

pointed out that "The married woman who is employed does not permanently drive others out of work."* Indeed, she helps to create opportunity for employing others. The wages she earns enable her and her family to buy more products than otherwise, and more labor thus has to be employed to satisfy the heightened demand.

Furthermore, a study of the Women's Bureau points out the wider distribution of women over the field of industry and commerce has not, on the whole, impaired the quality of employment opportunities of men. Neither men nor boys have taken the places in the old industries deserted by women. The last census figures show that the numbers of both men and boy workers have increased more than have the numbers of women and girl wage earners. It is not denied that occupations may have shifted to some extent. If some men's

jobs have gone to women, some women's jobs have also gone to men, and both have lost to machines. Still, the net increase in women's jobs has not been accompanied by a net decrease in jobs for men.

Perhaps we should thank the promoters of this get-over-the-depression-quick device, inept though it is. By their very blundering they have forcibly called attention to other questions that press for answer. Is it doing the American home and our future citizenship any good to have wives and mothers driven into carrying a double burden of wage-earning and home keeping? How long shall industry be allowed to pay less than a living wage to many thousands of husbands and fathers? Is it ethical or even sound economics to base pay for any job on sex or marital status of the worker, rather than on his fitness for the job?

1920: France remains. Even Clemenceau, in whom the lurid memories of 1871 had never faded, was very different from the implacable *Revanchard* of legend. Twice in his checkered career he had to take his choice between civilian democracy and militarism: at the time of the Boulanger crisis and at the time of the Dreyfus affair. In both cases he sided with the defenders of liberty and justice against the *League of Patriots*. If he were a German to-day he would be fighting against Hitler and Hugenberg.

The leaders of American public opinion take it for granted that France desires to hold Germany in total subjection. This subjection is written into the treaty of Versailles, and France's aim is to keep Versailles forever unchanged: either through the sheer weight of her military supremacy or with the assistance of the whole world. But all this is based on assumptions so crudely simplified that they become untrue.

It is a great mistake to believe that the French are animated by implacable hatred against Germany. There is no blood feud, no racial antagonism, between the two peoples. On the contrary, mutual appreciation is a long and honorable tradition with both of them. One of our innumerable Peace Foundations would do well to publish two companion Anthologies: French Tributes to Germany, German Tributes to France. Both, I believe, would be substantial and brilliant volumes.

Nor is that fine spirit absent to-day. The forces for *rapprochement* have never been so active. Not only are German scientists, musicians, writers, welcome in Paris; but such a visit as that of M. Laval and Briand to Berlin would have been unthinkable before 1914. The President of the Paris Municipal Council, M. François-Latour, was received with more than official courtesy in the German capital, and cordially invited the Berlin Burgomaster in return. A manifesto in favor of Franco-German reconciliation, initiated by the excellent magazine *Notre Temps*, was indorsed by hundreds among the intellectual leaders of the new generation. Of the French electorate, 3,000,000, *i. e.*, 30 per cent, are either Socialists or Communists, and committed to an international outlook. The so-called "Radicals," probably the truest representatives of the French *petite bourgeoisie*, follow

A FRANCO-GERMAN ENTENTE

By Albert Guérard

"WHAT is the matter with the French, anyway?" The question is pertinent; but, like jesting Pilate, we never pause for an answer. Whatever they have in mind, they are wrong. One of my superior officers in the American army gracefully instructed me: "See what those d— Frogs are doing and tell them not to." This at any rate is a very definite national policy. It translates itself into those amiably vigorous terms so dear to red-blooded editors: "Show France who is boss. . . . Come to a show-down. . . . Tell the French where to get off. . . . Make them sign on the dotted line. . . ." Shirt-sleeve diplomacy, with the sleeves rolled up.

I beg to submit that, in such a frame of mind, the cause of peace and reconciliation can hardly be advanced. We might send another A. E. F. to Brest and St. Nazaire in order to break the wicked will of M. Aristide Briand; but it might be wise to find out what will it is that we are seeking to break. Before the Armistice, a shrieking poster appeared on the walls of Paris: "With incendiary and murderers, no discus-

sion! They must be brought to justice." Aye, justice. But justice means discussion. It means providing the accused with a counsel, warning him not to incriminate himself, allowing the defense to call and cross-examine witnesses, and to challenge jurors. If we go to the Disarmament Conference with the single desire to make our own will prevail, that solemn palaver will be purely a verbose and bloodless war, breeder of other wars of a sterner kind. If we go prepared to *discuss*, to see the other man's point of view, to admit that, in the important matter of sauce, there should be "parity" between the goose and the gander, then the conference may in truth herald a new era.

