a fine old world, that the rich were rich because they deserved to be and the poor had only them-

From the Macmillan List

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May Sinclair *The Dark Night*

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Ernest Poole *The Avalanche*

A restless, sensation-seeking New York society girl meets a brilliant young psychiatrist. The clash of contrasting ambitions and ideals forms an absorbing story. \$2.00

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Among the New Books

selves to blame for their misfortunes. Strange to say, as he grew older he became more and more liberal: "Qualifications, negations, denials of the doctrine of perfection in human conduct appear, and as the first decade merges into the second we find the standpatter gone and the progressive rampant in his place." These editorials are so readable because they lack the pretense and show of professional work. They reflect the views of a man who is himself the common denominator of the great middle body of Americans. When he writes about Tom the old nag that drew the surrey in which Theodore Roosevelt rode around Emporia, he evokes memories stored away in the minds of most of us. His talk, "About your Ma," makes one feel happy because some mothers did look after their girls, and his denunciation of mothers who fail because they don't know enough "to clean up children's dirty noses and necks" makes folks nod their heads all through the congregation. There are included any number of editorials that have made their way from coast to coast: the famous one, for instance, called "What's the Matter with Kansas?" then the one that won a Pulitzer prize, "To an Anxious Friend." And not to overlook one called simply "Mary White," in which the editor tells the story of the little girl who loved to play and to ride and who died a few days before this simple chronicle was written. It is, as we said, not exactly a book of tiresome editorials. You might strip off the title and the chapter headings and read it for a novel of American life, for such, after all, it is. (Macmillan.)

Samuel Butler Complete

Most of us know Samuel Butler only through two, or at most three, books, perhaps because these have been made much more easily accessible than anything else he has written. The Complete Works of Samuel Butler, soon to be introduced in America by E. P. Dutton & Co., will make inaccessibility a poor excuse in future, provided that copies of this unusual set are placed within easy reach of the general reader. The works are contained in the Shrewsbury edition of twenty volumes edited by Henry Fielding Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. Only 750 sets will be available, of which number 375 are destined for the United States, so it is to be hoped that discriminating librarians will quickly avail themselves of this opportunity. The page is

beautiful to look upon; the type is based on a font cut in 1535 by Claude Garamond for Francis I of France and fills one with admiration for the old designers and the modern adapters. The two books that we have examined so far are *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* and *Other Essays*, and *Erewho*; the reproduction in the first volume of a photograph of Samuel Butler in his student days gives one an entirely new picture of his personality. Twenty volumes of Butler—seventeen of which we have never read—gives promise of adventures new and glimpses of high mountains and graceful valleys.

A Poet of Devon

"On the southern fringe of Dartmoor, in the country of Devon, is a village called Donsland Barn," writes L. A. G. Strong in a preface to his new book of poems, "The Lowery Road." "It lies on the main moorland road from Plymouth to Exeter, some eleven or twelve miles from Plymouth. A little way above it a side road branches to the right, up a short steep hill. This is the Lowery Road." And here, he continues, every stone has its name, and the verses that he has written about it "may be called a first confession of faith in it." We remember Mr. Strong's verse favorably from "Dublin Days." That had in it a quality of characterization, and some humor. There is less humor in this book, but we get a good glimpse of the lonely, gaunt, forbidding setting of Dartmoor in these verses. Here is "Sheepstor," which the poet says "is as bold a mass as Bredon":

The little granite church upholds
Four pinnacles like holy hands,
A missionary proclaiming God
To ancient unbelieving lands.

Long time it dared the indifferent hills
Child-like, half frightened, all alone,
Lest chink of matin bell offend
The mother of its quarried stone.

Now it is proven and secure,
Yet may not sleep, remembering
How on the moor above it stand
Stone row and mound and pagan ring.

Mr. Strong's epitaphs have now and then a simple irony:

SENTRY

The snare of sleep held fast his struggling
will,

They found him, and he now may
sleep his fill.

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And these, that bear no titles:

Beneath this stone is laid
A slender maid
Whom many would have loved in vain.

and

Joe Gard sleeps underneath this stone
As all his life he slept—alone.

One gets well acquainted with the Lowery road after reading this little book. (Boni & Liveright.)

