

of a great new organization should be for us a salutary stimulant.

It is not because Geneva is the capital of the League that Genevans believe in the League of Nations. It is rather because we have long believed in the League that Geneva has been chosen. We believe in it because a peaceful grouping of states corresponds to our political, moral, and social ideal. We shall do all in our power to make the future League a veritable federation of the peoples who compose it. It is not a matter of indifference that the League should have its offices in a land as democratic as Switzerland and in a city which has been the cradle of modern democracy.

In entering confidently into the League (in spite of the imperfections of the treaty of Paris), Switzerland, instead of breaking with her history, remains faithful to her traditional mission which is that of a common friend of peoples and nations. This mission she sought during the war to accomplish upon the field of charity. But the task before her to-day is greater still.

Let us, then, attach ourselves, not only in Geneva, but also in all Switzerland to this task with real confidence. It was the political and moral side of the League which made Genevans acclaim the choice of their city for its headquarters. Let us hope that it will be thus understood in all Switzerland; that every citizen will strive to create the favorable atmosphere which the creators of the new world have come to us to find. A brave internationalism, which should henceforth sway the relations of peoples, should not be understood as a negation, but as the harmonious and orderly development of the best side of patriotism. Love of country cannot be in opposition to the advancement of humanity.

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DEVELOPMENT OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

BY W. L. GEORGE

It is difficult to consider nations without pity and cynicism. One is minded, with Anatole France, thus to sum up the history of men: 'They were born, they suffered, and they died.' But quietist philosophy fits not nations akin to dogs asleep in their kennels, and waking only to bite their neighbors. Before the war, most Britons thought that Americans were money-making machines, gladly hen-pecked by their wives, in politics corrupt, and in law fantastic. On the other hand, many Americans thought that the British understood nothing, that their idea of machinery was represented by the wooden plough of the Chinese, and that their views of government had remained unaltered since the days of Charles II.

There hid in these beliefs just that sediment of truth which promotes error. The two peoples were placing each other under the microscope, and exaggerating each other's national characteristics into antagonistic differences. That must end; the only way for us to look at America is this: a nation has not achieved a united population of a hundred millions, a trade of eight hundred millions or so, founded universities in every state, produced Lincoln, Whitman, Wilson, Henry James, without having in its composition some greatness. And the American must seek a greatness in the spirit which somehow (never mind how) has made the British Empire. So much for the spirit. A common enemy has brought the peoples together, closer than would have a common ideal; but there is still too much of the old snapping and snarling, too much wrangling because America is getting new trade,

or because we are given too many League of Nations votes.

Now, this article is not intended as a counter-snarl to the snarls I refer to. As Mr. Bertrand Russell says, one can kill a passion only through another passion. In other words, it is not enough to bless the Anglo-American Entente. We must help it in precise and simple ways. For instance, on this side we could do away with the registration of Americans as aliens. It is to my mind absurd that we should register any aliens, but it is still more absurd that we should register our allies and inflict on Americans the annoyance and humiliation of police control.

But we need constructive measures as well as reliefs from vexations, measures which will facilitate intercourse between the peoples. For most hostility arises from strangeness, and most of us hate our neighbors as we love ourselves. Notably, we must ask America for generosity in regard to copyright. At present, no book obtains copyright in America unless it is printed in America. This is a serious impediment, for the best books have the worst circulations, and so a work of merit does not always find an American publisher. When eventually the author of this work gains fame, he can be pirated all over America. He is naturally aggrieved, and tends to devote his now famous pen to the abuse of Americans and their laws. So we might ask America to enter the Berne Convention, which protects copyright over the whole of the civilized world. Incidentally, this would give American works a protection which they do not enjoy in Europe.

The second set of measures is represented by cheap cables and cheap fares. The present cable rate of a shilling a word does not facilitate business; it impedes it. The time has come for

cables to be laid jointly by the two governments, and if it does cost us something to forward messages for a halfpenny a word, well, it must cost something; we shall obtain our reward in trade, and, what is better, in national familiarity. The same applies to cheap fares, which can be given on subsidized lines. When fifty dollars take a man (saloon) from London to New York, we shall have removed an obvious barrier to national intercourse.

But national good will needs further stimulus, and I should like to find this in propaganda. I should like to see constituted (and the English-Speaking Union might consider this function) a joint Anglo-American body for the promotion of mutual understanding. I imagine this body made up of the most prominent personalities in literature, art, politics, and social economy, on both sides of the Atlantic. Its mission would be to encourage mutual knowledge of what is civilized and ennobling in the other. For instance, this body could organize Loan Exhibitions, for it is a great mistake to think that there are no American sculptors and painters. It could form a joint publishing house, and, with good commercial management, would, I think, find a big sale for cheap classics; this would particularly help America, for while our classics are her classics, her classics are little known to us. I should like to see abundant cheap publications of the works of Longfellow, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Lowell, Whitman, etc., of the speeches of Lincoln and other historical American figures, of lives of notable Americans.

The classics do not exhaust our common need. I imagine that body as circulating also current works of mark, the latest poetry, novels of quality but small appeal, political, historical, and

economic works; and as I conceive no highbrow body, I should like the organization to enter courageously the popular field, and to set out in the newspapers to inform the two peoples of all that is most progressive in the movements of the time.

Yes, I know there are objections; thousands of people will find reasons why this should not be done. But objections are made to be answered. I know that the selection of the committee is not easy, that it may fall into the hands of jingoes, mandarins, and old women; I know that it may not pay its way; I know it may make a fool of itself. But this is the modern world, not the world that will come out of the egg of the millennium, and we must do what we can. The body could be made

up partly of government nominees, *jointly appointed* by the British and American Governments; partly of members of the scientific and literary academies on both sides; partly — and this is important — of nominees of the big municipalities. It is folly to expect London and New York to unite the two countries; Manchester and Chicago, San Francisco and Cardiff must also make their voice heard. No man rich in good will should be excluded, for it lies in our hands to make of the acquaintanceship a friendship; and it may not be too much to say that if we neglect the opportunity given us by fortune we shall commit a crime against the future for which the future will certainly exact vengeance.

The Landmark "

CRAZED

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

I KNOW a pool where nightshade preens
Her poisonous fruitage in the moon;
Where the frail aspen her shadow leans
In midnight cold a-swoon.

I know a meadow flat with gold —
A million million burning flowers
In noon-sun's thirst their buds unfold
Beneath his blazing showers.

I saw a crazed face, did I,
Stare from the lattice of a mill,
While the lank sails clacked idly by,
High on a windy hill.

The Westminster Gazette