Title: Animal Farm

Author: George Orwell (pseudonym of Eric Blair) (1903-1950)

Chapter I

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but

was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes. With the ring of light

from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard,

kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer

from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where

Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a

fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the

day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream

on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals.

It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as

Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called,

though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty)

was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose

an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was

already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a

beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he

was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in

spite of the fact that his tushes had never been cut. Before long the

other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their

different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and

Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in

front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills,

the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down

behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and

Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast

hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal

concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching

middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal.

Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as

any two ordinary horses put together. A white stripe down his nose gave

him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate

intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of

character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel,

the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal

on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it

was usually to make some cynical remark--for instance, he would say that

God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner

have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he

never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at.

Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the

two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock

beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had

lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from

side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover

made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings

nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment

Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came

mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the

front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the

red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked

round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in

between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's

speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept

on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made

themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat

and began:

"Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last

night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say

first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months

longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom

as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for

thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I

understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now

living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it:

our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given

just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us

who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength;

and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are

slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning

of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is

free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

"But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land

of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell

upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is

fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance

to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This

single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of

sheep--and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now

almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable

condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen

from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our

problems. It is summed up in a single word--Man. Man is the only real

enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and

overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not

give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he

cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the

animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that

will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our

labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of

us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how

many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year?

And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up

sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies.

And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many

of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market

to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those

four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your

old age? Each was sold at a year old--you will never see one of them

again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the

fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their

natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones.

I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the

natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end.

You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will

scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all

must come--cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs

have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of

yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut

your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when

they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and

drowns them in the nearest pond.

"Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life

of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and

the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could

become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body

and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you,

comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might

be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this

straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your

eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And

above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so

that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

"And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument

must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the

animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the

prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no

creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity,

perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are

comrades."

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking

four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their

hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of

them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved

their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

"Comrades," he said, "here is a point that must be settled. The wild

creatures, such as rats and rabbits--are they our friends or our enemies?

Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are

rats comrades?"

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority

that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs

and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides.

Major continued:

"I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of

enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an

enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And

remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble

him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal

must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink

alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the

habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise over

his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No

animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

"And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot

describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when

Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had long

forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the

other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and

the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had

long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me

in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back-words,

I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago and have been

lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades.

I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you

can sing it better for yourselves. It is called 'Beasts of England'."

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. As he had said, his voice

was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a stirring tune, something

between 'Clementine' and 'La Cucaracha'. The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,

Beasts of every land and clime,

Hearken to my joyful tidings

Of the golden future time.

Soon or late the day is coming,

Tyrant Man shall be o'erthrown,

And the fruitful fields of England

Shall be trod by beasts alone.

Rings shall vanish from our noses,

And the harness from our back,

Bit and spur shall rust forever,

Cruel whips no more shall crack.

Riches more than mind can picture,

Wheat and barley, oats and hay,

Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels

Shall be ours upon that day.

Bright will shine the fields of England,

Purer shall its waters be,

Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes

On the day that sets us free.

For that day we all must labour,

Though we die before it break;

Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,

All must toil for freedom's sake.

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,

Beasts of every land and clime,

Hearken well and spread my tidings

Of the golden future time.

The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement.

Almost before Major had reached the end, they had begun singing it for

themselves. Even the stupidest of them had already picked up the tune and

a few of the words, and as for the clever ones, such as the pigs and dogs,

they had the entire song by heart within a few minutes. And then, after a

few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into 'Beasts of England' in

tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep

bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so

delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in

succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not

been interrupted.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making

sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always

stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot

into the darkness. The pellets buried themselves in the wall of the barn

and the meeting broke up hurriedly. Everyone fled to his own

sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals settled

down in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep in a moment.

Chapter II

Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was

buried at the foot of the orchard.

This was early in March. During the next three months there was much

secret activity. Major's speech had given to the more intelligent animals

on the farm a completely new outlook on life. They did not know when the

Rebellion predicted by Major would take place, they had no reason for

thinking that it would be within their own lifetime, but they saw clearly

that it was their duty to prepare for it. The work of teaching and

organising the others fell naturally upon the pigs, who were generally

recognised as being the cleverest of the animals. Pre-eminent among the

pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was

breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking

Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but

with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious

pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not

considered to have the same depth of character. All the other male pigs on

the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named

Squealer, with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a

shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some

difficult point he had a way of skipping from side to side and whisking

his tail which was somehow very persuasive. The others said of Squealer

that he could turn black into white.

These three had elaborated old Major's teachings into a complete system of

thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism. Several nights a week,

after Mr. Jones was asleep, they held secret meetings in the barn and

expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they

met with much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the duty

of loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as "Master," or made

elementary remarks such as "Mr. Jones feeds us. If he were gone, we should

starve to death." Others asked such questions as "Why should we care what

happens after we are dead?" or "If this Rebellion is to happen anyway,

what difference does it make whether we work for it or not?", and the pigs

had great difficulty in making them see that this was contrary to the

spirit of Animalism. The stupidest questions of all were asked by Mollie,

the white mare. The very first question she asked Snowball was: "Will

there still be sugar after the Rebellion?"

"No," said Snowball firmly. "We have no means of making sugar on this

farm. Besides, you do not need sugar. You will have all the oats and hay

you want."

"And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?" asked Mollie.

"Comrade," said Snowball, "those ribbons that you are so devoted to are

the badge of slavery. Can you not understand that liberty is worth more

than ribbons?"

Mollie agreed, but she did not sound very convinced.

The pigs had an even harder struggle to counteract the lies put about by

Moses, the tame raven. Moses, who was Mr. Jones's especial pet, was a spy

and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker. He claimed to know of

the existence of a mysterious country called Sugarcandy Mountain, to which

all animals went when they died. It was situated somewhere up in the sky,

a little distance beyond the clouds, Moses said. In Sugarcandy Mountain it

was Sunday seven days a week, clover was in season all the year round, and

lump sugar and linseed cake grew on the hedges. The animals hated Moses

because he told tales and did no work, but some of them believed in

Sugarcandy Mountain, and the pigs had to argue very hard to persuade them

that there was no such place.

Their most faithful disciples were the two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover.

These two had great difficulty in thinking anything out for themselves,

but having once accepted the pigs as their teachers, they absorbed

everything that they were told, and passed it on to the other animals by

simple arguments. They were unfailing in their attendance at the secret

meetings in the barn, and led the singing of 'Beasts of England', with

which the meetings always ended.

Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more

easily than anyone had expected. In past years Mr. Jones, although a hard

master, had been a capable farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days.

He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit, and had

taken to drinking more than was good for him. For whole days at a time he

would lounge in his Windsor chair in the kitchen, reading the newspapers,

drinking, and occasionally feeding Moses on crusts of bread soaked in

beer. His men were idle and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the

buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were

underfed.

June came and the hay was almost ready for cutting. On Midsummer's Eve,

which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and got so drunk at

the Red Lion that he did not come back till midday on Sunday. The men had

milked the cows in the early morning and then had gone out rabbiting,

without bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones got back he

immediately went to sleep on the drawing-room sofa with the News of the

World over his face, so that when evening came, the animals were still

unfed. At last they could stand it no longer. One of the cows broke in the

door of the store-shed with her horn and all the animals began to help

themselves from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The

next moment he and his four men were in the store-shed with whips in their

hands, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry

animals could bear. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been

planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and

his men suddenly found themselves being butted and kicked from all sides.

The situation was quite out of their control. They had never seen animals

behave like this before, and this sudden uprising of creatures whom they

were used to thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them

almost out of their wits. After only a moment or two they gave up trying

to defend themselves and took to their heels. A minute later all five of

them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road,

with the animals pursuing them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening,

hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of

the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her,

croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on

to the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. And so, almost

before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully

carried through: Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was theirs.

For the first few minutes the animals could hardly believe in their good

fortune. Their first act was to gallop in a body right round the

boundaries of the farm, as though to make quite sure that no human being

was hiding anywhere upon it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to

wipe out the last traces of Jones's hated reign. The harness-room at the

end of the stables was broken open; the bits, the nose-rings, the

dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones had been used to

castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well. The reins, the

halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the

rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the

animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames.

Snowball also threw on to the fire the ribbons with which the horses'

manes and tails had usually been decorated on market days.

"Ribbons," he said, "should be considered as clothes, which are the mark

of a human being. All animals should go naked."

When Boxer heard this he fetched the small straw hat which he wore in

summer to keep the flies out of his ears, and flung it on to the fire with

the rest.

In a very little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded

them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and

served out a double ration of corn to everybody, with two biscuits for

each dog. Then they sang 'Beasts of England' from end to end seven times

running, and after that they settled down for the night and slept as they

had never slept before.

But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembering the glorious

thing that had happened, they all raced out into the pasture together. A

little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of

most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them

in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs--everything that they could

see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and

round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement.

They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass,

they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. Then

they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with

speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool,

the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things before, and

even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own.

Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside

the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened

to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon butted the

door open with their shoulders and the animals entered in single file,

walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything. They tiptoed

from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with a kind

of awe at the unbelievable luxury, at the beds with their feather

mattresses, the looking-glasses, the horsehair sofa, the Brussels carpet,

the lithograph of Queen Victoria over the drawing-room mantelpiece. They

were just coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing.

Going back, the others found that she had remained behind in the best

bedroom. She had taken a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones's

dressing-table, and was holding it against her shoulder and admiring

herself in the glass in a very foolish manner. The others reproached her

sharply, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen were

taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stove in

with a kick from Boxer's hoof, otherwise nothing in the house was touched.

A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be

preserved as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there.

The animals had their breakfast, and then Snowball and Napoleon called

them together again.

"Comrades," said Snowball, "it is half-past six and we have a long day

before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter

that must be attended to first."

The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught

themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which had belonged

to Mr. Jones's children and which had been thrown on the rubbish heap.

Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to

the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it

was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two

knuckles of his trotter, painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar of the

gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was to be the name of the

farm from now onwards. After this they went back to the farm buildings,

where Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder which they caused to be set

against the end wall of the big barn. They explained that by their studies

of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles

of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments would now be

inscribed on the wall; they would form an unalterable law by which all the

animals on Animal Farm must live for ever after. With some difficulty

(for it is not easy for a pig to balance himself on a ladder) Snowball

climbed up and set to work, with Squealer a few rungs below him holding

the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred wall in great

white letters that could be read thirty yards away. They ran thus:

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.

2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.

3. No animal shall wear clothes.

4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.

5. No animal shall drink alcohol.

6. No animal shall kill any other animal.

7. All animals are equal.

It was very neatly written, and except that "friend" was written "freind"

and one of the "S's" was the wrong way round, the spelling was correct all

the way through. Snowball read it aloud for the benefit of the others. All

the animals nodded in complete agreement, and the cleverer ones at once

began to learn the Commandments by heart.

"Now, comrades," cried Snowball, throwing down the paint-brush, "to the

hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the harvest more

quickly than Jones and his men could do."

But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy for some time

past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four

hours, and their udders were almost bursting. After a little thought, the

pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows fairly successfully, their

trotters being well adapted to this task. Soon there were five buckets of

frothing creamy milk at which many of the animals looked with considerable

interest.

"What is going to happen to all that milk?" said someone.

"Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash," said one of the hens.

"Never mind the milk, comrades!" cried Napoleon, placing himself in front

of the buckets. "That will be attended to. The harvest is more important.

Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes.

Forward, comrades! The hay is waiting."

So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest, and when

they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared.

Chapter III

How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in! But their efforts were

rewarded, for the harvest was an even bigger success than they had hoped.

Sometimes the work was hard; the implements had been designed for human

beings and not for animals, and it was a great drawback that no animal was

able to use any tool that involved standing on his hind legs. But the pigs

were so clever that they could think of a way round every difficulty. As

for the horses, they knew every inch of the field, and in fact understood

the business of mowing and raking far better than Jones and his men had

ever done. The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the

others. With their superior knowledge it was natural that they should

assume the leadership. Boxer and Clover would harness themselves to the

cutter or the horse-rake (no bits or reins were needed in these days, of

course) and tramp steadily round and round the field with a pig walking

behind and calling out "Gee up, comrade!" or "Whoa back, comrade!" as the

case might be. And every animal down to the humblest worked at turning the

hay and gathering it. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro all day in

the sun, carrying tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. In the end they

finished the harvest in two days' less time than it had usually taken

Jones and his men. Moreover, it was the biggest harvest that the farm had

ever seen. There was no wastage whatever; the hens and ducks with their

sharp eyes had gathered up the very last stalk. And not an animal on the

farm had stolen so much as a mouthful.

All through that summer the work of the farm went like clockwork. The

animals were happy as they had never conceived it possible to be. Every

mouthful of food was an acute positive pleasure, now that it was truly

their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves, not doled out

to them by a grudging master. With the worthless parasitical human beings

gone, there was more for everyone to eat. There was more leisure too,

inexperienced though the animals were. They met with many difficulties--for

instance, later in the year, when they harvested the corn, they had to

tread it out in the ancient style and blow away the chaff with their

breath, since the farm possessed no threshing machine--but the pigs with

their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles always pulled them

through. Boxer was the admiration of everybody. He had been a hard worker

even in Jones's time, but now he seemed more like three horses than one;

there were days when the entire work of the farm seemed to rest on his

mighty shoulders. From morning to night he was pushing and pulling, always

at the spot where the work was hardest. He had made an arrangement with

one of the cockerels to call him in the mornings half an hour earlier than

anyone else, and would put in some volunteer labour at whatever seemed to

be most needed, before the regular day's work began. His answer to every

problem, every setback, was "I will work harder!"--which he had adopted as

his personal motto.

But everyone worked according to his capacity. The hens and ducks, for

instance, saved five bushels of corn at the harvest by gathering up the

stray grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the

quarrelling and biting and jealousy which had been normal features of life

in the old days had almost disappeared. Nobody shirked--or almost nobody.

Mollie, it was true, was not good at getting up in the mornings, and had a

way of leaving work early on the ground that there was a stone in her

hoof. And the behaviour of the cat was somewhat peculiar. It was soon

noticed that when there was work to be done the cat could never be found.

She would vanish for hours on end, and then reappear at meal-times, or in

the evening after work was over, as though nothing had happened. But she

always made such excellent excuses, and purred so affectionately, that it

was impossible not to believe in her good intentions. Old Benjamin, the

donkey, seemed quite unchanged since the Rebellion. He did his work in the

same slow obstinate way as he had done it in Jones's time, never shirking

and never volunteering for extra work either. About the Rebellion and its

results he would express no opinion. When asked whether he was not happier

now that Jones was gone, he would say only "Donkeys live a long time. None

of you has ever seen a dead donkey," and the others had to be content with

this cryptic answer.

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual, and

after breakfast there was a ceremony which was observed every week without

fail. First came the hoisting of the flag. Snowball had found in the

harness-room an old green tablecloth of Mrs. Jones's and had painted on it

a hoof and a horn in white. This was run up the flagstaff in the farmhouse

garden every Sunday morning. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to

represent the green fields of England, while the hoof and horn signified

the future Republic of the Animals which would arise when the human race

had been finally overthrown. After the hoisting of the flag all the

animals trooped into the big barn for a general assembly which was known

as the Meeting. Here the work of the coming week was planned out and

resolutions were put forward and debated. It was always the pigs who put

forward the resolutions. The other animals understood how to vote, but

could never think of any resolutions of their own. Snowball and Napoleon

were by far the most active in the debates. But it was noticed that these

two were never in agreement: whatever suggestion either of them made, the

other could be counted on to oppose it. Even when it was resolved--a thing

no one could object to in itself--to set aside the small paddock behind

the orchard as a home of rest for animals who were past work, there was a

stormy debate over the correct retiring age for each class of animal. The

Meeting always ended with the singing of 'Beasts of England', and the

afternoon was given up to recreation.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves.

Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other

necessary arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse.

Snowball also busied himself with organising the other animals into what

he called Animal Committees. He was indefatigable at this. He formed the

Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the

cows, the Wild Comrades' Re-education Committee (the object of this was to

tame the rats and rabbits), the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and

various others, besides instituting classes in reading and writing. On the

whole, these projects were a failure. The attempt to tame the wild

creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. They continued to

behave very much as before, and when treated with generosity, simply took

advantage of it. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very

active in it for some days. She was seen one day sitting on a roof and

talking to some sparrows who were just out of her reach. She was telling

them that all animals were now comrades and that any sparrow who chose

could come and perch on her paw; but the sparrows kept their distance.

The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the

autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate in some degree.

As for the pigs, they could already read and write perfectly. The dogs

learned to read fairly well, but were not interested in reading anything

except the Seven Commandments. Muriel, the goat, could read somewhat

better than the dogs, and sometimes used to read to the others in the

evenings from scraps of newspaper which she found on the rubbish heap.

Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never exercised his faculty.

So far as he knew, he said, there was nothing worth reading. Clover learnt

the whole alphabet, but could not put words together. Boxer could not get

beyond the letter D. He would trace out A, B, C, D, in the dust with his

great hoof, and then would stand staring at the letters with his ears

back, sometimes shaking his forelock, trying with all his might to

remember what came next and never succeeding. On several occasions,

indeed, he did learn E, F, G, H, but by the time he knew them, it was

always discovered that he had forgotten A, B, C, and D. Finally he decided

to be content with the first four letters, and used to write them out once

or twice every day to refresh his memory. Mollie refused to learn any but

the six letters which spelt her own name. She would form these very neatly

out of pieces of twig, and would then decorate them with a flower or two

and walk round them admiring them.

None of the other animals on the farm could get further than the letter A.

It was also found that the stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and

ducks, were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. After much

thought Snowball declared that the Seven Commandments could in effect be

reduced to a single maxim, namely: "Four legs good, two legs bad." This,

he said, contained the essential principle of Animalism. Whoever had

thoroughly grasped it would be safe from human influences. The birds at

first objected, since it seemed to them that they also had two legs, but

Snowball proved to them that this was not so.

"A bird's wing, comrades," he said, "is an organ of propulsion and not of

manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing

mark of man is the HAND, the instrument with which he does all his

mischief."

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his

explanation, and all the humbler animals set to work to learn the new

maxim by heart. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD, was inscribed on the end

wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger letters. When

they had once got it by heart, the sheep developed a great liking for this

maxim, and often as they lay in the field they would all start bleating

"Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!" and keep it

up for hours on end, never growing tired of it.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball's committees. He said that the

education of the young was more important than anything that could be done

for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and Bluebell

had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to

nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away

from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for

their education. He took them up into a loft which could only be reached

by a ladder from the harness-room, and there kept them in such seclusion

that the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon cleared up. It was mixed

every day into the pigs' mash. The early apples were now ripening, and the

grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had assumed

as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally; one day,

however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected

and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. At this some of

the other animals murmured, but it was no use. All the pigs were in full

agreement on this point, even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer was sent to

make the necessary explanations to the others.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing

this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike

milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these

things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been proved by

Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to the

well-being of a pig. We pigs are brainworkers. The whole management and

organisation of this farm depend on us. Day and night we are watching over

your welfare. It is for YOUR sake that we drink that milk and eat those

apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones

would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades," cried

Squealer almost pleadingly, skipping from side to side and whisking his

tail, "surely there is no one among you who wants to see Jones come back?"

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it

was that they did not want Jones back. When it was put to them in this

light, they had no more to say. The importance of keeping the pigs in good

health was all too obvious. So it was agreed without further argument that

the milk and the windfall apples (and also the main crop of apples when

they ripened) should be reserved for the pigs alone.

Chapter IV

By the late summer the news of what had happened on Animal Farm had spread

across half the county. Every day Snowball and Napoleon sent out flights

of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle with the animals on

neighbouring farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them

the tune of 'Beasts of England'.

Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red

Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the

monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by

a pack of good-for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathised in

principle, but they did not at first give him much help. At heart, each of

them was secretly wondering whether he could not somehow turn Jones's

misfortune to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two

farms which adjoined Animal Farm were on permanently bad terms. One of

them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected, old-fashioned farm,

much overgrown by woodland, with all its pastures worn out and its hedges

in a disgraceful condition. Its owner, Mr. Pilkington, was an easy-going

gentleman farmer who spent most of his time in fishing or hunting

according to the season. The other farm, which was called Pinchfield, was

smaller and better kept. Its owner was a Mr. Frederick, a tough, shrewd

man, perpetually involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard

bargains. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for

them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests.

Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on

Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their own animals from learning

too much about it. At first they pretended to laugh to scorn the idea of

animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a

fortnight, they said. They put it about that the animals on the Manor Farm

(they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the

name "Animal Farm") were perpetually fighting among themselves and were

also rapidly starving to death. When time passed and the animals had

evidently not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their

tune and began to talk of the terrible wickedness that now flourished on

Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised cannibalism,

tortured one another with red-hot horseshoes, and had their females in

common. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature,

Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, these stories were never fully believed. Rumours of a wonderful

farm, where the human beings had been turned out and the animals managed

their own affairs, continued to circulate in vague and distorted forms,

and throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the

countryside. Bulls which had always been tractable suddenly turned savage,

sheep broke down hedges and devoured the clover, cows kicked the pail

over, hunters refused their fences and shot their riders on to the other

side. Above all, the tune and even the words of 'Beasts of England' were

known everywhere. It had spread with astonishing speed. The human beings

could not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they

pretended to think it merely ridiculous. They could not understand, they

said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible

rubbish. Any animal caught singing it was given a flogging on the spot.

And yet the song was irrepressible. The blackbirds whistled it in the

hedges, the pigeons cooed it in the elms, it got into the din of the

smithies and the tune of the church bells. And when the human beings

listened to it, they secretly trembled, hearing in it a prophecy of their

future doom.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was

already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and

alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and

all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, had

entered the five-barred gate and were coming up the cart-track that led to

the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching

ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they were going to attempt the

recapture of the farm.

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball,

who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had

found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave

his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his

post.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his

first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and

fro over the men's heads and muted upon them from mid-air; and while the

men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the

hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs.

However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a

little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks.

Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all

the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded

and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned around and

lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their

sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly,

at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the

animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies

in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what

Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the

three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying

in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them

off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed

straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The

pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped

dead. Without halting for an instant, Snowball flung his fifteen stone

against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun

flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer,

rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod

hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood

on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several

men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the

next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the

yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an

animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own

fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof onto a cowman's shoulders

and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment

when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the

yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within five minutes of

their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they

had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their

calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing with

his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn

him over. The boy did not stir.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully. "I had no intention of doing that.

I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do

this on purpose?"

"No sentimentality, comrade!" cried Snowball from whose wounds the blood

was still dripping. "War is war. The only good human being is a dead one."

"I have no wish to take life, not even human life," repeated Boxer, and

his eyes were full of tears.

"Where is Mollie?" exclaimed somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was

feared that the men might have harmed her in some way, or even carried her

off with them. In the end, however, she was found hiding in her stall with

her head buried among the hay in the manger. She had taken to flight as

soon as the gun went off. And when the others came back from looking for

her, it was to find that the stable-lad, who in fact was only stunned, had

already recovered and made off.

The animals had now reassembled in the wildest excitement, each recounting

his own exploits in the battle at the top of his voice. An impromptu

celebration of the victory was held immediately. The flag was run up and

'Beasts of England' was sung a number of times, then the sheep who had been

killed was given a solemn funeral, a hawthorn bush being planted on her

grave. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising the

need for all animals to be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.

The animals decided unanimously to create a military decoration, "Animal

Hero, First Class," which was conferred there and then on Snowball and

Boxer. It consisted of a brass medal (they were really some old

horse-brasses which had been found in the harness-room), to be worn on

Sundays and holidays. There was also "Animal Hero, Second Class," which

was conferred posthumously on the dead sheep.

There was much discussion as to what the battle should be called. In the

end, it was named the Battle of the Cowshed, since that was where the

ambush had been sprung. Mr. Jones's gun had been found lying in the mud,

and it was known that there was a supply of cartridges in the farmhouse.

It was decided to set the gun up at the foot of the Flagstaff, like a

piece of artillery, and to fire it twice a year--once on October the

twelfth, the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed, and once on

Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion.

Chapter V

As winter drew on, Mollie became more and more troublesome. She was late

for work every morning and excused herself by saying that she had

overslept, and she complained of mysterious pains, although her appetite

was excellent. On every kind of pretext she would run away from work and

go to the drinking pool, where she would stand foolishly gazing at her own

reflection in the water. But there were also rumours of something more

serious. One day, as Mollie strolled blithely into the yard, flirting her

long tail and chewing at a stalk of hay, Clover took her aside.

"Mollie," she said, "I have something very serious to say to you. This

morning I saw you looking over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from

Foxwood. One of Mr. Pilkington's men was standing on the other side of the

hedge. And--I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this--he

was talking to you and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What

does that mean, Mollie?"

"He didn't! I wasn't! It isn't true!" cried Mollie, beginning to prance

about and paw the ground.

"Mollie! Look me in the face. Do you give me your word of honour that that

man was not stroking your nose?"

"It isn't true!" repeated Mollie, but she could not look Clover in the

face, and the next moment she took to her heels and galloped away into the

field.

A thought struck Clover. Without saying anything to the others, she went

to Mollie's stall and turned over the straw with her hoof. Hidden under

the straw was a little pile of lump sugar and several bunches of ribbon of

different colours.

Three days later Mollie disappeared. For some weeks nothing was known of

her whereabouts, then the pigeons reported that they had seen her on the

other side of Willingdon. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart

painted red and black, which was standing outside a public-house. A fat

red-faced man in check breeches and gaiters, who looked like a publican,

was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar. Her coat was newly

clipped and she wore a scarlet ribbon round her forelock. She appeared to

be enjoying herself, so the pigeons said. None of the animals ever

mentioned Mollie again.

In January there came bitterly hard weather. The earth was like iron, and

nothing could be done in the fields. Many meetings were held in the big

barn, and the pigs occupied themselves with planning out the work of the

coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were

manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of

farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote.

This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the

disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point

where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing a bigger

acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of

oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right

for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything

except roots. Each had his own following, and there were some violent

debates. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his

brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for

himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of

late the sheep had taken to bleating "Four legs good, two legs bad" both

in and out of season, and they often interrupted the Meeting with this. It

was noticed that they were especially liable to break into "Four legs

good, two legs bad" at crucial moments in Snowball's speeches. Snowball

had made a close study of some back numbers of the 'Farmer and

Stockbreeder' which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans

for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains,

silage, and basic slag, and had worked out a complicated scheme for all

the animals to drop their dung directly in the fields, at a different spot

every day, to save the labour of cartage. Napoleon produced no schemes of

his own, but said quietly that Snowball's would come to nothing, and

seemed to be biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so

bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

In the long pasture, not far from the farm buildings, there was a small

knoll which was the highest point on the farm. After surveying the ground,

Snowball declared that this was just the place for a windmill, which could

be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power.

This would light the stalls and warm them in winter, and would also run a

circular saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an electric milking

machine. The animals had never heard of anything of this kind before

(for the farm was an old-fashioned one and had only the most primitive

machinery), and they listened in astonishment while Snowball conjured up

pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while

they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved their minds with

reading and conversation.

Within a few weeks Snowball's plans for the windmill were fully worked

out. The mechanical details came mostly from three books which had

belonged to Mr. Jones--'One Thousand Useful Things to Do About the House',

'Every Man His Own Bricklayer', and 'Electricity for Beginners'. Snowball

used as his study a shed which had once been used for incubators and had a

smooth wooden floor, suitable for drawing on. He was closeted there for

hours at a time. With his books held open by a stone, and with a piece of

chalk gripped between the knuckles of his trotter, he would move rapidly

to and fro, drawing in line after line and uttering little whimpers of

excitement. Gradually the plans grew into a complicated mass of cranks and

cog-wheels, covering more than half the floor, which the other animals

found completely unintelligible but very impressive. All of them came to

look at Snowball's drawings at least once a day. Even the hens and ducks

came, and were at pains not to tread on the chalk marks. Only Napoleon

held aloof. He had declared himself against the windmill from the start.

One day, however, he arrived unexpectedly to examine the plans. He walked

heavily round the shed, looked closely at every detail of the plans and

snuffed at them once or twice, then stood for a little while contemplating

them out of the corner of his eye; then suddenly he lifted his leg,

urinated over the plans, and walked out without uttering a word.

The whole farm was deeply divided on the subject of the windmill. Snowball

did not deny that to build it would be a difficult business. Stone would

have to be carried and built up into walls, then the sails would have to

be made and after that there would be need for dynamos and cables. (How

these were to be procured, Snowball did not say.) But he maintained that

it could all be done in a year. And thereafter, he declared, so much

labour would be saved that the animals would only need to work three days

a week. Napoleon, on the other hand, argued that the great need of the

moment was to increase food production, and that if they wasted time on

the windmill they would all starve to death. The animals formed themselves

into two factions under the slogan, "Vote for Snowball and the three-day

week" and "Vote for Napoleon and the full manger." Benjamin was the only

animal who did not side with either faction. He refused to believe either

that food would become more plentiful or that the windmill would save

work. Windmill or no windmill, he said, life would go on as it had always

gone on--that is, badly.

Apart from the disputes over the windmill, there was the question of the

defence of the farm. It was fully realised that though the human beings

had been defeated in the Battle of the Cowshed they might make another and

more determined attempt to recapture the farm and reinstate Mr. Jones.

They had all the more reason for doing so because the news of their defeat

had spread across the countryside and made the animals on the neighbouring

farms more restive than ever. As usual, Snowball and Napoleon were in

disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to

procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to

Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion

among the animals on the other farms. The one argued that if they could

not defend themselves they were bound to be conquered, the other argued

that if rebellions happened everywhere they would have no need to defend

themselves. The animals listened first to Napoleon, then to Snowball, and

could not make up their minds which was right; indeed, they always found

themselves in agreement with the one who was speaking at the moment.

At last the day came when Snowball's plans were completed. At the Meeting

on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on

the windmill was to be put to the vote. When the animals had assembled in

the big barn, Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by

bleating from the sheep, set forth his reasons for advocating the building

of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly

that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it,

and promptly sat down again; he had spoken for barely thirty seconds, and

seemed almost indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball

sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating

again, broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now

the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a

moment Snowball's eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences he

painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was

lifted from the animals' backs. His imagination had now run far beyond

chaff-cutters and turnip-slicers. Electricity, he said, could operate

threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, and reapers and binders,

besides supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold

water, and an electric heater. By the time he had finished speaking, there

was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment

Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball,

uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter

before.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs

wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed

straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to

escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they

were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals

crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across

the long pasture that led to the road. He was running as only a pig can

run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it

seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster

than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but

closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in

time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare,

slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment

the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine

where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they

were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and

reared privately. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as

fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that

they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been

used to do to Mr. Jones.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised

portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his

speech. He announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would

come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. In future

all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a

special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in

private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The

animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing

'Beasts of England', and receive their orders for the week; but there would

be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion had given them, the

animals were dismayed by this announcement. Several of them would have

protested if they could have found the right arguments. Even Boxer was

vaguely troubled. He set his ears back, shook his forelock several times,

and tried hard to marshal his thoughts; but in the end he could not think

of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more

articulate. Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of

disapproval, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking

at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep,

menacing growls, and the pigs fell silent and sat down again. Then the

sheep broke out into a tremendous bleating of "Four legs good, two legs

bad!" which went on for nearly a quarter of an hour and put an end to any

chance of discussion.

Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement

to the others.

"Comrades," he said, "I trust that every animal here appreciates the

sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon

himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the

contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more

firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only

too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you

might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be?

Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of

windmills--Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal?"

"He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed," said somebody.

"Bravery is not enough," said Squealer. "Loyalty and obedience are more

important. And as to the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will

come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated.

Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today.

One false step, and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do

not want Jones back?"

Once again this argument was unanswerable. Certainly the animals did not

want Jones back; if the holding of debates on Sunday mornings was liable

to bring him back, then the debates must stop. Boxer, who had now had time

to think things over, voiced the general feeling by saying: "If Comrade

Napoleon says it, it must be right." And from then on he adopted the

maxim, "Napoleon is always right," in addition to his private motto of "I

will work harder."

By this time the weather had broken and the spring ploughing had begun.

The shed where Snowball had drawn his plans of the windmill had been shut

up and it was assumed that the plans had been rubbed off the floor. Every

Sunday morning at ten o'clock the animals assembled in the big barn to

receive their orders for the week. The skull of old Major, now clean of

flesh, had been disinterred from the orchard and set up on a stump at the

foot of the flagstaff, beside the gun. After the hoisting of the flag, the

animals were required to file past the skull in a reverent manner before

entering the barn. Nowadays they did not sit all together as they had done

in the past. Napoleon, with Squealer and another pig named Minimus, who

had a remarkable gift for composing songs and poems, sat on the front of

the raised platform, with the nine young dogs forming a semicircle round

them, and the other pigs sitting behind. The rest of the animals sat

facing them in the main body of the barn. Napoleon read out the orders for

the week in a gruff soldierly style, and after a single singing of 'Beasts

of England', all the animals dispersed.

On the third Sunday after Snowball's expulsion, the animals were somewhat

surprised to hear Napoleon announce that the windmill was to be built

after all. He did not give any reason for having changed his mind, but

merely warned the animals that this extra task would mean very hard work,

it might even be necessary to reduce their rations. The plans, however,

had all been prepared, down to the last detail. A special committee of

pigs had been at work upon them for the past three weeks. The building of

the windmill, with various other improvements, was expected to take two

years.

That evening Squealer explained privately to the other animals that

Napoleon had never in reality been opposed to the windmill. On the

contrary, it was he who had advocated it in the beginning, and the plan

which Snowball had drawn on the floor of the incubator shed had actually

been stolen from among Napoleon's papers. The windmill was, in fact,

Napoleon's own creation. Why, then, asked somebody, had he spoken so

strongly against it? Here Squealer looked very sly. That, he said, was

Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He had SEEMED to oppose the windmill, simply

as a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a

bad influence. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go

forward without his interference. This, said Squealer, was something

called tactics. He repeated a number of times, "Tactics, comrades,

tactics!" skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry laugh. The

animals were not certain what the word meant, but Squealer spoke so

persuasively, and the three dogs who happened to be with him growled so

threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further

questions.

Chapter VI

All that year the animals worked like slaves. But they were happy in their

work; they grudged no effort or sacrifice, well aware that everything that

they did was for the benefit of themselves and those of their kind who

would come after them, and not for a pack of idle, thieving human beings.

Throughout the spring and summer they worked a sixty-hour week, and in

August Napoleon announced that there would be work on Sunday afternoons

as well. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented

himself from it would have his rations reduced by half. Even so, it was

found necessary to leave certain tasks undone. The harvest was a little

less successful than in the previous year, and two fields which should

have been sown with roots in the early summer were not sown because the

ploughing had not been completed early enough. It was possible to foresee

that the coming winter would be a hard one.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. There was a good quarry of

limestone on the farm, and plenty of sand and cement had been found in one

of the outhouses, so that all the materials for building were at hand. But

the problem the animals could not at first solve was how to break up the

stone into pieces of suitable size. There seemed no way of doing this

except with picks and crowbars, which no animal could use, because no

animal could stand on his hind legs. Only after weeks of vain effort did

the right idea occur to somebody-namely, to utilise the force of gravity.

Huge boulders, far too big to be used as they were, were lying all over

the bed of the quarry. The animals lashed ropes round these, and then all

together, cows, horses, sheep, any animal that could lay hold of the

rope--even the pigs sometimes joined in at critical moments--they dragged

them with desperate slowness up the slope to the top of the quarry, where

they were toppled over the edge, to shatter to pieces below. Transporting

the stone when it was once broken was comparatively simple. The horses

carried it off in cart-loads, the sheep dragged single blocks, even Muriel

and Benjamin yoked themselves into an old governess-cart and did their

share. By late summer a sufficient store of stone had accumulated, and

then the building began, under the superintendence of the pigs.

But it was a slow, laborious process. Frequently it took a whole day of

exhausting effort to drag a single boulder to the top of the quarry, and

sometimes when it was pushed over the edge it failed to break. Nothing

could have been achieved without Boxer, whose strength seemed equal to

that of all the rest of the animals put together. When the boulder began

to slip and the animals cried out in despair at finding themselves dragged

down the hill, it was always Boxer who strained himself against the rope

and brought the boulder to a stop. To see him toiling up the slope inch by

inch, his breath coming fast, the tips of his hoofs clawing at the ground,

and his great sides matted with sweat, filled everyone with admiration.

Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, but

Boxer would never listen to her. His two slogans, "I will work harder"

and "Napoleon is always right," seemed to him a sufficient answer to all

problems. He had made arrangements with the cockerel to call him

three-quarters of an hour earlier in the mornings instead of half an hour.

And in his spare moments, of which there were not many nowadays, he would

go alone to the quarry, collect a load of broken stone, and drag it down

to the site of the windmill unassisted.

The animals were not badly off throughout that summer, in spite of the

hardness of their work. If they had no more food than they had had in

Jones's day, at least they did not have less. The advantage of only having

to feed themselves, and not having to support five extravagant human

beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to

outweigh it. And in many ways the animal method of doing things was more

efficient and saved labour. Such jobs as weeding, for instance, could be

done with a thoroughness impossible to human beings. And again, since no

animal now stole, it was unnecessary to fence off pasture from arable

land, which saved a lot of labour on the upkeep of hedges and gates.

Nevertheless, as the summer wore on, various unforeseen shortages began to

make them selves felt. There was need of paraffin oil, nails, string, dog

biscuits, and iron for the horses' shoes, none of which could be produced

on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial

manures, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the

windmill. How these were to be procured, no one was able to imagine.

One Sunday morning, when the animals assembled to receive their orders,

Napoleon announced that he had decided upon a new policy. From now onwards

Animal Farm would engage in trade with the neighbouring farms: not, of

course, for any commercial purpose, but simply in order to obtain certain

materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must

override everything else, he said. He was therefore making arrangements to

sell a stack of hay and part of the current year's wheat crop, and later

on, if more money were needed, it would have to be made up by the sale of

eggs, for which there was always a market in Willingdon. The hens, said

Napoleon, should welcome this sacrifice as their own special contribution

towards the building of the windmill.

Once again the animals were conscious of a vague uneasiness. Never to have

any dealings with human beings, never to engage in trade, never to make

use of money--had not these been among the earliest resolutions passed at

that first triumphant Meeting after Jones was expelled? All the animals

remembered passing such resolutions: or at least they thought that they

remembered it. The four young pigs who had protested when Napoleon

abolished the Meetings raised their voices timidly, but they were promptly

silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Then, as usual, the sheep

broke into "Four legs good, two legs bad!" and the momentary awkwardness

was smoothed over. Finally Napoleon raised his trotter for silence and

announced that he had already made all the arrangements. There would be no

need for any of the animals to come in contact with human beings, which

would clearly be most undesirable. He intended to take the whole burden

upon his own shoulders. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon,

had agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside

world, and would visit the farm every Monday morning to receive his

instructions. Napoleon ended his speech with his usual cry of "Long live

Animal Farm!" and after the singing of 'Beasts of England' the animals

were dismissed.