It Lives Up to Its Title

And now Ring W. Lardner is making fun of the "writing game" from the standpoint of a fan on the bleachers. Here comes a book, *How to Write Short Stories — With Samples* which finds lots to laugh at in the modern yarn. There are ten samples, each a story in itself, and each made fun of by the author in a spirited introduction. Thus Ring Lardner in his note to "The Facts" which opens the book: "A sample story of life in the Kentucky mountains. An English girl leaves her husband, an Omaha policeman, but neglects to obtain a divorce. She later meets the man she loves, a garbage inspector from Bordeaux, and goes with him 'without benefit of clergy.' This story was written on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, and some of the sheets blew away, which may account for the apparent scarcity of interesting situations." Of a story called "My Roomy," he writes: "A house party in a fashionable Third Avenue laundry and the predicament of a hero who has posed as a famous elevator starter form the background of this delightful tale of life in the Kiwanis club." Mr. Lardner's hints on how to write are in keeping with the spirit of these introductions. "The first thing I do, generally always do," he writes, "is try and get hold of a catchy title, like for instance, 'Basil Hargrave's Vermifuge,' or 'Fun at the Incinerating Plant.' Then I set down to a desk or flat table of any kind and lay out three or four sheets of paper with as many different colored pencils and look at them cockeyed a few moments before making a selection. How to begin—or, as we professionals would say, 'how to commence'—is the next question. It must be admitted that the method of approach (l'approchement) differs even among first class fictionists. For example, Blasco Ibanez usually starts his stories with a Spanish word, Jack Dempsey with an 'I' and Charley Peterson with a couple of simple declarative sentences

about his leading character, such as 'Hazel Gooftree had just gone mah jong. She felt faint.'" . . . Well, Al is not here, but his vernacular is all over the place. (Scribner.)

A Business Man Speaks

The name of A. Lincoln Filene is to-day an important one in the business world because of the contribution Mr. Filene has made to the growing "science" of store management. Filene's, in Boston, has become widely known for the methods of co-operation with employees which have been successfully used there. This book, *A Merchant's Horizon*, tells what Mr. Filene has done and how he justifies his belief in his employees. To many American business men, heads of corporations and departments, it will prove interesting reading. Mr. Filene has faith in the intelligence of the employee. "For seven hundred and fifty years in the past," he writes, "society has managed to adapt itself to this wage rise—and improved itself in the process. For, of course, labor never achieved this steady ascent in the scale of wages and living by mere contentiousness, by ceaseless demands, by everlasting strikes and strife. The worker rose because he achieved a parallel in the scale of intelligence and because the general intelligence of society rose with him." Mr. Filene has faith in the value of common discussion, and in letting the worker talk things over with the owners. This has not led to a desire of the men to misuse their prerogatives when it has been tried, he says. He takes sharp issue with Mr. Henry Ford's idea that the worker who becomes merely an automaton is happy, simply because he is well paid for the trivial task of making a few motions with the hand or arm that do not deviate in the course of years and require hardly any effort and surely no intelligence. He asks: "What if we go on refining production, to the point where all thought, initiative, ambition, spirit are crushed?" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

A Portrait of Poincaré

Mr. Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, has painted an intensely vivid portrait of Raymond Poincaré in his new book, *Poincaré, a Biographical Portrait*. (Little, Brown & Co.) At the same time he has given a resumé of the foreign and industrial policy of France that may be read with understanding. His admiration for Poincaré is that of a careful

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student who does not let hero worship obscure his vision. M. Poincaré, to his view, is essentially a timorous man who rises at times to quick decisions which, when once made, are adhered to through failure and success. Thus he is given much of the credit for holding out to the bitter end in the gloomy days of 1918 when many high-placed generals and cabinet members counseled the abandonment of Paris. Here he was obdurate. It was his view that any departure from Paris at that moment would be proof to the nation that the government knew the war was lost. Even Clemenceau carried the message of evacuation from the military headquarters to the president of the republic, but when he encountered M. Poincaré's stubborn determination not to move he stiffened and agreed with him. Mr. Huddleston makes much of the patriotism of these two men, which was able to make both join hands during the great crisis, although Clemenceau had attacked the president almost daily in his newspaper and in the chamber before he became president of the Council. A great deal of space is given to explaining the Ruhr, and rightly. Mr. Huddleston is sharply critical of British diplomacy throughout the period, and finds British prestige suffered immeasurably by loud words and inaction. The fact that the legality of the occupation of the Ruhr was not established is to his mind a failure of Poincaré, the lawyer. He agrees that the French case as viewed by French financiers and business men, rather than that set forth by M. Poincaré in his speeches, has much to do with the whole Ruhr program. The French leaders never lost sight of the fact that a handicap would have to be put on Germany to prevent her from competing in the world market with France to the great detriment of the latter. Germany, in meeting the liability of reparations, or her debt through loans from America and other countries, would be forced to stabilize her money, place a burden of taxation on her people and so increase the cost of material, living, labor and the cost of production. Commercial rivalry would then start under much fairer conditions. Armaments would be handicapped. Mr. Huddleston relates that the essence of the Poincaré policy came to him from the minister himself. "His policy, as he explained it, was to squeeze Germany as hard as possible, to obtain all the advantages to which he believed France was entitled, but at the proper moment to extend a fraternal hand across the frontier."

