

WAR AND PEACE

Conflicting views on the one great question that vexes all the world, put forward by statesmen, bankers, educators, military men, in many countries. The quotations from foreign-language newspapers are selected from original sources, and are specially translated for the Living Age

If we do not remove the cause by giving Europe something of a common organization, a repetition of the intrigues and the ambitions which brought the Old World to disaster will always be possible. — *Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs*

I am not convinced that in the present phase of inflamed nationalism a better understanding between nations and creeds is desirable. . . . Coöperation so far has been established on hypocritical pretenses, and the truth as to what the parties really think of one another would probably make an end of it and substitute a furious hostility. — *George Bernard Shaw*

Armies and armaments are cancers produced by the malignant development of the patriotic virus under modern conditions of exaggeration and mass suggestion. — *H. G. Wells, British author*

This proposition [the outlawry of war], which a few decades ago would have been criticized as idealistically utopian and not to be taken seriously, is for us to-day a political act of great importance. — *Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs*

I do not think we realize how close we are to the victory over war. . . .

A war in the Western Hemisphere is unthinkable. — *Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance*

If we compare ancient history with the history of modern Europe, we notice that war is at times necessary. — *Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian*

No one who looks with an unclouded vision on the history of the world and on the present attitude of the nations toward each other can believe that the day of world peace has arrived or is approaching. — *Assistant Secretary of War Charles Burton Robbins, before the 1928 graduating class at West Point*

The present state of affairs [between Great Britain and Russia] threatens the British Empire with bankruptcy. An agreement with the Soviets has been tried and found impossible, as I always predicted. There remains only war. — *Arnold Rechberg, head of the German potash syndicate*

Cheap war is an absurdity equaled only by the pretension of humanizing war. — *Saint-Brice, in 'La Revue Universelle,' French Royalist semimonthly*

There would be no manufacturing of cannon if there were not first of all reasons to use cannon. — *Jacques Bainville, French Royalist editor*

BOOKS ABROAD

The Coast of Pleasure, by Grant Richards.
Illustrated. London: Cape, 1928. 10s. 6d.
net.

[P. Morton Shand in the *Observer*]

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has written a complete and most amusing guide to life on the Riviera which is likely to become a standard work. Anyone who has been there, everyone who hopes to go there, and even disgruntled persons, like the present writer, who hope never to return there, will find entertainment and useful information in this well-written and delightful book. His practical recommendations for enabling a waning Monte Carlo to sustain its former reputation both for modish devilry and placid habitation are so eminently competent that competition for Mr. Grant Richards's professional services will be spirited indeed among the municipalities of our dolorous 'seaside resorts,' should ever the Ministry of Health assent to the appointment of 'City Managers' on the American model. Rather surprisingly, the P. L. M. — dirtiest, most unpunctual, and richest of French railways — is let off comparatively lightly. 'It is,' he says, 'an easy matter to move about on all this coast.' With all due deference, it is not. The best timing of the trains de luxe, red or blue, for the sixty miles or so between Saint-Raphaël and Ventimiglia, on which electrification is years overdue, exceeds two and a half hours.

There is one class of reader who will be anything but appreciative of the author's efforts to increase the Anglo-Saxon population of France, and, thereby, their own cost of living — the hapless British residents in other parts of that country, for whom a franc remains a franc, in spite of its diminishing purchasing power.

Most Frenchmen would be horrified to hear that 'they know how to cook in Provence' — a butterless country. It is hardly possible to 'feed like Lucullus' on the Côte d'Azur. Good cooking — French

more than any other — depends on the utmost freshness of its raw materials. Since the Riviera produces next to nothing, provisions have to travel long distances. The *cordons bleus* of its much-trumpeted restaurants would be helpless without tinned foodstuffs. Moreover, fine wines deteriorate rapidly in those cerulean cellars, while not a single drinkable red wine grows on all that littoral. Bellet and Casis, though rarely authentic, are rightly praised among the white. La Croix de Cavalaire (Cavalaire *tout court* is beastly stuff) and the Domaine de la Gabelle of Fréjus are passable *ordinaires*. But in the matter of local wines, Mr. Robson, of *A Wayfarer in French Vineyards*, is one up on the author of *Caviare*, for he has tasted the wine of the Île Saint-Honorat, which will not even bear transport to Cannes; and pronounces it 'a veritable nectar.' The only adequate rejoinder would be for Mr. Grant Richards to persuade the Prince of Monaco to transform the pigeon-shooting ground at Monte Carlo into a vineyard and bottle the 'Clos des Colombes-Martys' in the Casino vaults.

The Son of Man, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. London: Benn; New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. \$3.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

ONE needs to overcome a good many prejudices in order to receive any profit from the reading of Herr Ludwig's latest biography. The first prejudice is that created by his impresarios in this country. Herr Ludwig is not responsible for it; but it has to be overcome. The next, for which he certainly is responsible, though translation may have magnified strain into extravagance, is the tinge of melodrama in his thought and language. In the name of psychological insight, contrasts are heightened continually. That there were two periods in the life of Jesus,