

megalomaniac still trying to dodge the awful costs of "victory," and we see our British statesmen from their new "cradle" in Mesopotamia consulting the aged Oracle at Galway as to the "destiny of English civilization"—viz., who'll win the next general election? One of them, however, cannot go back to English civilization. "I cannot live among people to whom nothing is real." And in the final play which takes place in A. D. 31,920, we see the Real.

As in A. D. 3,000, many of our pivotal ideas have become unintelligible. Passions now exigent have gone out of date so completely that references to them cannot be understood; and the real joys are the joys of "grasping the world; taking it to pieces; building it up again; devising methods; planning experiments to test the methods; and having a glorious time." Comfort ceases to matter. "Comfort makes winter a torture, spring an illness, summer an oppression, and autumn only a respite." In youth "all you have to do now is to play with your companions. They have many pretty toys, as you see: a playhouse, pictures, images, flowers, bright fabrics, music: above all, themselves; for the most amusing child's toy is another child. At the end of four years [about forty], your mind will change: you will become wise; and then you will be entrusted with power." By comparison, the poverty of what we call human nature today is patent even to the infants of 31,920. They attend the exhibition of two dolls; namely, two cleverly invented human beings. "You see that they have no self-control, and are merely shuddering through a series of reflexes."

The point is clear. "After passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force." This is mankind's passage, and faith in this process of cooperative evolution is Shaw's religion.

Sympathy, one observes, is quite taken for granted. Democracy, Socialism and Votes for Women are not sneered at. "If you cannot organize Socialism," Shaw says brusquely, "you cannot organize civilized life; and you will relapse into barbarism accordingly." But it is the beyond that engages him; and to see that whirling white beyond he willingly loses the last of our many-colored human moods. Those moods are for the young; for the Ancients there is self-control; knowledge, power. And the great gift of being alone, and being out of the reach of fools.

Not being an Ancient myself, I find the ideal thin-skinned, thin-blooded and chilling. Shaw divorces the flesh too easily. Still, at his age, as Plato remarked some years ago, the wild horses jingle their harness very musically and one forgets the mad music of earlier years and becomes mighty philosophical.

When I reach Shaw's age, I hope to be the same. Meanwhile I rejoice that for human faith he has poetized the theme of creative evolution. It is a theme that Mrs. Eddy played with in her own way, as well as William James in his rallying popular essays. It is no more fool-proof than any other dynamic idea. But it has volcanic fire in these legends. To the top of this literary Popocatepetl I have crawled, gasping, and, wearing snow-spectacles, I assert that Shaw is still unbearably brilliant.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Tardieu Pats Himself on the Back

The Truth About the Treaty, by André Tardieu. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

I HAVE never read a prize-fighter's account of his own fight. I should expect him to rejoice in his victory. I suppose he would remember the number of rounds. He would probably recall his opponent's more effective uppercuts. Perhaps he would accurately describe how he delivered his knock-out blow. But I doubt whether I should be interested in what he would have to say about the moral value of the sport or the security of his own title to the championship.

I would not for a moment think of comparing M. Tardieu with a prize-fighter. Yet I have finished his book with much the same feeling that I should expect to have in finishing a book by Carpentier on *How I Knocked Out Jack Dempsey*.

M. Tardieu could write many books about the Peace—very different books. Each could tell "the truth about the Treaty." Each could tell a different part of the truth. The resourceful, versatile, many-sided aide-de-camp-in-chief to Clemenceau could perhaps tell as much of the truth as any other man in French politics. But I doubt whether a five-foot shelf of his volumes would tell the whole truth. Not that he did not see behind and through the curtains which Allied unity and the solid-front-to-the-enemy hung over Paris in 1919. Not that he was ever content with a formula of words as anything but a temporary solvent. Not that he was ever seduced into thinking that some single thread of principle or purpose was to be woven through that fabric of the world's chaos. But his limitations were those of one who occupies the centre of the ring as the chief participant in the combat—more than that, of one on whose skillful performance an enraptured audience has fixed its gaze and critical enemies centred their fire.