Mr. Huddleston sees no safety in armament. "Only by international friendships, including the friendship of France and Germany, can the age-long feuds which have devastated Europe be appeased. Only in international friendships and in the abandonment of enmities can the future of France as a first-class power be assured."

A Genius Writes on Genius

Another collection of essays by Anatole France has just been published under the title *The Latin Genius*. This reminds us again of the tremendous literary fecundity of this man throughout the last half century. None of these papers is very recent, and none discusses authors of to-day, yet each may be read with profit. The authors discussed include La Fontaine, Paul Scarron, Moliere, Racine, Le Sage, Chateaubriand, Xavier de Maistre, Benjamin Constant, Saint Beuve as a poet, and others. The opening paper is about "Daphnis and Chloe" and there is also an interesting study of Margaret of Navarre. M. France speaks of her as "creature well born in good faith, born to the noblest sorrow, born to suffer with all-suffering humanity, and to carry in the battle of life but balm and electuaries." Of her character he writes: "Honest Marguerite loved gay talk and laughed with a will at the doings of monks' gowns and women's petticoats. . . . Boccaccio gave her infinite pleasure. She herself wrote tales 'in her carrying chair going about: for at home she had more serious occupations.' She proposed to imitate Boccaccio in these tales of hers, 'except in one thing, which is to set down nothing that is not true.' She put into her stories, under borrowed names, her father, her mother, her brother, her husband and herself. But she who told them had furnished but seven of the days when death took her." Her daughter became the mother of Henry IV. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

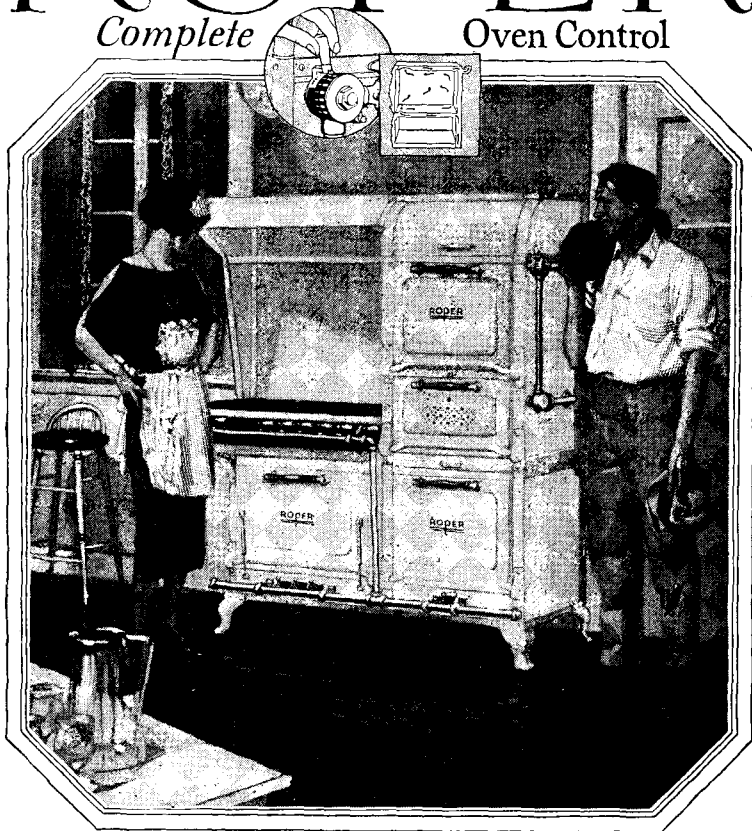
Cold Cream for Men

Senator Copeland's advocacy of cold cream for men, so that they may retain skin of beautiful texture, seems to us another signpost pointing to the coming feminization. The worst of it is that his advice seems wholly reasonable. We encountered it in a desultory reading of *The Health Book*, by Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former health commissioner of New York City. (Harcourt, Brace.) This book con-

