

solution might prove more profitable to French financiers if not of France, than the indemnity, and it would complete the economic and therefore the military ruin of Germany. The French are not sentimentalists who will risk much for the momentary pleasure of indicting Hindenburg before a French court-martial. They are realists who pursue much larger and concreter schemes.

If the aberrations in the Versailles Treaty were the effect of a momentary passion, one might reckon that when passions cool, revision will be possible. What confronts us is not passion, but a consistent, logical system. It is built on the disarming of the enemy, and the arming of all his neighbors, on the Balkanization of Central Europe, on the creation of a ring of satellite states linked in a plan of strategic and economic encirclement. The militarization of Poland under French guidance is a sufficiently dangerous illustration of this system. It is not the worst. The French have now done what we chose to say the Germans might one day do. They are arming Africa. A permanent system of universal military service has now been established by two decrees over all the French African Colonies. It imposes service with the colors for three years, of which two are normally to be spent in Europe. The idea comes near to a revival of the slave trade, and it will drench these colonies in blood. These troops are valuable, however, for they know no pity, and they are immune from Red propaganda. They supply the means of supporting French military ascendancy in those little wars, for which both French and British conscript troops show an increasing repugnance. The system has found an appropriate arm.

The moment one begins to envisage revision in detail one encounters the obstacle of French strategic geography. Mr. Hoover lately said (to take one illustration) what the rest of us have often said, that it is idle to do much for Austria, until she is allowed to unite with the German Republic. The French veto on that union was not based on passion. To permit it would be to shatter the entire strategic system. To those of us who think politically, it would seem to be a positive safeguard to peace to include this little nation, whose sufferings have made it more resolutely pacifist than a Quaker meeting, in the German Republic. Strategy thinks otherwise. It would give Germany common frontiers with Italy and Hungary. It would open her commercial road to the East. It would break the barbed wire fence. Though pity reinforces every honest argument drawn from the doctrine of "self-determination," this is the last point on which France can yield. Her strategy pivots on it. Hers is the last word, for one vote in the Council of the

League of Nations suffices, by the Covenant, to veto in such a question as this.

No movement of opinion which is confined to the United States, Great Britain and Italy will carry us far on the road to revision. This rigid French system stands in the way. It may break down by its own extravagance. Poland, if she is really foolhardy enough to challenge a Muscovite invasion, may be the first link in the chain to snap. Negro conscription may yield more rebellions than battalions. If the system breaks in this way, its successor will be anarchy. There are, it seems to me, two ways only of promoting the contrary system on which the League of Nations is based. One of them would be through the floating of an international loan on terms, through financial aid conditional on the revision of the Treaty. In that plan only the United States could lead. The other plan depends on a frank intimation by the other Allies to France, that if she pursues her system she must face the risks of it alone. She provokes the resentment and plans the ruin of half a continent, only because she reckons on the armed support certainly of Britain and, perhaps, of America, in every dangerous emergency. There is just one risk which she will never face, and that is isolation. To this we shall eventually come, but it threatens ill blood and appalling risks. The method of financial pressure is safer and more constructive.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

## A Master

**I**N October, 1916, the Eagle Theatre in Copenhagen began its season of repertory under the leadership of Carl Sanden.

His success as a director was immediate. From the night of his astonishing première of *The Free-men* his authority was never questioned for a moment. You came to his theatre almost as a pilgrim comes to the Holy Land; there you took part in a life larger and clearer than your own, kaleidoscopic, passionate, and yet serene. It was like sharing the experience of a dear friend, older than you and wiser; it was like coming home. Why was it that you felt so enlarged and exalted? You never knew; but sometimes there it was as if the light of another world shone for you for a while.

Sanden's pupils give us a curious picture of his work and his presence. All his life he was lame, a cripple. He never could walk. He never could live like other people. But his spirit danced. He poured all his burning desire to live in a profound creation of life on his stage. He made plays live.