Afterwards Squealer made a round of the farm and set the animals' minds at

rest. He assured them that the resolution against engaging in trade and

using money had never been passed, or even suggested. It was pure

imagination, probably traceable in the beginning to lies circulated by

Snowball. A few animals still felt faintly doubtful, but Squealer asked

them shrewdly, "Are you certain that this is not something that you have

dreamed, comrades? Have you any record of such a resolution? Is it written

down anywhere?" And since it was certainly true that nothing of the kind

existed in writing, the animals were satisfied that they had been mistaken.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a

sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a solicitor in a very small way

of business, but sharp enough to have realised earlier than anyone else

that Animal Farm would need a broker and that the commissions would be

worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of

dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of

Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two

legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new

arrangement. Their relations with the human race were now not quite the

same as they had been before. The human beings did not hate Animal Farm

any less now that it was prospering; indeed, they hated it more than ever.

Every human being held it as an article of faith that the farm would go

bankrupt sooner or later, and, above all, that the windmill would be a

failure. They would meet in the public-houses and prove to one another by

means of diagrams that the windmill was bound to fall down, or that if it

did stand up, then that it would never work. And yet, against their will,

they had developed a certain respect for the efficiency with which the

animals were managing their own affairs. One symptom of this was that they

had begun to call Animal Farm by its proper name and ceased to pretend

that it was called the Manor Farm. They had also dropped their championship

of Jones, who had given up hope of getting his farm back and gone to live

in another part of the county. Except through Whymper, there was as yet no

contact between Animal Farm and the outside world, but there were constant

rumours that Napoleon was about to enter into a definite business agreement

either with Mr. Pilkington of Foxwood or with Mr. Frederick of

Pinchfield--but never, it was noticed, with both simultaneously.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and

took up their residence there. Again the animals seemed to remember that a

resolution against this had been passed in the early days, and again

Squealer was able to convince them that this was not the case. It was

absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the brains of the

farm, should have a quiet place to work in. It was also more suited to the

dignity of the Leader (for of late he had taken to speaking of Napoleon

under the title of "Leader") to live in a house than in a mere sty.

Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed when they heard that the

pigs not only took their meals in the kitchen and used the drawing-room

as a recreation room, but also slept in the beds. Boxer passed it off as

usual with "Napoleon is always right!", but Clover, who thought she

remembered a definite ruling against beds, went to the end of the barn and

tried to puzzle out the Seven Commandments which were inscribed there.

Finding herself unable to read more than individual letters, she fetched

Muriel.

"Muriel," she said, "read me the Fourth Commandment. Does it not say

something about never sleeping in a bed?"

With some difficulty Muriel spelt it out.

"It says, 'No animal shall sleep in a bed with sheets,"' she announced

finally.

Curiously enough, Clover had not remembered that the Fourth Commandment

mentioned sheets; but as it was there on the wall, it must have done so.

And Squealer, who happened to be passing at this moment, attended by two

or three dogs, was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective.

"You have heard then, comrades," he said, "that we pigs now sleep in the

beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that

there was ever a ruling against beds? A bed merely means a place to sleep

in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was

against sheets, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets

from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable

beds they are too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you,

comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. You would not rob

us of our repose, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to

carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?"

The animals reassured him on this point immediately, and no more was said

about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. And when, some days

afterwards, it was announced that from now on the pigs would get up an

hour later in the mornings than the other animals, no complaint was made

about that either.

By the autumn the animals were tired but happy. They had had a hard year,

and after the sale of part of the hay and corn, the stores of food for the

winter were none too plentiful, but the windmill compensated for

everything. It was almost half built now. After the harvest there was a

stretch of clear dry weather, and the animals toiled harder than ever,

thinking it well worth while to plod to and fro all day with blocks of

stone if by doing so they could raise the walls another foot. Boxer would

even come out at nights and work for an hour or two on his own by the

light of the harvest moon. In their spare moments the animals would walk

round and round the half-finished mill, admiring the strength and

perpendicularity of its walls and marvelling that they should ever have

been able to build anything so imposing. Only old Benjamin refused to grow

enthusiastic about the windmill, though, as usual, he would utter nothing

beyond the cryptic remark that donkeys live a long time.

November came, with raging south-west winds. Building had to stop because

it was now too wet to mix the cement. Finally there came a night when the

gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations

and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up

squawking with terror because they had all dreamed simultaneously of

hearing a gun go off in the distance. In the morning the animals came out

of their stalls to find that the flagstaff had been blown down and an elm

tree at the foot of the orchard had been plucked up like a radish. They

had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal's

throat. A terrible sight had met their eyes. The windmill was in ruins.

With one accord they dashed down to the spot. Napoleon, who seldom moved

out of a walk, raced ahead of them all. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of

all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, the stones they had

broken and carried so laboriously scattered all around. Unable at first to

speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone. Napoleon

paced to and fro in silence, occasionally snuffing at the ground. His tail

had grown rigid and twitched sharply from side to side, a sign in him of

intense mental activity. Suddenly he halted as though his mind were

made up.

"Comrades," he said quietly, "do you know who is responsible for this? Do

you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill?

SNOWBALL!" he suddenly roared in a voice of thunder. "Snowball has done

this thing! In sheer malignity, thinking to set back our plans and avenge

himself for his ignominious expulsion, this traitor has crept here under

cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here

and now I pronounce the death sentence upon Snowball. 'Animal Hero, Second

Class,' and half a bushel of apples to any animal who brings him to

justice. A full bushel to anyone who captures him alive!"

The animals were shocked beyond measure to learn that even Snowball could

be guilty of such an action. There was a cry of indignation, and everyone

began thinking out ways of catching Snowball if he should ever come back.

Almost immediately the footprints of a pig were discovered in the grass at

a little distance from the knoll. They could only be traced for a few

yards, but appeared to lead to a hole in the hedge. Napoleon snuffed

deeply at them and pronounced them to be Snowball's. He gave it as his

opinion that Snowball had probably come from the direction of Foxwood Farm.

"No more delays, comrades!" cried Napoleon when the footprints had been

examined. "There is work to be done. This very morning we begin rebuilding

the windmill, and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We

will teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily.

Remember, comrades, there must be no alteration in our plans: they shall

be carried out to the day. Forward, comrades! Long live the windmill! Long

live Animal Farm!"

Chapter VII

It was a bitter winter. The stormy weather was followed by sleet and snow,

and then by a hard frost which did not break till well into February. The

animals carried on as best they could with the rebuilding of the windmill,

well knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious

human beings would rejoice and triumph if the mill were not finished

on time.

Out of spite, the human beings pretended not to believe that it was

Snowball who had destroyed the windmill: they said that it had fallen down

because the walls were too thin. The animals knew that this was not the

case. Still, it had been decided to build the walls three feet thick this

time instead of eighteen inches as before, which meant collecting much

larger quantities of stone. For a long time the quarry was full of

snowdrifts and nothing could be done. Some progress was made in the dry

frosty weather that followed, but it was cruel work, and the animals could

not feel so hopeful about it as they had felt before. They were always

cold, and usually hungry as well. Only Boxer and Clover never lost heart.

Squealer made excellent speeches on the joy of service and the dignity of

labour, but the other animals found more inspiration in Boxer's strength

and his never-failing cry of "I will work harder!"

In January food fell short. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and

it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued to make up

for it. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the potato crop

had been frosted in the clamps, which had not been covered thickly enough.

The potatoes had become soft and discoloured, and only a few were edible.

For days at a time the animals had nothing to eat but chaff and mangels.

Starvation seemed to stare them in the face.

It was vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world.

Emboldened by the collapse of the windmill, the human beings were

inventing fresh lies about Animal Farm. Once again it was being put about

that all the animals were dying of famine and disease, and that they were

continually fighting among themselves and had resorted to cannibalism and

infanticide. Napoleon was well aware of the bad results that might follow

if the real facts of the food situation were known, and he decided to make

use of Mr. Whymper to spread a contrary impression. Hitherto the animals

had had little or no contact with Whymper on his weekly visits: now,

however, a few selected animals, mostly sheep, were instructed to remark

casually in his hearing that rations had been increased. In addition,

Napoleon ordered the almost empty bins in the store-shed to be filled

nearly to the brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained

of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext Whymper was led through

the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse of the bins. He was

deceived, and continued to report to the outside world that there was no

food shortage on Animal Farm.

Nevertheless, towards the end of January it became obvious that it would

be necessary to procure some more grain from somewhere. In these days

Napoleon rarely appeared in public, but spent all his time in the

farmhouse, which was guarded at each door by fierce-looking dogs. When he

did emerge, it was in a ceremonial manner, with an escort of six dogs who

closely surrounded him and growled if anyone came too near. Frequently he

did not even appear on Sunday mornings, but issued his orders through one

of the other pigs, usually Squealer.

One Sunday morning Squealer announced that the hens, who had just come in

to lay again, must surrender their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through

Whymper, a contract for four hundred eggs a week. The price of these would

pay for enough grain and meal to keep the farm going till summer came on

and conditions were easier.

When the hens heard this, they raised a terrible outcry. They had been

warned earlier that this sacrifice might be necessary, but had not

believed that it would really happen. They were just getting their

clutches ready for the spring sitting, and they protested that to take the

eggs away now was murder. For the first time since the expulsion of Jones,

there was something resembling a rebellion. Led by three young Black

Minorca pullets, the hens made a determined effort to thwart Napoleon's

wishes. Their method was to fly up to the rafters and there lay their

eggs, which smashed to pieces on the floor. Napoleon acted swiftly and

ruthlessly. He ordered the hens' rations to be stopped, and decreed that

any animal giving so much as a grain of corn to a hen should be punished

by death. The dogs saw to it that these orders were carried out. For five

days the hens held out, then they capitulated and went back to their

nesting boxes. Nine hens had died in the meantime. Their bodies were

buried in the orchard, and it was given out that they had died of

coccidiosis. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were duly

delivered, a grocer's van driving up to the farm once a week to take them

away.

All this while no more had been seen of Snowball. He was rumoured to be

hiding on one of the neighbouring farms, either Foxwood or Pinchfield.

Napoleon was by this time on slightly better terms with the other farmers

than before. It happened that there was in the yard a pile of timber which

had been stacked there ten years earlier when a beech spinney was cleared.

It was well seasoned, and Whymper had advised Napoleon to sell it; both

Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Frederick were anxious to buy it. Napoleon was

hesitating between the two, unable to make up his mind. It was noticed

that whenever he seemed on the point of coming to an agreement with

Frederick, Snowball was declared to be in hiding at Foxwood, while, when

he inclined toward Pilkington, Snowball was said to be at Pinchfield.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. Snowball

was secretly frequenting the farm by night! The animals were so disturbed

that they could hardly sleep in their stalls. Every night, it was said, he

came creeping in under cover of darkness and performed all kinds of

mischief. He stole the corn, he upset the milk-pails, he broke the eggs,

he trampled the seedbeds, he gnawed the bark off the fruit trees. Whenever

anything went wrong it became usual to attribute it to Snowball. If a

window was broken or a drain was blocked up, someone was certain to say

that Snowball had come in the night and done it, and when the key of the

store-shed was lost, the whole farm was convinced that Snowball had thrown

it down the well. Curiously enough, they went on believing this even after

the mislaid key was found under a sack of meal. The cows declared

unanimously that Snowball crept into their stalls and milked them in their

sleep. The rats, which had been troublesome that winter, were also said to

be in league with Snowball.

Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into Snowball's

activities. With his dogs in attendance he set out and made a careful tour

of inspection of the farm buildings, the other animals following at a

respectful distance. At every few steps Napoleon stopped and snuffed the

ground for traces of Snowball's footsteps, which, he said, he could detect

by the smell. He snuffed in every corner, in the barn, in the cow-shed,

in the henhouses, in the vegetable garden, and found traces of Snowball

almost everywhere. He would put his snout to the ground, give several deep

sniffs, ad exclaim in a terrible voice, "Snowball! He has been here! I can

smell him distinctly!" and at the word "Snowball" all the dogs let out

blood-curdling growls and showed their side teeth.

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though

Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about

them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers. In the evening Squealer

called them together, and with an alarmed expression on his face told

them that he had some serious news to report.

"Comrades!" cried Squealer, making little nervous skips, "a most terrible

thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of

Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm

away from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But

there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball's rebellion was

caused simply by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Do

you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from

the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time. It has all been

proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just

discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not

see for ourselves how he attempted--fortunately without success--to get us

defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?"

The animals were stupefied. This was a wickedness far outdoing Snowball's

destruction of the windmill. But it was some minutes before they could

fully take it in. They all remembered, or thought they remembered, how

they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the

Cowshed, how he had rallied and encouraged them at every turn, and how he

had not paused for an instant even when the pellets from Jones's gun had

wounded his back. At first it was a little difficult to see how this

fitted in with his being on Jones's side. Even Boxer, who seldom asked

questions, was puzzled. He lay down, tucked his fore hoofs beneath him,

shut his eyes, and with a hard effort managed to formulate his thoughts.

"I do not believe that," he said. "Snowball fought bravely at the Battle

of the Cowshed. I saw him myself. Did we not give him 'Animal Hero, first

Class,' immediately afterwards?"

"That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now--it is all written down in

the secret documents that we have found--that in reality he was trying to

lure us to our doom."

"But he was wounded," said Boxer. "We all saw him running with blood."

"That was part of the arrangement!" cried Squealer. "Jones's shot only

grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to

read it. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the

signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly

succeeded--I will even say, comrades, he WOULD have succeeded if it had

not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how,

just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard,

Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do

you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment, when panic was

spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a

cry of 'Death to Humanity!' and sank his teeth in Jones's leg? Surely you

remember THAT, comrades?" exclaimed Squealer, frisking from side to side.

Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the

animals that they did remember it. At any rate, they remembered that at

the critical moment of the battle Snowball had turned to flee. But Boxer

was still a little uneasy.

"I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning," he said

finally. "What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the

Battle of the Cowshed he was a good comrade."

"Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon," announced Squealer, speaking very slowly

and firmly, "has stated categorically--categorically, comrade--that

Snowball was Jones's agent from the very beginning--yes, and from long

before the Rebellion was ever thought of."

"Ah, that is different!" said Boxer. "If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must

be right."

"That is the true spirit, comrade!" cried Squealer, but it was noticed he

cast a very ugly look at Boxer with his little twinkling eyes. He turned

to go, then paused and added impressively: "I warn every animal on this

farm to keep his eyes very wide open. For we have reason to think that

some of Snowball's secret agents are lurking among us at this moment!"

Four days later, in the late afternoon, Napoleon ordered all the animals

to assemble in the yard. When they were all gathered together, Napoleon

emerged from the farmhouse, wearing both his medals (for he had recently

awarded himself "Animal Hero, First Class", and "Animal Hero, Second

Class"), with his nine huge dogs frisking round him and uttering growls

that sent shivers down all the animals' spines. They all cowered silently

in their places, seeming to know in advance that some terrible thing was

about to happen.

Napoleon stood sternly surveying his audience; then he uttered a

high-pitched whimper. Immediately the dogs bounded forward, seized four of

the pigs by the ear and dragged them, squealing with pain and terror, to

Napoleon's feet. The pigs' ears were bleeding, the dogs had tasted blood,

and for a few moments they appeared to go quite mad. To the amazement of

everybody, three of them flung themselves upon Boxer. Boxer saw them

coming and put out his great hoof, caught a dog in mid-air, and pinned

him to the ground. The dog shrieked for mercy and the other two fled with

their tails between their legs. Boxer looked at Napoleon to know whether

he should crush the dog to death or let it go. Napoleon appeared to change

countenance, and sharply ordered Boxer to let the dog go, whereat Boxer

lifted his hoof, and the dog slunk away, bruised and howling.

Presently the tumult died down. The four pigs waited, trembling, with

guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called

upon them to confess their crimes. They were the same four pigs as had

protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further

prompting they confessed that they had been secretly in touch with

Snowball ever since his expulsion, that they had collaborated with him in

destroying the windmill, and that they had entered into an agreement with

him to hand over Animal Farm to Mr. Frederick. They added that Snowball

had privately admitted to them that he had been Jones's secret agent for

years past. When they had finished their confession, the dogs promptly

tore their throats out, and in a terrible voice Napoleon demanded whether

any other animal had anything to confess.

The three hens who had been the ringleaders in the attempted rebellion

over the eggs now came forward and stated that Snowball had appeared to

them in a dream and incited them to disobey Napoleon's orders. They, too,

were slaughtered. Then a goose came forward and confessed to having

secreted six ears of corn during the last year's harvest and eaten them in

the night. Then a sheep confessed to having urinated in the drinking

pool--urged to do this, so she said, by Snowball--and two other sheep

confessed to having murdered an old ram, an especially devoted follower of

Napoleon, by chasing him round and round a bonfire when he was suffering

from a cough. They were all slain on the spot. And so the tale of

confessions and executions went on, until there was a pile of corpses

lying before Napoleon's feet and the air was heavy with the smell of

blood, which had been unknown there since the expulsion of Jones.

When it was all over, the remaining animals, except for the pigs and dogs,

crept away in a body. They were shaken and miserable. They did not know

which was more shocking--the treachery of the animals who had leagued

themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they had just

witnessed. In the old days there had often been scenes of bloodshed

equally terrible, but it seemed to all of them that it was far worse now

that it was happening among themselves. Since Jones had left the farm,

until today, no animal had killed another animal. Not even a rat had been

killed. They had made their way on to the little knoll where the

half-finished windmill stood, and with one accord they all lay down as

though huddling together for warmth--Clover, Muriel, Benjamin, the cows,

the sheep, and a whole flock of geese and hens--everyone, indeed, except

the cat, who had suddenly disappeared just before Napoleon ordered the

animals to assemble. For some time nobody spoke. Only Boxer remained on

his feet. He fidgeted to and fro, swishing his long black tail against his

sides and occasionally uttering a little whinny of surprise. Finally he

said:

"I do not understand it. I would not have believed that such things could

happen on our farm. It must be due to some fault in ourselves. The

solution, as I see it, is to work harder. From now onwards I shall get up

a full hour earlier in the mornings."

And he moved off at his lumbering trot and made for the quarry. Having got

there, he collected two successive loads of stone and dragged them down to

the windmill before retiring for the night.

The animals huddled about Clover, not speaking. The knoll where they were

lying gave them a wide prospect across the countryside. Most of Animal

Farm was within their view--the long pasture stretching down to the main

road, the hayfield, the spinney, the drinking pool, the ploughed fields

where the young wheat was thick and green, and the red roofs of the farm

buildings with the smoke curling from the chimneys. It was a clear spring

evening. The grass and the bursting hedges were gilded by the level rays

of the sun. Never had the farm--and with a kind of surprise they

remembered that it was their own farm, every inch of it their own

property--appeared to the animals so desirable a place. As Clover looked

down the hillside her eyes filled with tears. If she could have spoken her

thoughts, it would have been to say that this was not what they had aimed

at when they had set themselves years ago to work for the overthrow of the

human race. These scenes of terror and slaughter were not what they had

looked forward to on that night when old Major first stirred them to

rebellion. If she herself had had any picture of the future, it had been

of a society of animals set free from hunger and the whip, all equal, each

working according to his capacity, the strong protecting the weak, as she

had protected the lost brood of ducklings with her foreleg on the night of

Major's speech. Instead--she did not know why--they had come to a time

when no one dared speak his mind, when fierce, growling dogs roamed

everywhere, and when you had to watch your comrades torn to pieces after

confessing to shocking crimes. There was no thought of rebellion or

disobedience in her mind. She knew that, even as things were, they were

far better off than they had been in the days of Jones, and that before

all else it was needful to prevent the return of the human beings.

Whatever happened she would remain faithful, work hard, carry out the

orders that were given to her, and accept the leadership of Napoleon. But

still, it was not for this that she and all the other animals had hoped

and toiled. It was not for this that they had built the windmill and faced

the bullets of Jones's gun. Such were her thoughts, though she lacked the

words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was

unable to find, she began to sing 'Beasts of England'. The other animals

sitting round her took it up, and they sang it three times over--very

tunefully, but slowly and mournfully, in a way they had never sung it

before.

They had just finished singing it for the third time when Squealer,

attended by two dogs, approached them with the air of having something

important to say. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade

Napoleon, 'Beasts of England' had been abolished. From now onwards it was

forbidden to sing it.

The animals were taken aback.

"Why?" cried Muriel.

"It's no longer needed, comrade," said Squealer stiffly. "'Beasts of

England' was the song of the Rebellion. But the Rebellion is now

completed. The execution of the traitors this afternoon was the final act.

The enemy both external and internal has been defeated. In 'Beasts of

England' we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come.

But that society has now been established. Clearly this song has no longer

any purpose."

Frightened though they were, some of the animals might possibly have

protested, but at this moment the sheep set up their usual bleating of

"Four legs good, two legs bad," which went on for several minutes and put

an end to the discussion.

So 'Beasts of England' was heard no more. In its place Minimus, the poet,

had composed another song which began:

Animal Farm, Animal Farm,

Never through me shalt thou come to harm!

and this was sung every Sunday morning after the hoisting of the flag.

But somehow neither the words nor the tune ever seemed to the animals to

come up to 'Beasts of England'.

Chapter VIII

A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down,

some of the animals remembered--or thought they remembered--that the Sixth

Commandment decreed "No animal shall kill any other animal." And though no

one cared to mention it in the hearing of the pigs or the dogs, it was

felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this.

Clover asked Benjamin to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when

Benjamin, as usual, said that he refused to meddle in such matters, she

fetched Muriel. Muriel read the Commandment for her. It ran: "No animal

shall kill any other animal WITHOUT CAUSE." Somehow or other, the last two

words had slipped out of the animals' memory. But they saw now that the

Commandment had not been violated; for clearly there was good reason for

killing the traitors who had leagued themselves with Snowball.

Throughout the year the animals worked even harder than they had worked in

the previous year. To rebuild the windmill, with walls twice as thick as

before, and to finish it by the appointed date, together with the regular

work of the farm, was a tremendous labour. There were times when it seemed

to the animals that they worked longer hours and fed no better than they

had done in Jones's day. On Sunday mornings Squealer, holding down a long

strip of paper with his trotter, would read out to them lists of figures

proving that the production of every class of foodstuff had increased by

two hundred per cent, three hundred per cent, or five hundred per cent,

as the case might be. The animals saw no reason to disbelieve him,

especially as they could no longer remember very clearly what conditions

had been like before the Rebellion. All the same, there were days when

they felt that they would sooner have had less figures and more food.

All orders were now issued through Squealer or one of the other pigs.

Napoleon himself was not seen in public as often as once in a fortnight.

When he did appear, he was attended not only by his retinue of dogs but by

a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of

trumpeter, letting out a loud "cock-a-doodle-doo" before Napoleon spoke.

Even in the farmhouse, it was said, Napoleon inhabited separate apartments

from the others. He took his meals alone, with two dogs to wait upon him,

and always ate from the Crown Derby dinner service which had been in the

glass cupboard in the drawing-room. It was also announced that the gun

would be fired every year on Napoleon's birthday, as well as on the other

two anniversaries.

Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as "Napoleon." He was always

referred to in formal style as "our Leader, Comrade Napoleon," and this

pigs liked to invent for him such titles as Father of All Animals, Terror

of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold, Ducklings' Friend, and the like.

In his speeches, Squealer would talk with the tears rolling down his

cheeks of Napoleon's wisdom the goodness of his heart, and the deep love

he bore to all animals everywhere, even and especially the unhappy animals

who still lived in ignorance and slavery on other farms. It had become

usual to give Napoleon the credit for every successful achievement and

every stroke of good fortune. You would often hear one hen remark to

another, "Under the guidance of our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, I have laid

five eggs in six days"; or two cows, enjoying a drink at the pool, would

exclaim, "Thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon, how excellent this

water tastes!" The general feeling on the farm was well expressed in a

poem entitled Comrade Napoleon, which was composed by Minimus and which

ran as follows:

Friend of fatherless!

Fountain of happiness!

Lord of the swill-bucket! Oh, how my soul is on

Fire when I gaze at thy

Calm and commanding eye,

Like the sun in the sky,

Comrade Napoleon!

Thou are the giver of

All that thy creatures love,

Full belly twice a day, clean straw to roll upon;

Every beast great or small

Sleeps at peace in his stall,

Thou watchest over all,

Comrade Napoleon!

Had I a sucking-pig,

Ere he had grown as big

Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling-pin,

He should have learned to be

Faithful and true to thee,

Yes, his first squeak should be

"Comrade Napoleon!"

Napoleon approved of this poem and caused it to be inscribed on the wall

of the big barn, at the opposite end from the Seven Commandments. It was

surmounted by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in

white paint.

Meanwhile, through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in

complicated negotiations with Frederick and Pilkington. The pile of timber

was still unsold. Of the two, Frederick was the more anxious to get hold

of it, but he would not offer a reasonable price. At the same time there

were renewed rumours that Frederick and his men were plotting to attack

Animal Farm and to destroy the windmill, the building of which had aroused

furious jealousy in him. Snowball was known to be still skulking on

Pinchfield Farm. In the middle of the summer the animals were alarmed to

hear that three hens had come forward and confessed that, inspired by

Snowball, they had entered into a plot to murder Napoleon. They were

executed immediately, and fresh precautions for Napoleon's safety were

taken. Four dogs guarded his bed at night, one at each corner, and a young

pig named Pinkeye was given the task of tasting all his food before he ate

it, lest it should be poisoned.

At about the same time it was given out that Napoleon had arranged to sell

the pile of timber to Mr. Pilkington; he was also going to enter into a

regular agreement for the exchange of certain products between Animal Farm

and Foxwood. The relations between Napoleon and Pilkington, though they

were only conducted through Whymper, were now almost friendly. The animals

distrusted Pilkington, as a human being, but greatly preferred him to

Frederick, whom they both feared and hated. As the summer wore on, and the

windmill neared completion, the rumours of an impending treacherous attack

grew stronger and stronger. Frederick, it was said, intended to bring

against them twenty men all armed with guns, and he had already bribed the

magistrates and police, so that if he could once get hold of the

title-deeds of Animal Farm they would ask no questions. Moreover, terrible

stories were leaking out from Pinchfield about the cruelties that

Frederick practised upon his animals. He had flogged an old horse to

death, he starved his cows, he had killed a dog by throwing it into the

furnace, he amused himself in the evenings by making cocks fight with

splinters of razor-blade tied to their spurs. The animals' blood boiled

with rage when they heard of these things being done to their comrades,

and sometimes they clamoured to be allowed to go out in a body and attack

Pinchfield Farm, drive out the humans, and set the animals free. But

Squealer counselled them to avoid rash actions and trust in Comrade

Napoleon's strategy.

Nevertheless, feeling against Frederick continued to run high. One Sunday

morning Napoleon appeared in the barn and explained that he had never at

any time contemplated selling the pile of timber to Frederick; he

considered it beneath his dignity, he said, to have dealings with

scoundrels of that description. The pigeons who were still sent out to

spread tidings of the Rebellion were forbidden to set foot anywhere on

Foxwood, and were also ordered to drop their former slogan of "Death to

Humanity" in favour of "Death to Frederick." In the late summer yet

another of Snowball's machinations was laid bare. The wheat crop was full

of weeds, and it was discovered that on one of his nocturnal visits

Snowball had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn. A gander who had been

privy to the plot had confessed his guilt to Squealer and immediately

committed suicide by swallowing deadly nightshade berries. The animals

now also learned that Snowball had never--as many of them had believed

hitherto--received the order of "Animal Hero, First Class." This was

merely a legend which had been spread some time after the Battle of the

Cowshed by Snowball himself. So far from being decorated, he had been

censured for showing cowardice in the battle. Once again some of the

animals heard this with a certain bewilderment, but Squealer was soon able

to convince them that their memories had been at fault.

In the autumn, by a tremendous, exhausting effort--for the harvest had to

be gathered at almost the same time--the windmill was finished. The

machinery had still to be installed, and Whymper was negotiating the

purchase of it, but the structure was completed. In the teeth of every

difficulty, in spite of inexperience, of primitive implements, of bad luck

and of Snowball's treachery, the work had been finished punctually to the

very day! Tired out but proud, the animals walked round and round their

masterpiece, which appeared even more beautiful in their eyes than when it

had been built the first time. Moreover, the walls were twice as thick as

before. Nothing short of explosives would lay them low this time! And when

they thought of how they had laboured, what discouragements they had

overcome, and the enormous difference that would be made in their lives

when the sails were turning and the dynamos running--when they thought of

all this, their tiredness forsook them and they gambolled round and round

the windmill, uttering cries of triumph. Napoleon himself, attended by his

dogs and his cockerel, came down to inspect the completed work; he

personally congratulated the animals on their achievement, and announced

that the mill would be named Napoleon Mill.

Two days later the animals were called together for a special meeting in

the barn. They were struck dumb with surprise when Napoleon announced that

he had sold the pile of timber to Frederick. Tomorrow Frederick's wagons

would arrive and begin carting it away. Throughout the whole period of his

seeming friendship with Pilkington, Napoleon had really been in secret

agreement with Frederick.

All relations with Foxwood had been broken off; insulting messages had

been sent to Pilkington. The pigeons had been told to avoid Pinchfield

Farm and to alter their slogan from "Death to Frederick" to "Death to

Pilkington." At the same time Napoleon assured the animals that the

stories of an impending attack on Animal Farm were completely untrue, and

that the tales about Frederick's cruelty to his own animals had been

greatly exaggerated. All these rumours had probably originated with

Snowball and his agents. It now appeared that Snowball was not, after all,

hiding on Pinchfield Farm, and in fact had never been there in his life:

he was living--in considerable luxury, so it was said--at Foxwood, and had

in reality been a pensioner of Pilkington for years past.

The pigs were in ecstasies over Napoleon's cunning. By seeming to be

friendly with Pilkington he had forced Frederick to raise his price by

twelve pounds. But the superior quality of Napoleon's mind, said Squealer,

was shown in the fact that he trusted nobody, not even Frederick.

Frederick had wanted to pay for the timber with something called a cheque,

which, it seemed, was a piece of paper with a promise to pay written upon

it. But Napoleon was too clever for him. He had demanded payment in real

five-pound notes, which were to be handed over before the timber was

removed. Already Frederick had paid up; and the sum he had paid was just

enough to buy the machinery for the windmill.

Meanwhile the timber was being carted away at high speed. When it was all

gone, another special meeting was held in the barn for the animals to

inspect Frederick's bank-notes. Smiling beatifically, and wearing both his

decorations, Napoleon reposed on a bed of straw on the platform, with the

money at his side, neatly piled on a china dish from the farmhouse

kitchen. The animals filed slowly past, and each gazed his fill. And Boxer

put out his nose to sniff at the bank-notes, and the flimsy white things

stirred and rustled in his breath.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo. Whymper, his face deadly

pale, came racing up the path on his bicycle, flung it down in the yard

and rushed straight into the farmhouse. The next moment a choking roar of

rage sounded from Napoleon's apartments. The news of what had happened

sped round the farm like wildfire. The banknotes were forgeries! Frederick

had got the timber for nothing!

Napoleon called the animals together immediately and in a terrible voice

pronounced the death sentence upon Frederick. When captured, he said,

Frederick should be boiled alive. At the same time he warned them that

after this treacherous deed the worst was to be expected. Frederick and

his men might make their long-expected attack at any moment. Sentinels

were placed at all the approaches to the farm. In addition, four pigeons

were sent to Foxwood with a conciliatory message, which it was hoped might

re-establish good relations with Pilkington.

The very next morning the attack came. The animals were at breakfast when

the look-outs came racing in with the news that Frederick and his

followers had already come through the five-barred gate. Boldly enough the

animals sallied forth to meet them, but this time they did not have the

easy victory that they had had in the Battle of the Cowshed. There were

fifteen men, with half a dozen guns between them, and they opened fire as

soon as they got within fifty yards. The animals could not face the

terrible explosions and the stinging pellets, and in spite of the efforts

of Napoleon and Boxer to rally them, they were soon driven back. A number

of them were already wounded. They took refuge in the farm buildings and

peeped cautiously out from chinks and knot-holes. The whole of the big

pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy. For the

moment even Napoleon seemed at a loss. He paced up and down without a

word, his tail rigid and twitching. Wistful glances were sent in the

direction of Foxwood. If Pilkington and his men would help them, the day

might yet be won. But at this moment the four pigeons, who had been sent

out on the day before, returned, one of them bearing a scrap of paper from

Pilkington. On it was pencilled the words: "Serves you right."

Meanwhile Frederick and his men had halted about the windmill. The animals

watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Two of the men had

produced a crowbar and a sledge hammer. They were going to knock the

windmill down.

"Impossible!" cried Napoleon. "We have built the walls far too thick for

that. They could not knock it down in a week. Courage, comrades!"

But Benjamin was watching the movements of the men intently. The two with

the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the

windmill. Slowly, and with an air almost of amusement, Benjamin nodded his

long muzzle.

"I thought so," he said. "Do you not see what they are doing? In another

moment they are going to pack blasting powder into that hole."

Terrified, the animals waited. It was impossible now to venture out of the

shelter of the buildings. After a few minutes the men were seen to be

running in all directions. Then there was a deafening roar. The pigeons

swirled into the air, and all the animals, except Napoleon, flung

themselves flat on their bellies and hid their faces. When they got up

again, a huge cloud of black smoke was hanging where the windmill had

been. Slowly the breeze drifted it away. The windmill had ceased to exist!

At this sight the animals' courage returned to them. The fear and despair

they had felt a moment earlier were drowned in their rage against this

vile, contemptible act. A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and without

waiting for further orders they charged forth in a body and made straight

for the enemy. This time they did not heed the cruel pellets that swept

over them like hail. It was a savage, bitter battle. The men fired again

and again, and, when the animals got to close quarters, lashed out with

their sticks and their heavy boots. A cow, three sheep, and two geese were

killed, and nearly everyone was wounded. Even Napoleon, who was directing

operations from the rear, had the tip of his tail chipped by a pellet. But

the men did not go unscathed either. Three of them had their heads broken

by blows from Boxer's hoofs; another was gored in the belly by a cow's

horn; another had his trousers nearly torn off by Jessie and Bluebell. And

when the nine dogs of Napoleon's own bodyguard, whom he had instructed to

make a detour under cover of the hedge, suddenly appeared on the men's

flank, baying ferociously, panic overtook them. They saw that they were in

danger of being surrounded. Frederick shouted to his men to get out while

the going was good, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for

dear life. The animals chased them right down to the bottom of the field,

and got in some last kicks at them as they forced their way through the

thorn hedge.

They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp

back towards the farm. The sight of their dead comrades stretched upon the

grass moved some of them to tears. And for a little while they halted in

sorrowful silence at the place where the windmill had once stood. Yes, it

was gone; almost the last trace of their labour was gone! Even the

foundations were partially destroyed. And in rebuilding it they could not

this time, as before, make use of the fallen stones. This time the stones

had vanished too. The force of the explosion had flung them to distances

of hundreds of yards. It was as though the windmill had never been.

As they approached the farm Squealer, who had unaccountably been absent

during the fighting, came skipping towards them, whisking his tail and

beaming with satisfaction. And the animals heard, from the direction of

the farm buildings, the solemn booming of a gun.

"What is that gun firing for?" said Boxer.

"To celebrate our victory!" cried Squealer.

"What victory?" said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe

and split his hoof, and a dozen pellets had lodged themselves in his hind

leg.

"What victory, comrade? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil--the

sacred soil of Animal Farm?"

"But they have destroyed the windmill. And we had worked on it for two

years!"

"What matter? We will build another windmill. We will build six windmills

if we feel like it. You do not appreciate, comrade, the mighty thing that

we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very ground that we

stand upon. And now--thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon--we have

won every inch of it back again!"

"Then we have won back what we had before," said Boxer.

"That is our victory," said Squealer.

They limped into the yard. The pellets under the skin of Boxer's leg

smarted painfully. He saw ahead of him the heavy labour of rebuilding the

windmill from the foundations, and already in imagination he braced

himself for the task. But for the first time it occurred to him that he

was eleven years old and that perhaps his great muscles were not quite

what they had once been.

But when the animals saw the green flag flying, and heard the gun firing

again--seven times it was fired in all--and heard the speech that Napoleon

made, congratulating them on their conduct, it did seem to them after all

that they had won a great victory. The animals slain in the battle were

given a solemn funeral. Boxer and Clover pulled the wagon which served as

a hearse, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of the procession. Two

whole days were given over to celebrations. There were songs, speeches,

and more firing of the gun, and a special gift of an apple was bestowed on

every animal, with two ounces of corn for each bird and three biscuits for

each dog. It was announced that the battle would be called the Battle of

the Windmill, and that Napoleon had created a new decoration, the Order

of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general

rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the banknotes was forgotten.

It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky

in the cellars of the farmhouse. It had been overlooked at the time when

the house was first occupied. That night there came from the farmhouse the

sound of loud singing, in which, to everyone's surprise, the strains of

'Beasts of England' were mixed up. At about half past nine Napoleon,

wearing an old bowler hat of Mr. Jones's, was distinctly seen to emerge

from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard, and disappear indoors

again. But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. Not a

pig appeared to be stirring. It was nearly nine o'clock when Squealer made

his appearance, walking slowly and dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail

hanging limply behind him, and with every appearance of being seriously

ill. He called the animals together and told them that he had a terrible

piece of news to impart. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

A cry of lamentation went up. Straw was laid down outside the doors of the

farmhouse, and the animals walked on tiptoe. With tears in their eyes they

asked one another what they should do if their Leader were taken away from

them. A rumour went round that Snowball had after all contrived to

introduce poison into Napoleon's food. At eleven o'clock Squealer came

out to make another announcement. As his last act upon earth, Comrade

Napoleon had pronounced a solemn decree: the drinking of alcohol was to be

punished by death.

By the evening, however, Napoleon appeared to be somewhat better, and the

following morning Squealer was able to tell them that he was well on the

way to recovery. By the evening of that day Napoleon was back at work, and

on the next day it was learned that he had instructed Whymper to purchase

in Willingdon some booklets on brewing and distilling. A week later

Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it

had previously been intended to set aside as a grazing-ground for animals

who were past work, was to be ploughed up. It was given out that the

pasture was exhausted and needed re-seeding; but it soon became known that

Napoleon intended to sow it with barley.

About this time there occurred a strange incident which hardly anyone was

able to understand. One night at about twelve o'clock there was a loud

crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. It was a

moonlit night. At the foot of the end wall of the big barn, where the

Seven Commandments were written, there lay a ladder broken in two pieces.

Squealer, temporarily stunned, was sprawling beside it, and near at hand

there lay a lantern, a paint-brush, and an overturned pot of white paint.

The dogs immediately made a ring round Squealer, and escorted him back to

the farmhouse as soon as he was able to walk. None of the animals could

form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin, who nodded his

muzzle with a knowing air, and seemed to understand, but would say nothing.

But a few days later Muriel, reading over the Seven Commandments to

herself, noticed that there was yet another of them which the animals had

remembered wrong. They had thought the Fifth Commandment was "No animal

shall drink alcohol," but there were two words that they had forgotten.

Actually the Commandment read: "No animal shall drink alcohol TO EXCESS."

Chapter IX

Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing. They had started the

rebuilding of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were

ended. Boxer refused to take even a day off work, and made it a point of

honour not to let it be seen that he was in pain. In the evenings he would

admit privately to Clover that the hoof troubled him a great deal. Clover

treated the hoof with poultices of herbs which she prepared by chewing

them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's

lungs do not last for ever," she said to him. But Boxer would not listen.

He had, he said, only one real ambition left--to see the windmill well

under way before he reached the age for retirement.

At the beginning, when the laws of Animal Farm were first formulated,

the retiring age had been fixed for horses and pigs at twelve, for cows at

fourteen, for dogs at nine, for sheep at seven, and for hens and geese at

five. Liberal old-age pensions had been agreed upon. As yet no animal had

actually retired on pension, but of late the subject had been discussed

more and more. Now that the small field beyond the orchard had been set

aside for barley, it was rumoured that a corner of the large pasture was

to be fenced off and turned into a grazing-ground for superannuated

animals. For a horse, it was said, the pension would be five pounds of

corn a day and, in winter, fifteen pounds of hay, with a carrot or

possibly an apple on public holidays. Boxer's twelfth birthday was due in

the late summer of the following year.