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Among the New Books

tains advice on every sort of ailment, from appendicitis to worms, with full directions telling "what to do in an attack." We did not have the heart to read it all, but we observed the doctor's advice that a youthful skin in a man depends on his use of grease or cream after shaving. The skin of the face is covered with oil to fight germs and poisonous contacts, and this is removed when the face is washed with strong soap, or upon shaving. Dr. Copeland says that cream or grease should be applied to face, nose and neck after shaving, and then wiped off with a soft cloth. This restores the oil that the skin needs. If this bit of advice is sufficient to interest readers in his book, we might add that there are 400 pages here "of sound instruction," on all sorts of subjects—hicoughs, electrical shock, lumbago, baldness, care of babies, pinkeye—and so on.

A Book of Beauty

Gabriel Faure's descriptions of Italy are among the most delightful travel writing of the day. Like Andre Maurel he is able to interpret one nation to another without losing any of the overtones. He has just written a book called *The Italian Lakes* which has been published in most alluring form by the Medici Society, Ltd., London and Boston, which evidently means to give us books of unusual quality. M. Faure is both lyrical and restrained, but for anyone who has ever visited Maggiore, Como, Orta, Varese, Lugano, Iseo and Garda he is a revelation. Wherever he goes he carries with him the memory of what other men have written about these lakes and towns; he recalls the comment of Shelley, Stendhal, Taine, Maurice Barres, Pliny, Leopardi, George Sand, Flaubert, Chateaubriand—reminded us how often and how well Frenchmen have interpreted the natural glories of Italy. But M. Faure is not merely a chronicler; he is a commentator, a critic and an artist: he sees much that other men, beholding only themselves mirrored in nature, have missed. His attitude toward works of art is impressionistic, and he views many of them with a glowing enthusiasm, but his prose is always at the right pitch. Thus he writes of Luini, whose frescoes and larger paintings are to be found at Lugano, and who might have been another Titian and Correggio but for the overwhelming power of Leonardo:

"Before the works of Luini I almost always receive three successive impressions. First I feel the rapture which springs from the joy of the eye in a harmony of tones and colors. Every time I enter this church and catch sight of this Passion, the word 'charming' comes naturally to my lips. Then, looking closer, I am a little disillusioned; some groups are rather confused, some faces are inexpressive, some perspectives false. But I look into the details, I walk away, and I try to get a clear impression of the whole, and once more Luini conquers me. He has so many fine tones, such masterly shading, so much softness and sweetness informing every part of his work, that I lose the power of criticism. I am captured, as I am by some music which I know quite well enough to be commonplace, but which holds me from the first bar. . . . Nowhere can the soul of the painter, his genius and tender philosophy, and his smiling faith be better divined than here. In this sheltered corner he found, as it were, a refuge from the overpowering Leonardo, and could speak straight from his own simple heart." Uniform with this book is *Grenoble and Thereabouts*, by Henri Ferrand. In preparation, among other volumes, is another by M. Faure, *The Land of St. Francis of Assisi*. The books are printed in black and sepia, the latter tint giving extraordinary values to the reproductions of photographs.

Vivid New York

Snappy tales of New York are contained in *White Light Nights* by O. O. McIntyre. (Cosmopolitan Book.) There are all sorts of anecdotes and observations here, and a few of the trails lead out of Manhattan, but for the most part they keep close to Broadway, the Village, Union Square, the Bowery, the Avenue, and other landmarks. Mr. McIntyre likes the vernacular, and his style is direct and full of vitality. "In New York Reuben does not come to town," he writes. "He lives here. Remove the spats and monocle and behold the apple-knocker. The specious reasoning of New Yorkers that a silk hat and stiff white shirt make the city slicker is as fallacious as another idea that west of Hoboken is Main Street." Which, as you will agree, is a pretty provocative way to start folks in town and out West reading the book.