A partial statement of facts as they are looked back upon by one who still holds a brief for Clemenceau; a militant polemic issued in the course of a bitter struggle in French politics; a brilliant attempt to wither the criticism of the Peace Conference; a clever propagandist effusion appearing some months after the natural impulse to propagandize about the war has generally spent itself; an able effort to keep alive the conception of France as the frontier of freedom—these comprise only a brief description of the book.

Why has M. Tardieu chosen to write such a volume? It is not merely an "appeal to the consciences of the British and American people." It is indeed a plea for the American ratification of the Peace, and for American political support—support, that is, for France's efforts to maintain her position as the principal Power in Europe. It is an earnest bid to the English people to repudiate "the pro-German scribe of Cambridge," and to reconcile their government to holding the bag while France goes out to stir up the snipes. But it is much more—and it is this feature that makes it necessary to read the book with care. It is first and foremost a white-washing of the Clemenceau ministry which was overthrown in January, 1920, by the "unsavory and dishonorable work of a lobby." It is an incident of a turbulent political struggle which is by no means ended, and which may yet make Tardieu the Premier of France. The American public must read it as a campaign document in a continuous election fight.

M. Tardieu understands enough of modern psychology

to realize that good reasons need not be real reasons. He appreciates the necessity for proper labels. He talks largely of "realities." He confines himself "to facts, to figures, to documents." He pronounces the Treaty "a Peace of Justice and of Right." "History will record with approval that even in the most difficult hours the 'Four' always spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He says that "rarely was a political undertaking more honestly and more scrupulously prepared." He proclaims the Rhine as a place where France must "mount guard for Liberty."

But such expressions should not lead one to suppose that before the event M. Tardieu ever permitted his insight to become beclouded with moralizations. With him, as with so many modern French intellectuals, perceptions are not to be muddled with abstracted morals until after solutions have been reached. Before the event, M. Tardieu saw the various possible courses of action quite clearly; he invested none of them with such moral qualities as rightness or wrongness; his judgment was always certain. After the event, the decision which had been reached was not only right—any other possible course would have been utterly wrong.

No other European was so closely in touch with the development of American opinion during the war. His own narrative of how he helped to cultivate American opinion gives an indication of his attitude toward the larger problems of the war. On arriving in Washington in May, 1917, he found that "the question of Alsace-Lorraine was misunderstood by the majority" in this country. It was the kind of "misunderstanding" which a skillful propagandist knows how to dispel. He at once set to work to change the "insultingly illegitimate" opinion held by the majority of the American people that some sort of plebiscite or neutralization should be adopted for Alsace-Lorraine. To be sure it took two hours of his own time in arguing with Mr. Walter Lippmann, and 15,000 lectures by young French officers who "with all the authority of their war records and their wounds, presented the pitiful situation of the captive provinces." But the success of such methods was so complete that "a few months later this state of opinion was entirely changed," and "from the beginning to the end of the Peace Conference, President Wilson was for all of our Alsace-Lorraine proposals, a staunch, active friend."

A less astute observer of the various delegations at Paris might have contented himself with a condemnation of American opposition to certain French policies as stupid or dishonorable. But M. Tardieu found it wiser to study American opposition with a view to circumventing it. He seems to have thought that the American delegation was straining a point in insisting on the armistice as a contract with the enemy Powers. He seems to have concluded that "reasoning borrowed from the past had little appeal for President Wilson." But he considers himself to have succeeded in understanding and meeting American opposition, for he states that "in all cases where the Americans were concerned, we managed to effect a working compromise." Yet this was achieved "without ever reaching an agreement in principle." Such observations are intended to dispose of critics in France who still say that Clemenceau permitted himself to be twisted around Wilson's little finger, just as critics in America contend that Wilson was duped by Clemenceau.

But Keynes and his book are handled with thinner gloves. It was Keynes who seems to have convinced

Tardieu that "with specialists feelings forfeit rights." Clemenceau in his introduction finds that Keynes has neither imagination nor character. And so Tardieu disposes of him quite early, in a footnote on page 94. He there states once for all that he will not "waste time on the insults addressed by Mr. Keynes to France." But the renunciation proves too much for Tardieu's enjoyment of his own wrath. Keynes keeps bobbing up in every chapter, until in the last chapter it is finally admitted that Keynes did in fact only exaggerate the contradictions which really existed and which were "due to differences of mental process and divergent traditions."