Meanwhile life was hard. The winter was as cold as the last one had been,

and food was even shorter. Once again all rations were reduced, except

those of the pigs and the dogs. A too rigid equality in rations, Squealer

explained, would have been contrary to the principles of Animalism. In any

case he had no difficulty in proving to the other animals that they were

NOT in reality short of food, whatever the appearances might be. For the

time being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment

of rations (Squealer always spoke of it as a "readjustment," never as a

"reduction"), but in comparison with the days of Jones, the improvement

was enormous. Reading out the figures in a shrill, rapid voice, he proved

to them in detail that they had more oats, more hay, more turnips than

they had had in Jones's day, that they worked shorter hours, that their

drinking water was of better quality, that they lived longer, that a

larger proportion of their young ones survived infancy, and that they had

more straw in their stalls and suffered less from fleas. The animals

believed every word of it. Truth to tell, Jones and all he stood for had

almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh

and bare, that they were often hungry and often cold, and that they were

usually working when they were not asleep. But doubtless it had been worse

in the old days. They were glad to believe so. Besides, in those days they

had been slaves and now they were free, and that made all the difference,

as Squealer did not fail to point out.

There were many more mouths to feed now. In the autumn the four sows had

all littered about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between

them. The young pigs were piebald, and as Napoleon was the only boar on

the farm, it was possible to guess at their parentage. It was announced

that later, when bricks and timber had been purchased, a schoolroom would

be built in the farmhouse garden. For the time being, the young pigs were

given their instruction by Napoleon himself in the farmhouse kitchen. They

took their exercise in the garden, and were discouraged from playing with

the other young animals. About this time, too, it was laid down as a rule

that when a pig and any other animal met on the path, the other animal

must stand aside: and also that all pigs, of whatever degree, were to have

the privilege of wearing green ribbons on their tails on Sundays.

The farm had had a fairly successful year, but was still short of money.

There were the bricks, sand, and lime for the schoolroom to be purchased,

and it would also be necessary to begin saving up again for the machinery

for the windmill. Then there were lamp oil and candles for the house,

sugar for Napoleon's own table (he forbade this to the other pigs, on the

ground that it made them fat), and all the usual replacements such as

tools, nails, string, coal, wire, scrap-iron, and dog biscuits. A stump of

hay and part of the potato crop were sold off, and the contract for eggs

was increased to six hundred a week, so that that year the hens barely

hatched enough chicks to keep their numbers at the same level. Rations,

reduced in December, were reduced again in February, and lanterns in the

stalls were forbidden to save oil. But the pigs seemed comfortable enough,

and in fact were putting on weight if anything. One afternoon in late

February a warm, rich, appetising scent, such as the animals had never

smelt before, wafted itself across the yard from the little brew-house,

which had been disused in Jones's time, and which stood beyond the

kitchen. Someone said it was the smell of cooking barley. The animals

sniffed the air hungrily and wondered whether a warm mash was being

prepared for their supper. But no warm mash appeared, and on the following

Sunday it was announced that from now onwards all barley would be reserved

for the pigs. The field beyond the orchard had already been sown with

barley. And the news soon leaked out that every pig was now receiving a

ration of a pint of beer daily, with half a gallon for Napoleon himself,

which was always served to him in the Crown Derby soup tureen.

But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset by the

fact that life nowadays had a greater dignity than it had had before.

There were more songs, more speeches, more processions. Napoleon had

commanded that once a week there should be held something called a

Spontaneous Demonstration, the object of which was to celebrate the

struggles and triumphs of Animal Farm. At the appointed time the animals

would leave their work and march round the precincts of the farm in

military formation, with the pigs leading, then the horses, then the cows,

then the sheep, and then the poultry. The dogs flanked the procession and

at the head of all marched Napoleon's black cockerel. Boxer and Clover

always carried between them a green banner marked with the hoof and the

horn and the caption, "Long live Comrade Napoleon!" Afterwards there were

recitations of poems composed in Napoleon's honour, and a speech by

Squealer giving particulars of the latest increases in the production of

foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were

the greatest devotees of the Spontaneous Demonstration, and if anyone

complained (as a few animals sometimes did, when no pigs or dogs were near)

that they wasted time and meant a lot of standing about in the cold, the

sheep were sure to silence him with a tremendous bleating of "Four legs

good, two legs bad!" But by and large the animals enjoyed these

celebrations. They found it comforting to be reminded that, after all,

they were truly their own masters and that the work they did was for their

own benefit. So that, what with the songs, the processions, Squealer's

lists of figures, the thunder of the gun, the crowing of the cockerel,

and the fluttering of the flag, they were able to forget that their

bellies were empty, at least part of the time.

In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary

to elect a President. There was only one candidate, Napoleon, who was

elected unanimously. On the same day it was given out that fresh documents

had been discovered which revealed further details about Snowball's

complicity with Jones. It now appeared that Snowball had not, as the

animals had previously imagined, merely attempted to lose the Battle of

the Cowshed by means of a stratagem, but had been openly fighting on

Jones's side. In fact, it was he who had actually been the leader of the

human forces, and had charged into battle with the words "Long live

Humanity!" on his lips. The wounds on Snowball's back, which a few of the

animals still remembered to have seen, had been inflicted by Napoleon's

teeth.

In the middle of the summer Moses the raven suddenly reappeared on the

farm, after an absence of several years. He was quite unchanged, still did

no work, and talked in the same strain as ever about Sugarcandy Mountain.

He would perch on a stump, flap his black wings, and talk by the hour to

anyone who would listen. "Up there, comrades," he would say solemnly,

pointing to the sky with his large beak--"up there, just on the other side

of that dark cloud that you can see--there it lies, Sugarcandy Mountain,

that happy country where we poor animals shall rest for ever from our

labours!" He even claimed to have been there on one of his higher flights,

and to have seen the everlasting fields of clover and the linseed cake and

lump sugar growing on the hedges. Many of the animals believed him. Their

lives now, they reasoned, were hungry and laborious; was it not right and

just that a better world should exist somewhere else? A thing that was

difficult to determine was the attitude of the pigs towards Moses. They

all declared contemptuously that his stories about Sugarcandy Mountain

were lies, and yet they allowed him to remain on the farm, not working,

with an allowance of a gill of beer a day.

After his hoof had healed up, Boxer worked harder than ever. Indeed, all

the animals worked like slaves that year. Apart from the regular work of

the farm, and the rebuilding of the windmill, there was the schoolhouse

for the young pigs, which was started in March. Sometimes the long hours

on insufficient food were hard to bear, but Boxer never faltered. In

nothing that he said or did was there any sign that his strength was not

what it had been. It was only his appearance that was a little altered;

his hide was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches

seemed to have shrunken. The others said, "Boxer will pick up when the

spring grass comes on"; but the spring came and Boxer grew no fatter.

Sometimes on the slope leading to the top of the quarry, when he braced

his muscles against the weight of some vast boulder, it seemed that

nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At such times

his lips were seen to form the words, "I will work harder"; he had no

voice left. Once again Clover and Benjamin warned him to take care of his

health, but Boxer paid no attention. His twelfth birthday was approaching.

He did not care what happened so long as a good store of stone was

accumulated before he went on pension.

Late one evening in the summer, a sudden rumour ran round the farm that

something had happened to Boxer. He had gone out alone to drag a load of

stone down to the windmill. And sure enough, the rumour was true. A few

minutes later two pigeons came racing in with the news; "Boxer has fallen!

He is lying on his side and can't get up!"

About half the animals on the farm rushed out to the knoll where the

windmill stood. There lay Boxer, between the shafts of the cart, his neck

stretched out, unable even to raise his head. His eyes were glazed, his

sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled out of his

mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side.

"Boxer!" she cried, "how are you?"

"It is my lung," said Boxer in a weak voice. "It does not matter. I think

you will be able to finish the windmill without me. There is a pretty good

store of stone accumulated. I had only another month to go in any case.

To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. And

perhaps, as Benjamin is growing old too, they will let him retire at the

same time and be a companion to me."

"We must get help at once," said Clover. "Run, somebody, and tell Squealer

what has happened."

All the other animals immediately raced back to the farmhouse to give

Squealer the news. Only Clover remained, and Benjamin who lay down at

Boxer's side, and, without speaking, kept the flies off him with his long

tail. After about a quarter of an hour Squealer appeared, full of sympathy

and concern. He said that Comrade Napoleon had learned with the very

deepest distress of this misfortune to one of the most loyal workers on

the farm, and was already making arrangements to send Boxer to be treated

in the hospital at Willingdon. The animals felt a little uneasy at this.

Except for Mollie and Snowball, no other animal had ever left the farm,

and they did not like to think of their sick comrade in the hands of human

beings. However, Squealer easily convinced them that the veterinary

surgeon in Willingdon could treat Boxer's case more satisfactorily than

could be done on the farm. And about half an hour later, when Boxer had

somewhat recovered, he was with difficulty got on to his feet, and managed

to limp back to his stall, where Clover and Benjamin had prepared a good

bed of straw for him.

For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a

large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest

in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after

meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while

Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what

had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another

three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would

spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he

had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to

devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters

of the alphabet.

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours,

and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away.

The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a

pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the

direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was

the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited--indeed, it was

the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. "Quick, quick!" he

shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!" Without waiting for

orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm

buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by

two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a

low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat. And Boxer's stall was

empty.

The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused,

"good-bye!"

"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the

earth with his small hoofs. "Fools! Do you not see what is written on the

side of that van?"

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell

out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly

silence he read:

"'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer

in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.' Do you not understand what that

means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker's!"

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the

box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart

trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices.

Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover

tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "Boxer!"

she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" And just at this moment, as though he

had heard the uproar outside, Boxer's face, with the white stripe down his

nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van.

"Boxer!" cried Clover in a terrible voice. "Boxer! Get out! Get out

quickly! They're taking you to your death!"

All the animals took up the cry of "Get out, Boxer, get out!" But the van

was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain

whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his

face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous

drumming of hoofs inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The

time had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the

van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few

moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In

desperation the animals began appealing to the two horses which drew the

van to stop. "Comrades, comrades!" they shouted. "Don't take your own

brother to his death!" But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise

what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace.

Boxer's face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of

racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the

van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never

seen again.

Three days later it was announced that he had died in the hospital at

Willingdon, in spite of receiving every attention a horse could have.

Squealer came to announce the news to the others. He had, he said, been

present during Boxer's last hours.

"It was the most affecting sight I have ever seen!" said Squealer, lifting

his trotter and wiping away a tear. "I was at his bedside at the very

last. And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered in my ear

that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill was

finished. 'Forward, comrades!' he whispered. 'Forward in the name of the

Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is

always right.' Those were his very last words, comrades."

Here Squealer's demeanour suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment,

and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he

proceeded.

It had come to his knowledge, he said, that a foolish and wicked rumour

had been circulated at the time of Boxer's removal. Some of the animals

had noticed that the van which took Boxer away was marked "Horse

Slaughterer," and had actually jumped to the conclusion that Boxer was

being sent to the knacker's. It was almost unbelievable, said Squealer,

that any animal could be so stupid. Surely, he cried indignantly, whisking

his tail and skipping from side to side, surely they knew their beloved

Leader, Comrade Napoleon, better than that? But the explanation was really

very simple. The van had previously been the property of the knacker, and

had been bought by the veterinary surgeon, who had not yet painted the old

name out. That was how the mistake had arisen.

The animals were enormously relieved to hear this. And when Squealer went

on to give further graphic details of Boxer's death-bed, the admirable

care he had received, and the expensive medicines for which Napoleon had

paid without a thought as to the cost, their last doubts disappeared and

the sorrow that they felt for their comrade's death was tempered by the

thought that at least he had died happy.

Napoleon himself appeared at the meeting on the following Sunday morning

and pronounced a short oration in Boxer's honour. It had not been

possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade's remains for

interment on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath to be made from

the laurels in the farmhouse garden and sent down to be placed on Boxer's

grave. And in a few days' time the pigs intended to hold a memorial

banquet in Boxer's honour. Napoleon ended his speech with a reminder of

Boxer's two favourite maxims, "I will work harder" and "Comrade Napoleon

is always right"--maxims, he said, which every animal would do well to

adopt as his own.

On the day appointed for the banquet, a grocer's van drove up from

Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate at the farmhouse. That night

there was the sound of uproarious singing, which was followed by what

sounded like a violent quarrel and ended at about eleven o'clock with a

tremendous crash of glass. No one stirred in the farmhouse before noon on

the following day, and the word went round that from somewhere or other

the pigs had acquired the money to buy themselves another case of whisky.

Chapter X

Years passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by.

A time came when there was no one who remembered the old days before the

Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the

pigs.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones too was

dead--he had died in an inebriates' home in another part of the country.

Snowball was forgotten. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had

known him. Clover was an old stout mare now, stiff in the joints and with

a tendency to rheumy eyes. She was two years past the retiring age, but in

fact no animal had ever actually retired. The talk of setting aside a

corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been

dropped. Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stone. Squealer was

so fat that he could with difficulty see out of his eyes. Only old

Benjamin was much the same as ever, except for being a little greyer about

the muzzle, and, since Boxer's death, more morose and taciturn than ever.

There were many more creatures on the farm now, though the increase was

not so great as had been expected in earlier years. Many animals had been

born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, passed on by word of

mouth, and others had been bought who had never heard mention of such a

thing before their arrival. The farm possessed three horses now besides

Clover. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good

comrades, but very stupid. None of them proved able to learn the alphabet

beyond the letter B. They accepted everything that they were told about

the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for

whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they

understood very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organised: it had even been

enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The

windmill had been successfully completed at last, and the farm possessed a

threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings

had been added to it. Whymper had bought himself a dogcart. The windmill,

however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. It

was used for milling corn, and brought in a handsome money profit. The

animals were hard at work building yet another windmill; when that one was

finished, so it was said, the dynamos would be installed. But the luxuries

of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream, the stalls with

electric light and hot and cold water, and the three-day week, were no

longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas as contrary to the

spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard

and living frugally.

Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the

animals themselves any richer-except, of course, for the pigs and the

dogs. Perhaps this was partly because there were so many pigs and so many

dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion.

There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the

supervision and organisation of the farm. Much of this work was of a kind

that the other animals were too ignorant to understand. For example,

Squealer told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day

upon mysterious things called "files," "reports," "minutes," and

"memoranda". These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely

covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered, they were burnt

in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the

farm, Squealer said. But still, neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by

their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites

were always good.

As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always

been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the

pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the

cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them

racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early

days of the Rebellion, when Jones's expulsion was still recent, things had

been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing

with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go

upon except Squealer's lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated

that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the

problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on

such things now. Only old Benjamin professed to remember every detail of

his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be

much better or much worse--hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so

he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never gave up hope. More, they never lost, even for an

instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal

Farm. They were still the only farm in the whole county--in all

England!--owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the

youngest, not even the newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or

twenty miles away, ever ceased to marvel at that. And when they heard the

gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their

hearts swelled with imperishable pride, and the talk turned always towards

the old heroic days, the expulsion of Jones, the writing of the Seven

Commandments, the great battles in which the human invaders had been

defeated. None of the old dreams had been abandoned. The Republic of the

Animals which Major had foretold, when the green fields of England should

be untrodden by human feet, was still believed in. Some day it was coming:

it might not be soon, it might not be with in the lifetime of any animal

now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of 'Beasts of England'

was perhaps hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact

that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to

sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of

their hopes had been fulfilled; but they were conscious that they were not

as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical

human beings; if they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves.

No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other

creature "Master." All animals were equal.

One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led

them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm, which

had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day

there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision. In the evening

he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told

the sheep to stay where they were. It ended by their remaining there for a

whole week, during which time the other animals saw nothing of them.

Squealer was with them for the greater part of every day. He was, he said,

teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.

It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the

animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm

buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard.

Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover's voice. She

neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the

yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to

supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect

balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from

the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their

hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle

unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a

stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard

successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a

shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself,

majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with

his dogs gambolling round him.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the

animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was

as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when

the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything-in spite of

their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years,

of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened--they

might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as

though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of--

"Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four

legs good, two legs BETTER!"

It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep

had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs

had marched back into the farmhouse.

Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was

Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she

tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn,

where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood

gazing at the tatted wall with its white lettering.

"My sight is failing," she said finally. "Even when I was young I could

not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall

looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be,

Benjamin?"

For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what

was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single

Commandment. It ran:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL

BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

After that it did not seem strange when next day the pigs who were

supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It

did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a

wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out

subscriptions to 'John Bull', 'Tit-Bits', and the 'Daily Mirror'. It did

not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden

with a pipe in his mouth--no, not even when the pigs took Mr. Jones's

clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing

in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather leggings, while his

favourite sow appeared in the watered silk dress which Mrs. Jones had been

used to wearing on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dog-carts drove up to the farm.

A deputation of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of

inspection. They were shown all over the farm, and expressed great

admiration for everything they saw, especially the windmill. The animals

were weeding the turnip field. They worked diligently hardly raising their

faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of

the pigs or of the human visitors.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse.

And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were

stricken with curiosity. What could be happening in there, now that for

the first time animals and human beings were meeting on terms of equality?

With one accord they began to creep as quietly as possible into the

farmhouse garden.

At the gate they paused, half frightened to go on but Clover led the way

in. They tiptoed up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough

peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half

a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon

himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs

appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company had been enjoying

a game of cards but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to

drink a toast. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being

refilled with beer. No one noticed the wondering faces of the animals that

gazed in at the window.

Mr. Pilkington, of Foxwood, had stood up, his mug in his hand. In a

moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But

before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent upon him

to say.

It was a source of great satisfaction to him, he said--and, he was sure,

to all others present--to feel that a long period of mistrust and

misunderstanding had now come to an end. There had been a time--not that

he, or any of the present company, had shared such sentiments--but there

had been a time when the respected proprietors of Animal Farm had been

regarded, he would not say with hostility, but perhaps with a certain

measure of misgiving, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had

occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. It had been felt that the

existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and

was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. Too many

farmers had assumed, without due enquiry, that on such a farm a spirit of

licence and indiscipline would prevail. They had been nervous about the

effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But

all such doubts were now dispelled. Today he and his friends had visited

Animal Farm and inspected every inch of it with their own eyes, and what

did they find? Not only the most up-to-date methods, but a discipline and

an orderliness which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. He

believed that he was right in saying that the lower animals on Animal Farm

did more work and received less food than any animals in the county.

Indeed, he and his fellow-visitors today had observed many features which

they intended to introduce on their own farms immediately.

He would end his remarks, he said, by emphasising once again the friendly

feelings that subsisted, and ought to subsist, between Animal Farm and its

neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need

not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their

difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere?

Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some

carefully prepared witticism on the company, but for a moment he was too

overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking, during

which his various chins turned purple, he managed to get it out: "If you

have your lower animals to contend with," he said, "we have our lower

classes!" This BON MOT set the table in a roar; and Mr. Pilkington once

again congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours,

and the general absence of pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.

And now, he said finally, he would ask the company to rise to their feet

and make certain that their glasses were full. "Gentlemen," concluded

Mr. Pilkington, "gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of

Animal Farm!"

There was enthusiastic cheering and stamping of feet. Napoleon was so

gratified that he left his place and came round the table to clink his

mug against Mr. Pilkington's before emptying it. When the cheering had

died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too

had a few words to say.

Like all of Napoleon's speeches, it was short and to the point. He too,

he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. For

a long time there had been rumours--circulated, he had reason to think,

by some malignant enemy--that there was something subversive and even

revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. They had been

credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on

neighbouring farms. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole

wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business

relations with their neighbours. This farm which he had the honour to

control, he added, was a co-operative enterprise. The title-deeds, which

were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions still

lingered, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the

farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence still further.

Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom of

addressing one another as "Comrade." This was to be suppressed. There had

also been a very strange custom, whose origin was unknown, of marching

every Sunday morning past a boar's skull which was nailed to a post in the

garden. This, too, would be suppressed, and the skull had already been

buried. His visitors might have observed, too, the green flag which flew

from the masthead. If so, they would perhaps have noted that the white

hoof and horn with which it had previously been marked had now been

removed. It would be a plain green flag from now onwards.

He had only one criticism, he said, to make of Mr. Pilkington's excellent

and neighbourly speech. Mr. Pilkington had referred throughout to

"Animal Farm." He could not of course know--for he, Napoleon, was only

now for the first time announcing it--that the name "Animal Farm"

had been abolished. Henceforward the farm was to be known as "The Manor

Farm"--which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

"Gentlemen," concluded Napoleon, "I will give you the same toast as

before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. Gentlemen,

here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!"

There was the same hearty cheering as before, and the mugs were emptied to

the dregs. But as the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to

them that some strange thing was happening. What was it that had altered

in the faces of the pigs? Clover's old dim eyes flitted from one face to

another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But

what was it that seemed to be melting and changing? Then, the applause

having come to an end, the company took up their cards and continued the

game that had been interrupted, and the animals crept silently away.

But they had not gone twenty yards when they stopped short. An uproar of

voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed back and looked through

the window again. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. There were

shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious

denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and

Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question,

now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside

looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again;

but already it was impossible to say which was which.

November 1943-February 1944

THE END

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE

by

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Harcourt, Brace and Howe

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PREFACE

The writer of this book was temporarily attached to the British

Treasury during the war and was their official representative at the

Paris Peace Conference up to June 7, 1919; he also sat as deputy for

the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. He

resigned from these positions when it became evident that hope could

no longer be entertained of substantial modification in the draft

Terms of Peace. The grounds of his objection to the Treaty, or rather

to the whole policy of the Conference towards the economic problems of

Europe, will appear in the following chapters. They are entirely of a

public character, and are based on facts known to the whole world.

J.M. Keynes.

King's College, Cambridge,

November, 1919.

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THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

The power to become habituated to his surroundings is a marked

characteristic of mankind. Very few of us realize with conviction the

intensely unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable, temporary nature

of the economic organization by which Western Europe has lived for the

last half century. We assume some of the most peculiar and temporary of

our late advantages as natural, permanent, and to be depended on, and we

lay our plans accordingly. On this sandy and false foundation we scheme

for social improvement and dress our political platforms, pursue our

animosities and particular ambitions, and feel ourselves with enough

margin in hand to foster, not assuage, civil conflict in the European

family. Moved by insane delusion and reckless self-regard, the German

people overturned the foundations on which we all lived and built. But

the spokesmen of the French and British peoples have run the risk of

completing the ruin, which Germany began, by a Peace which, if it is

carried into effect, must impair yet further, when it might have

restored, the delicate, complicated organization, already shaken and

broken by war, through which alone the European peoples can employ

themselves and live.

In England the outward aspect of life does not yet teach us to feel or

realize in the least that an age is over. We are busy picking up the

threads of our life where we dropped them, with this difference only,

that many of us seem a good deal richer than we were before. Where we

spent millions before the war, we have now learnt that we can spend

hundreds of millions and apparently not suffer for it. Evidently we did

not exploit to the utmost the possibilities of our economic life. We

look, therefore, not only to a return to the comforts of 1914, but to an

immense broadening and intensification of them. All classes alike thus

build their plans, the rich to spend more and save less, the poor to

spend more and work less.

But perhaps it is only in England (and America) that it is possible to

be so unconscious. In continental Europe the earth heaves and no one but

is aware of the rumblings. There it is not just a matter of extravagance

or "labor troubles"; but of life and death, of starvation and existence,

and of the fearful convulsions of a dying civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*

For one who spent in Paris the greater part of the six months which

succeeded the Armistice an occasional visit to London was a strange

experience. England still stands outside Europe. Europe's voiceless

tremors do not reach her. Europe is apart and England is not of her

flesh and body. But Europe is solid with herself. France, Germany,

Italy, Austria and Holland, Russia and Roumania and Poland, throb

together, and their structure and civilization are essentially one. They

flourished together, they have rocked together in a war, which we, in

spite of our enormous contributions and sacrifices (like though in a

less degree than America), economically stood outside, and they may fall

together. In this lies the destructive significance of the Peace of

Paris. If the European Civil War is to end with France and Italy abusing

their momentary victorious power to destroy Germany and Austria-Hungary

now prostrate, they invite their own destruction also, being so deeply

and inextricably intertwined with their victims by hidden psychic and

economic bonds. At any rate an Englishman who took part in the

Conference of Paris and was during those months a member of the Supreme

Economic Council of the Allied Powers, was bound to become, for him a

new experience, a European in his cares and outlook. There, at the nerve

center of the European system, his British preoccupations must largely

fall away and he must be haunted by other and more dreadful specters.

Paris was a nightmare, and every one there was morbid. A sense of

impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene; the futility and

smallness of man before the great events confronting him; the mingled

significance and unreality of the decisions; levity, blindness,

insolence, confused cries from without,--all the elements of ancient

tragedy were there. Seated indeed amid the theatrical trappings of the

French Saloons of State, one could wonder if the extraordinary visages

of Wilson and of Clemenceau, with their fixed hue and unchanging

characterization, were really faces at all and not the tragi-comic masks

of some strange drama or puppet-show.

The proceedings of Paris all had this air of extraordinary importance

and unimportance at the same time. The decisions seemed charged with

consequences to the future of human society; yet the air whispered that

the word was not flesh, that it was futile, insignificant, of no effect,

dissociated from events; and one felt most strongly the impression,

described by Tolstoy in \_War and Peace\_ or by Hardy in \_The Dynasts\_, of

events marching on to their fated conclusion uninfluenced and unaffected

by the cerebrations of Statesmen in Council:

\_Spirit of the Years\_

Observe that all wide sight and self-command

Deserts these throngs now driven to demonry

By the Immanent Unrecking. Nought remains

But vindictiveness here amid the strong,

And there amid the weak an impotent rage.

\_Spirit of the Pities\_

Why prompts the Will so senseless-shaped a doing?

\_Spirit of the Years\_

I have told thee that It works unwittingly,

As one possessed not judging.

In Paris, where those connected with the Supreme Economic Council,

received almost hourly the reports of the misery, disorder, and decaying

organization of all Central and Eastern Europe, allied and enemy alike,

and learnt from the lips of the financial representatives of Germany and

Austria unanswerable evidence, of the terrible exhaustion of their

countries, an occasional visit to the hot, dry room in the President's

house, where the Four fulfilled their destinies in empty and arid

intrigue, only added to the sense of nightmare. Yet there in Paris the

problems of Europe were terrible and clamant, and an occasional return

to the vast unconcern of London a little disconcerting. For in London

these questions were very far away, and our own lesser problems alone

troubling. London believed that Paris was making a great confusion of

its business, but remained uninterested. In this spirit the British

people received the Treaty without reading it. But it is under the

influence of Paris, not London, that this book has been written by one

who, though an Englishman, feels himself a European also, and, because

of too vivid recent experience, cannot disinterest himself from the

further unfolding of the great historic drama of these days which will

destroy great institutions, but may also create a new world.

CHAPTER II

EUROPE BEFORE THE WAR

Before 1870 different parts of the small continent of Europe had

specialized in their own products; but, taken as a whole, it was

substantially self-subsistent. And its population was adjusted to this

state of affairs.

After 1870 there was developed on a large scale an unprecedented

situation, and the economic condition of Europe became during the next

fifty years unstable and peculiar. The pressure of population on food,

which had already been balanced by the accessibility of supplies from

America, became for the first time in recorded history definitely

reversed. As numbers increased, food was actually easier to secure.

Larger proportional returns from an increasing scale of production

became true of agriculture as well as industry. With the growth of the

European population there were more emigrants on the one hand to till

the soil of the new countries, and, on the other, more workmen were

available in Europe to prepare the industrial products and capital goods

which were to maintain the emigrant populations in their new homes, and

to build the railways and ships which were to make accessible to Europe

food and raw products from distant sources. Up to about 1900 a unit of

labor applied to industry yielded year by year a purchasing power over

an increasing quantity of food. It is possible that about the year 1900

this process began to be reversed, and a diminishing yield of Nature to

man's effort was beginning to reassert itself. But the tendency of

cereals to rise in real cost was balanced by other improvements;

and--one of many novelties--the resources of tropical Africa then for

the first time came into large employ, and a great traffic in oil-seeds

began to bring to the table of Europe in a new and cheaper form one of

the essential foodstuffs of mankind. In this economic Eldorado, in this

economic Utopia, as the earlier economists would have deemed it, most of

us were brought up.

That happy age lost sight of a view of the world which filled with

deep-seated melancholy the founders of our Political Economy. Before the

eighteenth century mankind entertained no false hopes. To lay the

illusions which grew popular at that age's latter end, Malthus disclosed

a Devil. For half a century all serious economical writings held that

Devil in clear prospect. For the next half century he was chained up and

out of sight. Now perhaps we have loosed him again.

What an extraordinary episode in the economic progress of man that age

was which came to an end in August, 1914! The greater part of the

population, it is true, worked hard and lived at a low standard of

comfort, yet were, to all appearances, reasonably contented with this

lot. But escape was possible, for any man of capacity or character at

all exceeding the average, into the middle and upper classes, for whom

life offered, at a low cost and with the least trouble, conveniences,

comforts, and amenities beyond the compass of the richest and most

powerful monarchs of other ages. The inhabitant of London could order by

telephone, sipping his morning tea in bed, the various products of the

whole earth, in such quantity as he might see fit, and reasonably expect

their early delivery upon his doorstep; he could at the same moment and

by the same means adventure his wealth in the natural resources and new

enterprises of any quarter of the world, and share, without exertion or

even trouble, in their prospective fruits and advantages; or he could

decide to couple the security of his fortunes with the good faith of the

townspeople of any substantial municipality in any continent that fancy

or information might recommend. He could secure forthwith, if he wished

it, cheap and comfortable means of transit to any country or climate

without passport or other formality, could despatch his servant to the

neighboring office of a bank for such supply of the precious metals as

might seem convenient, and could then proceed abroad to foreign

quarters, without knowledge of their religion, language, or customs,

bearing coined wealth upon his person, and would consider himself

greatly aggrieved and much surprised at the least interference. But,

most important of all, he regarded this state of affairs as normal,

certain, and permanent, except in the direction of further improvement,

and any deviation from it as aberrant, scandalous, and avoidable. The

projects and politics of militarism and imperialism, of racial and

cultural rivalries, of monopolies, restrictions, and exclusion, which

were to play the serpent to this paradise, were little more than the

amusements of his daily newspaper, and appeared to exercise almost no

influence at all on the ordinary course of social and economic life, the

internationalization of which was nearly complete in practice.

It will assist us to appreciate the character and consequences of the

Peace which we have imposed on our enemies, if I elucidate a little

further some of the chief unstable elements already present when war

broke out, in the economic life of Europe.

I. \_Population\_

In 1870 Germany had a population of about 40,000,000. By 1892 this

figure had risen to 50,000,000, and by June 30, 1914, to about

68,000,000. In the years immediately preceding the war the annual

increase was about 850,000, of whom an insignificant proportion

emigrated.[1] This great increase was only rendered possible by a

far-reaching transformation of the economic structure of the country.

From being agricultural and mainly self-supporting, Germany transformed

herself into a vast and complicated industrial machine, dependent for

its working on the equipoise of many factors outside Germany as well as

within. Only by operating this machine, continuously and at full blast,

could she find occupation at home for her increasing population and the

means of purchasing their subsistence from abroad. The German machine

was like a top which to maintain its equilibrium must spin ever faster

and faster.

In the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which grew from about 40,000,000 in 1890

to at least 50,000,000 at the outbreak of war, the same tendency was

present in a less degree, the annual excess of births over deaths being

about half a million, out of which, however, there was an annual

emigration of some quarter of a million persons.

To understand the present situation, we must apprehend with vividness

what an extraordinary center of population the development of the

Germanic system had enabled Central Europe to become. Before the war the

population of Germany and Austria-Hungary together not only

substantially exceeded that of the United States, but was about equal to

that of the whole of North America. In these numbers, situated within a

compact territory, lay the military strength of the Central Powers. But

these same numbers--for even the war has not appreciably diminished

them[2]--if deprived of the means of life, remain a hardly less danger

to European order.

European Russia increased her population in a degree even greater than

Germany--from less than 100,000,000 in 1890 to about 150,000,000 at the

outbreak of war;[3] and in the year immediately preceding 1914 the

excess of births over deaths in Russia as a whole was at the prodigious

rate of two millions per annum. This inordinate growth in the population

of Russia, which has not been widely noticed in England, has been

nevertheless one of the most significant facts of recent years.

The great events of history are often due to secular changes in the

growth of population and other fundamental economic causes, which,

escaping by their gradual character the notice of contemporary

observers, are attributed to the follies of statesmen or the fanaticism

of atheists. Thus the extraordinary occurrences of the past two years in

Russia, that vast upheaval of Society, which has overturned what seemed

most stable--religion, the basis of property, the ownership of land, as

well as forms of government and the hierarchy of classes--may owe more

to the deep influences of expanding numbers than to Lenin or to

Nicholas; and the disruptive powers of excessive national fecundity may

have played a greater part in bursting the bonds of convention than

either the power of ideas or the errors of autocracy.

II. \_Organization\_

The delicate organization by which these peoples lived depended partly

on factors internal to the system.

The interference of frontiers and of tariffs was reduced to a minimum,

and not far short of three hundred millions of people lived within the

three Empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. The various

currencies, which were all maintained on a stable basis in relation to

gold and to one another, facilitated the easy flow of capital and of

trade to an extent the full value of which we only realize now, when we

are deprived of its advantages. Over this great area there was an almost

absolute security of property and of person.

These factors of order, security, and uniformity, which Europe had never

before enjoyed over so wide and populous a territory or for so long a

period, prepared the way for the organization of that vast mechanism of

transport, coal distribution, and foreign trade which made possible an

industrial order of life in the dense urban centers of new population.

This is too well known to require detailed substantiation with figures.

But it may be illustrated by the figures for coal, which has been the

key to the industrial growth of Central Europe hardly less than of

England; the output of German coal grew from 30,000,000 tons in 1871 to

70,000,000 tons in 1890, 110,000,000 tons in 1900, and 190,000,000 tons

in 1913.

Round Germany as a central support the rest of the European economic

system grouped itself, and on the prosperity and enterprise of Germany

the prosperity of the rest of the Continent mainly depended. The

increasing pace of Germany gave her neighbors an outlet for their

products, in exchange for which the enterprise of the German merchant

supplied them with their chief requirements at a low price.

The statistics of the economic interdependence of Germany and her

neighbors are overwhelming. Germany was the best customer of Russia,

Norway, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria-Hungary; she

was the second best customer of Great Britain, Sweden, and Denmark; and

the third best customer of France. She was the largest source of supply

to Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy,

Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Bulgaria; and the second largest source

of supply to Great Britain, Belgium, and France.

In our own case we sent more exports to Germany than to any other

country in the world except India, and we bought more from her than from

any other country in the world except the United States.

There was no European country except those west of Germany which did not

do more than a quarter of their total trade with her; and in the case of

Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Holland the proportion was far greater.

Germany not only furnished these countries with trade, but, in the case

of some of them, supplied a great part of the capital needed for their

own development. Of Germany's pre-war foreign investments, amounting in

all to about $6,250,000,000, not far short of $2,500,000,000 was

invested in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Turkey.[4]

And by the system of "peaceful penetration" she gave these countries not

only capital, but, what they needed hardly less, organization. The whole

of Europe east of the Rhine thus fell into the German industrial orbit,

and its economic life was adjusted accordingly.

But these internal factors would not have been sufficient to enable the

population to support itself without the co-operation of external

factors also and of certain general dispositions common to the whole of

Europe. Many of the circumstances already treated were true of Europe as

a whole, and were not peculiar to the Central Empires. But all of what

follows was common to the whole European system.

III. \_The Psychology of Society\_

Europe was so organized socially and economically as to secure the

maximum accumulation of capital. While there was some continuous

improvement in the daily conditions of life of the mass of the

population, Society was so framed as to throw a great part of the

increased income into the control of the class least likely to consume

it. The new rich of the nineteenth century were not brought up to large

expenditures, and preferred the power which investment gave them to the

pleasures of immediate consumption. In fact, it was precisely the

\_inequality\_ of the distribution of wealth which made possible those

vast accumulations of fixed wealth and of capital improvements which

distinguished that age from all others. Herein lay, in fact, the main

justification of the Capitalist System. If the rich had spent their new

wealth on their own enjoyments, the world would long ago have found such

a r&eacute;gime intolerable. But like bees they saved and accumulated, not less

to the advantage of the whole community because they themselves held

narrower ends in prospect.

The immense accumulations of fixed capital which, to the great benefit

of mankind, were built up during the half century before the war, could

never have come about in a Society where wealth was divided equitably.

The railways of the world, which that age built as a monument to

posterity, were, not less than the Pyramids of Egypt, the work of labor

which was not free to consume in immediate enjoyment the full equivalent

of its efforts.

Thus this remarkable system depended for its growth on a double bluff or

deception. On the one hand the laboring classes accepted from ignorance

or powerlessness, or were compelled, persuaded, or cajoled by custom,

convention, authority, and the well-established order of Society into

accepting, a situation in which they could call their own very little of

the cake that they and Nature and the capitalists were co-operating to

produce. And on the other hand the capitalist classes were allowed to

call the best part of the cake theirs and were theoretically free to

consume it, on the tacit underlying condition that they consumed very

little of it in practice. The duty of "saving" became nine-tenths of

virtue and the growth of the cake the object of true religion. There

grew round the non-consumption of the cake all those instincts of

puritanism which in other ages has withdrawn itself from the world and

has neglected the arts of production as well as those of enjoyment. And

so the cake increased; but to what end was not clearly contemplated.

Individuals would be exhorted not so much to abstain as to defer, and to

cultivate the pleasures of security and anticipation. Saving was for old

age or for your children; but this was only in theory,--the virtue of

the cake was that it was never to be consumed, neither by you nor by

your children after you.

In writing thus I do not necessarily disparage the practices of that

generation. In the unconscious recesses of its being Society knew what

it was about. The cake was really very small in proportion to the

appetites of consumption, and no one, if it were shared all round, would

be much the better off by the cutting of it. Society was working not

for the small pleasures of to-day but for the future security and

improvement of the race,--in fact for "progress." If only the cake were

not cut but was allowed to grow in the geometrical proportion predicted

by Malthus of population, but not less true of compound interest,

perhaps a day might come when there would at last be enough to go round,

and when posterity could enter into the enjoyment of \_our\_ labors. In

that day overwork, overcrowding, and underfeeding would have come to an

end, and men, secure of the comforts and necessities of the body, could

proceed to the nobler exercises of their faculties. One geometrical

ratio might cancel another, and the nineteenth century was able to

forget the fertility of the species in a contemplation of the dizzy

virtues of compound interest.

There were two pitfalls in this prospect: lest, population still

outstripping accumulation, our self-denials promote not happiness but

numbers; and lest the cake be after all consumed, prematurely, in war,

the consumer of all such hopes.

But these thoughts lead too far from my present purpose. I seek only to

point out that the principle of accumulation based on inequality was a

vital part of the pre-war order of Society and of progress as we then

understood it, and to emphasize that this principle depended on unstable

psychological conditions, which it may be impossible to recreate. It

was not natural for a population, of whom so few enjoyed the comforts of

life, to accumulate so hugely. The war has disclosed the possibility of

consumption to all and the vanity of abstinence to many. Thus the bluff

is discovered; the laboring classes may be no longer willing to forego

so largely, and the capitalist classes, no longer confident of the

future, may seek to enjoy more fully their liberties of consumption so

long as they last, and thus precipitate the hour of their confiscation.