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England and America

Their Misunderstandings and Their Opportunity

BY A. G. GARDINER

The Editors asked Mr. Gardiner to write with complete frankness on the present state of feeling between his country and the United States, because they agree with him that Anglo-American co-operation is "the capital theme in world affairs," and because as the former editor of the London *Daily News*, as a close student of international affairs, and as a cordial friend of the United States, he is well fitted to tell us what are to-day the obstacles to a practical accord. It is interesting to note that he regards the main obstacle as temperamental rather than political.

A WELL-KNOWN American who has been on a visit to this country, with which he is exceptionally familiar, remarked to me the other day that he had been disquieted by the change of feeling which he had found here on the subject of America. He was disquieted because, like most responsible Americans, he regarded fraternal relations between the two peoples as the most necessary condition of the general well-being of the world. He attributed the changed feeling to the undercurrent of dissatisfaction which existed on the subject of the American debt. Wherever he went, he said, he found a deep sense that England was receiving hard measure in regard to the finance of the War which was waged in the common interest and the burden of which should have been a common burden.

I do not know whether the impression which my friend received as to the changed tendency is well founded, but it can hardly be questioned on an impartial consideration of the facts that there is abundant ground for the view that the English taxpayer, between debtors who will not pay him his debts and creditors who do not release him from his obligations, is being roughly handled. This view is strengthened by the fact that the money which England borrowed during the War was not borrowed for her own needs but for the needs of her Allies. England was the one European nation involved in the struggle which from the beginning to the end paid her way by the capacity and willingness of her people to provide her requirements. In her borrowings she simply made herself the channel for the

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supply of the necessities of her Allies, and assumed the responsibility for repayment. Whether she was wise in doing so may be doubted. The fact that her credit and her business honor alike should have been regarded as the only reliable financial guarantee in Europe was a flattering recognition of her position, but there were those, like Mr. McKenna, who at the time gravely questioned the wisdom and the justice of making ourselves responsible to one Ally for the borrowings of other Allies. The tendency in England during the War was not merely to disregard business considerations but even to flout them with a certain lavish prodigality, in strange contrast to the severe economy of the French, who conducted the War on the strictest business principles, profited by the presence of two million troops of Allied Powers on their soil for four years and punctually charged those Allies with "damages" incident to their presence.

It was perhaps too innocently assumed in making ourselves responsible for the liabilities of others that with victory attained, considerations not of gratitude but of ordinary probity would prevail, and that while fulfilling our obligations to America we should be reimbursed by our Allies in respect of those obligations which we had undertaken on their behalf. In that expectation of course we have been grossly disappointed, and it might reasonably be said that our dissatisfaction should be directed not across the Atlantic but across the Channel. While the English taxpayer is staggering under a burden of taxation unprecedented in European history—a taxation which rises in the case of the wealthy to 10/- in the £1, and which even in the case of the middle classes is 5/- in the £1—and while that taxation in no inconsiderable degree represents payments to America in respect of debts incurred on behalf of France and Italy, the French taxpayer is still subject only to a trivial impost, and the French nation, while almost ostentatiously ignoring its

debts, is spending more than the equivalent of the interest of those debts in arming the smaller states which accept its practical sovereignty, and in building up a system of blockhouses on the Continent, designed to establish a military domination of Europe unprecedented since Napoleon bestrode Europe from the Channel to the Vistula.

When to all this is added the fact that the policy which M. Poincaré has imposed on the Allies has prevented the recovery of world trade upon which the industrial prosperity of England depends, the discontents which prevail will be seen to have a quite intelligible basis. Had peace been established in Europe and had there been even a remote possibility of the debts due to us being honored, there would have been no feeling in this country such as that which the American visitor to whom I have referred found to exist at the present time. There was never any question that the debt we had incurred to America, even though it was on behalf of others, should be honored; and the funding of that debt by Mr. Baldwin was carried out with entire public approbation as a matter of ordinary business principle. But it is not unnatural that as the pressure of taxation is increasingly felt, as the recovery of Europe is delayed and the depression of trade assumes the character of a permanent condition, the sense tends to develop that this country is being unfairly crushed between the upper and the nether millstones.