It was not a world war, to Tardieu. It did not end with a world peace. It was one in an unending series of Franco-Prussian wars. It ended with a Franco-Prussian peace. A reader of the book is not troubled, therefore, with any vague aspirations about a new world order. Hence the League of Nations finds scant space in this "truth about the Treaty." It gets only a niche in a tool-box, along with other tools by which the fruits of victory are to be secured to France. The only possible international law of the future is the treaty which Germany has signed. Far more important than any patent inventions for the future of international relations, are the treaties of alliance by which England and the United States are to come to the aid of France. And M. Tardieu would have it remembered that if the support sought by these treaties does not materialize, then under Article 429 France may—and will—continue the occupation of the Rhinelands beyond 1935. The Treaty does provide in Article 431 that the occupied forces will be withdrawn at the end of fifteen years if before that time Germany complies with all her undertakings. But this was not felt to be a cramping limitation by M. Tardieu, who realized with M. Clemenceau that no other treaty "ever involved so many risks of non-execution."

It is not unnatural that to a Frenchman the largesse of making the world safe for democracy yields place to making Europe safe for France. Civilization needs France and must assure her security. But one reads M. Tardieu's book with a sinking sense of realization that even he would build France's future on the sands of dissolving alliances. It is not surprising that a military man like Marshal Foch should cherish illusions of certainty in politics; his training had never equipped him for political strategy, as is shown by his quarrel with Clemenceau at the time he refused to carry out the orders of the Peace Conference. But it is shocking that M. Tardieu should not realize that the United States and Great Britain will not forever be at hand to help the French against the Germans. And here he seems to fall into the mesh which has caught so many French politicians. He fails to envisage any general European system which would make it unnecessary for each new generation to devote its energy to the struggle between France and Germany.

A statesman of larger vision would not include the apology for the Allies' refraining from vivisectioning Germany and dismembering the German tribes, as Mr. Morton Fullerton advised. He would make the truth about the Treaty mean something more than reparation and the exploitation of the Saar and the return of Alsace-Lorraine. He would seize upon Clemenceau's statement to the Chamber that "the Treaty will be what you make it." He would make the Treaty a basis for building a European polity in which France would not have to depend on an unstable Poland for her security; in which she would not need the liaison with Hungary for keeping her prestige;

in which a neo-imperialism in Syria would not be necessary to enable the French peasant to tuck away his sous. The vision of this Europe and of France's place in it is sometimes glimpsed by M. Briand, when his enemies permit him to indulge in a bit of moderation. If such a polity could be based upon the Treaty of Peace, it would mean that France had indeed won the war; that she had won from it security and peace. It would have to mean also that M. Tardieu's book could not stop with his incidental references to the League of Nations.

To win the war, France seems to have found it necessary to give up the things for which she most desired to win it. She seems to have taken Germany's place in the overlordship of the same kind of Europe. To M. Tardieu this is all that counts. The rest of Europe does not matter: Italy is only a back door, the Balkans a window, Russia a side entrance. The Europe of the future is a Europe of Germans dominated by Frenchmen. The war which was supposed to bring security has only shifted the balance of power. In spite of the Tardieus, the American friends of France must continue to work for the security of France through the integration of world politics.

X.

Children in the Mist

Children in the Mist, by George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE subtilizing tints of wide horizons in space and time have always had a peculiar charm in the art of fiction. In the first narrative in Mrs. Martin's collection of tales this charm breathes from both scene and circumstance.

A sympathetic story of the close of the Civil War, *The Flight*, recounts the events of the night journey of Miss Begué, the ageing mistress of a great plantation, with her two young nieces and three dark-skinned little boys, Pompey, Alec and Caesar, under the guidance of Miss Begué's heroic African nurse, Maum Harriet—a terrifying journey down a secret slave-road away from their ancient possessions towards a strange new day.

