

precisely the same thing that Poincaré himself desires: defence of the Versailles Treaty against all amendment, and rigid enforcement of its terms under penalty of "sanctions." Consequently, agreeing with the Premier's program, Tardieu has only his methods to attack. . . . Poincaré fumbles. He talks big, and does little. He estranges the friendship of Britain. . . . Tardieu's efforts to disagree with Poincaré are untiring. He charges the Premier with failure to maintain that whole-souled cooperation with Britain essential to French interests. France, he thinks, could work very well with Britain if only the British had a French Premier. And Poincaré, whose case is only different from Tardieu's in that he knows what it is to try, would probably agree. So Tardieu hammers away at Poincaré, Poincaré hammers at the Germans, and Clemenceau (I think) casts a calculating eye upon the probable contours of the scene by Christmas time. His own party's chances for a coup d'état furnish one reason why he chooses this moment for an expedition to America in search of ammunition. His own party's chances—plus his party's risks.

For there is ultimately a much wider and more spirited struggle coming, in the politics of France, than this tussle of Tardieu vs. Poincaré. And that is the struggle of all the Tardieus and all the Poincarés, against the growing power of the "Left." Clemenceau may have sensed the proximity of that struggle. He knows that his own party has not been the only one to gain, each time the government of Poincaré has slumped in prestige. He knows that the "Left" has gained. For the successive slumps of Poincaré have sometimes helped to prove the contention of the Socialists and Liberals that his program is unworkable. In the last six months France has admittedly lost ground in the United States, averted an open break with Britain by an eyelash. Well, says the "Left," what do you expect? Give the "Right" rope enough and wait to see what happens.

I do not think, myself, that either the Socialists or the Liberals of France, or both of them together, are yet within miles of capturing the country. And yet the course of recent events has unquestionably been with them. And that fact might also help Clemenceau to decide that this was the very moment for America. He is a wise old man. I doubt if he expects to bring America back to the League, or to the Big Four, or to any other European council. What he is considering is the effect his trip will have not upon America but France. If he comes back home with an enthusiastic press and every evidence of a huge popular success, the parties of the "Right" can turn all that to good

account—use it in an attempt to check whatever gains the "Left" has made. In other words, Clemenceau goes to America largely for the sake of coming back. That is it, I think. It is the politics of France that send him—the opportunity of countering against the "Left," the chance of boosting his own party's prestige—his own party being for him, of course—after that splendid unity of war days, synonymous with "France."

That is the purpose of this November journey, as it seems to some of us, in France. It is a rather narrow interpretation of an historic cruise. And yet I do not think we fail to do it justice. For back of all immediate objectives, we too will agree to see it as a "symbol." To us, this trip is Old Europe finally sending Young America her one authoritative spokesman. We know there is Youth as well as Age, in Europe. How much Youth you will not guess until you leave the beaten track of London, Paris, Rome—and the same avenues in each of them. Off that beaten track you can find "Green Internationals" and "Youth Movements" and spirited if chaotic attempts at an artistic renaissance. You can find a dozen scattered bits of a new Europe—bits of a Europe no longer busily perpetuating war hatreds and balances of power, bits of a Europe inchoate and even unaware of its own existence, but a Europe living for the future, not the past.

Some day these odds and ends of culture may be fortunate enough to find, in the name of a New Europe, a spokesman as perfect as the spokesman Old Europe sends to the new West today. . . . You remember Mr. Keynes's impression of his last picture of the man? "Silent and aloof on the outskirts—for nothing that touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his grey gloves, on the brocade chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. . . ." Clemenceau!

CHARLES MERZ.

Paris.

## Winter Apples

Not in a valley ivoryed with grain  
Where wheat is stacked in golden fountain-shapes,  
Nor in some vineyard when an opal rain  
Chips off the amethyst and amber grapes—

But in that orchard on its hill of stones,  
Where rustily the heavy leaves are pinned  
To hollow stems, and, worn to creaking bones,  
Boughs are like fingers scratching on the wind—

Here, less a woman than a moon-eyed witch,  
In this most bitter place for fruit Love stands,  
Stooping where apples turn the black frost rich  
To lift one, like a lantern, in her hands.