IV. \_The Relation of the Old World to the New\_

The accumulative habits of Europe before the war were the necessary

condition of the greatest of the external factors which maintained the

European equipoise.

Of the surplus capital goods accumulated by Europe a substantial part

was exported abroad, where its investment made possible the development

of the new resources of food, materials, and transport, and at the same

time enabled the Old World to stake out a claim in the natural wealth

and virgin potentialities of the New. This last factor came to be of the

vastest importance. The Old World employed with an immense prudence the

annual tribute it was thus entitled to draw. The benefit of cheap and

abundant supplies resulting from the new developments which its surplus

capital had made possible, was, it is true, enjoyed and not postponed.

But the greater part of the money interest accruing on these foreign

investments was reinvested and allowed to accumulate, as a reserve (it

was then hoped) against the less happy day when the industrial labor of

Europe could no longer purchase on such easy terms the produce of other

continents, and when the due balance would be threatened between its

historical civilizations and the multiplying races of other climates and

environments. Thus the whole of the European races tended to benefit

alike from the development of new resources whether they pursued their

culture at home or adventured it abroad.

Even before the war, however, the equilibrium thus established between

old civilizations and new resources was being threatened. The prosperity

of Europe was based on the facts that, owing to the large exportable

surplus of foodstuffs in America, she was able to purchase food at a

cheap rate measured in terms of the labor required to produce her own

exports, and that, as a result of her previous investments of capital,

she was entitled to a substantial amount annually without any payment in

return at all. The second of these factors then seemed out of danger,

but, as a result of the growth of population overseas, chiefly in the

United States, the first was not so secure.

When first the virgin soils of America came into bearing, the

proportions of the population of those continents themselves, and

consequently of their own local requirements, to those of Europe were

very small. As lately as 1890 Europe had a population three times that

of North and South America added together. But by 1914 the domestic

requirements of the United States for wheat were approaching their

production, and the date was evidently near when there would be an

exportable surplus only in years of exceptionally favorable harvest.

Indeed, the present domestic requirements of the United States are

estimated at more than ninety per cent of the average yield of the five

years 1909-1913.[5] At that time, however, the tendency towards

stringency was showing itself, not so much in a lack of abundance as in

a steady increase of real cost. That is to say, taking the world as a

whole, there was no deficiency of wheat, but in order to call forth an

adequate supply it was necessary to offer a higher real price. The most

favorable factor in the situation was to be found in the extent to which

Central and Western Europe was being fed from the exportable surplus of

Russia and Roumania.

In short, Europe's claim on the resources of the New World was becoming

precarious; the law of diminishing returns was at last reasserting

itself and was making it necessary year by year for Europe to offer a

greater quantity of other commodities to obtain the same amount of

bread; and Europe, therefore, could by no means afford the

disorganization of any of her principal sources of supply.

Much else might be said in an attempt to portray the economic

peculiarities of the Europe of 1914. I have selected for emphasis the

three or four greatest factors of instability,--the instability of an

excessive population dependent for its livelihood on a complicated and

artificial organization, the psychological instability of the laboring

and capitalist classes, and the instability of Europe's claim, coupled

with the completeness of her dependence, on the food supplies of the New

World.

The war had so shaken this system as to endanger the life of Europe

altogether. A great part of the Continent was sick and dying; its

population was greatly in excess of the numbers for which a livelihood

was available; its organization was destroyed, its transport system

ruptured, and its food supplies terribly impaired.

It was the task of the Peace Conference to honor engagements and to

satisfy justice; but not less to re-establish life and to heal wounds.

These tasks were dictated as much by prudence as by the magnanimity

which the wisdom of antiquity approved in victors. We will examine in

the following chapters the actual character of the Peace.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] In 1913 there were 25,843 emigrants from Germany, of whom

19,124 went to the United States.

[2] The net decrease of the German population at the end of

1918 by decline of births and excess of deaths as compared with the

beginning of 1914, is estimated at about 2,700,000.

[3] Including Poland and Finland, but excluding Siberia,

Central Asia, and the Caucasus.

[4] Sums of money mentioned in this book in terms of dollars

have been converted from pounds sterling at the rate of $5 to &pound;1.

[5] Even since 1914 the population of the United States has

increased by seven or eight millions. As their annual consumption of

wheat per head is not less than 6 bushels, the pre-war scale of

production in the United States would only show a substantial surplus

over present domestic requirements in about one year out of five. We

have been saved for the moment by the great harvests of 1918 and 1919,

which have been called forth by Mr. Hoover's guaranteed price. But the

United States can hardly be expected to continue indefinitely to raise

by a substantial figure the cost of living in its own country, in order

to provide wheat for a Europe which cannot pay for it.

CHAPTER III

THE CONFERENCE

In Chapters IV. and V. I shall study in some detail the economic and

financial provisions of the Treaty of Peace with Germany. But it will be

easier to appreciate the true origin of many of these terms if we

examine here some of the personal factors which influenced their

preparation. In attempting this task, I touch, inevitably, questions of

motive, on which spectators are liable to error and are not entitled to

take on themselves the responsibilities of final judgment. Yet, if I

seem in this chapter to assume sometimes the liberties which are

habitual to historians, but which, in spite of the greater knowledge

with which we speak, we generally hesitate to assume towards

contemporaries, let the reader excuse me when he remembers how greatly,

if it is to understand its destiny, the world needs light, even if it is

partial and uncertain, on the complex struggle of human will and

purpose, not yet finished, which, concentrated in the persons of four

individuals in a manner never paralleled, made them, in the first months

of 1919, the microcosm of mankind.

In those parts of the Treaty with which I am here concerned, the lead

was taken by the French, in the sense that it was generally they who

made in the first instance the most definite and the most extreme

proposals. This was partly a matter of tactics. When the final result is

expected to be a compromise, it is often prudent to start from an

extreme position; and the French anticipated at the outset--like most

other persons--a double process of compromise, first of all to suit the

ideas of their allies and associates, and secondly in the course of the

Peace Conference proper with the Germans themselves. These tactics were

justified by the event. Clemenceau gained a reputation for moderation

with his colleagues in Council by sometimes throwing over with an air of

intellectual impartiality the more extreme proposals of his ministers;

and much went through where the American and British critics were

naturally a little ignorant of the true point at issue, or where too

persistent criticism by France's allies put them in a position which

they felt as invidious, of always appearing to take the enemy's part and

to argue his case. Where, therefore, British and American interests were

not seriously involved their criticism grew slack, and some provisions

were thus passed which the French themselves did not take very

seriously, and for which the eleventh-hour decision to allow no

discussion with the Germans removed the opportunity of remedy.

But, apart from tactics, the French had a policy. Although Clemenceau

might curtly abandon the claims of a Klotz or a Loucheur, or close his

eyes with an air of fatigue when French interests were no longer

involved in the discussion, he knew which points were vital, and these

he abated little. In so far as the main economic lines of the Treaty

represent an intellectual idea, it is the idea of France and of

Clemenceau.

Clemenceau was by far the most eminent member of the Council of Four,

and he had taken the measure of his colleagues. He alone both had an

idea and had considered it in all its consequences. His age, his

character, his wit, and his appearance joined to give him objectivity

and a, defined outline in an environment of confusion. One could not

despise Clemenceau or dislike him, but only take a different view as to

the nature of civilized man, or indulge, at least, a different hope.

The figure and bearing of Clemenceau are universally familiar. At the

Council of Four he wore a square-tailed coat of very good, thick black

broadcloth, and on his hands, which were never uncovered, gray suede

gloves; his boots were of thick black leather, very good, but of a

country style, and sometimes fastened in front, curiously, by a buckle

instead of laces. His seat in the room in the President's house, where

the regular meetings of the Council of Four were held (as distinguished

from their private and unattended conferences in a smaller chamber

below), was on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semicircle

facing the fireplace, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President

next by the fireplace, and the Prime Minister opposite on the other side

of the fireplace on his right. He carried no papers and no portfolio,

and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French

ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand

would be present round him. His walk, his hand, and his voice were not

lacking in vigor, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt

upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for

important occasions. He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of

the French case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often

and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his gray

gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or

cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified

abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a

display of obstinacy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered

English.[6] But speech and passion were not lacking when they were

wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of

deep coughing from the chest, produced their impression rather by force

and surprise than by persuasion.

Not infrequently Mr. Lloyd George, after delivering a speech in English,

would, during the period of its interpretation into French, cross the

hearthrug to the President to reinforce his case by some \_ad hominem\_

argument in private conversation, or to sound the ground for a

compromise,--and this would sometimes be the signal for a general

upheaval and disorder. The President's advisers would press round him, a

moment later the British experts would dribble across to learn the

result or see that all was well, and next the French would be there, a

little suspicious lest the others were arranging something behind them,

until all the room were on their feet and conversation was general in

both languages. My last and most vivid impression is of such a

scene--the President and the Prime Minister as the center of a surging

mob and a babel of sound, a welter of eager, impromptu compromises and

counter-compromises, all sound and fury signifying nothing, on what was

an unreal question anyhow, the great issues of the morning's meeting

forgotten and neglected; and Clemenceau silent and aloof on the

outskirts--for nothing which touched the security of France was

forward--throned, in his gray 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; and when at last silence was restored and

the company had returned to their places, it was to discover that he had

disappeared.

He felt about France what Pericles felt of Athens--unique value in her,

nothing else mattering; but his theory of politics was Bismarck's. He

had one illusion--France; and one disillusion--mankind, including

Frenchmen, and his colleagues not least. His principles for the peace

can be expressed simply. In the first place, he was a foremost believer

in the view of German psychology that the German understands and can

understand nothing but intimidation, that he is without generosity or

remorse in negotiation, that there is no advantage he will not take of

you, and no extent to which he will not demean himself for profit, that

he is without honor, pride, or mercy. Therefore you must never negotiate

with a German or conciliate him; you must dictate to him. On no other

terms will he respect you, or will you prevent him from cheating you.

But it is doubtful how far he thought these characteristics peculiar to

Germany, or whether his candid view of some other nations was

fundamentally different. His philosophy had, therefore, no place for

"sentimentality" in international relations. Nations are real things, of

whom you love one and feel for the rest indifference--or hatred. The

glory of the nation you love is a desirable end,--but generally to be

obtained at your neighbor's expense. The politics of power are

inevitable, and there is nothing very new to learn about this war or the

end it was fought for; England had destroyed, as in each preceding

century, a trade rival; a mighty chapter had been closed in the secular

struggle between the glories of Germany and of France. Prudence required

some measure of lip service to the "ideals" of foolish Americans and

hypocritical Englishmen; but it would be stupid to believe that there is

much room in the world, as it really is, for such affairs as the League

of Nations, or any sense in the principle of self-determination except

as an ingenious formula for rearranging the balance of power in one's

own interests.

These, however, are generalities. In tracing the practical details of

the Peace which he thought necessary for the power and the security of

France, we must go back to the historical causes which had operated

during his lifetime. Before the Franco-German war the populations of

France and Germany were approximately equal; but the coal and iron and

shipping of Germany were in their infancy, and the wealth of France was

greatly superior. Even after the loss of Alsace-Lorraine there was no

great discrepancy between the real resources of the two countries. But

in the intervening period the relative position had changed completely.

By 1914 the population of Germany was nearly seventy per cent in excess

of that of France; she had become one of the first manufacturing and

trading nations of the world; her technical skill and her means for the

production of future wealth were unequaled. France on the other hand had

a stationary or declining population, and, relatively to others, had

fallen seriously behind in wealth and in the power to produce it.

In spite, therefore, of France's victorious issue from the present

struggle (with the aid, this time, of England and America), her future

position remained precarious in the eyes of one who took the view that

European civil war is to be regarded as a normal, or at least a

recurrent, state of affairs for the future, and that the sort of

conflicts between organized great powers which have occupied the past

hundred years will also engage the next. According to this vision of the

future, European history is to be a perpetual prize-fight, of which

France has won this round, but of which this round is certainly not the

last. From the belief that essentially the old order does not change,

being based on human nature which is always the same, and from a

consequent skepticism of all that class of doctrine which the League of

Nations stands for, the policy of France and of Clemenceau followed

logically. For a Peace of magnanimity or of fair and equal treatment,

based on such "ideology" as the Fourteen Points of the President, could

only have the effect of shortening the interval of Germany's recovery

and hastening the day when she will once again hurl at France her

greater numbers and her superior resources and technical skill. Hence

the necessity of "guarantees"; and each guarantee that was taken, by

increasing irritation and thus the probability of a subsequent

\_Revanche\_ by Germany, made necessary yet further provisions to crush.

Thus, as soon as this view of the world is adopted and the other

discarded, a demand for a Carthaginian Peace is inevitable, to the full

extent of the momentary power to impose it. For Clemenceau made no

pretense of considering himself bound by the Fourteen Points and left

chiefly to others such concoctions as were necessary from time to time

to save the scruples or the face of the President.

So far as possible, therefore, it was the policy of France to set the

clock back and to undo what, since 1870, the progress of Germany had

accomplished. By loss of territory and other measures her population was

to be curtailed; but chiefly the economic system, upon which she

depended for her new strength, the vast fabric built upon iron, coal,

and transport must be destroyed. If France could seize, even in part,

what Germany was compelled to drop, the inequality of strength between

the two rivals for European hegemony might be remedied for many

generations.

Hence sprang those cumulative provisions for the destruction of highly

organized economic life which we shall examine in the next chapter.

This is the policy of an old man, whose most vivid impressions and most

lively imagination are of the past and not of the future. He sees the

issue in terms, of France and Germany not of humanity and of European

civilization struggling forwards to a new order. The war has bitten into

his consciousness somewhat differently from ours, and he neither expects

nor hopes that we are at the threshold of a new age.

It happens, however, that it is not only an ideal question that is at

issue. My purpose in this book is to show that the Carthaginian Peace is

not \_practically\_ right or possible. Although the school of thought from

which it springs is aware of the economic factor, it overlooks,

nevertheless, the deeper economic tendencies which are to govern the

future. The clock cannot be set back. You cannot restore Central Europe

to 1870 without setting up such strains in the European structure and

letting loose such human and spiritual forces as, pushing beyond

frontiers and races, will overwhelm not only you and your "guarantees,"

but your institutions, and the existing order of your Society.

By what legerdemain was this policy substituted for the Fourteen Points,

and how did the President come to accept it? The answer to these

questions is difficult and depends on elements of character and

psychology and on the subtle influence of surroundings, which are hard

to detect and harder still to describe. But, if ever the action of a

single individual matters, the collapse of The President has been one of

the decisive moral events of history; and I must make an attempt to

explain it. What a place the President held in the hearts and hopes of

the world when he sailed to us in the \_George Washington!\_ What a great

man came to Europe in those early days of our victory!

In November, 1918, the armies of Foch and the words of Wilson had

brought us sudden escape from what was swallowing up all we cared for.

The conditions seemed favorable beyond any expectation. The victory was

so complete that fear need play no part in the settlement. The enemy

had laid down his arms in reliance on a solemn compact as to the general

character of the Peace, the terms of which seemed to assure a settlement

of justice and magnanimity and a fair hope for a restoration of the

broken current of life. To make assurance certain the President was

coming himself to set the seal on his work.

When President Wilson left Washington he enjoyed a prestige and a moral

influence throughout the world unequaled in history. His bold and

measured words carried to the peoples of Europe above and beyond the

voices of their own politicians. The enemy peoples trusted him to carry

out the compact he had made with them; and the Allied peoples

acknowledged him not as a victor only but almost as a prophet. In

addition to this moral influence the realities of power were in his

hands. The American armies were at the height of their numbers,

discipline, and equipment. Europe was in complete dependence on the food

supplies of the United States; and financially she was even more

absolutely at their mercy. Europe not only already owed the United

States more than she could pay; but only a large measure of further

assistance could save her from starvation and bankruptcy. Never had a

philosopher held such weapons wherewith to bind the princes of this

world. How the crowds of the European capitals pressed about the

carriage of the President! With what curiosity, anxiety, and hope we

sought a glimpse of the features and bearing of the man of destiny who,

coming from the West, was to bring healing to the wounds of the ancient

parent of his civilization and lay for us the foundations of the future.

The disillusion was so complete, that some of those who had trusted most

hardly dared speak of it. Could it be true? they asked of those who

returned from Paris. Was the Treaty really as bad as it seemed? What had

happened to the President? What weakness or what misfortune had led to

so extraordinary, so unlooked-for a betrayal?

Yet the causes were very ordinary and human. The President was not a

hero or a prophet; he was not even a philosopher; but a generously

intentioned man, with many of the weaknesses of other human beings, and

lacking that dominating intellectual equipment which would have been

necessary to cope with the subtle and dangerous spellbinders whom a

tremendous clash of forces and personalities had brought to the top as

triumphant masters in the swift game of give and take, face to face in

Council,--a game of which he had no experience at all.

We had indeed quite a wrong idea of the President. We knew him to be

solitary and aloof, and believed him very strong-willed and obstinate.

We did not figure him as a man of detail, but the clearness with which

he had taken hold of certain main ideas would, we thought, in

combination with his tenacity, enable him to sweep through cobwebs.

Besides these qualities he would have the objectivity, the cultivation,

and the wide knowledge of the student. The great distinction of language

which had marked his famous Notes seemed to indicate a man of lofty and

powerful imagination. His portraits indicated a fine presence and a

commanding delivery. With all this he had attained and held with

increasing authority the first position in a country where the arts of

the politician are not neglected. All of which, without expecting the

impossible, seemed a fine combination of qualities for the matter in

hand.

The first impression of Mr. Wilson at close quarters was to impair some

but not all of these illusions. His head and features were finely cut

and exactly like his photographs, and the muscles of his neck and the

carriage of his head were distinguished. But, like Odysseus, the

President looked wiser when he was seated; and his hands, though capable

and fairly strong, were wanting in sensitiveness and finesse. The first

glance at the President suggested not only that, whatever else he might

be, his temperament was not primarily that of the student or the

scholar, but that he had not much even of that culture of the world

which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated

gentlemen of their class and generation. But more serious than this, he

was not only insensitive to his surroundings in the external sense, he

was not sensitive to his environment at all. What chance could such a

man have against Mr. Lloyd George's unerring, almost medium-like,

sensibility to every one immediately round him? To see the British Prime

Minister watching the company, with six or seven senses not available to

ordinary men, judging character, motive, and subconscious impulse,

perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say

next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal

best suited to the vanity, weakness, or self-interest of his immediate

auditor, was to realize that the poor President would be playing blind

man's buff in that party. Never could a man have stepped into the parlor

a more perfect and predestined victim to the finished accomplishments of

the Prime Minister. The Old World was tough in wickedness anyhow; the

Old World's heart of stone might blunt the sharpest blade of the bravest

knight-errant. But this blind and deaf Don Quixote was entering a cavern

where the swift and glittering blade was in the hands of the adversary.

But if the President was not the philosopher-king, what was he? After

all he was a man who had spent much of his life at a University. He was

by no means a business man or an ordinary party politician, but a man of

force, personality, and importance. What, then, was his temperament?

The clue once found was illuminating. The President was like a

Nonconformist minister, perhaps a Presbyterian. His thought and his

temperament wore essentially theological not intellectual, with all the

strength and the weakness of that manner of thought, feeling, and

expression. It is a type of which there are not now in England and

Scotland such magnificent specimens as formerly; but this description,

nevertheless, will give the ordinary Englishman the distinctest

impression of the President.

With this picture of him in mind, we can return to the actual course of

events. The President's program for the World, as set forth in his

speeches and his Notes, had displayed a spirit and a purpose so

admirable that the last desire of his sympathizers was to criticize

details,--the details, they felt, were quite rightly not filled in at

present, but would be in due course. It was commonly believed at the

commencement of the Paris Conference that the President had thought out,

with the aid of a large body of advisers, a comprehensive scheme not

only for the League of Nations, but for the embodiment of the Fourteen

Points in an actual Treaty of Peace. But in fact the President had

thought out nothing; when it came to practice his ideas were nebulous

and incomplete. He had no plan, no scheme, no constructive ideas

whatever for clothing with the flesh of life the commandments which he

had thundered from the White House. He could have preached a sermon on

any of them or have addressed a stately prayer to the Almighty for their

fulfilment; but he could not frame their concrete application to the

actual state of Europe.

He not only had no proposals in detail, but he was in many respects,

perhaps inevitably, ill-informed as to European conditions. And not only

was he ill-informed--that was true of Mr. Lloyd George also--but his

mind was slow and unadaptable. The President's slowness amongst the

Europeans was noteworthy. He could not, all in a minute, take in what

the rest were saying, size up the situation with a glance, frame a

reply, and meet the case by a slight change of ground; and he was

liable, therefore, to defeat by the mere swiftness, apprehension, and

agility of a Lloyd George. There can seldom have been a statesman of the

first rank more incompetent than the President in the agilities of the

council chamber. A moment often arrives when substantial victory is

yours if by some slight appearance of a concession you can save the face

of the opposition or conciliate them by a restatement of your proposal

helpful to them and not injurious to anything essential to yourself. The

President was not equipped with this simple and usual artfulness. His

mind was too slow and unresourceful to be ready with \_any\_ alternatives.

The President was capable of digging his toes in and refusing to budge,

as he did over Fiume. But he had no other mode of defense, and it needed

as a rule but little manoeuvering by his opponents to prevent matters

from coming to such a head until it was too late. By pleasantness and an

appearance of conciliation, the President would be manoeuvered off his

ground, would miss the moment for digging his toes in, and, before he

knew where he had been got to, it was too late. Besides, it is

impossible month after month in intimate and ostensibly friendly

converse between close associates, to be digging the toes in all the

time. Victory would only have been possible to one who had always a

sufficiently lively apprehension of the position as a whole to reserve

his fire and know for certain the rare exact moments for decisive

action. And for that the President was far too slow-minded and

bewildered.

He did not remedy these defects by seeking aid from the collective

wisdom of his lieutenants. He had gathered round him for the economic

chapters of the Treaty a very able group of business men; but they were

inexperienced in public affairs, and knew (with one or two exceptions)

as little of Europe as he did, and they were only called in irregularly

as he might need them for a particular purpose. Thus the aloofness which

had been found effective in Washington was maintained, and the abnormal

reserve of his nature did not allow near him any one who aspired to

moral equality or the continuous exercise of influence. His

fellow-plenipotentiaries were dummies; and even the trusted Colonel

House, with vastly more knowledge of men and of Europe than the

President, from whose sensitiveness the President's dullness had gained

so much, fell into the background as time went on. All this was

encouraged by his colleagues on the Council of Four, who, by the

break-up of the Council of Ten, completed the isolation which the

President's own temperament had initiated. Thus day after day and week

after week, he allowed himself to be closeted, unsupported, unadvised,

and alone, with men much sharper than himself, in situations of supreme

difficulty, where he needed for success every description of resource,

fertility, and knowledge. He allowed himself to be drugged by their

atmosphere, to discuss on the basis of their plans and of their data,

and to be led along their paths.

These and other various causes combined to produce the following

situation. The reader must remember that the processes which are here

compressed into a few pages took place slowly, gradually, insidiously,

over a period of about five months.

As the President had thought nothing out, the Council was generally

working on the basis of a French or British draft. He had to take up,

therefore, a persistent attitude of obstruction, criticism, and

negation, if the draft was to become at all in line with his own ideas

and purpose. If he was met on some points with apparent generosity (for

there was always a safe margin of quite preposterous suggestions which

no one took seriously), it was difficult for him not to yield on others.

Compromise was inevitable, and never to compromise on the essential,

very difficult. Besides, he was soon made to appear to be taking the

German part and laid himself open to the suggestion (to which he was

foolishly and unfortunately sensitive) of being "pro-German."

After a display of much principle and dignity in the early days of the

Council of Ten, he discovered that there were certain very important

points in the program of his French, British, or Italian colleague, as

the case might be, of which he was incapable of securing the surrender

by the methods of secret diplomacy. What then was he to do in the last

resort? He could let the Conference drag on an endless length by the

exercise of sheer obstinacy. He could break it up and return to America

in a rage with nothing settled. Or he could attempt an appeal to the

world over the heads of the Conference. These were wretched

alternatives, against each of which a great deal could be said. They

were also very risky,--especially for a politician. The President's

mistaken policy over the Congressional election had weakened his

personal position in his own country, and it was by no means certain

that the American public would support him in a position of

intransigeancy. It would mean a campaign in which the issues would be

clouded by every sort of personal and party consideration, and who could

say if right would triumph in a struggle which would certainly not be

decided on its merits? Besides, any open rupture with his colleagues

would certainly bring upon his head the blind passions of "anti-German"

resentment with which the public of all allied countries were still

inspired. They would not listen to his arguments. They would not be cool

enough to treat the issue as one of international morality or of the

right governance of Europe. The cry would simply be that, for various

sinister and selfish reasons, the President wished "to let the Hun off."

The almost unanimous voice of the French and British Press could be

anticipated. Thus, if he threw down the gage publicly he might be

defeated. And if he were defeated, would not the final Peace be far

worse than if he were to retain his prestige and endeavor to make it as

good as the limiting conditions of European politics would allow, him?

But above all, if he were defeated, would he not lose the League of

Nations? And was not this, after all, by far the most important issue

for the future happiness of the world? The Treaty would be altered and

softened by time. Much in it which now seemed so vital would become

trifling, and much which was impracticable would for that very reason

never happen. But the League, even in an imperfect form, was permanent;

it was the first commencement of a new principle in the government of

the world; Truth and Justice in international relations could not be

established in a few months,--they must be born in due course by the

slow gestation of the League. Clemenceau had been clever enough to let

it be seen that he would swallow the League at a price.

At the crisis of his fortunes the President was a lonely man. Caught up

in the toils of the Old World, he stood in great need of sympathy, of

moral support, of the enthusiasm of masses. But buried in the

Conference, stifled in the hot and poisoned atmosphere of Paris, no echo

reached him from the outer world, and no throb of passion, sympathy, or

encouragement from his silent constituents in all countries. He felt

that the blaze of popularity which had greeted his arrival in Europe

was already dimmed; the Paris Press jeered at him openly; his political

opponents at home were taking advantage of his absence to create an

atmosphere against him; England was cold, critical, and unresponsive. He

had so formed his \_entourage\_ that he did not receive through private

channels the current of faith and enthusiasm of which the public sources

seemed dammed up. He needed, but lacked, the added strength of

collective faith. The German terror still overhung us, and even the

sympathetic public was very cautious; the enemy must not be encouraged,

our friends must be supported, this was not the time for discord or

agitations, the President must be trusted to do his best. And in this

drought the flower of the President's faith withered and dried up.

Thus it came to pass that the President countermanded the \_George

Washington\_, which, in a moment of well-founded rage, he had ordered to

be in readiness to carry him from the treacherous halls of Paris back to

the seat of his authority, where he could have felt himself again. But

as soon, alas, as he had taken the road of compromise, the defects,

already indicated, of his temperament and of his equipment, were fatally

apparent. He could take the high line; he could practise obstinacy; he

could write Notes from Sinai or Olympus; he could remain unapproachable

in the White House or even in the Council of Ten and be safe. But if he

once stepped down to the intimate equality of the Four, the game was

evidently up.

Now it was that what I have called his theological or Presbyterian

temperament became dangerous. Having decided that some concessions were

unavoidable, he might have sought by firmness and address and the use of

the financial power of the United States to secure as much as he could

of the substance, even at some sacrifice of the letter. But the

President was not capable of so clear an understanding with himself as

this implied. He was too conscientious. Although compromises were now

necessary, he remained a man of principle and the Fourteen Points a

contract absolutely binding upon him. He would do nothing that was not

honorable; he would do nothing that was not just and right; he would do

nothing that was contrary to his great profession of faith. Thus,

without any abatement of the verbal inspiration of the Fourteen Points,

they became a document for gloss and interpretation and for all the

intellectual apparatus of self-deception, by which, I daresay, the

President's forefathers had persuaded themselves that the course they

thought it necessary to take was consistent with every syllable of the

Pentateuch.

The President's attitude to his colleagues had now become: I want to

meet you so far as I can; I see your difficulties and I should like to

be able to agree to what you propose; but I can do nothing that is not

just and right, and you must first of all show me that what you want

does really fall within the words of the pronouncements which are

binding on me. Then began the weaving of that web of sophistry and

Jesuitical exegesis that was finally to clothe with insincerity the

language and substance of the whole Treaty. The word was issued to the

witches of all Paris:

Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

The subtlest sophisters and most hypocritical draftsmen were set to

work, and produced many ingenious exercises which might have deceived

for more than an hour a cleverer man than the President.

Thus instead of saying that German-Austria is prohibited from uniting

with Germany except by leave of France (which would be inconsistent with

the principle of self-determination), the Treaty, with delicate

draftsmanship, states that "Germany acknowledges and will respect

strictly the independence of Austria, within the frontiers which may be

fixed in a Treaty between that State and the Principal Allied and

Associated Powers; she agrees that this independence shall be

inalienable, except with the consent of the Council of the League of

Nations," which sounds, but is not, quite different. And who knows but

that the President forgot that another part of the Treaty provides that

for this purpose the Council of the League must be \_unanimous\_.

Instead of giving Danzig to Poland, the Treaty establishes Danzig as a

"Free" City, but includes this "Free" City within the Polish Customs

frontier, entrusts to Poland the control of the river and railway

system, and provides that "the Polish Government shall undertake the

conduct of the foreign relations of the Free City of Danzig as well as

the diplomatic protection of citizens of that city when abroad."

In placing the river system of Germany under foreign control, the Treaty

speaks of declaring international those "river systems which naturally

provide more than one State with access to the sea, with or without

transhipment from one vessel to another."

Such instances could be multiplied. The honest and intelligible purpose

of French policy, to limit the population of Germany and weaken her

economic system, is clothed, for the President's sake, in the august

language of freedom and international equality.

But perhaps the most decisive moment, in the disintegration of the

President's moral position and the clouding of his mind, was when at

last, to the dismay of his advisers, he allowed himself to be persuaded

that the expenditure of the Allied Governments on pensions and

separation allowances could be fairly regarded as "damage done to the

civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers by German

aggression by land, by sea, and from the air," in a sense in which the

other expenses of the war could not be so regarded. It was a long

theological struggle in which, after the rejection of many different

arguments, the President finally capitulated before a masterpiece of the

sophist's art.

At last the work was finished; and the President's conscience was still

intact. In spite of everything, I believe that his temperament allowed

him to leave Paris a really sincere man; and it is probable that to this

day he is genuinely convinced that the Treaty contains practically

nothing inconsistent with his former professions.

But the work was too complete, and to this was due the last tragic

episode of the drama. The reply of Brockdorff-Rantzau inevitably took

the line that Germany had laid down her arms on the basis of certain

assurances, and that the Treaty in many particulars was not consistent

with these assurances. But this was exactly what the President could not

admit; in the sweat of solitary contemplation and with prayers to God

he had done \_nothing\_ that was not just and right; for the President to

admit that the German reply had force in it was to destroy his

self-respect and to disrupt the inner equipoise of his soul; and every

instinct of his stubborn nature rose in self-protection. In the language

of medical psychology, to suggest to the President that the Treaty was

an abandonment of his professions was to touch on the raw a Freudian

complex. It was a subject intolerable to discuss, and every subconscious

instinct plotted to defeat its further exploration.

Thus it was that Clemenceau brought to success, what had seemed to be, a

few months before, the extraordinary and impossible proposal that the

Germans should not be heard. If only the President had not been so

conscientious, if only he had not concealed from himself what he had

been doing, even at the last moment he was in, a position to have

recovered lost ground and to have achieved some very considerable

successes. But the President was set. His arms and legs had been spliced

by the surgeons to a certain posture, and they must be broken again

before they could be altered. To his horror, Mr. Lloyd George, desiring

at the last moment all the moderation he dared, discovered that he could

not in five days persuade the President of error in what it had taken

five months to prove to him to be just and right. After all, it was

harder to de-bamboozle this old Presbyterian than it had been to

bamboozle him; for the former involved his belief in and respect for

himself.

Thus in the last act the President stood for stubbornness and a refusal

of conciliations.

FOOTNOTES:

[6] He alone amongst the Four could speak and understand both

languages, Orlando knowing only French and the Prime Minister and

President only English; and it is of historical importance that Orlando

and the President had no direct means of communication.

CHAPTER IV

THE TREATY

The thoughts which I have expressed in the second chapter were not

present to the mind of Paris. The future life of Europe was not their

concern; its means of livelihood was not their anxiety. Their

preoccupations, good and bad alike, related to frontiers and

nationalities, to the balance of power, to imperial aggrandizements, to

the future enfeeblement of a strong and dangerous enemy, to revenge, and

to the shifting by the victors of their unbearable financial burdens on

to the shoulders of the defeated.

Two rival schemes for the future polity of the world took the

field,--the Fourteen Points of the President, and the Carthaginian Peace

of M. Clemenceau. Yet only one of these was entitled to take the field;

for the enemy had not surrendered unconditionally, but on agreed terms

as to the general character of the Peace.

This aspect of what happened cannot, unfortunately, be passed over with

a word, for in the minds of many Englishmen at least it has been a

subject of very great misapprehension. Many persons believe that the

Armistice Terms constituted the first Contract concluded between the

Allied and Associated Powers and the German Government, and that we

entered the Conference with our hands, free, except so far as these

Armistice Terms might bind us. This was not the case. To make the

position plain, it is necessary briefly to review the history, of the

negotiations which began with the German Note of October 5, 1918, and

concluded with President Wilson's Note of November 5, 1918.

On October 5, 1918, the German Government addressed a brief Note to the

President accepting the Fourteen Points and asking for Peace

negotiations. The President's reply of October 8 asked if he was to

understand definitely that the German Government accepted "the terms

laid down" in Fourteen Points and in his subsequent Addresses and "that

its object in entering into discussion would be only to agree upon the

practical details of their application." He added that the evacuation of

invaded territory must be a prior condition of an Armistice. On October

12 the German Government returned an unconditional affirmative to these

questions;-"its object in entering into discussions would be only to

agree upon practical details of the application of these terms." On

October 14, having received this affirmative answer, the President made

a further communication to make clear the points: (1) that the details

of the Armistice would have to be left to the military advisers of the

United States and the Allies, and must provide absolutely against the

possibility of Germany's resuming hostilities; (2) that submarine

warfare must cease if these conversations were to continue; and (3) that

he required further guarantees of the representative character of the

Government with which he was dealing. On October 20 Germany accepted

points (1) and (2), and pointed out, as regards (3), that she now had a

Constitution and a Government dependent for its authority on the

Reichstag. On October 23 the President announced that, "having received

the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it

unreservedly accepts the terms of peace laid down in his Address to the

Congress of the United States on January 8, 1918 (the Fourteen Points),

and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent Addresses,

particularly the Address of September 27, and that it is ready to

discuss the details of their application," he has communicated the above

correspondence to the Governments of the Allied Powers "with the

suggestion that, if these Governments are disposed to effect peace upon

the terms and principles indicated," they will ask their military

advisers to draw up Armistice Terms of such a character as to "ensure to

the Associated Governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and

enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has

agreed." At the end of this Note the President hinted more openly than

in that of October 14 at the abdication of the Kaiser. This completes

the preliminary negotiations to which the President alone was a party,

adding without the Governments of the Allied Powers.

On November 5, 1918, the President transmitted to Germany the reply he

had received from the Governments associated with him, and added that

Marshal Foch had been authorized to communicate the terms of an

armistice to properly accredited representatives. In this reply the

Allied Governments, "subject to the qualifications which follow, declare

their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the

terms of peace laid down in the President's Address to Congress of

January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his

subsequent Addresses." The qualifications in question were two in

number. The first related to the Freedom of the Seas, as to which they

"reserved to themselves complete freedom." The second related to

Reparation and ran as follows:--"Further, in the conditions of peace

laid down in his Address to Congress on the 8th January, 1918 the

President declared that invaded territories must be restored as well as

evacuated and made free. The Allied Governments feel that no doubt

ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it

they understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage

done to the civilian population of the Allies and to their property by

the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air."[7]

The nature of the Contract between Germany and the Allies resulting from

this exchange of documents is plain and unequivocal. The terms of the

peace are to be in accordance with the Addresses of the President, and

the purpose of the Peace Conference is "to discuss the details of their

application." The circumstances of the Contract were of an unusually

solemn and binding character; for one of the conditions of it was that

Germany should agree to Armistice Terms which were to be such as would

leave her helpless. Germany having rendered herself helpless in reliance

on the Contract, the honor of the Allies was peculiarly involved in

fulfilling their part and, if there were ambiguities, in not using their

position to take advantage of them.

What, then, was the substance of this Contract to which the Allies had

bound themselves? An examination of the documents shows that, although a

large part of the Addresses is concerned with spirit, purpose, and

intention, and not with concrete solutions, and that many questions

requiring a settlement in the Peace Treaty are not touched on,

nevertheless, there are certain questions which they settle definitely.

It is true that within somewhat wide limits the Allies still had a free

hand. Further, it is difficult to apply on a contractual basis those

passages which deal with spirit, purpose, and intention;--every man must

judge for himself whether, in view of them, deception or hypocrisy has

been practised. But there remain, as will be seen below, certain

important issues on which the Contract is unequivocal.

In addition to the Fourteen Points of January 18, 1918, the Addresses of

the President which form part of the material of the Contract are four

in number,--before the Congress on February 11; at Baltimore on April 6;

at Mount Vernon on July 4; and at New York on September 27, the last of

these being specially referred to in the Contract. I venture to select

from these Addresses those engagements of substance, avoiding

repetitions, which are most relevant to the German Treaty. The parts I

omit add to, rather than detract from, those I quote; but they chiefly

relate to intention, and are perhaps too vague and general to be

interpreted contractually.[8]

\_The Fourteen Points\_.--(3). "The removal, so far as possible, of all

economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade

conditions among \_all\_ the nations consenting to the Peace and

associating themselves for its maintenance." (4). "Adequate guarantees

\_given and taken\_ that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest

point consistent with domestic safety." (5). "A free, open-minded, and

absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims," regard being

had to the interests of the populations concerned. (6), (7), (8), and

(11). The evacuation and "restoration" of all invaded territory,

especially of Belgium. To this must be added the rider of the Allies,

claiming compensation for all damage done to civilians and their

property by land, by sea, and from the air (quoted in full above). (8).

The righting of "the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the

matter of Alsace-Lorraine." (13). An independent Poland, including "the

territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations" and "assured a

free and secure access to the sea." (14). The League of Nations.

\_Before the Congress, February 11\_.--"There shall be no annexations, \_no

contributions, no punitive damages\_.... Self-determination is not a

mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen

will henceforth ignore at their peril.... Every territorial settlement

involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of

the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or

compromise of claims amongst rival States."

\_New York, September 27\_.--(1) "The impartial justice meted out must

involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and

those to whom we do not wish to be just." (2) "No special or separate

interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the

basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the

common interest of all." (3) "There can be no leagues or alliances or

special covenants and understandings within the general and common

family of the League of Nations." (4) "There can be no special selfish

economic combinations within the League and no employment of any form of

economic boycott or exclusion, except as the power of economic penalty

by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League

of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control." (5) "All

international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known

in their entirety to the rest of the world."

This wise and magnanimous program for the world had passed on November

5, 1918 beyond the region of idealism and aspiration, and had become

part of a solemn contract to which all the Great Powers of the world had

put their signature. But it was lost, nevertheless, in the morass of

Paris;--the spirit of it altogether, the letter in parts ignored and in

other parts distorted.