He studied living things with a strange intentness. He studied people, their bodies, their movements. He understood people, saw through them, saw above them. He would spend hours on end watching groups of men and women, in shops, in restaurants, workmen digging, builders—watching their changing unconscious attitudes, watching a common impulse group and regroup them unconsciously in its ever-shifting, invisible plan. They gave themselves away to him in every attitude, every tone of the voice, every gesture. Men seemed to him like sleepwalkers, moving in a kind of trance, guided and possessed by a spirit that showed itself to them only in moments of vision. When Ysaye played for him, it was not Ysaye the violinist, not a man playing music, it was a real music-being, the soul of music made manifest in movement: Music, as it were, playing Man.

In his directing he spoke straight to the spirit. He was impatient of all superficial technique, of all mere brilliance in acting. His players were never bizarre, never obtrusive; they were like children; transparent, humble. Sanden induced a creative ecstasy in which all things seemed possible. Under his inspiration they transcended themselves. The dramatist's divine idea went through them like a light. They got the spirit of it. They were *in the spirit*. Inflections, attitudes, groupings, came to them inevitably, it seemed. They were tranced in the pattern of the play. You hardly saw them as persons; it was life you saw; your own life, set on the stage before you—no longer confused, but ordered and spacious and clear; your own dream, come true.

In less than three years, Sanden became the acknowledged master of our western theatre. In these fragments from one of his letters we catch a glimpse of his curious other-world vision:

Wherever groups of men come together in a common purpose, marching or working or singing together, whenever their bodies and wills are merged in a common body and will, moved by a common desire, whether for play or warfare or worship, a new being is created,—a living being, with a personality of its own, with characteristic movements, impulses, aspirations, a group-body, a group-soul . . . A chorus, an orchestra, a strike, an army, a city, is as truly a living organism as you or I. All around us, above us, through us, as we go about our personal lives, these group-beings live and grow; they dominate and transcend us. We are the corpuscles that flow in their blood. They are the real players in the drama of life. They move, gigantic elemental shapes, in patterns of their own, in the great movements of day and night, and the winds and the tides. Somewhere the poet of the theatre will see them and command them as the ancients commanded the elementals of legend. . . .

ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

## The New Alliance—

### Farm and Factory

MR. C. H. GUSTAFSON is President of the Farmers' Union of Nebraska, a cooperative buying and selling organization of forty thousand members which did a business last year of \$85,000,000. Mr. Warren S. Stone is Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the main pillars of the railway unions whose aggregate membership exceeds two millions and whose national treasuries hold some \$42,000,000. These two men were the central figures in the All-American Farmer-Labor Cooperative Congress that met in Chicago on Lincoln's Birthday. The forces they represented, the problems their minds were grappling and the methods they advocated were typical of the forces, problems and methods of the scores of producers' and consumers' organizations represented in this remarkable assembly.

These men had not met to draft a political platform nor were they looking for a Presidential candidate whose name might serve in lieu of a platform. They were grappling with problems national in scope, but they were not relying upon any political machine to solve them. Their object was a straight business and financial alliance between the organized farmers and organized labor for the solution of their common problems as producers and consumers,—and, incidentally, for the solution of the identical problems for the producing consumers of the nation.

Discontent with current economic and social conditions is popularly associated with the industrial workers, especially with organized labor. The daily press makes unrest synonymous with strikes. Increased wages, shortened hours, limited output on the part of trade unionists are conventionally set down as the principal causes of the high cost of living. During the hearings on the Esch-Cummins railroad bill, certain officials of the Grange and other national farmers' organizations joined with organized business in this indictment of organized labor. The impression conveyed was that the unreasoning and unreasonable agitation of the industrial workers had ranged all the rest of the nation against them.

Mr. Gustafson and the other representatives of farmers' organizations at the Cooperative Congress disassociated themselves from this indictment. According to them, unrest among the farmers is quite as intense as among the wage workers and the cause of the unrest in the two groups is identical. According to them, the farmers receive an unreasonably small part of the price which