It would be an unfortunate fact at any time. It is peculiarly unfortunate in the present circumstances of the world. The end of the War left the European system in chaos. That system had been founded on the basis of competitive armaments and the fatal principle of the balance of power. The ruin that was left by the convulsion contained one element of magnificent promise. It provided an opportunity such as there had never been before of reconstructing human society on a more rational and enduring foundation. That

promise acquired reality from the fact that the two Powers in the world which had survived the catastrophe with least misfortune were equally interested in a pacific solution of the world's affairs. Those powers were the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth. Powerful among equals before the War they were left, assuming they acted in agreement, the supreme arbiters of the world. They had it in their power to canalize the future into a new mold fashioned after their heart's desire. Between them they ruled, directly or indirectly, not much less than half the earth. They commanded practically the whole of the credit left in the world. Their supremacy in mere terms of force was unchallengeable, for their command of the sea was absolute and their military potentialities as considerable as those of all the nations outside their borders. In wealth of resources—industrial power and command of that raw material which is the determining factor in the activities of peace as well as war—their supremacy was as marked as that of the general standard of the life of their peoples.

Nor in another and a more spiritual sense was their community of interest lacking. They spoke the same language and derived their ideas of justice and social order largely from the same sources. They had in their own relations offered the world the most conspicuous example in history of the rational adjustment of differences. More than a century had passed since the last war between them, and in the interval many grave subjects of quarrel had been amicably arranged by negotiation in a spirit which, however hostile in the early stages of discussion, bore witness in the result to their wisdom and common sense. Two outstanding incidents of that century of peace represented the most decisive steps that have ever been taken toward the substitution of reason for force in international relationships. The first—the honor of which belongs primarily to America—was the Rush-

Bagot agreement made at the end of the War of 1812-14, in pursuance of which the American-Canadian frontier of nearly 4,000 miles has remained for a century without fort or gun, warship or sentry from end to end. The records of nations will be searched in vain for any measure so wise, so courageous, and so triumphant.

Uninterrupted peace has been the fruit of that act of faith and mutual good will. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Prime Minister of Canada, justly described the achievement as "a spectacle that would astound the world by its novelty and grandeur—the spectacle of two peoples living in amity side by side for a distance of 4,000 miles along a line which is hardly visible in many quarters, with no cannon, no guns frowning across it, with no fortresses on either side, with no armaments one against another, but living in harmony and mutual confidence, and with no other rivalry than that of generous emulation in the arts of peace." The other episode, the submission by the British Government of the "Alabama" claims to arbitration, was a no less conspicuous triumph for rational processes in international affairs.

It would be a mistake to conclude from these two remarkable and outstanding achievements that the relations of the two countries had been conspicuous for amiability.

A precise consideration of those relations indeed would lead to a contrary conclusion. The occasions of sharp and even embittered controversy have been frequent and serious. They have shown a singular contrast between speech and action. They have begun in a cloud of unwise and menacing words, and issued always in reasonable and honorable action. Between the United States and ourselves have been waged some of the most fierce verbal and diplomatic battles in history, but in the end reason has always prevailed, a sensible agreement has been reached, and when reached it has invariably been kept with a loyalty and a freedom from mutual suspicion and distrust rare if not unexampled in the

relations of great Powers. The diplomatic history of the European nations is largely a record of dishonored "scraps of paper." But the diplomatic history of Great Britain and the United States is a record of accommodations, often painfully reached, but when reached never dishonored.

In view of all this it is natural to ask why, when the two English-speaking Commonwealths at the end of the War found themselves in possession of an opportunity, unprecedented in history, of giving the world a new orientation, the failure to take advantage of it was so complete and disastrous. I shall not attempt to analyze the causes of that failure or to allocate the responsibility. It was shared in differing degrees by both sides, and shared for reasons some of which may be intelligible, but most of which were not worthy of our great kindred civilizations or of the priceless opportunity they might have turned to the general advantage of mankind. Internal considerations, some of them of a not wholly reputable kind, were allowed to deflect policy from the high plane of world reconstruction to the low plane of petty political expediency. As the historian will see it, the true course of the two Commonwealths was plain. It was impossible to look for moderate ideas of peace to the Continental Powers which were saturated with the virus of centuries of strife. Left to themselves any peace, so called, that was accomplished would be a peace of vengeance—a peace imposed by the victor over the vanquished in the ancient terms of *vae victis*, a peace that could only be a prelude to the unfolding of a new chapter of history that would repeat the tragic tale of the past. But together the English-speaking powers were in a position to impose a settlement which would have changed the current of history. They were alike in their detachment from the cockpit of Europe and in their preoccupation with extra-European interests. Neither was infected with the militarist traditions of the Continental

Powers, and both were profoundly concerned to secure a pacific foundation for world society, not merely or even primarily on moral grounds but on grounds of practical self interest. There can be no question in the mind of the future historian that had the two nations worked loyally together in the most critical period of the world's history, they could have settled the problem of a distracted Europe and given the world a just and enduring peace.