Popular imagination thinks in cartoons, and cartoons never seem to be fully effective until they are antiquated. John Bull and Uncle Sam belong to by-gone ages. The stage Frenchman wore an imperial goatee fifty years after the downfall of Napoleon III. At present, France, to many of us, is still "The Tiger." For a few tragic months Clemenceau's will was the will of France. Even then, he was not purely the incarnation of the national spirit: he was also a ruthless dictator. Clemenceau fell in

*"The Problem of Unemployment," by Paul H. Douglas and Aaron Director, 1931.

Briand, Herriot, Painlevé, Laval, in a policy of friendly co-operation. The great industrial and financial interests are heartily in favor of a close economic association with the Reich. Steel *cartel*, potash combine, chemical entente, are among the practical results of that spirit. The commissions appointed in both countries to work out a plan of economic collaboration are filled with capable men, who mean business. Even a Lorrainer and a soldier like Lyautey considers a Franco-German war as "fratricide." Even Poincaré, doubly close-fisted, for economy and for defense, states at last that the nationalistic chaos in Europe is "suicidal." The only irreconcilables are the French *Junker*, the *Camelots du Roy*, those whom a venerable priest once called "pious hooligans," with the principles of a Prussian lieutenant and the manners of a Chicago racketeer. They may break up a peace meeting: they cannot break France's will to peace.

A Franco-German entente is not merely in the air: it has actually started, it is growing. The French, I believe, would be glad to proclaim it on the housetops; the reasonable elements in Germany, including President von Hindenburg and Chancellor Brüning, are more than ready to respond. But the German leaders are far less free than their French colleagues. The moral and material situation of the Reich is precarious if not desperate; public opinion is morbidly nervous. Generosity, tact, patience will be imperiously needed. "Fanning the flames," the favorite pastime of American pacifists and liberals, is about the worst thing that could be done. The key to Franco-German reconciliation is trust, and trust cannot be imposed by Uncle Sam's big stick. Peace is a state of mind: we shall not foster peace by declaring war, with our bellicose friend Oswald Garrison Villard, upon "France, the enemy of mankind."

I am not prophesying that a formal Franco-German entente will soon be announced to a bewildered world. I am only stating the plain fact that at present the forces making for an entente have actually a better chance than the forces making for war. But the best chances may be frittered away: through a wise compromise on the Luxembourg question, France and Prussia had avoided war, and the outlook in the early summer of 1870 was unusually promis-

ing. So long as we have national policies backed by armaments—in other words, so long as the Kellogg Pact is a sham—we shall be at the mercy of silly incidents and the yellow press. The solution, we all agree, is disarmament: disarmament in its double aspect, material and moral.

Moral disarmament is by far the more important. Nations with huge armies and navies may live in profound peace: a war between Great Britain and ourselves is almost unthinkable. Nations without weapons, but with hatred in their hearts, will fight with ploughshares beaten into swords, with trucks rigged up as tanks, with converted liners, with commercial airplanes, with peaceful chemicals turned overnight into deadly gases.



Here comes the fundamental difference between the French and the German points of view. For the French, moral disarmament implies, first of all, the acceptance of existing treaties; for the Germans, their rejection.

Both attitudes have their justification. In its clauses, Versailles may not be worse than Vienna, Utrecht, Münster. But it is vitiated in its very essence because, after the most solemn promises of justice, it was imposed by sheer force; and because—supreme hypocrisy—a confession of guilt was exacted by a few turns of the rack. The spirit of 1919 is incompatible with the health of the world. If there are Frenchmen who still consider Versailles as the unchangeable law of Europe they are indeed the "enemies of mankind," and first of all the enemies of France. Unquestionably, they are poor students of history. The treaties of Westphalia gave the monarchy of Louis XIV half a century of predominance, to be paid for by ruin and disaster. Fifteen years after Waterloo the treaties of Vienna, although not formally torn up, were so frayed and tattered as to be useless. "Never say never," as Napoleon III told Rouher.