In the mysterious, southern night, under the cloud-latticed moon, you steal away, steal away through savannahs of shimmering sedge-grass, by dug-out canoe, and reedy ferry, through the wild cypress-swamp, where Maum Harriet sees against the lunar twilight, the red flare from the distant holocaust of her mistress's homestead.

"Was she remembering a burning and devastated village in a far land, the continent of her birth? Recalling a caravan of human beings, marching in file with chains on their necks, through jungle and stream to a slave-ship on the coast? Had time effaced the horrors of the passage over? The torture of the bilboes; the darkness and foulness beneath the decks? Or softened the miseries of the landing on the Georgian coast? Or blotted out the recollection of that auction of human flesh in the slave-market in Savannah? Twenty years ago this Harriet's only son, Ham the runaway, had crept home to his mother from this swamp, broken and dying of its miasmatic poison and fever; twenty years ago Pela Tom, the father of her son, had disappeared into the swamp to reappear no more."

The reader deserves to learn for himself of Maum Harriet's deeds and decisions; and whether she found a way out for her charges through the cypress swamp. In a certain sense the book is a series of stories of the way out for African and Caucasian together through the wilds of

our national civilization. The way out for Susie, the proud descendant of the Inca Nanco Capac, in the fantastic, picaresque tale of the *Blue Handkerchief*. The way out for Pom the struggler against superstitions, against conjudocors and cantrips; or for Angelique, the wise nurse and healer of the sleeping sickness, whose young kinsman had been betrayed by the baseness of his white guardians.

They live—or nearly all of them live—in a south where the loons scream and the rice-fields quiver, and the panther-cat's foot snaps a light branch in the deep woods, where cloth-of-gold roses scatter their fragrance, and the moss drips gray from the live-oaks, and in our march "the magnolias and camellias are in mid-bloom" under the white cloud-shadows that darken the blue day-time for the leaf-hid mocking-birds.

Dated from 1863 to 1920, the tales give us a serial record of Up From Slavery.

"If"—says Mrs. Martin, in the preface—"the tales claim too little for the Negro, laying no emphasis upon those of his race who have forged ahead, the answer is that the writer has known him in the black belt of Mississippi, in Louisiana and Florida, in the rice-country of Carolina, and has lived side by side with him in rural Kentucky."

Nevertheless in this wide-flung scene and circumstance the men and women of the dark races whom Mrs. Martin presents are so fully adult in their courage and responsibility that their virtues seem to deny the validity of the book's title.

To the reviewer most of these dark heroes and heroines appear neither more bewildered, and certainly not more juvenile than most of the caucasians of her own observation. The other day in Chicago I saw a white citizen of about fifty, a tall, solid-looking man attempting to cross diagonally the intersection of two down-town streets. Though the midway space was temporarily empty he collided with the traffic policeman, a member of his own race; and at this seized the officer's hand, extended his arm in a dancing posture, placed his other arm about the policeman's waist, and guided him in a rapid waltz several times about the opening, to the increased gaiety of the passers-by and of the officer who instantly threw himself into the spirit of the occasion.

No one remarked on the scene as typifying the ineradicable juvenility of the white race. Yet this and countless other spontaneous American incidents—the traditional pleasure inspired by Eugene Field, before an intended visit of Oscar Wilde, when the Middle Western poet, with a large sun-flower in his button-hole, drove in an open carriage about the streets of Denver, bowing graciously to the interested multitudes—the spectacle of national political conventions and of numerous other phenomena often lead one to wonder whether the population of the country may not be mainly composed of Child Races. Perhaps we have no Adult Race.

Whatever one's view of the relative juvenility of races, the wrongs these stories narrate are intensified in one's consciousness by the author's sense and wisdom in never sentimentalizing her inter-racial chronicles. The spirit of the book is large enough to laugh at individual absurdities of adjustment, without deriding the advancement of a people, more than Jane Austen derides education for woman in her ridicule of Mary Bennett, a person hardly more at sea in her portentous learning than the piteous colored maid Docia, who remarked in reference to beaten biscuit that she was sure she could make it "if we would explain the physical laws."