The German observations on the draft Treaty of Peace were largely a

comparison between the terms of this understanding, on the basis of

which the German nation had agreed to lay down its arms, and the actual

provisions of the document offered them for signature thereafter. The

German commentators had little difficulty in showing that the draft

Treaty constituted a breach of engagements and of international morality

comparable with their own offense in the invasion of Belgium.

Nevertheless, the German reply was not in all its parts a document fully

worthy of the occasion, because in spite of the justice and importance

of much of its contents, a truly broad treatment and high dignity of

outlook were a little wanting, and the general effect lacks the simple

treatment, with the dispassionate objectivity of despair which the deep

passions of the occasion might have evoked. The Allied governments gave

it, in any case, no serious consideration, and I doubt if anything which

the German delegation could have said at that stage of the proceedings

would have much influenced the result.

The commonest virtues of the individual are often lacking in the

spokesmen of nations; a statesman representing not himself but his

country may prove, without incurring excessive blame--as history often

records--vindictive, perfidious, and egotistic. These qualities are

familiar in treaties imposed by victors. But the German delegation did

not succeed in exposing in burning and prophetic words the quality which

chiefly distinguishes this transaction from all its historical

predecessors--its insincerity.

This theme, however, must be for another pen than mine. I am mainly

concerned in what follows, not with the justice of the Treaty,--neither

with the demand for penal justice against the enemy, nor with the

obligation of contractual justice on the victor,--but with its wisdom

and with its consequences.

I propose, therefore, in this chapter to set forth baldly the principal

economic provisions of the Treaty, reserving, however, for the next my

comments on the Reparation Chapter and on Germany's capacity to meet the

payments there demanded from her.

The German economic system as it existed before the war depended on

three main factors: I. Overseas commerce as represented by her

mercantile marine, her colonies, her foreign investments, her exports,

and the overseas connections of her merchants; II. The exploitation of

her coal and iron and the industries built upon them; III. Her transport

and tariff system. Of these the first, while not the least important,

was certainly the most vulnerable. The Treaty aims at the systematic

destruction of all three, but principally of the first two.

I

(1) Germany has ceded to the Allies \_all\_ the vessels of her mercantile

marine exceeding 1600 tons gross, half the vessels between 1000 tons and

1600 tons, and one quarter of her trawlers and other fishing boats.[9]

The cession is comprehensive, including not only vessels flying the

German flag, but also all vessels owned by Germans but flying other

flags, and all vessels under construction as well as those afloat.[10]

Further, Germany undertakes, if required, to build for the Allies such

types of ships as they may specify up to 200,000 tons[11] annually for

five years, the value of these ships being credited to Germany against

what is due from her for Reparation.[12]

Thus the German mercantile marine is swept from the seas and cannot be

restored for many years to come on a scale adequate to meet the

requirements of her own commerce. For the present, no lines will run

from Hamburg, except such as foreign nations may find it worth while to

establish out of their surplus tonnage. Germany will have to pay to

foreigners for the carriage of her trade such charges as they may be

able to exact, and will receive only such conveniences as it may suit

them to give her. The prosperity of German ports and commerce can only

revive, it would seem, in proportion as she succeeds in bringing under

her effective influence the merchant marines of Scandinavia and of

Holland.

(2) Germany has ceded to the Allies "all her rights and titles over her

oversea possessions."[13] This cession not only applies to sovereignty

but extends on unfavorable terms to Government property, all of which,

including railways, must be surrendered without payment, while, on the

other hand, the German Government remains liable for any debt which may

have been incurred for the purchase or construction of this property, or

for the development of the colonies generally.[14]

In distinction from the practice ruling in the case of most similar

cessions in recent history, the property and persons of private German

nationals, as distinct from their Government, are also injuriously

affected. The Allied Government exercising authority in any former

German colony "may make such provisions as it thinks fit with reference

to the repatriation from them of German nationals and to the conditions

upon which German subjects of European origin shall, or shall not, be

allowed to reside, hold property, trade or exercise a profession in

them."[15] All contracts and agreements in favor of German nationals for

the construction or exploitation of public works lapse to the Allied

Governments as part of the payment due for Reparation.

But these terms are unimportant compared with the more comprehensive

provision by which "the Allied and Associated Powers reserve the right

to retain and liquidate \_all\_ property, rights, and interests belonging

at the date of the coming into force of the present Treaty to German

nationals, or companies controlled by them," within the former German

colonies.[16] This wholesale expropriation of private property is to

take place without the Allies affording any compensation to the

individuals expropriated, and the proceeds will be employed, first, to

meet private debts due to Allied nationals from any German nationals,

and second, to meet claims due from Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, or

Turkish nationals. Any balance may either be returned by the liquidating

Power direct to Germany, or retained by them. If retained, the proceeds

must be transferred to the Reparation Commission for Germany's credit in

the Reparation account.[17]

In short, not only are German sovereignty and German influence

extirpated from the whole of her former oversea possessions, but the

persons and property of her nationals resident or owning property in

those parts are deprived of legal status and legal security.

(3) The provisions just outlined in regard to the private property of

Germans in the ex-German colonies apply equally to private German

property in Alsace-Lorraine, except in so far as the French Government

may choose to grant exceptions.[18] This is of much greater practical

importance than the similar expropriation overseas because of the far

higher value of the property involved and the closer interconnection,

resulting from the great development of the mineral wealth of these

provinces since 1871, of German economic interests there with those in

Germany itself. Alsace-Lorraine has been part of the German Empire for

nearly fifty years--a considerable majority of its population is German

speaking--and it has been the scene of some of Germany's most important

economic enterprises. Nevertheless, the property of those Germans who

reside there, or who have invested in its industries, is now entirely at

the disposal of the French Government without compensation, except in so

far as the German Government itself may choose to afford it. The French

Government is entitled to expropriate without compensation the personal

property of private German citizens and German companies resident or

situated within Alsace-Lorraine, the proceeds being credited in part

satisfaction of various French claims. The severity of this provision is

only mitigated to the extent that the French Government may expressly

permit German nationals to continue to reside, in which case the above

provision is not applicable. Government, State, and Municipal property,

on the other hand, is to be ceded to France without any credit being

given for it. This includes the railway system of the two provinces,

together with its rolling-stock.[19] But while the property is taken

over, liabilities contracted in respect of it in the form of public

debts of any kind remain the liability of Germany.[20] The provinces

also return to French sovereignty free and quit of their share of German

war or pre-war dead-weight debt; nor does Germany receive a credit on

this account in respect of Reparation.

(4) The expropriation of German private property is not limited,

however, to the ex-German colonies and Alsace-Lorraine. The treatment of

such property forms, indeed, a very significant and material section of

the Treaty, which has not received as much attention as it merits,

although it was the subject of exceptionally violent objection on the

part of the German delegates at Versailles. So far as I know, there is

no precedent in any peace treaty of recent history for the treatment of

private property set forth below, and the German representatives urged

that the precedent now established strikes a dangerous and immoral blow

at the security of private property everywhere. This is an exaggeration,

and the sharp distinction, approved by custom and convention during the

past two centuries, between the property and rights of a State and the

property and rights of its nationals is an artificial one, which is

being rapidly put out of date by many other influences than the Peace

Treaty, and is inappropriate to modern socialistic conceptions of the

relations between the State and its citizens. It is true, however, that

the Treaty strikes a destructive blow at a conception which lies at the

root of much of so-called international law, as this has been expounded

hitherto.

The principal provisions relating to the expropriation of German private

property situated outside the frontiers of Germany, as these are now

determined, are overlapping in their incidence, and the more drastic

would seem in some cases to render the others unnecessary. Generally

speaking, however, the more drastic and extensive provisions are not so

precisely framed as those of more particular and limited application.

They are as follows:--

(\_a\_) The Allies "reserve the right to retain and liquidate all

property, rights and interests belonging at the date of the coming into

force of the present Treaty to German nationals, or companies controlled

by them, within their territories, colonies, possessions and

protectorates, including territories ceded to them by the present

Treaty."[21]

This is the extended version of the provision which has been discussed

already in the case of the colonies and of Alsace-Lorraine. The value of

the property so expropriated will be applied, in the first instance, to

the satisfaction of private debts due from Germany to the nationals of

the Allied Government within whose jurisdiction the liquidation takes

place, and, second, to the satisfaction of claims arising out of the

acts of Germany's former allies. Any balance, if the liquidating

Government elects to retain it, must be credited in the Reparation

account.[22] It is, however, a point of considerable importance that the

liquidating Government is not compelled to transfer the balance to the

Reparation Commission, but can, if it so decides, return the proceeds

direct to Germany. For this will enable the United States, if they so

wish, to utilize the very large balances, in the hands of their

enemy-property custodian, to pay for the provisioning of Germany,

without regard to the views of the Reparation Commission.

These provisions had their origin in the scheme for the mutual

settlement of enemy debts by means of a Clearing House. Under this

proposal it was hoped to avoid much trouble and litigation by making

each of the Governments lately at war responsible for the collection of

private \_debts\_ due from its nationals to the nationals of any of the

other Governments (the normal process of collection having been

suspended by reason of the war), and for the distribution of the funds

so collected to those of its nationals who had \_claims\_ against the

nationals of the other Governments, any final balance either way being

settled in cash. Such a scheme could have been completely bilateral and

reciprocal. And so in part it is, the scheme being mainly reciprocal as

regards the collection of commercial debts. But the completeness of

their victory permitted the Allied Governments to introduce in their own

favor many divergencies from reciprocity, of which the following are the

chief: Whereas the property of Allied nationals within German

jurisdiction reverts under the Treaty to Allied ownership on the

conclusion of Peace, the property of Germans within Allied jurisdiction

is to be retained and liquidated as described above, with the result

that the whole of German property over a large part of the world can be

expropriated, and the large properties now within the custody of Public

Trustees and similar officials in the Allied countries may be retained

permanently. In the second place, such German assets are chargeable, not

only with the liabilities of Germans, but also, if they run to it, with

"payment of the amounts due in respect of claims by the nationals of

such Allied or Associated Power with regard to their property, rights,

and interests in the territory of other Enemy Powers," as, for example,

Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria.[23] This is a remarkable provision,

which is naturally non-reciprocal. In the third place, any final balance

due to Germany on private account need not be paid over, but can be held

against the various liabilities of the German Government.[24] The

effective operation of these Articles is guaranteed by the delivery of

deeds, titles, and information.[25] In the fourth place, pre-war

contracts between Allied and German nationals may be canceled or revived

at the option of the former, so that all such contracts which are in

Germany's favor will be canceled, while, on the other hand, she will be

compelled to fulfil those which are to her disadvantage.

(\_b\_) So far we have been concerned with German property within Allied

jurisdiction. The next provision is aimed at the elimination of German

interests in the territory of her neighbors and former allies, and of

certain other countries. Under Article 260 of the Financial Clauses it

is provided that the Reparation Commission may, within one year of the

coming into force of the Treaty, demand that the German Government

expropriate its nationals and deliver to the Reparation Commission "any

rights and interests of German nationals in any public utility

undertaking or in any concession[26] operating in Russia, China, Turkey,

Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, or in the possessions or dependencies of

these States, or in any territory formerly belonging to Germany or her

allies, to be ceded by Germany or her allies to any Power or to be

administered by a Mandatory under the present Treaty." This is a

comprehensive description, overlapping in part the provisions dealt with

under (\_a\_) above, but including, it should be noted, the new States and

territories carved out of the former Russian, Austro-Hungarian, and

Turkish Empires. Thus Germany's influence is eliminated and her capital

confiscated in all those neighboring countries to which she might

naturally look for her future livelihood, and for an outlet for her

energy, enterprise, and technical skill.

The execution of this program in detail will throw on the Reparation

Commission a peculiar task, as it will become possessor of a great

number of rights and interests over a vast territory owing dubious

obedience, disordered by war, disruption, and Bolshevism. The division

of the spoils between the victors will also provide employment for a

powerful office, whose doorsteps the greedy adventurers and jealous

concession-hunters of twenty or thirty nations will crowd and defile.

Lest the Reparation Commission fail by ignorance to exercise its rights

to the full, it is further provided that the German Government shall

communicate to it within six months of the Treaty's coming into force a

list of all the rights and interests in question, "whether already

granted, contingent or not yet exercised," and any which are not so

communicated within this period will automatically lapse in favor of the

Allied Governments.[27] How far an edict of this character can be made

binding on a German national, whose person and property lie outside the

jurisdiction of his own Government, is an unsettled question; but all

the countries specified in the above list are open to pressure by the

Allied authorities, whether by the imposition of an appropriate Treaty

clause or otherwise.

(\_c\_) There remains a third provision more sweeping than either of the

above, neither of which affects German interests in \_neutral\_

countries. The Reparation Commission is empowered up to May 1, 1921, to

demand payment up to $5,000,000,000 \_in such manner as they may fix\_,

"whether in gold, commodities, ships, securities or otherwise."[28] This

provision has the effect of intrusting to the Reparation Commission for

the period in question dictatorial powers over all German property of

every description whatever. They can, under this Article, point to any

specific business, enterprise, or property, whether within or outside

Germany, and demand its surrender; and their authority would appear to

extend not only to property existing at the date of the Peace, but also

to any which may be created or acquired at any time in the course of the

next eighteen months. For example, they could pick out--as presumably

they will as soon as they are established--the fine and powerful German

enterprise in South America known as the \_Deutsche Ueberseeische

Elektrizit&auml;tsgesellschaft\_ (the D.U.E.G.), and dispose of it to Allied

interests. The clause is unequivocal and all-embracing. It is worth

while to note in passing that it introduces a quite novel principle in

the collection of indemnities. Hitherto, a sum has been fixed, and the

nation mulcted has been left free to devise and select for itself the

means of payment. But in this case the payees can (for a certain

period) not only demand a certain sum but specify the particular kind of

property in which payment is to be effected. Thus the powers of the

Reparation Commission, with which I deal more particularly in the next

chapter, can be employed to destroy Germany's commercial and economic

organization as well as to exact payment.

The cumulative effect of (\_a\_), (\_b\_), and (\_c\_) (as well as of certain

other minor provisions on which I have not thought it necessary to

enlarge) is to deprive Germany (or rather to empower the Allies so to

deprive her at their will--it is not yet accomplished) of everything she

possesses outside her own frontiers as laid down in the Treaty. Not only

are her oversea investments taken and her connections destroyed, but the

same process of extirpation is applied in the territories of her former

allies and of her immediate neighbors by land.

(5) Lest by some oversight the above provisions should overlook any

possible contingencies, certain other Articles appear in the Treaty,

which probably do not add very much in practical effect to those already

described, but which deserve brief mention as showing the spirit of

completeness in which the victorious Powers entered upon the economic

subjection of their defeated enemy.

First of all there is a general clause of barrer and renunciation: "In

territory outside her European frontiers as fixed by the present Treaty,

Germany renounces all rights, titles and privileges whatever in or over

territory which belonged to her or to her allies, and all rights, titles

and privileges whatever their origin which she held as against the

Allied and Associated Powers...."[29]

There follow certain more particular provisions. Germany renounces all

rights and privileges she may have acquired in China.[30] There are

similar provisions for Siam,[31] for Liberia,[32] for Morocco,[33] and

for Egypt.[34] In the case of Egypt not only are special privileges

renounced, but by Article 150 ordinary liberties are withdrawn, the

Egyptian Government being accorded "complete liberty of action in

regulating the status of German nationals and the conditions under which

they may establish themselves in Egypt."

By Article 258 Germany renounces her right to any participation in any

financial or economic organizations of an international character

"operating in any of the Allied or Associated States, or in Austria,

Hungary, Bulgaria or Turkey, or in the dependencies of these States, or

in the former Russian Empire."

Generally speaking, only those pre-war treaties and conventions are

revived which it suits the Allied Governments to revive, and those in

Germany's favor may be allowed to lapse.[35]

It is evident, however, that none of these provisions are of any real

importance, as compared with those described previously. They represent

the logical completion of Germany's outlawry and economic subjection to

the convenience of the Allies; but they do not add substantially to her

effective disabilities.

II

The provisions relating to coal and iron are more important in respect

of their ultimate consequences on Germany's internal industrial economy

than for the money value immediately involved. The German Empire has

been built more truly on coal and iron than on blood and iron. The

skilled exploitation of the great coalfields of the Ruhr, Upper Silesia,

and the Saar, alone made possible the development of the steel,

chemical, and electrical industries which established her as the first

industrial nation of continental Europe. One-third of Germany's

population lives in towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants, an industrial

concentration which is only possible on a foundation of coal and iron.

In striking, therefore, at her coal supply, the French politicians were

not mistaking their target. It is only the extreme immoderation, and

indeed technical impossibility, of the Treaty's demands which may save

the situation in the long-run.

(1) The Treaty strikes at Germany's coal supply in four ways:--

(i.) "As compensation for the destruction of the coal-mines in the north

of France, and as part payment towards the total reparation due from

Germany for the damage resulting from the war, Germany cedes to France

in full and absolute possession, with exclusive rights of exploitation,

unencumbered, and free from all debts and charges of any kind, the

coal-mines situated in the Saar Basin."[36] While the administration of

this district is vested for fifteen years in the League of Nations, it

is to be observed that the mines are ceded to France absolutely. Fifteen

years hence the population of the district will be called upon to

indicate by plebiscite their desires as to the future sovereignty of the

territory; and, in the event of their electing for union with Germany,

Germany is to be entitled to repurchase the mines at a price payable in

gold.[37]

The judgment of the world has already recognized the transaction of the

Saar as an act of spoliation and insincerity. So far as compensation for

the destruction of French coal-mines is concerned, this is provided for,

as we shall see in a moment, elsewhere in the Treaty. "There is no

industrial region in Germany," the German representatives have said

without contradiction, "the population of which is so permanent, so

homogeneous, and so little complex as that of the Saar district. Among

more than 650,000 inhabitants, there were in 1918 less than 100 French.

The Saar district has been German for more than 1,000 years. Temporary

occupation as a result of warlike operations on the part of the French

always terminated in a short time in the restoration of the country upon

the conclusion of peace. During a period of 1048 years France has

possessed the country for not quite 68 years in all. When, on the

occasion of the first Treaty of Paris in 1814, a small portion of the

territory now coveted was retained for France, the population raised the

most energetic opposition and demanded 'reunion with their German

fatherland,' to which they were 'related by language, customs, and

religion.' After an occupation of one year and a quarter, this desire

was taken into account in the second Treaty of Paris in 1815. Since then

the country has remained uninterruptedly attached to Germany, and owes

its economic development to that connection."

The French wanted the coal for the purpose of working the ironfields of

Lorraine, and in the spirit of Bismarck they have taken it. Not

precedent, but the verbal professions of the Allies, have rendered it

indefensible.[38]

(ii.) Upper Silesia, a district without large towns, in which, however,

lies one of the major coalfields of Germany with a production of about

23 per cent of the total German output of hard coal, is, subject to a

plebiscite,[39] to be ceded to Poland. Upper Silesia was never part of

historic Poland; but its population is mixed Polish, German, and

Czecho-Slovakian, the precise proportions of which are disputed.[40]

Economically it is intensely German; the industries of Eastern Germany

depend upon it for their coal; and its loss would be a destructive blow

at the economic structure of the German State.[41]

With the loss of the fields of Upper Silesia and the Saar, the coal

supplies of Germany are diminished by not far short of one-third.

(iii.) Out of the coal that remains to her, Germany is obliged to make

good year by year the estimated loss which France has incurred by the

destruction and damage of war in the coalfields of her northern

Provinces. In para. 2 of Annex V. to the Reparation Chapter, "Germany

undertakes to deliver to France annually, for a period not exceeding ten

years, an amount of coal equal to the difference between the annual

production before the war of the coal-mines of the Nord and Pas de

Calais, destroyed as a result of the war, and the production of the

mines of the same area during the year in question: such delivery not to

exceed 20,000,000 tons in any one year of the first five years, and

8,000,000 tons in any one year of the succeeding five years."

This is a reasonable provision if it stood by itself, and one which

Germany should be able to fulfil if she were left her other resources to

do it with.

(iv.) The final provision relating to coal is part of the general scheme

of the Reparation Chapter by which the sums due for Reparation are to be

partly paid in kind instead of in cash. As a part of the payment due for

Reparation, Germany is to make the following deliveries of coal or

equivalent in coke (the deliveries to France being wholly additional to

the amounts available by the cession of the Saar or in compensation for

destruction in Northern France):--

(i.) To France 7,000,000 tons annually for ten years;[42]

(ii.) To Belgium 8,000,000 tons annually for ten years;

(iii.) To Italy an annual quantity, rising by annual increments from

4,500,000 tons in 1919-1920 to 8,500,000 tons in each of the six years,

1923-1924 to 1928-1929;

(iv.) To Luxemburg, if required, a quantity of coal equal to the

pre-war annual consumption of German coal in Luxemburg.

This amounts in all to an annual average of about 25,000,000 tons.

\* \* \* \* \*

These figures have to be examined in relation to Germany's probable

output. The maximum pre-war figure was reached in 1913 with a total of

191,500,000 tons. Of this, 19,000,000 tons were consumed at the mines,

and on balance (\_i.e.\_ exports less imports) 33,500,000 tons were

exported, leaving 139,000,000 tons for domestic consumption. It is

estimated that this total was employed as follows:--

Railways 18,000,000 tons.

Gas, water, and electricity 12,500,000 "

Bunkers 6,500,000 "

House-fuel, small industry

and agriculture 24,000,000 "

Industry 78,000,000 "

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139,000,000 "

The diminution of production due to loss of territory is:--

Alsace-Lorraine 3,800,000 tons.

Saar Basin 13,200,000 "

Upper Silesia 43,800,000 "

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60,800,000 "

There would remain, therefore, on the basis of the 1913 output,

130,700,000 tons, or, deducting consumption at the mines themselves,

(say) 118,000,000 tons. For some years there must be sent out of this

supply upwards of 20,000,000 tons to France as compensation for damage

done to French mines, and 25,000,000 tons to France, Belgium, Italy, and

Luxemburg;[43] as the former figure is a maximum, and the latter figure

is to be slightly less in the earliest years, we may take the total

export to Allied countries which Germany has undertaken to provide as

40,000,000 tons, leaving, on the above basis, 78,000,000 tons for her

own use as against a pre-war consumption of 139,000,000 tons.

This comparison, however, requires substantial modification to make it

accurate. On the one hand, it is certain that the figures of pre-war

output cannot be relied on as a basis of present output. During 1918 the

production was 161,500,000 tons as compared with 191,500,000 tons in

1913; and during the first half of 1919 it was less than 50,000,000

tons, exclusive of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar but including Upper

Silesia, corresponding to an annual production of about 100,000,000

tons.[44] The causes of so low an output were in part temporary and

exceptional but the German authorities agree, and have not been

confuted, that some of them are bound to persist for some time to come.

In part they are the same as elsewhere; the daily shift has been

shortened from 8-1/2 to 7 hours, and it is improbable that the powers of

the Central Government will be adequate to restore them to their former

figure. But in addition, the mining plant is in bad condition (due to

the lack of certain essential materials during the blockade), the

physical efficiency of the men is greatly impaired by malnutrition

(which cannot be cured if a tithe of the reparation demands are to be

satisfied,--the standard of life will have rather to be lowered), and

the casualties of the war have diminished the numbers of efficient

miners. The analogy of English conditions is sufficient by itself to

tell us that a pre-war level of output cannot be expected in Germany.

German authorities put the loss of output at somewhat above 30 per

cent, divided about equally between the shortening of the shift and the

other economic influences. This figure appears on general grounds to be

plausible, but I have not the knowledge to endorse or to criticize it.

The pre-war figure of 118,000,000 tons net (\_i.e.\_ after allowing for

loss of territory and consumption at the mines) is likely to fall,

therefore, at least as low as to 100,000,000[45] tons, having regard to

the above factors. If 40,000,000 tons of this are to be exported to the

Allies, there remain 60,000,000 tons for Germany herself to meet her own

domestic consumption. Demand as well as supply will be diminished by

loss of territory, but at the most extravagant estimate this could not

be put above 29,000,000 tons.[46] Our hypothetical calculations,

therefore, leave us with post-war German domestic requirements, on the

basis of a pre-war efficiency of railways and industry, of 110,000,000

tons against an output not exceeding 100,000,000 tons, of which

40,000,000 tons are mortgaged to the Allies.

The importance of the subject has led me into a somewhat lengthy

statistical analysis. It is evident that too much significance must not

be attached to the precise figures arrived at, which are hypothetical

and dubious.[47] But the general character of the facts presents itself

irresistibly. Allowing for the loss of territory and the loss of

efficiency, Germany cannot export coal in the near future (and will even

be dependent on her Treaty rights to purchase in Upper Silesia), if she

is to continue as an industrial nation. Every million tons she is forced

to export must be at the expense of closing down an industry. With

results to be considered later this within certain limits is \_possible\_.

But it is evident that Germany cannot and will not furnish the Allies

with a contribution of 40,000,000 tons annually. Those Allied Ministers,

who have told their peoples that she can, have certainly deceived them

for the sake of allaying for the moment the misgivings of the European

peoples as to the path along which they are being led.

The presence of these illusory provisions (amongst others) in the

clauses of the Treaty of Peace is especially charged with danger for

the future. The more extravagant expectations as to Reparation

receipts, by which Finance Ministers have deceived their publics, will

be heard of no more when they have served their immediate purpose of

postponing the hour of taxation and retrenchment. But the coal clauses

will not be lost sight of so easily,--for the reason that it will be

absolutely vital in the interests of France and Italy that these

countries should do everything in their power to exact their bond. As a

result of the diminished output due to German destruction in France, of

the diminished output of mines in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, and

of many secondary causes, such as the breakdown of transport and of

organization and the inefficiency of new governments, the coal position

of all Europe is nearly desperate;[48] and France and Italy, entering

the scramble with certain Treaty rights, will not lightly surrender

them.

As is generally the case in real dilemmas, the French and Italian case

will possess great force, indeed unanswerable force from a certain point

of view. The position will be truly represented as a question between

German industry on the one hand and French and Italian industry on the

other. It may be admitted that the surrender of the coal will destroy

German industry, but it may be equally true that its non-surrender will

jeopardize French and Italian industry. In such a case must not the

victors with their Treaty rights prevail, especially when much of the

damage has been ultimately due to the wicked acts of those who are now

defeated? Yet if these feelings and these rights are allowed to prevail

beyond what wisdom would recommend, the reactions on the social and

economic life of Central Europe will be far too strong to be confined

within their original limits.

But this is not yet the whole problem. If France and Italy are to make

good their own deficiencies in coal from the output of Germany, then

Northern Europe, Switzerland, and Austria, which previously drew their

coal in large part from Germany's exportable surplus, must be starved of

their supplies. Before the war 13,600,000 tons of Germany's coal exports

went to Austria-Hungary. Inasmuch as nearly all the coalfields of the

former Empire lie outside what is now German-Austria, the industrial

ruin of this latter state, if she cannot obtain coal from Germany, will

be complete. The case of Germany's neutral neighbors, who were formerly

supplied in part from Great Britain but in large part from Germany,

will be hardly less serious. They will go to great lengths in the

direction of making their own supplies to Germany of materials which are

essential to her, conditional on these being paid for in coal. Indeed

they are already doing so.[49] With the breakdown of money economy the

practice of international barter is becoming prevalent. Nowadays money

in Central and South-Eastern Europe is seldom a true measure of value in

exchange, and will not necessarily buy anything, with the consequence

that one country, possessing a commodity essential to the needs of

another, sells it not for cash but only against a reciprocal engagement

on the part of the latter country to furnish in return some article not

less necessary to the former. This is an extraordinary complication as

compared with the former almost perfect simplicity of international

trade. But in the no less extraordinary conditions of to-day's industry

it is not without advantages as a means of stimulating production. The

butter-shifts of the Ruhr[50] show how far modern Europe has

retrograded in the direction of barter, and afford a picturesque

illustration of the low economic organization to which the breakdown of

currency and free exchange between individuals and nations is quickly

leading us. But they may produce the coal where other devices would

fail.[51]

Yet if Germany can find coal for the neighboring neutrals, France and

Italy may loudly claim that in this case she can and must keep her

treaty obligations. In this there will be a great show of justice, and

it will be difficult to weigh against such claims the possible facts

that, while German miners will work for butter, there is no available

means of compelling them to get coal, the sale of which will bring in

nothing, and that if Germany has no coal to send to her neighbors she

may fail to secure imports essential to her economic existence.

If the distribution of the European coal supplies is to be a scramble in

which France is satisfied first, Italy next, and every one else takes

their chance, the industrial future of Europe is black and the prospects

of revolution very good. It is a case where particular interests and

particular claims, however well founded in sentiment or in justice,

must yield to sovereign expediency. If there is any approximate truth in

Mr. Hoover's calculation that the coal output of Europe has fallen by

one-third, a situation confronts us where distribution must be effected

with even-handed impartiality in accordance with need, and no incentive

can be neglected towards increased production and economical methods of

transport. The establishment by the Supreme Council of the Allies in

August, 1919, of a European Coal Commission, consisting of delegates

from Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia

was a wise measure which, properly employed and extended, may prove of

great assistance. But I reserve constructive proposals for Chapter VII.

Here I am only concerned with tracing the consequences, \_per

impossibile\_, of carrying out the Treaty \_au pied de lettre\_.[52]

(2) The provisions relating to iron-ore require less detailed attention,

though their effects are destructive. They require less attention,

because they are in large measure inevitable. Almost exactly 75 per cent

of the iron-ore raised in Germany in 1913 came from Alsace-Lorraine.[53]

In this the chief importance of the stolen provinces lay.

There is no question but that Germany must lose these ore-fields. The

only question is how far she is to be allowed facilities for purchasing

their produce. The German Delegation made strong efforts to secure the

inclusion of a provision by which coal and coke to be furnished by them

to France should be given in exchange for \_minette\_ from Lorraine. But

they secured no such stipulation, and the matter remains at France's

option.

The motives which will govern France's eventual policy are not entirely

concordant. While Lorraine comprised 75 per cent of Germany's iron-ore,

only 25 per cent of the blast furnaces lay within Lorraine and the Saar

basin together, a large proportion of the ore being carried into Germany

proper. Approximately the same proportion of Germany's iron and steel

foundries, namely 25 per cent, were situated in Alsace-Lorraine. For

the moment, therefore, the most economical and profitable course would

certainly be to export to Germany, as hitherto, a considerable part of

the output of the mines.

On the other hand, France, having recovered the deposits of Lorraine,

may be expected to aim at replacing as far as possible the industries,

which Germany had based on them, by industries situated within her own

frontiers. Much time must elapse before the plant and the skilled labor

could be developed within France, and even so she could hardly deal with

the ore unless she could rely on receiving the coal from Germany. The

uncertainty, too, as to the ultimate fate of the Saar will be disturbing

to the calculations of capitalists who contemplate the establishment of

new industries in France.

In fact, here, as elsewhere, political considerations cut disastrously

across economic. In a r&eacute;gime of Free Trade and free economic intercourse

it would be of little consequence that iron lay on one side of a

political frontier, and labor, coal, and blast furnaces on the other.

But as it is, men have devised ways to impoverish themselves and one

another; and prefer collective animosities to individual happiness. It

seems certain, calculating on the present passions and impulses of

European capitalistic society, that the effective iron output of Europe

will be diminished by a new political frontier (which sentiment and

historic justice require), because nationalism and private interest are

thus allowed to impose a new economic frontier along the same lines.

These latter considerations are allowed, in the present governance of

Europe, to prevail over the intense need of the Continent for the most

sustained and efficient production to repair the destructions of war,

and to satisfy the insistence of labor for a larger reward.[54]

The same influences are likely to be seen, though on a lesser scale, in

the event of the transference of Upper Silesia to Poland. While Upper

Silesia contains but little iron, the presence of coal has led to the

establishment of numerous blast furnaces. What is to be the fate of

these? If Germany is cut off from her supplies of ore on the west, will

she export beyond her frontiers on the east any part of the little which

remains to her? The efficiency and output of the industry seem certain

to diminish.

Thus the Treaty strikes at organization, and by the destruction of

organization impairs yet further the reduced wealth of the whole

community. The economic frontiers which are to be established between

the coal and the iron, upon which modern industrialism is founded, will

not only diminish the production of useful commodities, but may possibly

occupy an immense quantity of human labor in dragging iron or coal, as

the case may be, over many useless miles to satisfy the dictates of a

political treaty or because obstructions have been established to the

proper localization of industry.

III

There remain those Treaty provisions which relate to the transport and

the tariff systems of Germany. These parts of the Treaty have not nearly

the importance and the significance of those discussed hitherto. They

are pin-pricks, interferences and vexations, not so much objectionable

for their solid consequences, as dishonorable to the Allies in the light

of their professions. Let the reader consider what follows in the light

of the assurances already quoted, in reliance on which Germany laid down

her arms.

(i.) The miscellaneous Economic Clauses commence with a number of

provisions which would be in accordance with the spirit of the third of

the Fourteen Points,--if they were reciprocal. Both for imports and

exports, and as regards tariffs, regulations, and prohibitions, Germany

binds herself for five years to accord most-favored-nation treatment to

the Allied and Associated States.[55] But she is not entitled herself to

receive such treatment.

For five years Alsace-Lorraine shall be free to export into Germany,

without payment of customs duty, up to the average amount sent annually

into Germany from 1911 to 1913.[56] But there is no similar provision

for German exports into Alsace-Lorraine.

For three years Polish exports to Germany, and for five years

Luxemburg's exports to Germany, are to have a similar privilege,[57]--

but not German exports to Poland or to Luxemburg. Luxemburg also, which

for many years has enjoyed the benefits of inclusion within the German

Customs Union, is permanently excluded from it henceforward.[58]

For six months after the Treaty has come into force Germany may not

impose duties on imports from the Allied and Associated States higher

than the most favorable duties prevalent before the war and for a

further two years and a half (making three years in all) this

prohibition continues to apply to certain commodities, notably to some

of those as to which special agreements existed before the war, and also

to wine, to vegetable oils, to artificial silk, and to washed or scoured

wool.[59] This is a ridiculous and injurious provision, by which Germany

is prevented from taking those steps necessary to conserve her limited

resources for the purchase of necessaries and the discharge of

Reparation. As a result of the existing distribution of wealth in

Germany, and of financial wantonness amongst individuals, the offspring

of uncertainty, Germany is threatened with a deluge of luxuries and

semi-luxuries from abroad, of which she has been starved for years,

which would exhaust or diminish her small supplies of foreign exchange.

These provisions strike at the authority of the German Government to

ensure economy in such consumption, or to raise taxation during a

critical period. What an example of senseless greed overreaching itself,

to introduce, after taking from Germany what liquid wealth she has and

demanding impossible payments for the future, a special and

particularized injunction that she must allow as readily as in the days

of her prosperity the import of champagne and of silk!

One other Article affects the Customs R&eacute;gime of Germany which, if it was

applied, would be serious and extensive in its consequences. The Allies

have reserved the right to apply a special customs r&eacute;gime to the

occupied area on the bank of the Rhine, "in the event of such a measure

being necessary in their opinion in order to safeguard the economic

interests of the population of these territories."[60] This provision

was probably introduced as a possibly useful adjunct to the French

policy of somehow detaching the left bank provinces from Germany during

the years of their occupation. The project of establishing an

independent Republic under French clerical auspices, which would act as

a buffer state and realize the French ambition of driving Germany proper

beyond the Rhine, has not yet been abandoned. Some believe that much may

be accomplished by a r&eacute;gime of threats, bribes, and cajolery extended

over a period of fifteen years or longer.[61] If this Article is acted

upon, and the economic system of the left bank of the Rhine is

effectively severed from the rest of Germany, the effect would be

far-reaching. But the dreams of designing diplomats do not always

prosper, and we must trust the future.

(ii.) The clauses relating to Railways, as originally presented to

Germany, were substantially modified in the final Treaty, and are now

limited to a provision by which goods, coming from Allied territory to

Germany, or in transit through Germany, shall receive the most favored

treatment as regards rail freight rates, etc., applied to goods of the

same kind carried on \_any\_ German lines "under similar conditions of

transport, for example, as regards length of route."[62] As a

non-reciprocal provision this is an act of interference in internal

arrangements which it is difficult to justify, but the practical effect

of this,[63] and of an analogous provision relating to passenger

traffic,[64] will much depend on the interpretation of the phrase,

"similar conditions of transport."[65]

For the time being Germany's transport system will be much more

seriously disordered by the provisions relating to the cession of

rolling-stock. Under paragraph 7 of the Armistice conditions Germany was

called on to surrender 5000 locomotives and 150,000 wagons, "in good

working order, with all necessary spare parts and fittings." Under the

Treaty Germany is required to confirm this surrender and to recognize

the title of the Allies to the material.[66] She is further required, in

the case of railway systems in ceded territory, to hand over these

systems complete with their full complement of rolling-stock "in a

normal state of upkeep" as shown in the last inventory before November

11, 1918.[67] That is to say, ceded railway systems are not to bear any

share in the general depletion and deterioration of the German

rolling-stock as a whole.

This is a loss which in course of time can doubtless be made good. But

lack of lubricating oils and the prodigious wear and tear of the war,

not compensated by normal repairs, had already reduced the German

railway system to a low state of efficiency. The further heavy losses

under the Treaty will confirm this state of affairs for some time to

come, and are a substantial aggravation of the difficulties of the coal

problem and of export industry generally.

(iii.) There remain the clauses relating to the river system of Germany.

These are largely unnecessary and are so little related to the supposed

aims of the Allies that their purport is generally unknown. Yet they

constitute an unprecedented interference with a country's domestic

arrangements and are capable of being so operated as to take from

Germany all effective control over her own transport system. In their

present form they are incapable of justification; but some simple

changes might transform them into a reasonable instrument.

Most of the principal rivers of Germany have their source or their

outlet in non-German territory. The Rhine, rising in Switzerland, is now

a frontier river for a part of its course, and finds the sea in Holland;

the Danube rises in Germany but flows over its greater length elsewhere;

the Elbe rises in the mountains of Bohemia, now called Czecho-Slovakia;

the Oder traverses Lower Silesia; and the Niemen now bounds the frontier

of East Prussia and has its source in Russia. Of these, the Rhine and

the Niemen are frontier rivers, the Elbe is primarily German but in its

upper reaches has much importance for Bohemia, the Danube in its German

parts appears to have little concern for any country but Germany, and

the Oder is an almost purely German river unless the result of the

plebiscite is to detach all Upper Silesia.

Rivers which, in the words of the Treaty, "naturally provide more than

one State with access to the sea," properly require some measure of

international regulation and adequate guarantees against discrimination.

This principle has long been recognized in the International Commissions

which regulate the Rhine and the Danube. But on such Commissions the

States concerned should be represented more or less in proportion to

their interests. The Treaty, however, has made the international

character of these rivers a pretext for taking the river system of

Germany out of German control.

After certain Articles which provide suitably against discrimination and

interference with freedom of transit,[68] the Treaty proceeds to hand

over the administration of the Elbe, the Oder, the Danube, and the Rhine

to International Commissions.[69] The ultimate powers of these

Commissions are to be determined by "a General Convention drawn up by

the Allied and Associated Powers, and approved by the League of

Nations."[70] In the meantime the Commissions are to draw up their own

constitutions and are apparently to enjoy powers of the most extensive

description, "particularly in regard to the execution of works of

maintenance, control, and improvement on the river system, the financial

r&eacute;gime, the fixing and collection of charges, and regulations for

navigation."[71]

So far there is much to be said for the Treaty. Freedom of through

transit is a not unimportant part of good international practice and

should be established everywhere. The objectionable feature of the

Commissions lies in their membership. In each case the voting is so

weighted as to place Germany in a clear minority. On the Elbe Commission

Germany has four votes out of ten; on the Oder Commission three out of

nine; on the Rhine Commission four out of nineteen; on the Danube

Commission, which is not yet definitely constituted, she will be

apparently in a small minority. On the government of all these rivers

France and Great Britain are represented; and on the Elbe for some

undiscoverable reason there are also representatives of Italy and

Belgium.