WINIFRED WELLES.

# Matilda and the Chimpanzee

**B**ECAUSE the biologists carry on quite openly their little family squabbles about the causes, or causative factors, as they call them, of evolution, and recently have been more garrulous and vigorous than usual in expressing their differences of opinion about these causes, the anti-evolutionists are showing an unusual activity of mouth and pen. Either from ignorance or intent they are construing this scientific debate to be a debate about the reality of evolution itself. Which it is not, not in the least.

I do not recall the name of a single living biologist among all those whose names are known in the annals of science because of unusual competence as investigator or teacher who does not believe in evolution. Biologists accept evolution as a proved natural fact or phenomenon, just as physicists accept gravitation. But they do differ about the factors that cause and control evolution. For example, there is no such wide acceptance among them now of "Darwinism"—meaning, not evolution itself, as the antis would have you believe, but Darwin's explanatory factors of evolution, to wit, the theories of natural and sexual selection—as there was in the earlier days after Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared, and in the later days when the active post-Darwinians, under the leadership of Wiesmann and others, were attacking, with much success, the Lamarckian explanatory factor of the inheritance of acquired characters. The recent remarkable advances in our knowledge of heredity—we have learned more about the mode and mechanism of heredity in the last fifty years than had been learned in all time before—have unsettled the confidence of biologists in several old, easily accepted explanations of evolution, and have set them freely talking about the probable importance of other explanatory factors. They are, indeed, quite inclined to talk openly about the "unknown factors of evolution," which is a phrase titillative to the ears of men who think you have to claim to know everything about a subject of which you do know something.

Out of, and because of, all this pleasant and interesting discussion among biologists and evolutionists the anti-evolutionist is making hay. He says we are divided among ourselves as to our acceptance of evolution. But he is dead wrong. We are, I repeat, divided as to our acceptance of what are the more important and valid causes of evolution. And we shall probably continue to be in

this stimulating condition for some time to come.

But I was going to tell about Matilda and the chimpanzee. Of course it is human evolution that is the real *bête noire* to the anti-evolutionist, the fundamentalist and the uninformed and narrow-minded churchmen generally. (There are, let us be glad for the sake of religion, many informed and broad-minded churchmen.) In fact, evolution to Mr. Bryan and his followers means little more than "man from monkeys." Many of them are indeed quite willing to accept the evolution of the plants and lower animals, but they draw the line at the evolution of man. They want man to be different. They simply will have him different. So they especially dislike monkeys. I have been told—I hope it is true—that Mr. Bryan gets a special temperature every time he sees a monkey. He plants himself in front of it, glares at it and mutters, "I won't come from that; I won't come from that."

Well, no biologist claims that Mr. Bryan, or any other man, came from that; or even from any of the anthropoid apes that we know, of which there are four living kinds that disport themselves in various warm and forested regions of the earth. I suppose Mr. Bryan, with his easy disregard of a useful precise usage of words, would call these interesting animals monkeys also. But let that go. What biologists do claim with regard to man's prehistoric genealogy is that the animal stock of which he is the culminating representative branched off from the general animal tree somewhere nearer the point from which the stock represented now by the apes branched off than any other stock. But even if we do have some rather distant relationship with the anthropoid apes they are not, after all, such bad fellows to be related to as Mr. Bryan seems to feel. Carl Akeley, who has been chumming with the gorillas in the upper Belgian Congo, tells me that this rather horrific looking cousin is not at all the fierce and terrible brute he is too commonly said to be, but that he and his wife and children are peculiarly peaceful and pleasant companions. Mr. Akeley made photographs of them at close range, and tried to talk with them. They seemed interested, but apparently were unable to understand much of what he said, and so, after a while, went quietly off about their own more important business. And anyone who has had experience in the matter will tell you that companionship with a chimpanzee or orang-utan is most interesting, even