

week-day sentiment. That is not due solely to the fact that prohibition is now strictly enforced and the restaurants and cafés are deserted. People want order, labor, and peace, although a few impetuous youngsters still regret the excitement of the revolution.

In the heart of Helsingfors there is a park shaded by elms and oaks. Ages ago it was the churchyard of the neighboring parish. The tombstones are hardly legible in the deep snow, and a row of fresh crosses is visible only in the most protected part of the grove. A pathway carefully kept open leads through the snow to a great mound surmounted by an imposing monument. Every morning when I passed, I saw fresh pine boughs lying upon the hill, sometimes accompanied by roses or a wreath. These are the graves of the German soldiers whom the rescued city of Helsingfors received to its heart, and its people perform this loving service for many an old mother in their native land who will never be able to make the long, expensive journey to the last resting place of her son. Even to-day one frequently hears in Finland, *Deutschland über Alles*. Whenever German generals or public men visit the country they are received with tremendous enthusiasm. When Hindenburg was here the whole public greeted him with this German song quite regardless of the French officers in their midst.

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SAVING EUROPE

BY ALFRED H. FRIED

No more dangerous blunder could be made than to assume that because fighting has stopped and a treaty has been signed we have peace. We are witnessing again the old, hoary, time-

resisting misconception of peace which even the storms of the World War have not blown out of the foggy minds of men. How often thinkers have tried to show that military action is not a necessary feature of war. Any system of international relations based solely upon force is war. War may continue although no guns are fired. Insecurity, personal restraints, general antagonism, a belief that our own safety and freedom are endangered by others, being on the alert to kill and destroy in order to avoid death and destruction—this is the essence of war. Such sentiments may be latent or acute. Even before 1914 the nations of Europe were at war. At the latter date latent war merely assumed an explosive form, which continued until November, 1918, when it subsided to another semi-quiet stage. That still continues: we are even now at war. The peace which we sought is yet to come.

Our covenant of a League of Nations is merely the first streak of the dawn of future peace. It is a hardly distinguishable premonition of what peace really is. Community, reciprocity, compromise, acting in the spirit of justice, joint maintenance of order, limiting the exercise of force to police functions—if we already had these, the progress of nations would be rapid and unhampered. There would be no barriers to that progress, but constantly accumulating momentum toward its ends. Every advance made by one nation would profit all other nations. Our common efforts would contribute to the common welfare of humanity. There would be no more wasted energy; security, progress, prosperity would be universal. Destructive energy would disappear. That is really peace. But how far we are from such a condition to-day! In the old days before the universal

catastrophe which has just befallen us, many argued that mankind must undergo the shock of a great war before peace could prevail among nations. We have experienced this war, but the results are merely added anarchy, more deadly enmity, a wilder savagery than ever — latent war.

What is the road to salvation? The existence of Europe is at stake. America appears apathetic toward our fate. Assuredly the spirit of brotherhood will eventually shine through the clouds of war passion, which for the time being completely obscure it. But that will be too late for the old world, certainly too late. Europe must save itself: it cannot hope for rescue from without. How is our shattered, ruined, bleeding, wrangling, combatting mass of humanity to recover its reason and to join in this endeavor? No victor has emerged from the World War; we have only nations vanquished in different degrees. England is the least defeated. It has won partial compensation for its sacrifices. Consequently the first evidences of recovery already appear in that country. A vision is returning there of the change which must occur in the relations of mankind, if the death of the world is to be averted. In that country, also, we are aware of a determination to find a way of escape. For the English now see that the Versailles Treaty affords no guidance for reconstructing civilization, but merely accentuates anarchy, and instead is a deadly enemy of the civilization and imperils the survival of Europe. The greatest obstacles to a revival of the will to rescue the world are the nations which, regardless of whether they are nominally victors or vanquished, have lost the war. These are France and Germany. France resists the new light because it regards the treaty as its best protection against Germany.

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Germany is blinded because its internal situation prevents the recovery of the confidence which is essential, if the treaty is to be revised. The war has not removed the clash of interests between these two nations but strengthened it. France fears its own extermination by a reinvigorated Germany. Germany regards France, intimidated at the prospect of its neighbor's recovery, as the principal cause of its present oppression and prospective ruin. Here we have an example of political anarchy in its highest terms, a situation where the mere existence of one country is regarded as fatal to another country. This frightful, irrepressible conflict between Germany and France is both the outcome and the origin of political anarchy. Before the war it marked the plague-spot of Europe. Since the war it has marked the plague-spot of a hemisphere. Europe will never recover so long as Germany and France each regard the existence of the other as endangering its own survival. Europe is going to be ruined by Germany and France, if their mutual hostility is permitted to prevent the substitution of permanent peace for our present political anarchy.

There is only one way to remove this obstacle. Sentiments, feelings, and traditions that are interwoven with the very nature of these two nations must be rooted out. What is at stake justifies an unprecedented effort. It is the only hope left us. France and Germany must come to their senses; they must recognize their community of interest. They must bridge over the stream of blood that parts them, they must cleave their way through the thick fog of hatred, that devil's enchantment that walls them from each other and condemns them to mutual destruction. In doing this they can save Europe.

[To-day]
INSTEAD OF A SPRING SONG

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . .

SOMETIMES the happiest of us feel that life is of little value in this workaday world. The sun shines, and we go on working; winds shout, birds sing; memories of colored cities in brighter climes invite us, and the rolling, bare-backed downs beckon—but all for nothing; we go on working. We go on working, most of us, merely for daily bread, and the remainder to encourage the others. But we have to nudge each other to remind ourselves that we like it, for all that; and when the spring-fret comes we know we don't! I should like to write about this spring-fret, but no one would thank me if I did; few have understanding of such things, and I am not one of those who write to give people understanding: I write for those who have it.

I do not think you can give people anything worth having; we, all of us, have the real things within us, if we only knew it, and the spring-fret is one of them. It comes on one day of the year, in the morning, generally on the first morning of spring. I do not mean on March 21. That need not necessarily be the first day of spring. The first day of spring is the first day after the winter on which the sun lights things up; the day on which you are brought face to face again with the facts of light—when a white door becomes opalescent, when the dull buds of the

hawthorn twinkle into stars of green fire, when the leafless plane trees waken into shadowy green and gray traceries. Then beware, or, if you are fearless, be glad, for the spring-fret may be on you at any moment, and during its continuance you are not worth your salt in places where men buy and sell.

But, in spite of that, the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. It is the invitation of the sun, it is the whisper of the wild bidding you lay down your tools and your nets and follow, follow, you know not whither, for man knows not what is good or bad for him. You only know that when the white door becomes opalescent, and the hawthorn buds green fire, you suffer a kind of nausea in the face of all humdrum things, and long to have done with them, to break free, to run wild for a time.

And why should you not? But that is not the point; the point is, why do you not? For you do not; you simply fight it down, like the good, sensible fellow you are. You fight it down and plunge into the brown air of commerce again, until next year. It is always next year, 'always jam to-morrow,' as Alice said, 'but never jam to-day,' and when the same old spur to rebellion comes at you again—once more you