Thus the great waterways of Germany are handed over to foreign bodies

with the widest powers; and much of the local and domestic business of

Hamburg, Magdeburg, Dresden, Stettin, Frankfurt, Breslan, and Ulm will

be subject to a foreign jurisdiction. It is almost as though the Powers

of Continental Europe were to be placed in a majority on the Thames

Conservancy or the Port of London.

Certain minor provisions follow lines which in our survey of the Treaty

are now familiar. Under Annex III. of the Reparation Chapter Germany is

to cede up to 20 per cent of her inland navigation tonnage. Over and

above this she must cede such proportion of her river craft upon the

Elbe, the Oder, the Niemen, and the Danube as an American arbitrator may

determine, "due regard being had to the legitimate needs of the parties

concerned, and particularly to the shipping traffic during the five

years preceding the war," the craft so ceded to be selected from those

most recently built.[72] The same course is to be followed with German

vessels and tugs on the Rhine and with German property in the port of

Rotterdam.[73] Where the Rhine flows between France and Germany, France

is to have all the rights of utilizing the water for irrigation or for

power and Germany is to have none;[74] and all the bridges are to be

French property as to their whole length.[75] Finally the administration

of the purely German Rhine port of Kehl lying on the eastern bank of the

river is to be united to that of Strassburg for seven years and managed

by a Frenchman to be nominated by the new Rhine Commission.

Thus the Economic Clauses of the Treaty are comprehensive, and little

has been overlooked which might impoverish Germany now or obstruct her

development in future. So situated, Germany is to make payments of

money, on a scale and in a manner to be examined in the next chapter.

FOOTNOTES:

[7] The precise force of this reservation is discussed in

detail in Chapter V.

[8] I also omit those which have no special relevance to the

German Settlement. The second of the Fourteen Points, which relates to

the Freedom of the Seas, is omitted because the Allies did not accept

it. Any italics are mine.

[9] Part VIII. Annex III. (1).

[10] Part VIII. Annex III. (3).

[11] In the years before the war the average shipbuilding

output of Germany was about 350,000 tons annually, exclusive of

warships.

[12] Part VIII. Annex III. (5).

[13] Art. 119.

[14] Arts. 120 and 257.

[15] Art. 122.

[16] Arts. 121 and 297(b). The exercise or non-exercise of this

option of expropriation appears to lie, not with the Reparation

Commission, but with the particular Power in whose territory the

property has become situated by cession or mandation.

[17] Art. 297 (h) and para. 4 of Annex to Part X. Section IV.

[18] Arts. 53 and 74.

[19] In 1871 Germany granted France credit for the railways of

Alsace-Lorraine but not for State property. At that time, however, the

railways were private property. As they afterwards became the property

of the German Government, the French Government have held, in spite of

the large additional capital which Germany has sunk in them, that their

treatment must follow the precedent of State property generally.

[20] Arts. 55 and 255. This follows the precedent of 1871.

[21] Art. 297 (\_b\_).

[22] Part X. Sections III. and IV. and Art. 243.

[23] The interpretation of the words between inverted commas is

a little dubious. The phrase is so wide as to seem to include private

debts. But in the final draft of the Treaty private debts are not

explicitly referred to.

[24] This provision is mitigated in the case of German property

in Poland and the other new States, the proceeds of liquidation in these

areas being payable direct to the owner (Art. 92.)

[25] Part X. Section IV. Annex, para. 10: "Germany will, within

six months from the coming into force of the present Treaty, deliver to

each Allied or Associated Power all securities, certificates, deeds, or

other documents of title held by its nationals and relating to property,

rights, or interests situated in the territory of that Allied or

Associated Power.... Germany will at any time on demand of any Allied or

Associated Power furnish such information as may be required with regard

to the territory, rights, and interests of German nationals within the

territory of such Allied or Associated Power, or with regard to any

transactions concerning such property, rights, or interests effected

since July 1, 1914."

[26] "Any public utility undertaking or concession" is a vague

phrase, the precise interpretation of which is not provided for.

[27] Art. 260.

[28] Art. 235.

[29] Art. 118.

[30] Arts. 129 and 132.

[31] Arts. 135-137.

[32] Arts. 135-140.

[33] Art. 141: "Germany renounces all rights, titles and

privileges conferred on her by the General Act of Algeciras of April 7,

1906, and by the Franco-German Agreements, of Feb. 9, 1909, and Nov. 4,

1911...."

[34] Art. 148: "All treaties, agreements, arrangements and

contracts concluded by Germany with Egypt are regarded as abrogated from

Aug. 4, 1914." Art. 153: "All property and possessions in Egypt of the

German Empire and the German States pass to the Egyptian Government

without payment."

[35] Art. 289.

[36] Art. 45.

[37] Part IV. Section IV. Annex, Chap. III.

[38] "We take over the ownership of the Sarre mines, and in

order not to be inconvenienced in the exploitation of these coal

deposits, we constitute a distinct little estate for the 600,000 Germans

who inhabit this coal basin, and in fifteen years we shall endeavor by a

plebiscite to bring them to declare that they want to be French. We know

what that means. During fifteen years we are going to work on them, to

attack them from every point, till we obtain from them a declaration of

love. It is evidently a less brutal proceeding than the \_coup de force\_

which detached from us our Alsatians and Lorrainers. But if less brutal,

it is more hypocritical. We know quite well between ourselves that it is

an attempt to annex these 600,000 Germans. One can understand very well

the reasons of an economic nature which have led Clemenceau to wish to

give us these Sarre coal deposits, but in order to acquire them must we

give ourselves the appearance of wanting to juggle with 600,000 Germans

in order to make Frenchmen of them in fifteen years?" (M. Herv&eacute; in \_La

Victorie\_, May 31, 1919).

[39] This plebiscite is the most important of the concessions

accorded to Germany in the Allies' Final Note, and one for which Mr.

Lloyd George, who never approved the Allies' policy on the Eastern

frontiers of Germany, can claim the chief credit. The vote cannot take

place before the spring of 1920, and may be postponed until 1921. In the

meantime the province will be governed by an Allied Commission. The vote

will be taken by communes, and the final frontiers will be determined by

the Allies, who shall have regard, partly to the results of the vote in

each commune, and partly "to the geographical and economic conditions of

the locality." It would require great local knowledge to predict the

result. By voting Polish, a locality can escape liability for the

indemnity, and for the crushing taxation consequent on voting German, a

factor not to be neglected. On the other hand, the bankruptcy and

incompetence of the new Polish State might deter those who were disposed

to vote on economic rather than on racial grounds. It has also been

stated that the conditions of life in such matters as sanitation and

social legislation are incomparably better in Upper Silesia than in the

adjacent districts of Poland, where similar legislation is in its

infancy. The argument in the text assumes that Upper Silesia will cease

to be German. But much may happen in a year, and the assumption is not

certain. To the extent that it proves erroneous the conclusions must be

modified.

[40] German authorities claim, not without contradiction, that

to judge from the votes cast at elections, one-third of the population

would elect in the Polish interest, and two-thirds in the German.

[41] It must not be overlooked, however, that, amongst the

other concessions relating to Silesia accorded in the Allies' Final

Note, there has been included Article 90, by which "Poland undertakes to

permit for a period of fifteen years the exportation to Germany of the

products of the mines in any part of Upper Silesia transferred to Poland

in accordance with the present Treaty. Such products shall be free from

all export duties or other charges or restrictions on exportation.

Poland agrees to take such steps as may be necessary to secure that any

such products shall be available for sale to purchasers in Germany on

terms as favorable as are applicable to like products sold under similar

conditions to purchasers in Poland or in any other country." This does

not apparently amount to a right of preemption, and it is not easy to

estimate its effective practical consequences. It is evident, however,

that in so far as the mines are maintained at their former efficiency,

and in so far as Germany is in a position to purchase substantially her

former supplies from that source, the loss is limited to the effect on

her balance of trade, and is without the more serious repercussions on

her economic life which are contemplated in the text. Here is an

opportunity for the Allies to render more tolerable the actual operation

of the settlement. The Germans, it should be added, have pointed out

that the same economic argument which adds the Saar fields to France

allots Upper Silesia to Germany. For whereas the Silesian mines are

essential to the economic life of Germany, Poland does not need them. Of

Poland's pre-war annual demand of 10,500,000 tons, 6,800,000 tons were

supplied by the indisputably Polish districts adjacent to Upper Silesia.

1,500,000 tons from Upper Silesia (out of a total Upper Silesian output

of 43,500,000 tons), and the balance from what is now Czecho-Slovakia.

Even without any supply from Upper Silesia and Czecho-Slovakia, Poland

could probably meet her requirements by the fuller exploitation of her

own coalfields which are not yet scientifically developed, or from the

deposits of Western Galicia which are now to be annexed to her.

[42] France is also to receive annually for three years 35,000

tons of benzol, 60,000 tons of coal tar, and 30,000 tons of sulphate of

ammonia.

[43] The Reparation Commission is authorized under the Treaty

(Part VIII Annex V. para. 10) "to postpone or to cancel deliveries" if

they consider "that the full exercise of the foregoing options would

interfere unduly with the industrial requirements of Germany." In the

event of such postponements or cancellations "the coal to replace coal

from destroyed mines shall receive priority over other deliveries." This

concluding clause is of the greatest importance, if, as will be seen, it

is physically impossible for Germany to furnish the full 45,000,000; for

it means that France will receive 20,000,000 tons before Italy receives

anything. The Reparation Commission has no discretion to modify this.

The Italian Press has not failed to notice the significance of the

provision, and alleges that this clause was inserted during the absence

of the Italian representatives from Paris (\_Corriere della Sera\_, July

19, 1919).

[44] It follows that the current rate of production in Germany

has sunk to about 60 per cent of that of 1913. The effect on reserves

has naturally been disastrous, and the prospects for the coming winter

are dangerous.

[45] This assumes a loss of output of 15 per cent as compared

with the estimate of 30 per cent quoted above.

[46] This supposes a loss of 23 per cent of Germany's

industrial undertaking and a diminution of 13 per cent in her other

requirements.

[47] The reader must be reminded in particular that the above

calculations take no account of the German production of lignite, which

yielded in 1913 13,000,000 tons of rough lignite in addition to an

amount converted into 21,000,000 tons of briquette. This amount of

lignite, however, was required in Germany before the war \_in addition

to\_ the quantities of coal assumed above. I am not competent to speak on

the extent to which the loss of coal can be made good by the extended

use of lignite or by economies in its present employment; but some

authorities believe that Germany may obtain substantial compensation for

her loss of coal by paying more attention to her deposits of lignite.

[48] Mr. Hoover, in July, 1919, estimated that the coal output

of Europe, excluding Russia and the Balkans, had dropped from

679,500,000 tons to 443,000,000 tons,--as a result in a minor degree of

loss of material and labor, but owing chiefly to a relaxation of

physical effort after the privations and sufferings of the war, a lack

of rolling-stock and transport, and the unsettled political fate of some

of the mining districts.

[49] Numerous commercial agreements during the war ware

arranged on these lines. But in the month of June, 1919, alone, minor

agreements providing for payment in coal were made by Germany with

Denmark, Norway, and Switzerland. The amounts involved were not large,

but without them Germany could not have obtained butter from Denmark,

fats and herrings from Norway, or milk and cattle from Switzerland.

[50] "Some 60,000 Ruhr miners have agreed to work extra

shifts--so-called butter-shifts--for the purpose of furnishing coal for

export to Denmark hence butter will be exported in return. The butter

will benefit the miners in the first place, as they have worked

specially to obtain it" (\_K&ouml;lnische Zeitung\_, June 11, 1919).

[51] What of the prospects of whisky-shifts in England?

[52] As early as September, 1919, the Coal Commission had to

face the physical impracticability of enforcing the demands of the

Treaty, and agreed to modify them as follows:--"Germany shall in the

next six months make deliveries corresponding to an annual delivery of

20 million tons as compared with 43 millions as provided in the Peace

Treaty. If Germany's total production exceeds the present level of about

108 millions a year, 60 per cent of extra production, up to 128

millions, shall be delivered to the Entente and 50 per cent of any extra

beyond that, until the figure provided in the Peace Treaty is reached.

If the total production falls below 108 millions the Entente will

examine the situation, after hearing Germany, and take account of it."

[53] 21,136,265 tons out of a total of 28,607,903 tons. The

loss of iron-ore in respect of Upper Silesia is insignificant. The

exclusion of the iron and steel of Luxemburg from the German Customs

Union is, however, important, especially when this loss is added to that

of Alsace-Lorraine. It may be added in passing that Upper Silesia

includes 75 per cent of the zinc production of Germany.

[54] In April, 1919, the British Ministry of Munitions

despatched an expert Commission to examine the conditions of the iron

and steel works in Lorraine and the occupied areas of Germany. The

Report states that the iron and steel works in Lorraine, and to a lesser

extent in the Saar Valley, are dependent on supplies of coal and coke

from Westphalia. It is necessary to mix Westphalian coal with Saar coal

to obtain a good furnace coke. The entire dependence of all the Lorraine

iron and steel works upon Germany for fuel supplies "places them," says

the Report, "in a very unenviable position."

[55] Arts. 264, 265, 266, and 267. These provisions can only be

extended beyond five years by the Council of the League of Nations.

[56] Art. 268 (\_a\_).

[57] Art. 268 (\_b\_) and (\_c\_).

[58] The Grand Duchy is also deneutralized and Germany binds

herself to "accept in advance all international arrangements which may

be concluded by the Allied and Associated Powers relating to the Grand

Duchy" (Art. 40). At the end of September, 1919, a plebiscite was held

to determine whether Luxemburg should join the French or the Belgian

Customs Union, which decided by a substantial majority in favour of the

former. The third alternative of the maintenance of the union with

Germany was not left open to the electorate.

[59] Art. 269.

[60] Art. 270.

[61] The occupation provisions may be conveniently summarized

at this point. German territory situated west of the Rhine, together

with the bridge-heads, is subject to occupation for a period of fifteen

years (Art. 428). If, however, "the conditions of the present Treaty are

faithfully carried out by Germany," the Cologne district will be

evacuated after five years, and the Coblenz district after ten years

(Art. 429). It is, however, further provided that if at the expiration

of fifteen years "the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by

Germany are not considered sufficient by the Allied and Associated

Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to

the extent regarded as necessary for the purpose of obtaining the

required guarantees" (Art. 429); and also that "in case either during

the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years, the

Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or

part of her obligations under the present Treaty with regard to

Reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will

be re-occupied immediately by the Allied and Associated Powers" (Art.

430). Since it will be impossible for Germany to fulfil the whole of her

Reparation obligations, the effect of the above provisions will be in

practice that the Allies will occupy the left bank of the Rhine just so

long as they choose. They will also govern it in such manner as they may

determine (\_e.g.\_ not only as regards customs, but such matters as the

respective authority of the local German representatives and the Allied

Governing Commission), since "all matters relating to the occupation and

not provided for by the present Treaty shall be regulated by subsequent

agreements, which Germany hereby undertakes to observe" (Art. 432). The

actual Agreement under which the occupied areas are to be administered

for the present has been published as a White Paper [Cd. 222]. The

supreme authority is to be in the hands of an Inter-Allied Rhineland

Commission, consisting of a Belgian, a French, a British, and an

American member. The articles of this Agreement are very fairly and

reasonably drawn.

[62] Art. 365. After five years this Article is subject to

revision by the Council of the League of Nations.

[63] The German Government withdrew, as from September 1, 1919,

all preferential railway tariffs for the export of iron and steel goods,

on the ground that these privileges would have been more than

counterbalanced by the corresponding privileges which, under this

Article of the Treaty, they would have been forced to give to Allied

traders.

[64] Art. 367.

[65] Questions of interpretation and application are to be

referred to the League of Nations (Art. 376).

[66] Art. 250.

[67] Art 371. This provision is even applied "to the lines of

former Russian Poland converted by Germany to the German gage, such

lines being regarded as detached from the Prussian State System."

[68] Arts. 332-337. Exception may be taken, however, to the

second paragraph of Art. 332, which allows the vessels of other nations

to trade between German towns but forbids German vessels to trade

between non-German towns except with special permission; and Art. 333,

which prohibits Germany from making use of her river system as a source

of revenue, may be injudicious.

[69] The Niemen and the Moselle are to be similarly treated at

a later date if required.

[70] Art. 338.

[71] Art. 344. This is with particular reference to the Elbe

and the Oder; the Danube and the Rhine are dealt with in relation to the

existing Commissions.

[72] Art. 339.

[73] Art. 357.

[74] Art. 358. Germany is, however, to be allowed some payment

or credit in respect of power so taken by France.

[75] Art. 66.

CHAPTER V

REPARATION

I. \_Undertakings given prior to the Peace Negotiations\_

The categories of damage in respect of which the Allies were entitled to

ask for Reparation are governed by the relevant passages in President

Wilson's Fourteen Points of January 8, 1918, as modified by the Allied

Governments in their qualifying Note, the text of which the President

formally communicated to the German Government as the basis of peace on

November 5, 1918. These passages have been quoted in full at the

beginning of Chapter IV. That is to say, "compensation will be made by

Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and

to their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from

the air." The limiting quality of this sentence is reinforced by the

passage in the President's speech before Congress on February 11, 1918

(the terms of this speech being an express part of the contract with the

enemy), that there shall be "no contributions" and "no punitive

damages."

It has sometimes been argued that the preamble to paragraph 19[76] of

the Armistice Terms, to the effect "that any future claims and demands

of the Allies and the United States of America remain unaffected," wiped

out all precedent conditions, and left the Allies free to make whatever

demands they chose. But it is not possible to maintain that this casual

protective phrase, to which no one at the time attached any particular

importance, did away with all the formal communications which passed

between the President and the German Government as to the basis of the

Terms of Peace during the days preceding the Armistice, abolished the

Fourteen Points, and converted the German acceptance of the Armistice

Terms into unconditional surrender, so far as it affects the Financial

Clauses. It is merely the usual phrase of the draftsman, who, about to

rehearse a list of certain claims, wishes to guard himself from the

implication that such list is exhaustive. In any case, this contention

is disposed of by the Allied reply to the German observations on the

first draft of the Treaty, where it is admitted that the terms of the

Reparation Chapter must be governed by the President's Note of November

5.

Assuming then that the terms of this Note are binding, we are left to

elucidate the precise force of the phrase--"all damage done to the

civilian population of the Allies and to their property by the

aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air." Few sentences

in history have given so much work to the sophists and the lawyers, as

we shall see in the next section of this chapter, as this apparently

simple and unambiguous statement. Some have not scrupled to argue that

it covers the entire cost of the war; for, they point out, the entire

cost of the war has to be met by taxation, and such taxation is

"damaging to the civilian population." They admit that the phrase is

cumbrous, and that it would have been simpler to have said "all loss and

expenditure of whatever description"; and they allow that the apparent

emphasis of damage to the persons and property of \_civilians\_ is

unfortunate; but errors of draftsmanship should not, in their opinion,

shut off the Allies from the rights inherent in victors.

But there are not only the limitations of the phrase in its natural

meaning and the emphasis on civilian damages as distinct from military

expenditure generally; it must also be remembered that the context of

the term is in elucidation of the meaning of the term "restoration" in

the President's Fourteen Points. The Fourteen Points provide for damage

in invaded territory--Belgium, France, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro

(Italy being unaccountably omitted)--but they do not cover losses at sea

by submarine, bombardments from the sea (as at Scarborough), or damage

done by air raids. It was to repair these omissions, which involved

losses to the life and property of civilians not really distinguishable

in kind from those effected in occupied territory, that the Supreme

Council of the Allies in Paris proposed to President Wilson their

qualifications. At that time--the last days of October, 1918--I do not

believe that any responsible statesman had in mind the exaction from

Germany of an indemnity for the general costs of the war. They sought

only to make it clear (a point of considerable importance to Great

Britain) that reparation for damage done to non-combatants and their

property was not limited to invaded territory (as it would have been by

the Fourteen Points unqualified), but applied equally to \_all\_ such

damage, whether "by land, by sea, or from the air" It was only at a

later stage that a general popular demand for an indemnity, covering

the full costs of the war, made it politically desirable to practise

dishonesty and to try to discover in the written word what was not

there.

What damages, then, can be claimed from the enemy on a strict

interpretation of our engagements?[77] In the case of the United Kingdom

the bill would cover the following items:--

(a) Damage to civilian life and property by the acts of an enemy

Government including damage by air raids, naval bombardments, submarine

warfare, and mines.

(b) Compensation for improper treatment of interned civilians.

It would not include the general costs of the war, or (\_e.g.\_) indirect

damage due to loss of trade.

The French claim would include, as well as items corresponding to the

above:--

(c) Damage done to the property and persons of civilians in the war

area, and by aerial warfare behind the enemy lines.

(d) Compensation for loot of food, raw materials, live-stock, machinery,

household effects, timber, and the like by the enemy Governments or

their nationals in territory occupied by them.

(e) Repayment of fines and requisitions levied by the enemy Governments

or their officers on French municipalities or nationals.

(f) Compensation to French nationals deported or compelled to do forced

labor.

In addition to the above there is a further item of more doubtful

character, namely--

(g) The expenses of the Relief Commission in providing necessary food

and clothing to maintain the civilian French population in the

enemy-occupied districts.

The Belgian claim would include similar items.[78] If it were argued

that in the case of Belgium something more nearly resembling an

indemnity for general war costs can be justified, this could only be on

the ground of the breach of International Law involved in the invasion

of Belgium, whereas, as we have seen, the Fourteen Points include no

special demands on this ground.[79] As the cost of Belgian Belief under

(g), as well as her general war costs, has been met already by advances

from the British, French, and United States Governments, Belgium would

presumably employ any repayment of them by Germany in part discharge of

her debt to these Governments, so that any such demands are, in effect,

an addition to the claims of the three lending Governments.

The claims of the other Allies would be compiled on similar lines. But

in their case the question arises more acutely how far Germany can be

made contingently liable for damage done, not by herself, but by her

co-belligerents, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. This is one of

the many questions to which the Fourteen Points give no clear answer; on

the one hand, they cover explicitly in Point 11 damage done to Roumania,

Serbia, and Montenegro, without qualification as to the nationality of

the troops inflicting the damage; on the other hand, the Note of the

Allies speaks of "German" aggression when it might have spoken of the

aggression of "Germany and her allies." On a strict and literal

interpretation, I doubt if claims lie against Germany for damage

done,--\_e.g.\_ by the Turks to the Suez Canal, or by Austrian submarines

in the Adriatic. But it is a case where, if the Allies wished to strain

a point, they could impose contingent liability on Germany without

running seriously contrary to the general intention of their

engagements.

As between the Allies themselves the case is quite different. It would

be an act of gross unfairness and infidelity if France and Great Britain

were to take what Germany could pay and leave Italy and Serbia to get

what they could out of the remains of Austria-Hungary. As amongst the

Allies themselves it is clear that assets should be pooled and shared

out in proportion to aggregate claims.

In this event, and if my estimate is accepted, as given below, that

Germany's capacity to pay will be exhausted by the direct and legitimate

claims which the Allies hold against her, the question of her contingent

liability for her allies becomes academic. Prudent and honorable

statesmanship would therefore have given her the benefit of the doubt,

and claimed against her nothing but the damage she had herself caused.

What, on the above basis of claims, would the aggregate demand amount

to? No figures exist on which to base any scientific or exact estimate,

and I give my own guess for what it is worth, prefacing it with the

following observations.

The amount of the material damage done in the invaded districts has been

the subject of enormous, if natural, exaggeration. A journey through the

devastated areas of France is impressive to the eye and the imagination

beyond description. During the winter of 1918-19, before Nature had

cast over the scene her ameliorating mantle, the horror and desolation

of war was made visible to sight on an extraordinary scale of blasted

grandeur. The completeness of the destruction was evident. For mile

after mile nothing was left. No building was habitable and no field fit

for the plow. The sameness was also striking. One devastated area was

exactly like another--a heap of rubble, a morass of shell-holes, and a

tangle of wire.[80] The amount of human labor which would be required to

restore such a countryside seemed incalculable; and to the returned

traveler any number of milliards of dollars was inadequate to express in

matter the destruction thus impressed upon his spirit. Some Governments

for a variety of intelligible reasons have not been ashamed to exploit

these feelings a little.

Popular sentiment is most at fault, I think, in the case of Belgium. In

any event Belgium is a small country, and in its case the actual area of

devastation is a small proportion of the whole. The first onrush of the

Germans in 1914 did some damage locally; after that the battle-line in

Belgium did not sway backwards and forwards, as in France, over a deep

belt of country. It was practically stationary, and hostilities were

confined to a small corner of the country, much of which in recent times

was backward, poor, and sleepy, and did not include the active industry

of the country. There remains some injury in the small flooded area, the

deliberate damage done by the retreating Germans to buildings, plant,

and transport, and the loot of machinery, cattle, and other movable

property. But Brussels, Antwerp, and even Ostend are substantially

intact, and the great bulk of the land, which is Belgium's chief wealth,

is nearly as well cultivated as before. The traveler by motor can pass

through and from end to end of the devastated area of Belgium almost

before he knows it; whereas the destruction in France is on a different

kind of scale altogether. Industrially, the loot has been serious and

for the moment paralyzing; but the actual money cost of replacing

machinery mounts up slowly, and a few tens of millions would have

covered the value of every machine of every possible description that

Belgium ever possessed. Besides, the cold statistician must not overlook

the fact that the Belgian people possess the instinct of individual

self-protection unusually well developed; and the great mass of German

bank-notes[81] held in the country at the date of the Armistice, shows

that certain classes of them at least found a way, in spite of all the

severities and barbarities of German rule, to profit at the expense of

the invader. Belgian claims against Germany such as I have seen,

amounting to a sum in excess of the total estimated pre-war wealth of

the whole country, are simply irresponsible.[82]

It will help to guide our ideas to quote the official survey of Belgian

wealth, published in 1913 by the Finance Ministry of Belgium, which was

as follows:

Land $1,320,000,000

Buildings 1,175,000,000

Personal wealth 2,725,000,000

Cash 85,000,000

Furniture, etc 600,000,000

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$5,905,000,000

This total yields an average of $780 per inhabitant, which Dr. Stamp,

the highest authority on the subject, is disposed to consider as \_prima

facie\_ too low (though he does not accept certain much higher estimates

lately current), the corresponding wealth per head (to take Belgium's

immediate neighbors) being $835 for Holland, $1,220 for Germany, and

$1,515 for France.[83] A total of $7,500,000,000, giving an average of

about $1,000 per head, would, however, be fairly liberal. The official

estimate of land and buildings is likely to be more accurate than the

rest. On the other hand, allowance has to be made for the increased

costs of construction.

Having regard to all these considerations, I do not put the money value

of the actual \_physical\_ loss of Belgian property by destruction and

loot above $750,000,000 \_as a maximum\_, and while I hesitate to put yet

lower an estimate which differs so widely from those generally current,

I shall be surprised if it proves possible to substantiate claims even

to this amount. Claims in respect of levies, fines, requisitions, and so

forth might possibly amount to a further $500,000,000. If the sums

advanced to Belgium by her allies for the general costs of the war are

to be included, a sum of about $1,250,000,000 has to be added (which

includes the cost of relief), bringing the total to $2,500,000,000.

The destruction in France was on an altogether more significant scale,

not only as regards the length of the battle line, but also on account

of the immensely deeper area of country over which the battle swayed

from time to time. It is a popular delusion to think of Belgium as the

principal victim of the war; it will turn out, I believe, that taking

account of casualties, loss of property and burden of future debt,

Belgium has made the least relative sacrifice of all the belligerents

except the United States. Of the Allies, Serbia's sufferings and loss

have been proportionately the greatest, and after Serbia, France. France

in all essentials was just as much the victim of German ambition as was

Belgium, and France's entry into the war was just as unavoidable.

France, in my judgment, in spite of her policy at the Peace Conference,

a policy largely traceable to her sufferings, has the greatest claims on

our generosity.

The special position occupied by Belgium in the popular mind is due, of

course, to the fact that in 1914 her sacrifice was by far the greatest

of any of the Allies. But after 1914 she played a minor r&ocirc;le.

Consequently, by the end of 1918, her relative sacrifices, apart from

those sufferings from invasion which cannot be measured in money, had

fallen behind, and in some respects they were not even as great, for

example, as Australia's. I say this with no wish to evade the

obligations towards Belgium under which the pronouncements of our

responsible statesmen at many different dates have certainly laid us.

Great Britain ought not to seek any payment at all from Germany for

herself until the just claims of Belgium have been fully satisfied. But

this is no reason why we or they should not tell the truth about the

amount.

While the French claims are immensely greater, here too there has been

excessive exaggeration, as responsible French statisticians have

themselves pointed out. Not above 10 per cent of the area of France was

effectively occupied by the enemy, and not above 4 per cent lay within

the area of substantial devastation. Of the sixty French towns having a

population exceeding 35,000, only two were destroyed--Reims (115,178)

and St. Quentin (55,571); three others were occupied--Lille, Roubaix,

and Douai--and suffered from loot of machinery and other property, but

were not substantially injured otherwise. Amiens, Calais, Dunkerque, and

Boulogne suffered secondary damage by bombardment and from the air; but

the value of Calais and Boulogne must have been increased by the new

works of various kinds erected for the use of the British Army.

The \_Annuaire Statistique de la France, 1917\_, values the entire house

property of France at $11,900,000,000 (59.5 milliard francs).[84] An

estimate current in France of $4,000,000,000 (20 milliard francs) for

the destruction of house property alone is, therefore, obviously wide of

the mark.[85] $600,000,000 at pre-war prices, or say $1,250,000,000 at

the present time, is much nearer the right figure. Estimates of the

value of the land of France (apart from buildings) vary from

$12,400,000,000 to $15,580,000,000, so that it would be extravagant to

put the damage on this head as high as $500,000,000. Farm Capital for

the whole of France has not been put by responsible authorities above

$2,100,000,000.[86] There remain the loss of furniture and machinery,

the damage to the coal-mines and the transport system, and many other

minor items. But these losses, however serious, cannot be reckoned in

value by hundreds of millions of dollars in respect of so small a part

of France. In short, it will be difficult to establish a bill exceeding

$2,500,000,000 for \_physical and material\_ damage in the occupied and

devastated areas of Northern France.[87] I am confirmed in this estimate

by the opinion of M. Ren&eacute; Pupin, the author of the most comprehensive

and scientific estimate of the pre-war wealth of France,[88] which I did

not come across until after my own figure had been arrived at. This

authority estimates the material losses of the invaded regions at from

$2,000,000,000 to $3,000,000,000 (10 to 15 milliards),[89] between which

my own figure falls half-way.

Nevertheless, M. Dubois, speaking on behalf of the Budget Commission of

the Chamber, has given the figure of $13,000,000,000 (65 milliard

francs) "as a minimum" without counting "war levies, losses at sea, the

roads, or the loss of public monuments." And M. Loucheur, the Minister

of Industrial Reconstruction, stated before the Senate on the 17th

February, 1919, that the reconstitution of the devastated regions would

involve an expenditure of $15,000,000,000 (75 milliard francs),--more

than double M. Pupin's estimate of the entire wealth of their

inhabitants. But then at that time M. Loucheur was taking a prominent

part in advocating the claims of France before the Peace Conference,

and, like others, may have found strict veracity inconsistent with the

demands of patriotism.[90]

The figure discussed so far is not, however, the totality of the French

claims. There remain, in particular, levies and requisitions on the

occupied areas and the losses of the French mercantile marine at sea

from the attacks of German cruisers and submarines. Probably

$1,000,000,000 would be ample to cover all such claims; but to be on the

safe side, we will, somewhat arbitrarily, make an addition to the French

claim of $1,500,000,000 on all heads, bringing it to $4,000,000,000 in

all.

The statements of M. Dubois and M. Loucheur were made in the early

spring of 1919. A speech delivered by M. Klotz before the French Chamber

six months later (Sept. 5, 1919) was less excusable. In this speech the

French Minister of Finance estimated the total French claims for damage

to property (presumably inclusive of losses at sea, etc., but apart from

pensions and allowances) at $26,800,000,000 (134 milliard francs), or

more than six times my estimate. Even if my figure prove erroneous, M.

Klotz's can never have been justified. So grave has been the deception

practised on the French people by their Ministers that when the

inevitable enlightenment comes, as it soon must (both as to their own

claims and as to Germany's capacity to meet them), the repercussions

will strike at more than M. Klotz, and may even involve the order of

Government and Society for which he stands.

British claims on the present basis would be practically limited to

losses by sea--losses of hulls and losses of cargoes. Claims would lie,

of course, for damage to civilian property in air raids and by

bombardment from the sea, but in relation to such figures as we are now

dealing with, the money value involved is insignificant,--$25,000,000

might cover them all, and $50,000,000 would certainly do so.

The British mercantile vessels lost by enemy action, excluding fishing

vessels, numbered 2479, with an aggregate of 7,759,090 tons gross.[91]

There is room for considerable divergence of opinion as to the proper

rate to take for replacement cost; at the figure of $150 per gross ton,

which with the rapid growth of shipbuilding may soon be too high but can

be replaced by any other which better authorities[92] may prefer, the

aggregate claim is $1,150,000,000. To this must be added the loss of

cargoes, the value of which is almost entirely a matter of guesswork. An

estimate of $200 per ton of shipping lost may be as good an

approximation as is possible, that is to say $1,550,000,000, making

$2,700,000,000 altogether.

An addition to this of $150,000,000, to cover air raids, bombardments,

claims of interned civilians, and miscellaneous items of every

description, should be more than sufficient,--making a total claim for

Great Britain of $2,850,000,000. It is surprising, perhaps, that the

money value of Great Britain's claim should be so little short of that

of France and actually in excess of that of Belgium. But, measured

either by pecuniary loss or real loss to the economic power of the

country, the injury to her mercantile marine was enormous.

There remain the claims of Italy, Serbia, and Roumania for damage by

invasion and of these and other countries, as for example Greece,[93]

for losses at sea. I will assume for the present argument that these

claims rank against Germany, even when they were directly caused not by

her but by her allies; but that it is not proposed to enter any such

claims on behalf of Russia.[94] Italy's losses by invasion and at sea

cannot be very heavy, and a figure of from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000

would be fully adequate to cover them. The losses of Serbia, although

from a human point of view her sufferings were the greatest of all,[95]

are not measured \_pecuniarily\_ by very great figures, on account of her

low economic development. Dr. Stamp (\_loc. cit.\_) quotes an estimate by

the Italian statistician Maroi, which puts the national wealth of Serbia

at $2,400,000,000 or $525 per head,[96] and the greater part of this

would be represented by land which has sustained no permanent

damage.[97] In view of the very inadequate data for guessing at more

than the \_general magnitude\_ of the legitimate claims of this group of

countries, I prefer to make one guess rather than several and to put the

figure for the whole group at the round sum of $1,250,000,000.

We are finally left with the following--

Belgium $ 2,500,000,000[98]

France 4,000,000,000

Great Britain 2,850,000,000

Other Allies 1,250,000,000

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Total $10,600,000,000

I need not impress on the reader that there is much guesswork in the

above, and the figure for France in particular is likely to be

criticized. But I feel some confidence that the \_general magnitude\_, as

distinct from the precise figures, is not hopelessly erroneous; and this

may be expressed by the statement that a claim against Germany, based on

the interpretation of the pre-Armistice engagements of the Allied

Powers which is adopted above, would assuredly be found to exceed

$8,000,000,000 and to fall short of $15,000,000,000.

This is the amount of the claim which we were entitled to present to the

enemy. For reasons which will appear more fully later on, I believe that

it would have been a wise and just act to have asked the German

Government at the Peace Negotiations to agree to a sum of

$10,000,000,000 in final settlement, without further examination of

particulars. This would have provided an immediate and certain solution,

and would have required from Germany a sum which, if she were granted

certain indulgences, it might not have proved entirely impossible for

her to pay. This sum should have been divided up amongst the Allies

themselves on a basis of need and general equity.

But the question was not settled on its merits.

II. \_The Conference and the Terms of the Treaty\_

I do not believe that, at the date of the Armistice, responsible

authorities in the Allied countries expected any indemnity from Germany

beyond the cost of reparation for the direct material damage which had

resulted from the invasion of Allied territory and from the submarine

campaign. At that time there were serious doubts as to whether Germany

intended to accept our terms, which in other respects were inevitably

very severe, and it would have been thought an unstatesmanlike act to

risk a continuance of the war by demanding a money payment which Allied

opinion was not then anticipating and which probably could not be

secured in any case. The French, I think, never quite accepted this

point of view; but it was certainly the British attitude; and in this

atmosphere the pre-Armistice conditions were framed.

A month later the atmosphere had changed completely. We had discovered

how hopeless the German position really was, a discovery which some,

though not all, had anticipated, but which no one had dared reckon on as

a certainty. It was evident that we could have secured unconditional

surrender if we had determined to get it.

But there was another new factor in the situation which was of greater

local importance. The British Prime Minister had perceived that the

conclusion of hostilities might soon bring with it the break-up of the

political \_bloc\_ upon which he was depending for his personal

ascendency, and that the domestic difficulties which would be attendant

on demobilization, the turn-over of industry from war to peace

conditions, the financial situation, and the general psychological

reactions of men's minds, would provide his enemies with powerful

weapons, if he were to leave them time to mature. The best chance,

therefore, of consolidating his power, which was personal and exercised,

as such, independently of party or principle, to an extent unusual in

British politics, evidently lay in active hostilities before the

prestige of victory had abated, and in an attempt to found on the

emotions of the moment a new basis of power which might outlast the

inevitable reactions of the near future. Within a brief period,

therefore, after the Armistice, the popular victor, at the height of his

influence and his authority, decreed a General Election. It was widely

recognized at the time as an act of political immorality. There were no

grounds of public interest which did not call for a short delay until

the issues of the new age had a little defined themselves and until the

country had something more specific before it on which to declare its

mind and to instruct its new representatives. But the claims of private

ambition determined otherwise.

For a time all went well. But before the campaign was far advanced

Government candidates were finding themselves handicapped by the lack of

an effective cry. The War Cabinet was demanding a further lease of

authority on the ground of having won the war. But partly because the

new issues had not yet defined themselves, partly out of regard for the

delicate balance of a Coalition Party, the Prime Minister's future

policy was the subject of silence or generalities. The campaign seemed,

therefore, to fall a little flat. In the light of subsequent events it

seems improbable that the Coalition Party was ever in real danger. But

party managers are easily "rattled." The Prime Minister's more neurotic

advisers told him that he was not safe from dangerous surprises, and the

Prime Minister lent an ear to them. The party managers demanded more

"ginger." The Prime Minister looked about for some.

On the assumption that the return of the Prime Minister to power was the

primary consideration, the rest followed naturally. At that juncture

there was a clamor from certain quarters that the Government had given

by no means sufficiently clear undertakings that they were not going "to

let the Hun off." Mr. Hughes was evoking a good deal of attention by his

demands for a very large indemnity,[99] and Lord Northcliffe was lending

his powerful aid to the same cause. This pointed the Prime Minister to

a stone for two birds. By himself adopting the policy of Mr. Hughes and

Lord Northcliffe, he could at the same time silence those powerful

critics and provide his party managers with an effective platform cry to

drown the increasing voices of criticism from other quarters.