The golden moment has gone by and it will not return, but the task still remains to be accomplished, and the first condition of its accomplishment is still the cordial co-operation of the English-speaking Commonwealths. They cannot escape the responsibility implicit in the exceptional advantages with which time and circumstance have favored them. In the light of to-day it is easy to understand the measure of the calamity which a foolish king in the eighteenth century inflicted on the future development of the world. Had that fatal breach in the solidarity of the English-speaking world not been made, and had not the most virile and most richly endowed element of the English race been driven into a separate and hostile political system, the unity of the English-speaking world would to-day have been intact, its real if not nominal center would have shifted across the Atlantic, and the most enlightened and pacific community in the world would have the unchallenged control of world tendencies.

The War brought within the ambit of possibility not, it is true, the reunion of the severed peoples on the old basis, but their practical co-operation in the establishment of a new world order. The achievement of that co-operation, in spite of the disappointment of the past five years, is still the capital theme in world affairs. The main obstacle to be overcome is, I think, temperamental more than practical. Such political difficulties as there are have in fact been very largely modified within the last two years. When I was in America

in 1919 I was impressed, as I think any visitor to America would have been, with three political sources of irritation in the relations of the two peoples. They were the question of Ireland, the British alliance with Japan, and the problem of sea power. Since then all these irritations have been removed or at least substantially modified. Home Rule has been conceded to Ireland, the Alliance with Japan has lapsed, the Washington Conference has gone far and, but for French opposition, would have gone still farther in the direction of disposing of the last source of antagonism.

In all these matters it may be fairly claimed on behalf of Great Britain that she has acted wisely and in consonance with American feeling. It cannot perhaps be claimed that the result has been all that was hoped. For example, although Ireland has received a measure of freedom and independence far beyond anything which Parnell ever claimed or regarded as possible—a measure which leaves the Free State intact and as untrammelled by external interference as any of the Overseas Dominions—the attitude of the Irish element in America is as hostile and embittered as if Dublin Castle still threw its shadow over Ireland. I suppose the present generation of Irish-Americans has become so infected with Anglophobia and has lived so long on that acrid diet that any change of mind in that quarter is not to be looked for. A new generation must arise before the poison of an ancient wrong is worked out of the system. But I do not think that any reasonable American to-day can fail to recognize that however late in time and however vulnerable in circumstance, England has in fact done justice to Ireland and has closed satisfactorily and honorably that long outstanding account.

I think that it is legitimate to expect that American opinion will, in the long run, disown the perpetuation in its midst of an extra-territorial quarrel which has been settled in its place

of origin and which is kept alive certainly not in the interest of America and equally certainly not in the interest of Ireland itself. I remember in a conversation I had with the late President Wilson at Paris in 1919 that on my mentioning with some fervor the question of Ireland, he expressed himself very decisively on the subject of the Irish-American. "The Irish-American," he said, "has to make the decision ultimately which the German-American had to make during the War. He will have to decide whether he is an Irishman or an American. Our country has offered to them, as it has offered to others, the full measure of its citizenship and its franchises. The claim it can make and must make upon them in return is that they shall not make our country the battlefield of a controversy between two islands three thousand miles away." If that was a reasonable position for an American to take up in 1919, it is an overwhelmingly more intelligible view to hold to-day when the conflict to which President Wilson referred has been settled, and when the continuance in America of the passions it aroused have no justification in present conditions and no practical goal except the embitterment of the relations between two peoples who have no solid ground for disagreement, but have great and compelling reasons for seeking a basis of understanding and good will, not in their mutual interests only, but in the general interests of society.

If therefore it were specific political discords which alone obstructed the path to a secure Anglo-American accommodation, there would be little reason for concern. Not only have such discords as there are been largely resolved by recent events, but the history of the past century, as I have indicated, has shown that the fundamental good sense which governs action if not speech between the two countries is an unfailing safeguard in all cases of serious collision. The century of peace which has reigned between the two nations and the unfortified