But what is the alternative to acceptance? Militant rebellion? The spirit of Rudolf Herzog in *Wieland der Schmied*? The classical example is Prussia after Jena. No promise exacted by a victor is binding: Versailles is worth as much as Bucharest or Brest-Litovsk, and no more. All imposed restrictions are

merely challenges to ingenuity: Napoleon limited the size of the Prussian army, and the result was that the whole nation was drilled for war; the Allies limited the tonnage of German battleships, and the result was the "pocket dreadnought" *Deutschland*.

From the point of view of old-fashioned patriotism such an attitude is unimpeachable. But it is not peace: it is war. At any rate, it is an armistice: if the conquered is justified in biding his time, the victor is no less justified in keeping the whip hand. Scraps of paper cannot be trusted: but big guns cannot be gainsaid.

Tragic dilemma: to preserve an unjust treaty is to perpetuate war; to tear up any treaty is an act of war. Is there no escape? Yes, there is: a winding, uneven, precarious mode of escape, but the only one that can reconcile peace with justice.

The first and plainest step is to reject war *absolutely*. *Nie mehr Krieg!* No exaction is so costly, no hardship is so frightful, no injustice is so unjust, as even the holiest of wars. It is far better that a few thousand East Prussians should have their baggage examined at the Polish border than that a million young men be torn by shrapnel or poisoned by gases. Whatever may be the crimes of peace, war is the greater crime. Peace must be maintained: ergo, the breaker of the peace, the aggressor, must be restrained.

But the present peace—the only peace we have—is based on the existing treaties. However unjust, the treaties must be enforced. A policeman, a judge, a President, must uphold even the laws of which they disapprove. Lincoln was right and John Brown was wrong. This assurance that there shall be no attempt to destroy by violence the existing law is exactly what France calls *security*. The demand for security is not a craven, hysterical, or selfish appeal for protection: it is a legal and moral conception. And it is the indispensable condition of disarmament.

But, security achieved and war absolutely ruled out, the way is open to a peaceful modification of the treaties. It is ridiculous to say that "France" as a nation stands for the immutability of the Versailles settlement. Versailles has already been amended, whittled down, superseded. All the personal responsibility clauses, the "Hang the Kaiser!"

nonsense, are a dead letter. The *free* agreement of Locarno, not Versailles, is now France's title to her eastern frontier. The economic stipulations of the peace treaty have never been carried out, and never shall be.

Solvitur ambulando, as Bülow would have said. Hurl irresistible national despair against the immovable rock of a treaty and the result will be catastrophe. Start with the formal and legal acceptance of the treaty, and modification,

which has already gone very far, will be immensely accelerated. We do not urge that Germany or America should endorse Versailles as a just and permanent settlement: we have condemned Versailles from its very inception. We urge that amendment be sought only by peaceful means; that war, even for just ends, be curbed by the combined efforts of mankind. *Thus we must underwrite the treaties before we alter them, but in order to alter them.*

The principle of our Kellogg Pact is exactly the same as the French principle of security: let *all* war be outlawed, war for the Polish corridor, war for the Trentino, war for Macedonia, war for the half-million Jugoslavs under the Italian flag. With war ruled out, the victors will no longer hold out against revision; arms will yield to the law; disarmament, which it would be futile to hope for in the present state of anarchy, will follow in due time.

EACH TO EACH

By Melville Cane

We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We were taut with a covert pride;
We were tied
With a throttling fear;
We were undefined
And blind.

We were caught when we sought to reach;
We were mute when we strove for speech.
We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We were vapid, polite, obscure
Through a merciless flood of pain;
We were trivial through strain;
We were desperate to endure.

Then a locked word slipped from your heart,
Like warm rain dropped on mine,
And the fog, that had held us apart,
Thinned,—we could dimly divine
The one we had groped for in vain.

And my hand touched yours, and the pain
That clutched and withered had fled,
And the fear and the pride lay dead,
And at last we were free, we were plain.

We were closed, each to each, yet dear.
We are close, we are clear.