The progress of the General Election of 1918 affords a sad, dramatic

history of the essential weakness of one who draws his chief inspiration

not from his own true impulses, but from the grosser effluxions of the

atmosphere which momentarily surrounds him. The Prime Minister's natural

instincts, as they so often are, were right and reasonable. He himself

did not believe in hanging the Kaiser or in the wisdom or the

possibility of a great indemnity. On the 22nd of November he and Mr.

Bonar Law issued their Election Manifesto. It contains no allusion of

any kind either to the one or to the other but, speaking, rather, of

Disarmament and the League of Nations, concludes that "our first task

must be to conclude a just and lasting peace, and so to establish the

foundations of a new Europe that occasion for further wars may be for

ever averted." In his speech at Wolverhampton on the eve of the

Dissolution (November 24), there is no word of Reparation or Indemnity.

On the following day at Glasgow, Mr. Bonar Law would promise nothing.

"We are going to the Conference," he said, "as one of a number of

allies, and you cannot expect a member of the Government, whatever he

may think, to state in public before he goes into that Conference, what

line he is going to take in regard to any particular question." But a

few days later at Newcastle (November 29) the Prime Minister was warming

to his work: "When Germany defeated France she made France pay. That is

the principle which she herself has established. There is absolutely no

doubt about the principle, and that is the principle we should proceed

upon--that Germany must pay the costs of the war up to the limit of her

capacity to do so." But he accompanied this statement of principle with

many "words of warning" as to the practical difficulties of the case:

"We have appointed a strong Committee of experts, representing every

shade of opinion, to consider this question very carefully and to advise

us. There is no doubt as to the justice of the demand. She ought to pay,

she must pay as far as she can, but we are not going to allow her to pay

in such a way as to wreck our industries." At this stage the Prime

Minister sought to indicate that he intended great severity, without

raising excessive hopes of actually getting the money, or committing

himself to a particular line of action at the Conference. It was

rumored that a high city authority had committed himself to the opinion

that Germany could certainly pay $100,000,000,000 and that this

authority for his part would not care to discredit a figure of twice

that sum. The Treasury officials, as Mr. Lloyd George indicated, took a

different view. He could, therefore, shelter himself behind the wide

discrepancy between the opinions of his different advisers, and regard

the precise figure of Germany's capacity to pay as an open question in

the treatment of which he must do his best for his country's interests.

As to our engagements under the Fourteen Points he was always silent.

On November 30, Mr. Barnes, a member of the War Cabinet, in which he was

supposed to represent Labor, shouted from a platform, "I am for hanging

the Kaiser."

On December 6, the Prime Minister issued a statement of policy and aims

in which he stated, with significant emphasis on the word \_European\_,

that "All the European Allies have accepted the principle that the

Central Powers must pay the cost of the war up to the limit of their

capacity."

But it was now little more than a week to Polling Day, and still he had

not said enough to satisfy the appetites of the moment. On December 8,

the \_Times\_, providing as usual a cloak of ostensible decorum for the

lesser restraint of its associates, declared in a leader entitled

"Making Germany Pay," that "The public mind was still bewildered by the

Prime Minister's various statements." "There is too much suspicion,"

they added, "of influences concerned to let the Germans off lightly,

whereas the only possible motive in determining their capacity to pay

must be the interests of the Allies." "It is the candidate who deals

with the issues of to-day," wrote their Political Correspondent, "who

adopts Mr. Barnes's phrase about 'hanging the Kaiser' and plumps for the

payment of the cost of the war by Germany, who rouses his audience and

strikes the notes to which they are most responsive."

On December 9, at the Queen's Hall, the Prime Minister avoided the

subject. But from now on, the debauchery of thought and speech

progressed hour by hour. The grossest spectacle was provided by Sir Eric

Geddes in the Guildhall at Cambridge. An earlier speech in which, in a

moment of injudicious candor, he had cast doubts on the possibility of

extracting from Germany the whole cost of the war had been the object of

serious suspicion, and he had therefore a reputation to regain. "We will

get out of her all you can squeeze out of a lemon and a bit more," the

penitent shouted, "I will squeeze her until you can hear the pips

squeak"; his policy was to take every bit of property belonging to

Germans in neutral and Allied countries, and all her gold and silver and

her jewels, and the contents of her picture-galleries and libraries, to

sell the proceeds for the Allies' benefit. "I would strip Germany," he

cried, "as she has stripped Belgium."

By December 11 the Prime Minister had capitulated. His Final Manifesto

of Six Points issued on that day to the electorate furnishes a

melancholy comparison with his program of three weeks earlier. I quote

it in full:

"1. Trial of the Kaiser.

2. Punishment of those responsible for atrocities.

3. Fullest Indemnities from Germany.

4. Britain for the British, socially and industrially.

5. Rehabilitation of those broken in the war.

6. A happier country for all."

Here is food for the cynic. To this concoction of greed and sentiment,

prejudice and deception, three weeks of the platform had reduced the

powerful governors of England, who but a little while before had spoken

not ignobly of Disarmament and a League of Nations and of a just and

lasting peace which should establish the foundations of a new Europe.

On the same evening the Prime Minister at Bristol withdrew in effect his

previous reservations and laid down four principles to govern his

Indemnity Policy, of which the chief were: First, we have an absolute

right to demand the whole cost of the war; second, we propose to demand

the whole cost of the war; and third, a Committee appointed by direction

of the Cabinet believe that it can be done.[100] Four days later he went

to the polls.

The Prime Minister never said that he himself believed that Germany

could pay the whole cost of the war. But the program became in the

mouths of his supporters on the hustings a great deal more than

concrete. The ordinary voter was led to believe that Germany could

certainly be made to pay the greater part, if not the whole cost of the

war. Those whose practical and selfish fears for the future the expenses

of the war had aroused, and those whose emotions its horrors had

disordered, were both provided for. A vote for a Coalition candidate

meant the Crucifixion of Anti-Christ and the assumption by Germany of

the British National Debt.

It proved an irresistible combination, and once more Mr. George's

political instinct was not at fault. No candidate could safely denounce

this program, and none did so. The old Liberal Party, having nothing

comparable to offer to the electorate, was swept out of existence.[101]

A new House of Commons came into being, a majority of whose members had

pledged themselves to a great deal more than the Prime Minister's

guarded promises. Shortly after their arrival at Westminster I asked a

Conservative friend, who had known previous Houses, what he thought of

them. "They are a lot of hard-faced men," he said, "who look as if they

had done very well out of the war."

This was the atmosphere in which the Prime Minister left for Paris, and

these the entanglements he had made for himself. He had pledged himself

and his Government to make demands of a helpless enemy inconsistent with

solemn engagements on our part, on the faith of which this enemy had

laid down his arms. There are few episodes in history which posterity

will have less reason to condone,--a war ostensibly waged in defense of

the sanctity of international engagements ending in a definite breach of

one of the most sacred possible of such engagements on the part of

victorious champions of these ideals.[102]

Apart from other aspects of the transaction, I believe that the

campaign for securing out of Germany the general costs of the war was

one of the most serious acts of political unwisdom for which our

statesmen have ever been responsible. To what a different future Europe

might have looked forward if either Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Wilson had

apprehended that the most serious of the problems which claimed their

attention were not political or territorial but financial and economic,

and that the perils of the future lay not in frontiers or sovereignties

but in food, coal, and transport. Neither of them paid adequate

attention to these problems at any stage of the Conference. But in any

event the atmosphere for the wise and reasonable consideration of them

was hopelessly befogged by the commitments of the British delegation on

the question of Indemnities. The hopes to which the Prime Minister had

given rise not only compelled him to advocate an unjust and unworkable

economic basis to the Treaty with Germany, but set him at variance with

the President, and on the other hand with competing interests to those

of France and Belgium. The clearer it became that but little could be

expected from Germany, the more necessary it was to exercise patriotic

greed and "sacred egotism" and snatch the bone from the juster claims

and greater need of France or the well-founded expectations of Belgium.

Yet the financial problems which were about to exercise Europe could not

be solved by greed. The possibility of \_their\_ cure lay in magnanimity.

Europe, if she is to survive her troubles, will need so much magnanimity

from America, that she must herself practice it. It is useless for the

Allies, hot from stripping Germany and one another, to turn for help to

the United States to put the States of Europe, including Germany, on to

their feet again. If the General Election of December, 1918, had been

fought on lines of prudent generosity instead of imbecile greed, how

much better the financial prospect of Europe might now be. I still

believe that before the main Conference, or very early in its

proceedings, the representatives of Great Britain should have entered

deeply, with those of the United States, into the economic and financial

situation as a whole, and that the former should have been authorized to

make concrete proposals on the general lines (1) that all inter-allied

indebtedness be canceled outright; (2) that the sum to be paid by

Germany be fixed at $10,000,000,000; (3) that Great Britain renounce all

claim to participation in this sum and that any share to which she

proves entitled be placed at the disposal of the Conference for the

purpose of aiding the finances of the New States about to be

established; (4) that in order to make some basis of credit immediately

available an appropriate proportion of the German obligations

representing the sum to be paid by her should be guaranteed by all

parties to the Treaty; and (5) that the ex-enemy Powers should also be

allowed, with a view to their economic restoration, to issue a moderate

amount of bonds carrying a similar guarantee. Such proposals involved an

appeal to the generosity of the United States. But that was inevitable;

and, in view of her far less financial sacrifices, it was an appeal

which could fairly have been made to her. Such proposals would have been

practicable. There is nothing in them quixotic or Utopian. And they

would have opened up for Europe some prospect of financial stability and

reconstruction.

The further elaboration of these ideas, however, must be left to Chapter

VII., and we must return to Paris. I have described the entanglements

which Mr. Lloyd George took with him. The position of the Finance

Ministers of the other Allies was even worse. We in Great Britain had

not based our financial arrangements on any expectations of an

indemnity. Receipts from such a source would have been more or less in

the nature of a windfall; and, in spite of subsequent developments,

there was an expectation at that time of balancing our budget by normal

methods. But this was not the case with France or Italy. Their peace

budgets made no pretense of balancing and had no prospects of doing so,

without some far-reaching revision of the existing policy. Indeed, the

position was and remains nearly hopeless. These countries were heading

for national bankruptcy. This fact could only be concealed by holding

out the expectation of vast receipts from the enemy. As soon as it was

admitted that it was in fact impossible to make Germany pay the expenses

of both sides, and that the unloading of their liabilities upon the

enemy was not practicable, the position of the Ministers of Finance of

France and Italy became untenable.

Thus a scientific consideration of Germany's capacity to pay was from

the outset out of court. The expectations which the exigencies of

politics had made it necessary to raise were so very remote from the

truth that a slight distortion of figures was no use, and it was

necessary to ignore the facts entirely. The resulting unveracity was

fundamental. On a basis of so much falsehood it became impossible to

erect any constructive financial policy which was workable. For this

reason amongst others, a magnanimous financial policy was essential. The

financial position of France and Italy was so bad that it was impossible

to make them listen to reason on the subject of the German Indemnity,

unless one could at the same time point out to them some alternative

mode of escape from their troubles.[103] The representatives of the

United States were greatly at fault, in my judgment, for having no

constructive proposals whatever to offer to a suffering and distracted

Europe.

It is worth while to point out in passing a further element in the

situation, namely, the opposition which existed between the "crushing"

policy of M. Clemenceau and the financial necessities of M. Klotz.

Clemenceau's aim was to weaken and destroy Germany in every possible

way, and I fancy that he was always a little contemptuous about the

Indemnity; he had no intention of leaving Germany in a position to

practise a vast commercial activity. But he did not trouble his head to

understand either the indemnity or poor M. Klotz's overwhelming

financial difficulties. If it amused the financiers to put into the

Treaty some very large demands, well there was no harm in that; but the

satisfaction of these demands must not be allowed to interfere with the

essential requirements of a Carthaginian Peace. The combination of the

"real" policy of M. Clemenceau on unreal issues, with M. Klotz's policy

of pretense on what were very real issues indeed, introduced into the

Treaty a whole set of incompatible provisions, over and above the

inherent impracticabilities of the Reparation proposals.

I cannot here describe the endless controversy and intrigue between the

Allies themselves, which at last after some months culminated in the

presentation to Germany of the Reparation Chapter in its final form.

There can have been few negotiations in history so contorted, so

miserable, so utterly unsatisfactory to all parties. I doubt if any one

who took much part in that debate can look back on it without shame. I

must be content with an analysis of the elements of the final compromise

which is known to all the world.

The main point to be settled was, of course, that of the items for which

Germany could fairly be asked to make payment. Mr. Lloyd George's

election pledge to the effect that the Allies were \_entitled\_ to demand

from Germany the entire costs of the war was from the outset clearly

untenable; or rather, to put it more impartially, it was clear that to

persuade the President of the conformity of this demand with our

pro-Armistice engagements was beyond the powers of the most plausible.

The actual compromise finally reached is to be read as follows in the

paragraphs of the Treaty as it has been published to the world.

Article 231 reads: "The Allied and Associated Governments affirm and

Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing

all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments

and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war

imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies." This is

a well and carefully drafted Article; for the President could read it as

statement of admission on Germany's part of \_moral\_ responsibility for

bringing about the war, while the Prime Minister could explain it as an

admission of \_financial\_ liability for the general costs of the war.

Article 232 continues: "The Allied and Associated Governments recognize

that the resources of Germany are not adequate, after taking into

account permanent diminutions of such resources which will result from

other provisions of the present Treaty, to make complete reparation for

all such loss and damage." The President could comfort himself that this

was no more than a statement of undoubted fact, and that to recognize

that Germany \_cannot\_ pay a certain claim does not imply that she is

\_liable\_ to pay the claim; but the Prime Minister could point out that

in the context it emphasizes to the reader the assumption of Germany's

theoretic liability asserted in the preceding Article. Article 232

proceeds: "The Allied and Associated Governments, however, require, and

Germany undertakes, that \_she will make compensation for all damage done

to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers and to

their property\_ during the period of the belligerency of each as an

Allied or Associated Power against Germany \_by such aggression by land,

by sea, and from the air\_, and in general all damage as defined in Annex

I. hereto."[104] The words italicized being practically a quotation from

the pre-Armistice conditions, satisfied the scruples of the President,

while the addition of the words "and in general all damage as defined in

Annex I. hereto" gave the Prime Minister a chance in Annex I.

So far, however, all this is only a matter of words, of virtuosity in

draftsmanship, which does no one any harm, and which probably seemed

much more important at the time than it ever will again between now and

Judgment Day. For substance we must turn to Annex I.

A great part of Annex I. is in strict conformity with the pre-Armistice

conditions, or, at any rate, does not strain them beyond what is fairly

arguable. Paragraph 1 claims damage done for injury to the persons of

civilians, or, in the case of death, to their dependents, as a direct

consequence of acts of war; Paragraph 2, for acts of cruelty, violence,

or maltreatment on the part of the enemy towards civilian victims;

Paragraph 3, for enemy acts injurious to health or capacity to work or

to honor towards civilians in occupied or invaded territory; Paragraph

8, for forced labor exacted by the enemy from civilians; Paragraph 9,

for damage done to property "with the exception of naval and military

works or materials" as a direct consequence of hostilities; and

Paragraph 10, for fines and levies imposed by the enemy upon the

civilian population. All these demands are just and in conformity with

the Allies' rights.

Paragraph 4, which claims for "damage caused by any kind of maltreatment

of prisoners of war," is more doubtful on the strict letter, but may be

justifiable under the Hague Convention and involves a very small sum.

In Paragraphs 5, 6, and 7, however, an issue of immensely greater

significance is involved. These paragraphs assert a claim for the amount

of the Separation and similar Allowances granted during the war by the

Allied Governments to the families of mobilized persons, and for the

amount of the pensions and compensations in respect of the injury or

death of combatants payable by these Governments now and hereafter.

Financially this adds to the Bill, as we shall see below, a very large

amount, indeed about twice as much again as all the other claims added

together.

The reader will readily apprehend what a plausible case can be made out

for the inclusion of these items of damage, if only on sentimental

grounds. It can be pointed out, first of all, that from the point of

view of general fairness it is monstrous that a woman whose house is

destroyed should be entitled to claim from the enemy whilst a woman

whose husband is killed on the field of battle should not be so

entitled; or that a farmer deprived of his farm should claim but that a

woman deprived of the earning power of her husband should not claim. In

fact the case for including Pensions and Separation Allowances largely

depends on exploiting the rather \_arbitrary\_ character of the criterion

laid down in the pre-Armistice conditions. Of all the losses caused by

war some bear more heavily on individuals and some are more evenly

distributed over the community as a whole; but by means of compensations

granted by the Government many of the former are in fact converted into

the latter. The most logical criterion for a limited claim, falling

short of the entire costs of the war, would have been in respect of

enemy acts contrary to International engagements or the recognized

practices of warfare. But this also would have been very difficult to

apply and unduly unfavorable to French interests as compared with

Belgium (whose neutrality Germany had guaranteed) and Great Britain (the

chief sufferer from illicit acts of submarines).

In any case the appeals to sentiment and fairness outlined above are

hollow; for it makes no difference to the recipient of a separation

allowance or a pension whether the State which pays them receives

compensation on this or on another head, and a recovery by the State out

of indemnity receipts is just as much in relief of the general taxpayer

as a contribution towards the general costs of the war would have been.

But the main consideration is that it was too late to consider whether

the pre-Armistice conditions were perfectly judicious and logical or to

amend them; the only question at issue was whether these conditions were

not in fact limited to such classes of direct damage to civilians and

their property as are set forth in Paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, and 10 of

Annex I. If words have any meaning, or engagements any force, we had no

more right to claim for those war expenses of the State, which arose out

of Pensions and Separation Allowances, than for any other of the general

costs of the war. And who is prepared to argue in detail that we were

entitled to demand the latter?

What had really happened was a compromise between the Prime Minister's

pledge to the British electorate to claim the entire costs of the war

and the pledge to the contrary which the Allies had given to Germany at

the Armistice. The Prime Minister could claim that although he had not

secured the entire costs of the war, he had nevertheless secured an

important contribution towards them, that he had always qualified his

promises by the limiting condition of Germany's capacity to pay, and

that the bill as now presented more than exhausted this capacity as

estimated by the more sober authorities. The President, on the other

hand, had secured a formula, which was not too obvious a breach of

faith, and had avoided a quarrel with his Associates on an issue where

the appeals to sentiment and passion would all have been against him, in

the event of its being made a matter of open popular controversy. In

view of the Prime Minister's election pledges, the President could

hardly hope to get him to abandon them in their entirety without a

struggle in public; and the cry of pensions would have had an

overwhelming popular appeal in all countries. Once more the Prime

Minister had shown himself a political tactician of a high order.

A further point of great difficulty may be readily perceived between the

lines of the Treaty. It fixes no definite sum as representing Germany's

liability. This feature has been the subject of very general

criticism,--that it is equally inconvenient to Germany and to the Allies

themselves that she should not know what she has to pay or they what

they are to receive. The method, apparently contemplated by the Treaty,

of arriving at the final result over a period of many months by an

addition of hundreds of thousands of individual claims for damage to

land, farm buildings, and chickens, is evidently impracticable; and the

reasonable course would have been for both parties to compound for a

round sum without examination of details. If this round sum had been

named in the Treaty, the settlement would have been placed on a more

business-like basis.

But this was impossible for two reasons. Two different kinds of false

statements had been widely promulgated, one as to Germany's capacity to

pay, the other as to the amount of the Allies' just claims in respect of

the devastated areas. The fixing of either of these figures presented a

dilemma. A figure for Germany's prospective capacity to pay, not too

much in excess of the estimates of most candid and well-informed

authorities, would have fallen hopelessly far short of popular

expectations both in England and in France. On the other hand, a

definitive figure for damage done which would not disastrously

disappoint the expectations which had been raised in France and Belgium

might have been incapable of substantiation under challenge,[105] and

open to damaging criticism on the part of the Germans, who were believed

to have been prudent enough to accumulate considerable evidence as to

the extent of their own misdoings.

By far the safest course for the politicians was, therefore, to mention

no figure at all; and from this necessity a great deal of the

complication of the Reparation Chapter essentially springs.

The reader may be interested, however, to have my estimate of the claim

which can in fact be substantiated under Annex I. of the Reparation

Chapter. In the first section of this chapter I have already guessed the

claims other than those for Pensions and Separation Allowances at

$15,000,000,000 (to take the extreme upper limit of my estimate). The

claim for Pensions and Separation Allowances under Annex I. is not to be

based on the \_actual\_ cost of these compensations to the Governments

concerned, but is to be a computed figure calculated on the basis of the

scales in force in France at the date of the Treaty's coming into

operation. This method avoids the invidious course of valuing an

American or a British life at a higher figure than a French or an

Italian. The French rate for Pensions and Allowances is at an

intermediate rate, not so high as the American or British, but above the

Italian, the Belgian, or the Serbian. The only data required for the

calculation are the actual French rates and the numbers of men mobilized

and of the casualties in each class of the various Allied Armies. None

of these figures are available in detail, but enough is known of the

general level of allowances, of the numbers involved, and of the

casualties suffered to allow of an estimate which may not be \_very wide\_

of the mark. My guess as to the amount to be added in respect of

Pensions and Allowances is as follows:

British Empire $ 7,000,000,000[106]

France 12,000,000,000[106]

Italy 2,500,000,000

Others (including United States) 3,500,000,000

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Total $ 25,000,000,000

I feel much more confidence in the approximate accuracy of the total

figure[107] than in its division between the different claimants. The

reader will observe that in any case the addition of Pensions and

Allowances enormously increases the aggregate claim, raising it indeed

by nearly double. Adding this figure to the estimate under other heads,

we have a total claim against Germany of $40,000,000,000.[108] I believe

that this figure is fully high enough, and that the actual result may

fall somewhat short of it.[109] In the next section of this chapter the

relation of this figure to Germany's capacity to pay will be examined.

It is only necessary here to remind the reader of certain other

particulars of the Treaty which speak for themselves:

1. Out of the total amount of the claim, whatever it eventually turns

out to be, a sum of $5,000,000,000 must be paid before May 1, 1921. The

possibility of this will be discussed below. But the Treaty itself

provides certain abatements. In the first place, this sum is to include

the expenses of the Armies of Occupation since the Armistice (a large

charge of the order of magnitude of $1,000,000,000 which under another

Article of the Treaty--No. 249--is laid upon Germany).[110] But further,

"such supplies of food and raw materials as may be judged by the

Governments of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers to be

essential to enable Germany to meet her obligations for Reparation may

also, with the approval of the said Governments, be paid for out of the

above sum."[111] This is a qualification of high importance. The clause,

as it is drafted, allows the Finance Ministers of the Allied countries

to hold out to their electorates the hope of substantial payments at an

early date, while at the same time it gives to the Reparation Commission

a discretion, which the force of facts will compel them to exercise, to

give back to Germany what is required for the maintenance of her

economic existence. This discretionary power renders the demand for an

immediate payment of $5,000,000,000 less injurious than it would

otherwise be, but nevertheless it does not render it innocuous. In the

first place, my conclusions in the next section of this chapter indicate

that this sum cannot be found within the period indicated, even if a

large proportion is in practice returned to Germany for the purpose of

enabling her to pay for imports. In the second place, the Reparation

Commission can only exercise its discretionary power effectively by

taking charge of the entire foreign trade of Germany, together with the

foreign exchange arising out of it, which will be quite beyond the

capacity of any such body. If the Reparation Commission makes any

serious attempt to administer the collection of this sum of

$5,000,000,000 and to authorize the return to Germany of a part it, the

trade of Central Europe will be strangled by bureaucratic regulation in

its most inefficient form.

2. In addition to the early payment in cash or kind of a sum of

$5,000,000,000, Germany is required to deliver bearer bonds to a further

amount of $10,000,000,000, or, in the event of the payments in cash or

kind before May 1, 1921, available for Reparation, falling short of

$5,000,000,000 by reason of the permitted deductions, to such further

amount as shall bring the total payments by Germany in cash, kind, and

bearer bonds up to May 1, 1921, to a figure of $15,000,000,000

altogether.[112] These bearer bonds carry interest at 2-1/2 per cent per

annum from 1921 to 1925, and at 5 per cent \_plus\_ 1 per cent for

amortization thereafter. Assuming, therefore, that Germany is not able

to provide any appreciable surplus towards Reparation before 1921, she

will have to find a sum of $375,000,000 annually from 1921 to 1925, and

$900,000,000 annually thereafter.[113]

3. As soon as the Reparation Commission is satisfied that Germany can do

better than this, 5 per cent bearer bonds are to be issued for a further

$10,000,000,000, the rate of amortization being determined by the

Commission hereafter. This would bring the annual payment to

$1,400,000,000 without allowing anything for the discharge of the

capital of the last $10,000,000,000.

4. Germany's liability, however, is not limited to $25,000,000,000, and

the Reparation Commission is to demand further instalments of bearer

bonds until the total enemy liability under Annex I. has been provided

for. On the basis of my estimate of $40,000,000,000 for the total

liability, which is more likely to be criticized as being too low than

as being too high, the amount of this balance will be $15,000,000,000.

Assuming interest at 5 per cent, this will raise the annual payment to

$2,150,000,000 without allowance for amortization.

5. But even this is not all. There is a further provision of devastating

significance. Bonds representing payments in excess of $15,000,000,000

are not to be issued until the Commission is satisfied that Germany can

meet the interest on them. But this does not mean that interest is

remitted in the meantime. As from May 1, 1921, interest is to be debited

to Germany on such part of her outstanding debt as has not been covered

by payment in cash or kind or by the issue of bonds as above,[114] and

"the rate of interest shall be 5 per cent unless the Commission shall

determine at some future time that circumstances justify a variation of

this rate." That is to say, the capital sum of indebtedness is rolling

up all the time at compound interest. The effect of this provision

towards increasing the burden is, on the assumption that Germany cannot

pay very large sums at first, enormous. At 5 per cent compound interest

a capital sum doubles itself in fifteen years. On the assumption that

Germany cannot pay more than $750,000,000 annually until 1936 (\_i.e.\_ 5

per cent interest on $15,000,000,000) the $25,000,000,000 on which

interest is deferred will have risen to $50,000,000,000, carrying an

annual interest charge of $2,500,000,000. That is to say, even if

Germany pays $750,000,000 annually up to 1936, she will nevertheless owe

us at that date more than half as much again as she does now

($65,000,000,000 as compared with $40,000,000,000). From 1936 onwards

she will have to pay to us $3,250,000,000 annually in order to keep pace

with the interest alone. At the end of any year in which she pays less

than this sum she will owe more than she did at the beginning of it. And

if she is to discharge the capital sum in thirty years from 1930, \_i.e.\_

in forty-eight years from the Armistice, she must pay an additional

$650,000,000 annually, making $3,900,000,000 in all.[115]

It is, in my judgment, as certain as anything can be, for reasons which

I will elaborate in a moment, that Germany cannot pay anything

approaching this sum. Until the Treaty is altered, therefore, Germany

has in effect engaged herself to hand over to the Allies the whole of

her surplus production in perpetuity.

6. This is not less the case because the Reparation Commission has been

given discretionary powers to vary the rate of interest, and to postpone

and even to cancel the capital indebtedness. In the first place, some of

these powers can only be exercised if the Commission or the Governments

represented on it are \_unanimous\_.[116] But also, which is perhaps more

important, it will be the \_duty\_ of the Reparation Commission, until

there has been a unanimous and far-reaching change of the policy which

the Treaty represents, to extract from Germany year after year the

maximum sum obtainable. There is a great difference between fixing a

definite sum, which though large is within Germany's capacity to pay and

yet to retain a little for herself, and fixing a sum far beyond her

capacity, which is then to be reduced at the discretion of a foreign

Commission acting with the object of obtaining each year the maximum

which the circumstances of that year permit. The first still leaves her

with some slight incentive for enterprise, energy, and hope. The latter

skins her alive year by year in perpetuity, and however skilfully and

discreetly the operation is performed, with whatever regard for not

killing the patient in the process, it would represent a policy which,

if it were really entertained and deliberately practised, the judgment

of men would soon pronounce to be one of the most outrageous acts of a

cruel victor in civilized history.

There are other functions and powers of high significance which the

Treaty accords to the Reparation Commission. But these will be most

conveniently dealt with in a separate section.

III. \_Germany's Capacity to pay\_

The forms in which Germany can discharge the sum which she has engaged

herself to pay are three in number--

1. Immediately transferable wealth in the form of gold, ships, and

foreign securities;

2. The value of property in ceded territory, or surrendered under the

Armistice;

3. Annual payments spread over a term of years, partly in cash and

partly in materials such as coal products, potash, and dyes.

There is excluded from the above the actual restitution of property

removed from territory occupied by the enemy, as, for example, Russian

gold, Belgian and French securities, cattle, machinery, and works of

art. In so far as the actual goods taken can be identified and restored,

they must clearly be returned to their rightful owners, and cannot be

brought into the general reparation pool. This is expressly provided for

in Article 238 of the Treaty.

1. \_Immediately Transferable Wealth\_

(\_a\_) \_Gold\_.--After deduction of the gold to be returned to Russia, the

official holding of gold as shown in the Reichsbank's return of the 30th

November, 1918, amounted to $577,089,500. This was a very much larger

amount than had appeared in the Reichsbank's return prior to the

war,[117] and was the result of the vigorous campaign carried on in

Germany during the war for the surrender to the Reichsbank not only of

gold coin but of gold ornaments of every kind. Private hoards doubtless

still exist, but, in view of the great efforts already made, it is

unlikely that either the German Government or the Allies will be able to

unearth them. The return can therefore be taken as probably representing

the maximum amount which the German Government are able to extract from

their people. In addition to gold there was in the Reichsbank a sum of

about $5,000,000 in silver. There must be, however, a further

substantial amount in circulation, for the holdings of the Reichsbank

were as high as $45,500,000 on the 31st December, 1917, and stood at

about $30,000,000 up to the latter part of October, 1918, when the

internal run began on currency of every kind.[118] We may, therefore,

take a total of (say) $625,000,000 for gold and silver together at the

date of the Armistice.

These reserves, however, are no longer intact. During the long period

which elapsed between the Armistice and the Peace it became necessary

for the Allies to facilitate the provisioning of Germany from abroad.

The political condition of Germany at that time and the serious menace

of Spartacism rendered this step necessary in the interests of the

Allies themselves if they desired the continuance in Germany of a stable

Government to treat with. The question of how such provisions were to be

paid for presented, however, the gravest difficulties. A series of

Conferences was held at Tr&egrave;ves, at Spa, at Brussels, and subsequently at

Ch&acirc;teau Villette and Versailles, between representatives of the Allies

and of Germany, with the object of finding some method of payment as

little injurious as possible to the future prospects of Reparation

payments. The German representatives maintained from the outset that the

financial exhaustion of their country was for the time being so complete

that a temporary loan from the Allies was the only possible expedient.

This the Allies could hardly admit at a time when they were preparing

demands for the immediate payment by Germany of immeasurably larger

sums. But, apart from this, the German claim could not be accepted as

strictly accurate so long as their gold was still untapped and their

remaining foreign securities unmarketed. In any case, it was out of the

question to suppose that in the spring of 1919 public opinion in the

Allied countries or in America would have allowed the grant of a

substantial loan to Germany. On the other hand, the Allies were

naturally reluctant to exhaust on the provisioning of Germany the gold

which seemed to afford one of the few obvious and certain sources for

Reparation. Much time was expended in the exploration of all possible

alternatives; but it was evident at last that, even if German exports

and saleable foreign securities had been available to a sufficient

value, they could not be liquidated in time, and that the financial

exhaustion of Germany was so complete that nothing whatever was

immediately available in substantial amounts except the gold in the

Reichsbank. Accordingly a sum exceeding $250,000,000 in all out of the

Reichsbank gold was transferred by Germany to the Allies (chiefly to the

United States, Great Britain, however, also receiving a substantial sum)

during the first six months of 1919 in payment for foodstuffs.

But this was not all. Although Germany agreed, under the first extension

of the Armistice, not to export gold without Allied permission, this

permission could not be always withheld. There were liabilities of the

Reichsbank accruing in the neighboring neutral countries, which could

not be met otherwise than in gold. The failure of the Reichsbank to meet

its liabilities would have caused a depreciation of the exchange so

injurious to Germany's credit as to react on the future prospects of

Reparation. In some cases, therefore, permission to export gold was

accorded to the Reichsbank by the Supreme Economic Council of the

Allies.

The net result of these various measures was to reduce the gold reserve

of the Reichsbank by more than half, the figures falling from

$575,000,000 to $275,000,000 in September, 1919.

It would be \_possible\_ under the Treaty to take the whole of this latter

sum for Reparation purposes. It amounts, however, as it is, to less

than 4 per cent of the Reichsbank's Note Issue, and the psychological

effect of its total confiscation might be expected (having regard to the

very large volume of mark notes held abroad) to destroy the exchange

value of the mark almost entirely. A sum of $25,000,000, $50,000,000, or

even $100,000,000 might be taken for a special purpose. But we may

assume that the Reparation Commission will judge it imprudent, having

regard to the reaction on their future prospects of securing payment, to

ruin the German currency system altogether, more particularly because

the French and Belgian Governments, being holders of a very large volume

of mark notes formerly circulating in the occupied or ceded territory,

have a great interest in maintaining some exchange value for the mark,

quite apart from Reparation prospects.

It follows, therefore, that no sum worth speaking of can be expected in

the form of gold or silver towards the initial payment of $5,000,000,000

due by 1921.

(\_b\_) \_Shipping\_.--Germany has engaged, as we have seen above, to

surrender to the Allies virtually the whole of her merchant shipping. A

considerable part of it, indeed, was already in the hands of the Allies

prior to the conclusion of Peace, either by detention in their ports or

by the provisional transfer of tonnage under the Brussels Agreement in

connection with the supply of foodstuffs.[119] Estimating the tonnage of

German shipping to be taken over under the Treaty at 4,000,000 gross

tons, and the average value per ton at $150 per ton, the total money

value involved is $600,000,000.[120]

(\_c\_) \_Foreign Securities\_.--Prior to the census of foreign securities

carried out by the German Government in September, 1916,[121] of which

the exact results have not been made public, no official return of such

investments was ever called for in Germany, and the various unofficial

estimates are confessedly based on insufficient data, such as the

admission of foreign securities to the German Stock Exchanges, the

receipts of the stamp duties, consular reports, etc. The principal

German estimates current before the war are given in the appended

footnote.[122] This shows a general consensus of opinion among German

authorities that their net foreign investments were upwards of

$6,250,000,000. I take this figure as the basis of my calculations,

although I believe it to be an exaggeration; $5,000,000,000 would

probably be a safer figure.

Deductions from this aggregate total have to be made under four heads.

(i.) Investments in Allied countries and in the United States, which

between them constitute a considerable part of the world, have been

sequestrated by Public Trustees, Custodians of Enemy Property, and

similar officials, and are not available for Reparation except in so far

as they show a surplus over various private claims. Under the scheme for

dealing with enemy debts outlined in Chapter IV., the first charge on

these assets is the private claims of Allied against German nationals.

It is unlikely, except in the United States, that there will be any

appreciable surplus for any other purpose.

(ii.) Germany's most important fields of foreign investment before the

war were not, like ours, oversea, but in Russia, Austria-Hungary,

Turkey, Roumania, and Bulgaria. A great part of these has now become

almost valueless, at any rate for the time being; especially those in

Russia and Austria-Hungary. If present market value is to be taken as

the test, none of these investments are now saleable above a nominal

figure. Unless the Allies are prepared to take over these securities

much above their nominal market valuation, and hold them for future

realization, there is no substantial source of funds for immediate

payment in the form of investments in these countries.

(iii.) While Germany was not in a position to realize her foreign

investments during the war to the degree that we were, she did so

nevertheless in the case of certain countries and to the extent that

she was able. Before the United States came into the war, she is

believed to have resold a large part of the pick of her investments in

American securities, although some current estimates of these sales (a

figure of $300,000,000 has been mentioned) are probably exaggerated. But

throughout the war and particularly in its later stages, when her

exchanges were weak and her credit in the neighboring neutral countries

was becoming very low, she was disposing of such securities as Holland,

Switzerland, and Scandinavia would buy or would accept as collateral. It

is reasonably certain that by June, 1919, her investments in these

countries had been reduced to a negligible figure and were far exceeded

by her liabilities in them. Germany has also sold certain overseas

securities, such as Argentine cedulas, for which a market could be

found.

(iv.) It is certain that since the Armistice there has been a great

flight abroad of the foreign securities still remaining in private

hands. This is exceedingly difficult to prevent. German foreign

investments are as a rule in the form of bearer securities and are not

registered. They are easily smuggled abroad across Germany's extensive

land frontiers, and for some months before the conclusion of peace it

was certain that their owners would not be allowed to retain them if the

Allied Governments could discover any method of getting hold of them.

These factors combined to stimulate human ingenuity, and the efforts

both of the Allied and of the German Governments to interfere

effectively with the outflow are believed to have been largely futile.

In face of all these considerations, it will be a miracle if much

remains for Reparation. The countries of the Allies and of the United

States, the countries of Germany's own allies, and the neutral countries

adjacent to Germany exhaust between them almost the whole of the

civilized world; and, as we have seen, we cannot expect much to be

available for Reparation from investments in any of these quarters.

Indeed there remain no countries of importance for investments except

those of South America.

To convert the significance of these deductions into figures involves

much guesswork. I give the reader the best personal estimate I can form

after pondering the matter in the light of the available figures and

other relevant data.

I put the deduction under (i.) at $1,500,000,000, of which $500,000,000

may be ultimately available after meeting private debts, etc.

As regards (ii.)--according to a census taken by the Austrian Ministry

of Finance on the 31st December, 1912, the nominal value of the

Austro-Hungarian securities held by Germans was $986,500,000. Germany's

pre-war investments in Russia outside Government securities have been

estimated at $475,000,000, which is much lower than would be expected,

and in 1906 Sartorius v. Waltershausen estimated her investments in

Russian Government securities at $750,000,000. This gives a total of

$1,225,000,000, which is to some extent borne out by the figure of

$1,000,000,000 given in 1911 by Dr. Ischchanian as a deliberately modest

estimate. A Roumanian estimate, published at the time of that country's

entry in the war, gave the value of Germany's investments in Roumania at

$20,000,000 to $22,000,000, of which $14,000,000 to $16,000,000 were in

Government securities. An association for the defense of French

interests in Turkey, as reported in the \_Temps\_ (Sept. 8, 1919), has

estimated the total amount of German capital invested in Turkey at about

$295,000,000, of which, according to the latest Report of the Council of

Foreign Bondholders, $162,500,000 was held by German nationals in the

Turkish External Debt. No estimates are available to me of Germany's

investments in Bulgaria. Altogether I venture a deduction of

$2,500,000,000 in respect of this group of countries as a whole.

Resales and the pledging as collateral of securities during the war

under (iii.) I put at $500,000,000 to $750,000,000, comprising

practically all Germany's holding of Scandinavian, Dutch, and Swiss

securities, a part of her South American securities, and a substantial

proportion of her North American securities sold prior to the entry of

the United States into the war.

As to the proper deduction under (iv.) there are naturally no available

figures. For months past the European press has been full of sensational

stories of the expedients adopted. But if we put the value of securities

which have already left Germany or have been safely secreted within

Germany itself beyond discovery by the most inquisitorial and powerful

methods at $500,000,000, we are not likely to overstate it.

