

granted no facilities for development, then very simply and obviously she could not pay; but if the Allies forced Germany to become the workshop of the world, why, the workshop of the world she would be, with no great permanent advantage to her late enemies.

Mr. Baruch's discussion is very clear and detailed on all such matters. Take, for example, the coal question. "There is a great fallacy prevailing," he says, "as to the production and distribution of raw materials in the world. Only in time of war or blockade are the location and ownership of coal or other raw materials important. . . . It will be found that the French who demanded and the Germans who objected to the coal clauses were unnecessarily alarmed. When normality in production of coal in Germany and Europe returns, the producer will find the most available market for coal where it had previously existed. This will take place only when that section of Europe containing coal gets back to work."

The fundamental difficulty of the whole problem is the fixing of the total. "No one knew how much Germany owed. No one now knows how much Germany owes. No one knew how much Germany could pay. No one now knows how much Germany can pay." The amounts discussed ranged from \$8,000,000,000 to \$120,000,000,000. Under these circumstances the American delegation seems to have been right in contending for the necessity of determining the amount by some sort of definite calculation that would give a sum within reason. The intensity of feeling that the question aroused made this difficult.

Mr. Baruch is convinced that, in view of all the difficulties, the economic problems of the treaty were solved as well as was humanly possible. The treaty, he points out, was not perfected with its signing; the signing was just the beginning of a process. The worth of the treaty will lie in the spirit in which it is carried out. However this may be, the author has given a valuable account of the matter; clear, dispassionate, uninvolved. His contentions gain in force through the strictness with which he keeps within the field that he has marked out for himself. There is no turning aside to discuss personalities or non-economic policies, or national aspirations, or international ethics. The book contains in its appendices much material for independent study of the economic sections of the treaty.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW FREEDOM. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

For once in these later years a Latin quotation on the title page of a book is appropriate—and it is a quotation from the not much quoted Ennius—

Firm based upon its principles and men  
Standeth the Roman State—

as a famous translation has it. This expresses the spirit and aspiration of the whole of Mr. Beck's book.

The New Freedom is, of course, Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom." It is the freedom which means a dangerous relaxation of those prin-

ciples on which this nation was founded, the casting of principles into the alchemist's melting pot, whence they are to emerge as a purified but vague idealism.

With clear application to fact, Mr. Beck expounds the six great principles of our Constitution, the principles of the old freedom, which, he maintains, constitute "the great contribution of its framers to the ordered progress of mankind." All, or nearly all, these principles have been gradually undermined, the process having begun in pre-Wilsonian times. "The principle of home rule has been subverted by a steady submergence of the States, which has now made of them little more than glorified police provinces. . . . The independence of the judiciary is menaced by many provisions for the recall of both judges and judicial decisions. . . . The Fifth and Fifteenth Amendments have largely broken down as bulwarks against confiscatory legislation." However old-fashioned and reactionary such a view may seem, the truth is that we ought to go back to the ideals of the Fathers—those ideals which conserved "the worth and dignity of the human soul, the free competition of man and man, the nobility of labor, the right to work, free from the tyranny of state or class." At least, one may say, we ought to go back to these until we have found some better substitute for them than has as yet been proposed.

No one has stated his political credo more concisely, elegantly, and adequately than has Mr. Beck. Frankly, he would test all political propositions by it. The advantage of testing all thinking by clearly defined principles is obviously as great from a pragmatic point of view as the disadvantage of guiding conduct by ideals and tendencies, however lofty or "irresistible," is clear to the practical man of affairs.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Beck's book, however, is not its political philosophy, but the literary quality of the dialogues regarding the Peace Conference, which are its novel feature. These are really dramatic in so far as, like the plays of the older dramatists, they express aptly and with some approach to verisimilitude, not necessarily or always what a character would say, but certainly what he would think and feel. It is true that plausibility is a little strained when President Wilson is made to gloss his own present views with references to his past works; and perhaps the author makes the President speak throughout with a little too much of that candor which Dante, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, was able to extort from some of those great figures whom he met in his round through the *Inferno*. Still, all this is very skillful—especially the imitation of the Presidential style, with its seeming luminosity and its failure ever quite to get to the point. And all is done with dignity. It is satire, but not of the flagellating kind: rather it is satire proffering (to use a Presidential word) "solemn" advice or remonstrance.

All the great persons of the Conference are, indeed, made to speak in character. The representations of them amount almost to portraits. To Balfour is assigned his proper role—that of critic-philosopher, keen and detached. Lloyd George is seen, brusque, good-humored, tenacious, quick to see an advantage, just as one may justifiably suppose him to be. Then there is Clemenceau, appropriately given the chief part, ironical, enigmatic, often quiescent, dangerous when aroused. Who that is at all acquainted with the literary personality of

the French ex-premier can fail to recognize the characteristic quality of the following bit of persiflage put into his mouth by the author. In a conversation that occurs just before the real business of the session begins, Clemenceau is made to say that the smaller Allies are "like a lot of hens being held by the feet and carried to market—although all doomed to the same fate, they contrive to fight each other while awaiting it."

The dialogues are dramatic, too, in their ordering. The entrance of the Japanese question occurs at just the psychological moment, and what happens thereafter is just enough to express through action the real motives involved.

Not often does the author permit himself to be ironical without regard to his necessary purpose. The state of affairs at the Conference might have been made clear, no doubt, without the inclusion of the remark attributed to President Wilson at the unfortunate juncture when the Irish delegates seek an audience: "Who are they that thus intrude upon this inner conference where we are openly arriving at open covenants?"—and doubtless the President has too lively a sense of humor ever to have said anything of the sort. But the speech is too good to be spared. It is exactly the sort of speech that Mr. Dooley might invent if he were treating President Wilson as he once treated President McKinley.

Mr. Beck has produced in these dialogues a kind of literature that is not often written after so much cool, thoughtful preparation, and that is seldom found to be, as in this case, profound and exact as well as amusing.

"SIMSADUS: LONDON." By John Langdon Leighton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

"Simsadus: London" was the cable address of Admiral Sims' London office—dissected, Sims, Admiral, U. S. The author served in the Naval Intelligence Department and Historical Section in London.

Most war books, however admirable in spirit, novel or valuable in contents, make rather trying reading. They almost necessarily present a great array of facts and impressions in no very systematic order and with rather high tension of expressed or half-suppressed emotion. This is not to be disapproved, of course. Somehow that part of the world that did not go to war must be made to realize what the war was like. Still, one does not envy the historians who will have to canvass all this material. And it is something of a relief to find a war-book that does not strain one's nerves, or overwhelm one with facts, and that has hardly any note in it of propaganda, or eulogy, or criticism.

The Navy had its trials and hardships, but it saw less horror than the Army. Not that the naval men, British or American, were not anxious for a stand-up fight. "Flotin' around that blinkin' Nor' Sea," said one English tar, "waitin' till those bloody 'uns get grit henough to fight, and yet always 'oping that they will fight some di, 'tisn't the kind of life for an hambitious or warlike chap the likes of me." It isn't that one underrates the heroism either of the army men or of the naval men. It is simply that one is glad to turn to a story of efficiency