These various items lead, therefore, in all to a deduction of a round

figure of about $5,000,000,000, and leave us with an amount of

$1,250,000,000 theoretically still available.[123]

To some readers this figure may seem low, but let them remember that it

purports to represent the remnant of \_saleable\_ securities upon which

the German Government might be able to lay hands for public purposes. In

my own opinion it is much too high, and considering the problem by a

different method of attack I arrive at a lower figure. For leaving out

of account sequestered Allied securities and investments in Austria,

Russia, etc., what blocks of securities, specified by countries and

enterprises, can Germany possibly still have which could amount to as

much as $1,250,000,000? I cannot answer the question. She has some

Chinese Government securities which have not been sequestered, a few

Japanese perhaps, and a more substantial value of first-class South

American properties. But there are very few enterprises of this class

still in German hands, and even \_their\_ value is measured by one or two

tens of millions, not by fifties or hundreds. He would be a rash man, in

my judgment, who joined a syndicate to pay $500,000,000 in cash for the

unsequestered remnant of Germany's overseas investments. If the

Reparation Commission is to realize even this lower figure, it is

probable that they will have to nurse, for some years, the assets which

they take over, not attempting their disposal at the present time.

We have, therefore, a figure of from $500,000,000 to $1,250,000,000 as

the maximum contribution from Germany's foreign securities.

Her immediately transferable wealth is composed, then, of--

(\_a\_) Gold and silver--say $300,000,000.

(\_b\_) Ships--$600,000,000.

(\_c\_) Foreign securities--$500,000,000 to $1,250,000,000.

Of the gold and silver, it is not, in fact, practicable to take any

substantial part without consequences to the German currency system

injurious to the interests of the Allies themselves. The contribution

from all these sources together which the Reparation Commission can hope

to secure by May, 1921, may be put, therefore, at from $1,250,000,000 to

$1,750,000,000 \_as a maximum\_.[124]

2. \_Property in ceded Territory or surrendered under the Armistice\_

As the Treaty has been drafted Germany will not receive important

credits available towards meeting reparation in respect of her property

in ceded territory.

\_Private\_ property in most of the ceded territory is utilized towards

discharging private German debts to Allied nationals, and only the

surplus, if any, is available towards Reparation. The value of such

property in Poland and the other new States is payable direct to the

owners.

\_Government\_ property in Alsace-Lorraine, in territory ceded to Belgium,

and in Germany's former colonies transferred to a Mandatory, is to be

forfeited without credit given. Buildings, forests, and other State

property which belonged to the former Kingdom of Poland are also to be

surrendered without credit. There remain, therefore, Government

properties, other than the above, surrendered to Poland, Government

properties in Schleswig surrendered to Denmark,[125] the value of the

Saar coalfields, the value of certain river craft, etc., to be

surrendered under the Ports, Waterways, and Railways Chapter, and the

value of the German submarine cables transferred under Annex VII. of the

Reparation Chapter.

Whatever the Treaty may say, the Reparation Commission will not secure

any cash payments from Poland. I believe that the Saar coalfields have

been valued at from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. A round figure of

$150,000,000 for all the above items, excluding any surplus available in

respect of private property, is probably a liberal estimate.

Then remains the value of material surrendered under the Armistice.

Article 250 provides that a credit shall be assessed by the Reparation

Commission for rolling-stock surrendered under the Armistice as well as

for certain other specified items, and generally for any material so

surrendered for which the Reparation Commission think that credit should

be given, "as having non-military value." The rolling-stock (150,000

wagons and 5,000 locomotives) is the only very valuable item. A round

figure of $250,000,000, for all the Armistice surrenders, is probably

again a liberal estimate.

We have, therefore, $400,000,000 to add in respect of this heading to

our figure of $1,250,000,000 to $1,750,000,000 under the previous

heading. This figure differs from the preceding in that it does not

represent cash capable of benefiting the financial situation of the

Allies, but is only a book credit between themselves or between them and

Germany.

The total of $1,650,000,000 to $2,150,000,000 now reached is not,

however, available for Reparation. The \_first\_ charge upon it, under

Article 251 of the Treaty, is the cost of the Armies of Occupation both

during the Armistice and after the conclusion of Peace. The aggregate of

this figure up to May, 1921, cannot be calculated until the rate of

withdrawal is known which is to reduce the \_monthly\_ cost from the

figure exceeding $100,000,000, which prevailed during the first part of

1919, to that of $5,000,000, which is to be the normal figure

eventually. I estimate, however, that this aggregate may be about

$1,000,000,000. This leaves us with from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000

still in hand.

Out of this, and out of exports of goods, and payments in kind under the

Treaty prior to May, 1921 (for which I have not as yet made any

allowance), the Allies have held out the hope that they will allow

Germany to receive back such sums for the purchase of necessary food and

raw materials as the former deem it essential for her to have. It is not

possible at the present time to form an accurate judgment either as to

the money-value of the goods which Germany will require to purchase from

abroad in order to re-establish her economic life, or as to the degree

of liberality with which the Allies will exercise their discretion. If

her stocks of raw materials and food were to be restored to anything

approaching their normal level by May, 1921, Germany would probably

require foreign purchasing power of from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000

at least, in addition to the value of her current exports. While this is

not likely to be permitted, I venture to assert as a matter beyond

reasonable dispute that the social and economic condition of Germany

cannot possibly permit a surplus of exports over imports during the

period prior to May, 1921, and that the value of any payments in kind

with which she may be able to furnish the Allies under the Treaty in the

form of coal, dyes, timber, or other materials will have to be returned

to her to enable her to pay for imports essential to her existence.[126]

The Reparation Commission can, therefore, expect no addition from other

sources to the sum of from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 with which we

have hypothetically credited it after the realization of Germany's

immediately transferable wealth, the calculation of the credits due to

Germany under the Treaty, and the discharge of the cost of the Armies of

Occupation. As Belgium has secured a private agreement with France, the

United States, and Great Britain, outside the Treaty, by which she is to

receive, towards satisfaction of her claims, the \_first\_ $500,000,000

available for Reparation, the upshot of the whole matter is that Belgium

may \_possibly\_ get her $500,000,000 by May, 1921, but none of the other

Allies are likely to secure by that date any contribution worth speaking

of. At any rate, it would be very imprudent for Finance Ministers to lay

their plans on any other hypothesis.

3. \_Annual Payments spread over a Term of Years\_

It is evident that Germany's pre-war capacity to pay an annual foreign

tribute has not been unaffected by the almost total loss of her

colonies, her overseas connections, her mercantile marine, and her

foreign properties, by the cession of ten per cent of her territory and

population, of one-third of her coal and of three-quarters of her iron

ore, by two million casualties amongst men in the prime of life, by the

starvation of her people for four years, by the burden of a vast war

debt, by the depreciation of her currency to less than one-seventh its

former value, by the disruption of her allies and their territories, by

Revolution at home and Bolshevism on her borders, and by all the

unmeasured ruin in strength and hope of four years of all-swallowing war

and final defeat.

All this, one would have supposed, is evident. Yet most estimates of a

great indemnity from Germany depend on the assumption that she is in a

position to conduct in the future a vastly greater trade than ever she

has had in the past.

For the purpose of arriving at a figure it is of no great consequence

whether payment takes the form of cash (or rather of foreign exchange)

or is partly effected in kind (coal, dyes, timber, etc.), as

contemplated by the Treaty. In any event, it is only by the export of

specific commodities that Germany can pay, and the method of turning the

value of these exports to account for Reparation purposes is,

comparatively, a matter of detail.

We shall lose ourselves in mere hypothesis unless we return in some

degree to first principles, and, whenever we can, to such statistics as

there are. It is certain that an annual payment can only be made by

Germany over a series of years by diminishing her imports and increasing

her exports, thus enlarging the balance in her favor which is available

for effecting payments abroad. Germany can pay in the long-run in goods,

and in goods only, whether these goods are furnished direct to the

Allies, or whether they are sold to neutrals and the neutral credits so

arising are then made over to the Allies. The most solid basis for

estimating the extent to which this process can be carried is to be

found, therefore, in an analysis of her trade returns before the war.

Only on the basis of such an analysis, supplemented by some general data

as to the aggregate wealth-producing capacity of the country, can a

rational guess be made as to the maximum degree to which the exports of

Germany could be brought to exceed her imports.

In the year 1913 Germany's imports amounted to $2,690,000,000, and her

exports to $2,525,000,000, exclusive of transit trade and bullion. That

is to say, imports exceeded exports by about $165,000,000. On the

average of the five years ending 1913, however, her imports exceeded her

exports by a substantially larger amount, namely, $370,000,000. It

follows, therefore, that more than the whole of Germany's pre-war

balance for new foreign investment was derived from the interest on her

existing foreign securities, and from the profits of her shipping,

foreign banking, etc. As her foreign properties and her mercantile

marine are now to be taken from her, and as her foreign banking and

other miscellaneous sources of revenue from abroad have been largely

destroyed, it appears that, on the pre-war basis of exports and imports,

Germany, so far from having a surplus wherewith to make a foreign

payment, would be not nearly self-supporting. Her first task, therefore,

must be to effect a readjustment of consumption and production to cover

this deficit. Any further economy she can effect in the use of imported

commodities, and any further stimulation of exports will then be

available for Reparation.

Two-thirds of Germany's import and export trade is enumerated under

separate headings in the following tables. The considerations applying

to the enumerated portions may be assumed to apply more or less to the

remaining one-third, which is composed of commodities of minor

importance individually.

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

| Amount: | Percentage of

German Exports, 1913 | Million | Total Exports

| Dollars |

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

Iron goods (including tin plates, etc.) | 330.65 | 13.2

Machinery and parts (including | |

motor-cars) | 187.75 | 7.5

Coal, coke, and briquettes | 176.70 | 7.0

Woolen goods (including raw and | |

combed wool and clothing) | 147.00 | 5.9

Cotton goods (including raw cotton, | |

yarn, and thread) | 140.75 | 5.6

+---------+---------------

| 982.85 | 39.2

+---------+---------------

Cereals, etc. (including rye, oats, | |

wheat, hops) | 105.90 | 4.1

Leather and leather goods | 77.35 | 3.0

Sugar | 66.00 | 2.6

Paper, etc. | 65.50 | 2.6

Furs | 58.75 | 2.2

Electrical goods (installations, | |

machinery, lamps, cables) | 54.40 | 2.2

Silk goods | 50.50 | 2.0

Dyes | 48.80 | 1.9

Copper goods | 32.50 | 1.3

Toys | 25.75 | 1.0

Rubber and rubber goods | 21.35 | 0.9

Books, maps, and music | 18.55 | 0.8

Potash | 15.90 | 0.6

Glass | 15.70 | 0.6

Potassium chloride | 14.55 | 0.6

Pianos, organs, and parts | 13.85 | 0.6

Raw zinc | 13.70 | 0.5

Porcelain | 12.65 | 0.5

+---------+---------------

| 711.70 | 67.2

+---------+---------------

Other goods, unenumerated | 829.60 | 32.8

+---------+---------------

Total |2,524.15 | 100.0

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

| Amount: | Percentage of

German Imports, 1913 | Million | Total Imports

| Dollars |

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

I. Raw materials:-- | |

Cotton | 151.75 | 5.6

Hides and skins | 124.30 | 4.6

Wool | 118.35 | 4.4

Copper | 83.75 | 3.1

Coal | 68.30 | 2.5

Timber | 58.00 | 2.2

Iron ore | 56.75 | 2.1

Furs | 46.75 | 1.7

Flax and flaxseed | 46.65 | 1.7

Saltpetre | 42.75 | 1.6

Silk | 39.50 | 1.5

Rubber | 36.50 | 1.4

Jute | 23.50 | 0.9

Petroleum | 17.45 | 0.7

Tin | 14.55 | 0.5

Phosphorus chalk | 11.60 | 0.4

Lubricating oil | 11.45 | 0.4

+---------+---------------

| 951.90 | 35.3

+---------+---------------

II. Food, tobacco, etc.:-- | |

Cereals, etc. (wheat, barley, | |

bran, rice, maize, oats, rye, | |

clover) | 327.55 | 12.2

Oil seeds and cake, etc. | |

(including palm kernels, copra,| |

cocoa, beans) | 102.65 | 3.8

Cattle, lamb fat, bladders | 73.10 | 2.8

Coffee | 54.75 | 2.0

Eggs | 48.50 | 1.8

Tobacco | 33.50 | 1.2

Butter | 29.65 | 1.1

Horses | 29.05 | 1.1

Fruit | 18.25 | 0.7

Fish | 14.95 | 0.6

Poultry | 14.00 | 0.5

Wine | 13.35 | 0.5

+---------+---------------

| 759.30 | 28.3

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

| Amount: | Percentage of

German Imports, 1913 | Million | Total Imports

| Dollars |

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

III. Manufactures:-- | |

Cotton yarn and thread and | |

cotton goods | 47.05 | 1.8

Woolen yarn and woolen | |

goods | 37.85 | 1.4

Machinery | 20.10 | 0.7

+---------+---------------

| 105.00 | 3.9

+---------+---------------

IV. Unenumerated | 876.40 | 32.5

+---------+---------------

Total |2,692.60 | 100.0

-----------------------------------------+---------+---------------

These tables show that the most important exports consisted of:--

(1) Iron goods, including tin plates (13.2 per cent),

(2) Machinery, etc. (7.5 per cent),

(3) Coal, coke, and briquettes (7 per cent),

(4) Woolen goods, including raw and combed wool (5.9 per

cent), and

(5) Cotton goods, including cotton yarn and thread and raw

cotton (5.6 per cent),

these five classes between them accounting for 39.2 per cent. of the

total exports. It will be observed that all these goods are of a kind in

which before the war competition between Germany and the United Kingdom

was very severe. If, therefore, the volume of such exports to overseas

or European destinations is very largely increased the effect upon

British export trade must be correspondingly serious. As regards two of

the categories, namely, cotton and woolen goods, the increase of an

export trade is dependent upon an increase of the import of the raw

material, since Germany produces no cotton and practically no wool.

These trades are therefore incapable of expansion unless Germany is

given facilities for securing these raw materials (which can only be at

the expense of the Allies) in excess of the pre-war standard of

consumption, and even then the effective increase is not the gross value

of the exports, but only the difference between the value of the

manufactured exports and of the imported raw material. As regards the

other three categories, namely, machinery, iron goods, and coal,

Germany's capacity to increase her exports will have been taken from her

by the cessions of territory in Poland, Upper Silesia, and

Alsace-Lorraine. As has been pointed out already, these districts

accounted for nearly one-third of Germany's production of coal. But they

also supplied no less than three-quarters of her iron-ore production, 38

per cent of her blast furnaces, and 9.5 per cent of her iron and steel

foundries. Unless, therefore, Alsace-Lorraine and Upper Silesia send

their iron ore to Germany proper, to be worked up, which will involve an

increase in the imports for which she will have to find payment, so far

from any increase in export trade being possible, a decrease is

inevitable.[127]

Next on the list come cereals, leather goods, sugar, paper, furs,

electrical goods, silk goods, and dyes. Cereals are not a net export and

are far more than balanced by imports of the same commodities. As

regards sugar, nearly 90 per cent of Germany's pre-war exports came to

the United Kingdom.[128] An increase in this trade might be stimulated

by a grant of a preference in this country to German sugar or by an

arrangement by which sugar was taken in part payment for the indemnity

on the same lines as has been proposed for coal, dyes, etc. Paper

exports also might be capable of some increase. Leather goods, furs, and

silks depend upon corresponding imports on the other side of the

account. Silk goods are largely in competition with the trade of France

and Italy. The remaining items are individually very small. I have heard

it suggested that the indemnity might be paid to a great extent in

potash and the like. But potash before the war represented 0.6 per cent

of Germany's export trade, and about $15,000,000 in aggregate value.

Besides, France, having secured a potash field in the territory which

has been restored to her, will not welcome a great stimulation of the

German exports of this material.

An examination of the import list shows that 63.6 per cent are raw

materials and food. The chief items of the former class, namely, cotton,

wool, copper, hides, iron-ore, furs, silk, rubber, and tin, could not be

much reduced without reacting on the export trade, and might have to be

increased if the export trade was to be increased. Imports of food,

namely, wheat, barley, coffee, eggs, rice, maize, and the like, present

a different problem. It is unlikely that, apart from certain comforts,

the consumption of food by the German laboring classes before the war

was in excess of what was required for maximum efficiency; indeed, it

probably fell short of that amount. Any substantial decrease in the

imports of food would therefore react on the efficiency of the

industrial population, and consequently on the volume of surplus exports

which they could be forced to produce. It is hardly possible to insist

on a greatly increased productivity of German industry if the workmen

are to be underfed. But this may not be equally true of barley, coffee,

eggs, and tobacco. If it were possible to enforce a r&eacute;gime in which for

the future no German drank beer or coffee, or smoked any tobacco, a

substantial saving could be effected. Otherwise there seems little room

for any significant reduction.

The following analysis of German exports and imports, according to

destination and origin, is also relevant. From this it appears that of

Germany's exports in 1913, 18 per cent went to the British Empire, 17

per cent to France, Italy, and Belgium, 10 per cent to Russia and

Roumania, and 7 per cent to the United States; that is to say, more than

half of the exports found their market in the countries of the Entente

nations. Of the balance, 12 per cent went to Austria-Hungary, Turkey,

and Bulgaria, and 35 per cent elsewhere. Unless, therefore, the present

Allies are prepared to encourage the importation of German products, a

substantial increase in total volume can only be effected by the

wholesale swamping of neutral markets.

GERMAN TRADE (1913) ACCORDING TO DESTINATION AND ORIGIN.

----------------------+--------------------+--------------------

| Destination of | Origin of

| Germany's Exports | Germany's Imports

----------------------+--------------------+--------------------

| Million Per cent | Million Per cent

| Dollars | Dollars

Great Britain | 359.55 14.2 | 219.00 8.1

India | 37.65 1.5 | 135.20 5.0

Egypt | 10.85 0.4 | 29.60 1.1

Canada | 15.10 0.6 | 16.00 0.6

Australia | 22.10 0.9 | 74.00 2.8

South Africa | 11.70 0.5 | 17.40 0.6

| ------ ---- | ------ ----

Total: British Empire | 456.95 18.1 | 491.20 18.2

| |

France | 197.45 7.8 | 146.05 5.4

Belgium | 137.75 5.5 | 86.15 3.2

Italy | 98.35 3.9 | 79.40 3.0

U.S.A. | 178.30 7.1 | 427.80 15.9

Russia | 220.00 8.7 | 356.15 13.2

Roumania | 35.00 1.4 | 19.95 0.7

Austria-Hungary | 276.20 10.9 | 206.80 7.7

Turkey | 24.60 1.0 | 18.40 0.7

Bulgaria | 7.55 0.3 | 2.00 ...

Other countries | 890.20 35.3 | 858.70 32.0

| ------ ---- | ------ ----

| 2,522.35 100.0 | 2,692.60 100.0

----------------------+--------------------+--------------------

The above analysis affords some indication of the possible magnitude of

the maximum modification of Germany's export balance under the

conditions which will prevail after the Peace. On the assumptions (1)

that we do not specially favor Germany over ourselves in supplies of

such raw materials as cotton and wool (the world's supply of which is

limited), (2) that France, having secured the iron-ore deposits, makes a

serious attempt to secure the blast-furnaces and the steel trade also,

(3) that Germany is not encouraged and assisted to undercut the iron and

other trades of the Allies in overseas market, and (4) that a

substantial preference is not given to German goods in the British

Empire, it is evident by examination of the specific items that not much

is practicable.

Let us run over the chief items again: (1) Iron goods. In view of

Germany's loss of resources, an increased net export seems impossible

and a large decrease probable. (2) Machinery. Some increase is possible.

(3) Coal and coke. The value of Germany's net export before the war was

$110,000,000; the Allies have agreed that for the time being 20,000,000

tons is the maximum possible export with a problematic (and in fact)

impossible increase to 40,000,000 tons at some future time; even on the

basis of 20,000,000 tons we have virtually no increase of value,

measured in pre-war prices;[129] whilst, if this amount is exacted,

there must be a decrease of far greater value in the export of

manufactured articles requiring coal for their production. (4) Woolen

goods. An increase is impossible without the raw wool, and, having

regard to the other claims on supplies of raw wool, a decrease is

likely. (5) Cotton goods. The same considerations apply as to wool. (6)

Cereals. There never was and never can be a net export. (7) Leather

goods. The same considerations apply as to wool.

We have now covered nearly half of Germany's pre-war exports, and there

is no other commodity which formerly represented as much as 3 per cent

of her exports. In what commodity is she to pay? Dyes?--their total

value in 1913 was $50,000,000. Toys? Potash?--1913 exports were worth

$15,000,000. And even if the commodities could be specified, in what

markets are they to be sold?--remembering that we have in mind goods to

the value not of tens of millions annually, but of hundreds of millions.

On the side of imports, rather more is possible. By lowering the

standard of life, an appreciable reduction of expenditure on imported

commodities may be possible. But, as we have already seen, many large

items are incapable of reduction without reacting on the volume of

exports.

Let us put our guess as high as we can without being foolish, and

suppose that after a time Germany will be able, in spite of the

reduction of her resources, her facilities, her markets, and her

productive power, to increase her exports and diminish her imports so as

to improve her trade balance altogether by $500,000,000 annually,

measured in pre-war prices. This adjustment is first required to

liquidate the adverse trade balance, which in the five years before the

war averaged $370,000,000; but we will assume that after allowing for

this, she is left with a favorable trade balance of $250,000,000 a year.

Doubling this to allow for the rise in pre-war prices, we have a figure

of $500,000,000. Having regard to the political, social, and human

factors, as well as to the purely economic, I doubt if Germany could be

made to pay this sum annually over a period of 30 years; but it would

not be foolish to assert or to hope that she could.

Such a figure, allowing 5 per cent for interest, and 1 per cent for

repayment of capital, represents a capital sum having a present value of

about $8,500,000,000.[130]

I reach, therefore, the final conclusion that, including all methods of

payment--immediately transferable wealth, ceded property, and an annual

tribute--$10,000,000,000 is a safe maximum figure of Germany's capacity

to pay. In all the actual circumstances, I do not believe that she can

pay as much. Let those who consider this a very low figure, bear in mind

the following remarkable comparison. The wealth of France in 1871 was

estimated at a little less than half that of Germany in 1913. Apart from

changes in the value of money, an indemnity from Germany of

$2,500,000,000 would, therefore, be about comparable to the sum paid by

France in 1871; and as the real burden of an indemnity increases more

than in proportion to its amount, the payment of $10,000,000,000 by

Germany would have far severer consequences than the $1,000,000,000 paid

by France in 1871.

There is only one head under which I see a possibility of adding to the

figure reached on the line of argument adopted above; that is, if German

labor is actually transported to the devastated areas and there engaged

in the work of reconstruction. I have heard that a limited scheme of

this kind is actually in view. The additional contribution thus

obtainable depends on the number of laborers which the German Government

could contrive to maintain in this way and also on the number which,

over a period of years, the Belgian and French inhabitants would

tolerate in their midst. In any case, it would seem very difficult to

employ on the actual work of reconstruction, even over a number of

years, imported labor having a net present value exceeding (say)

$1,250,000,000; and even this would not prove in practice a net addition

to the annual contributions obtainable in other ways.

A capacity of $40,000,000,000 or even of $25,000,000,000 is, therefore,

not within the limits of reasonable possibility. It is for those who

believe that Germany can make an annual payment amounting to hundreds of

millions sterling to say \_in what specific commodities\_ they intend this

payment to be made and \_in what markets\_ the goods are to be sold. Until

they proceed to some degree of detail, and are able to produce some

tangible argument in favor of their conclusions, they do not deserve to

be believed.[131]

I make three provisos only, none of which affect the force of my

argument for immediate practical purposes.

\_First\_: if the Allies were to "nurse" the trade and industry of Germany

for a period of five or ten years, supplying her with large loans, and

with ample shipping, food, and raw materials during that period,

building up markets for her, and deliberately applying all their

resources and goodwill to making her the greatest industrial nation in

Europe, if not in the world, a substantially larger sum could probably

be extracted thereafter; for Germany is capable of very great

productivity.

\_Second\_: whilst I estimate in terms of money, I assume that there is no

revolutionary change in the purchasing power of our unit of value. If

the value of gold were to sink to a half or a tenth of its present

value, the real burden of a payment fixed in terms of gold would be

reduced proportionately. If a sovereign comes to be worth what a

shilling is worth now, then, of course, Germany can pay a larger sum

than I have named, measured in gold sovereigns.

\_Third\_: I assume that there is no revolutionary change in the yield of

Nature and material to man's labor. It is not \_impossible\_ that the

progress of science should bring within our reach methods and devices by

which the whole standard of life would be raised immeasurably, and a

given volume of products would represent but a portion of the human

effort which it represents now. In this case all standards of "capacity"

would be changed everywhere. But the fact that all things are \_possible\_

is no excuse for talking foolishly.

It is true that in 1870 no man could have predicted Germany's capacity

in 1910. We cannot expect to legislate for a generation or more. The

secular changes in man's economic condition and the liability of human

forecast to error are as likely to lead to mistake in one direction as

in another. We cannot as reasonable men do better than base our policy

on the evidence we have and adapt it to the five or ten years over which

we may suppose ourselves to have some measure of prevision; and we are

not at fault if we leave on one side the extreme chances of human

existence and of revolutionary changes in the order of Nature or of

man's relations to her. The fact that we have no adequate knowledge of

Germany's capacity to pay over a long period of years is no

justification (as I have heard some people claim that, it is) for the

statement that she can pay $50,000,000,000.

Why has the world been so credulous of the unveracities of politicians?

If an explanation is needed, I attribute this particular credulity to

the following influences in part.

In the first place, the vast expenditures of the war, the inflation of

prices, and the depreciation of currency, leading up to a complete

instability of the unit of value, have made us lose all sense of number

and magnitude in matters of finance. What we believed to be the limits

of possibility have been so enormously exceeded, and those who founded

their expectations on the past have been so often wrong, that the man in

the street is now prepared to believe anything which is told him with

some show of authority, and the larger the figure the more readily he

swallows it.

But those who look into the matter more deeply are sometimes misled by a

fallacy, much more plausible to reasonableness. Such a one might base

his conclusions on Germany's total surplus of annual productivity as

distinct from her export surplus. Helfferich's estimate of Germany's

annual increment of wealth in 1913 was $2,000,000,000 to $2,125,000,000

(exclusive of increased money value of existing land and property).

Before the war, Germany spent between $250,000,000 and $500,000,000 on

armaments, with which she can now dispense. Why, therefore, should she

not pay over to the Allies an annual sum of $2,500,000,000? This puts

the crude argument in its strongest and most plausible form.

But there are two errors in it. First of all, Germany's annual savings,

after what she has suffered in the war and by the Peace, will fall far

short of what they were before, and, if they are taken from her year by

year in future, they cannot again reach their previous level. The loss

of Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, and Upper Silesia could not be assessed in

terms of surplus productivity at less than $250,000,000 annually.

Germany is supposed to have profited about $500,000,000 per annum from

her ships, her foreign investments, and her foreign banking and

connections, all of which have now been taken from her. Her saving on

armaments is far more than balanced by her annual charge for pensions

now estimated at $1,250,000,000,[132] which represents a real loss of

productive capacity. And even if we put on one side the burden of the

internal debt, which amounts to 24 milliards of marks, as being a

question of internal distribution rather than of productivity, we must

still allow for the foreign debt incurred by Germany during the war, the

exhaustion of her stock of raw materials, the depletion of her

live-stock, the impaired productivity of her soil from lack of manures

and of labor, and the diminution in her wealth from the failure to keep

up many repairs and renewals over a period of nearly five years. Germany

is not as rich as she was before the war, and the diminution in her

future savings for these reasons, quite apart from the factors

previously allowed for, could hardly be put at less than ten per cent,

that is $200,000,000 annually.

These factors have already reduced Germany's annual surplus to less than

the $500,000,000 at which we arrived on other grounds as the maximum of

her annual payments. But even if the rejoinder be made, that we have not

yet allowed for the lowering of the standard of life and comfort in

Germany which may reasonably be imposed on a defeated enemy,[133] there

is still a fundamental fallacy in the method of calculation. An annual

surplus available for home investment can only be converted into a

surplus available for export abroad by a radical change in the kind of

work performed. Labor, while it may be available and efficient for

domestic services in Germany, may yet be able to find no outlet in

foreign trade. We are back on the same question which faced us in our

examination of the export trade--in \_what\_ export trade is German labor

going to find a greatly increased outlet? Labor can only he diverted

into new channels with loss of efficiency, and a large expenditure of

capital. The annual surplus which German labor can produce for capital

improvements at home is no measure, either theoretically or practically,

of the annual tribute which she can pay abroad.

IV. \_The Reparation Commission\_.

This body is so remarkable a construction and may, if it functions at

all, exert so wide an influence on the life of Europe, that its

attributes deserve a separate examination.

There are no precedents for the indemnity imposed on Germany under the

present Treaty; for the money exactions which formed part of the

settlement after previous wars have differed in two fundamental respects

from this one. The sum demanded has been determinate and has been

measured in a lump sum of money; and so long as the defeated party was

meeting the annual instalments of cash no consequential interference was

necessary.

But for reasons already elucidated, the exactions in this case are not

yet determinate, and the sum when fixed will prove in excess of what can

be paid in cash and in excess also of what can be paid at all. It was

necessary, therefore, to set up a body to establish the bill of claim,

to fix the mode of payment, and to approve necessary abatements and

delays. It was only possible to place this body in a position to exact

the utmost year by year by giving it wide powers over the internal

economic life of the enemy countries, who are to be treated henceforward

as bankrupt estates to be administered by and for the benefit of the

creditors. In fact, however, its powers and functions have been enlarged

even beyond what was required for this purpose, and the Reparation

Commission has been established as the final arbiter on numerous

economic and financial issues which it was convenient to leave unsettled

in the Treaty itself.[134]

The powers and constitution of the Reparation Commission are mainly laid

down in Articles 233-241 and Annex II. of the Reparation Chapter of the

Treaty with Germany. But the same Commission is to exercise authority

over Austria and Bulgaria, and possibly over Hungary and Turkey, when

Peace is made with these countries. There are, therefore, analogous

articles \_mutatis mudandis\_ in the Austrian Treaty[135] and in the

Bulgarian Treaty.[136]

The principal Allies are each represented by one chief delegate.

The delegates of the United States, Great Britain, France, and

Italy take part in all proceedings; the delegate of Belgium in all

proceedings except those attended by the delegates of Japan or the

Serb-Croat-Slovene State; the delegate of Japan in all proceedings

affecting maritime or specifically Japanese questions; and the

delegate of the Serb-Croat-Slovene State when questions relating to

Austria, Hungary, or Bulgaria are under consideration. Other allies

are to be represented by delegates, without the power to vote,

whenever their respective claims and interests are under examination.

In general the Commission decides by a majority vote, except in certain

specific cases where unanimity is required, of which the most important

are the cancellation of German indebtedness, long postponement of the

instalments, and the sale of German bonds of indebtedness. The

Commission is endowed with full executive authority to carry out its

decisions. It may set up an executive staff and delegate authority to

its officers. The Commission and its staff are to enjoy diplomatic

privileges, and its salaries are to be paid by Germany, who will,

however, have no voice in fixing them, If the Commission is to discharge

adequately its numerous functions, it will be necessary for it to

establish a vast polyglot bureaucratic organization, with a staff of

hundreds. To this organization, the headquarters of which will be in

Paris, the economic destiny of Central Europe is to be entrusted.

Its main functions are as follows:--

1. The Commission will determine the precise figure of the claim against

the enemy Powers by an examination in detail of the claims of each of

the Allies under Annex I. of the Reparation Chapter. This task must be

completed by May, 1921. It shall give to the German Government and to

Germany's allies "a just opportunity to be heard, but not to take any

part whatever in the decisions of the Commission." That is to say, the

Commission will act as a party and a judge at the same time.

2. Having determined the claim, it will draw up a schedule of payments

providing for the discharge of the whole sum with interest within thirty

years. From time to time it shall, with a view to modifying the schedule

within the limits of possibility, "consider the resources and capacity

of Germany ... giving her representatives a just opportunity to be heard."

"In periodically estimating Germany's capacity to pay, the Commission

shall examine the German system of taxation, first, to the end that the

sums for reparation which Germany is required to pay shall become a

charge upon all her revenues prior to that for the service or discharge

of any domestic loan, and secondly, so as to satisfy itself that, in

general, the German scheme of taxation is fully as heavy proportionately

as that of any of the Powers represented on the Commission."

3. Up to May, 1921, the Commission has power, with a view to securing

the payment of $5,000,000,000, to demand the surrender of any piece of

German property whatever, wherever situated: that is to say, "Germany

shall pay in such installments and in such manner, whether in gold,

commodities, ships, securities, or otherwise, as the Reparation

Commission may fix."

4. The Commission will decide which of the rights and interests of

German nationals in public utility undertakings operating in Russia,

China, Turkey, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, or in any territory

formerly belonging to Germany or her allies, are to be expropriated and

transferred to the Commission itself; it will assess the value of the

interests so transferred; and it will divide the spoils.

5 The Commission will determine how much of the resources thus stripped

from Germany must be returned to her to keep enough life in her economic

organization to enable her to continue to make Reparation payments in

future.[137]

6. The Commission will assess the value, without appeal or arbitration,

of the property and rights ceded under the Armistice, and under the

Treaty,--roiling-stock, the mercantile marine, river craft, cattle, the

Saar mines, the property in ceded territory for which credit is to be

given, and so forth.

7. The Commission will determine the amounts and values (within certain

defined limits) of the contributions which Germany is to make in kind

year by year under the various Annexes to the Reparation Chapter.

8. The Commission will provide for the restitution by Germany of

property which can be identified.

9. The Commission will receive, administer, and distribute all receipts

from Germany in cash or in kind. It will also issue and market German

bonds of indebtedness.

10. The Commission will assign the share of the pre-war public debt to

be taken over by the ceded areas of Schleswig, Poland, Danzig, and Upper

Silesia. The Commission will also distribute the public debt of the late

Austro-Hungarian Empire between its constituent parts.

11. The Commission will liquidate the Austro-Hungarian Bank, and will

supervise the withdrawal and replacement of the currency system of the

late Austro-Hungarian Empire.

12. It is for the Commission to report if, in their judgment, Germany is

falling short in fulfillment of her obligations, and to advise methods

of coercion.

13. In general, the Commission, acting through a subordinate body, will

perform the same functions for Austria and Bulgaria as for Germany, and

also, presumably, for Hungary and Turkey.[138]

There are also many other relatively minor duties assigned to the

Commission. The above summary, however, shows sufficiently the scope and

significance of its authority. This authority is rendered of far greater

significance by the fact that the demands of the Treaty generally exceed

Germany's capacity. Consequently the clauses which allow the Commission

to make abatements, if in their judgment the economic conditions of

Germany require it, will render it in many different particulars the

arbiter of Germany's economic life. The Commission is not only to

inquire into Germany's general capacity to pay, and to decide (in the

early years) what import of foodstuffs and raw materials is necessary;

it is authorized to exert pressure on the German system of taxation

(Annex II. para. 12(\_b\_))[139] and on German internal expenditure, with

a view to insuring that Reparation payments are a first charge on the

country's entire resources; and it is to decide on the effect on German

economic life of demands for machinery, cattle, etc., and of the

scheduled deliveries of coal.

By Article 240 of the Treaty Germany expressly recognizes the Commission

and its powers "as the same may be constituted by the Allied and

Associated Governments," and "agrees irrevocably to the possession and

exercise by such Commission of the power and authority given to it under

the present Treaty." She undertakes to furnish the Commission with all

relevant information. And finally in Article 241, "Germany undertakes to

pass, issue, and maintain in force any legislation, orders, and decrees

that may be necessary to give complete effect to these provisions."

The comments on this of the German Financial Commission at Versailles

were hardly an exaggeration:--"German democracy is thus annihilated at

the very moment when the German people was about to build it up after a

severe struggle--annihilated by the very persons who throughout the war

never tired of maintaining that they sought to bring democracy to us....

Germany is no longer a people and a State, but becomes a mere trade

concern placed by its creditors in the hands of a receiver, without its

being granted so much as the opportunity to prove its willingness to

meet its obligations of its own accord. The Commission, which is to have

its permanent headquarters outside Germany, will possess in Germany

incomparably greater rights than the German Emperor ever possessed, the

German people under its r&eacute;gime would remain for decades to come shorn

of all rights, and deprived, to a far greater extent than any people in

the days of absolutism, of any independence of action, of any individual

aspiration in its economic or even in its ethical progress."

In their reply to these observations the Allies refused to admit that

there was any substance, ground, or force in them. "The observations of

the German Delegation," they pronounced, "present a view of this

Commission so distorted and so inexact that it is difficult to believe

that the clauses of the Treaty have been calmly or carefully examined.

It is not an engine of oppression or a device for interfering with

German sovereignty. It has no forces at its command; it has no executive

powers within the territory of Germany; it cannot, as is suggested,

direct or control the educational or other systems of the country. Its

business is to ask what is to be paid; to satisfy itself that Germany

can pay; and to report to the Powers, whose delegation it is, in case

Germany makes default. If Germany raises the money required in her own

way, the Commission cannot order that it shall be raised in some other

way; if Germany offers payment in kind, the Commission may accept such

payment, but, except as specified in the Treaty itself, the Commission

cannot require such a payment."

This is not a candid statement of the scope and authority of the

Reparation Commission, as will be seen by a comparison of its terms with

the summary given above or with the Treaty itself. Is not, for example,

the statement that the Commission "has no forces at its command" a

little difficult to justify in view of Article 430 of the Treaty, which

runs:--"In case, either during the occupation or after the expiration of

the fifteen years referred to above, the Reparation Commission finds

that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations

under the present Treaty with regard to Reparation, the whole or part of

the areas specified in Article 429 will be reoccupied immediately by the

Allied and Associated Powers"? The decision, as to whether Germany has

kept her engagements and whether it is possible for her to keep them, is

left, it should be observed, not to the League of Nations, but to the

Reparation Commission itself; and an adverse ruling on the part of the

Commission is to be followed "immediately" by the use of armed force.

Moreover, the depreciation of the powers of the Commission attempted in

the Allied reply largely proceeds from the assumption that it is quite

open to Germany to "raise the money required in her own way," in which

case it is true that many of the powers of the Reparation Commission

would not come into practical effect; whereas in truth one of the main

reasons for setting up the Commission at all is the expectation that

Germany will not be able to carry the burden nominally laid upon her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is reported that the people of Vienna, hearing that a section of the

Reparation Commission is about to visit them, have decided

characteristically to pin their hopes on it. A financial body can

obviously take nothing from them, for they have nothing; therefore this

body must be for the purpose of assisting and relieving them. Thus do

the Viennese argue, still light-headed in adversity. But perhaps they

are right. The Reparation Commission will come into very close contact

with the problems of Europe; and it will bear a responsibility

proportionate to its powers. It may thus come to fulfil a very different

r&ocirc;le from that which some of its authors intended for it. Transferred to

the League of Nations, an appanage of justice and no longer of interest,

who knows that by a change of heart and object the Reparation Commission

may not yet be transformed from an instrument of oppression and rapine

into an economic council of Europe, whose object is the restoration of

life and of happiness, even in the enemy countries?

\_V\_. \_The German Counter-Proposals\_

The German counter-proposals were somewhat obscure, and also rather

disingenuous. It will be remembered that those clauses of the Reparation

Chapter which dealt with the issue of bonds by Germany produced on the

public mind the impression that the Indemnity had been fixed at

$25,000,000,000, or at any rate at this figure as a minimum. The German

Delegation set out, therefore, to construct their reply on the basis of

this figure, assuming apparently that public opinion in Allied countries

would not be satisfied with less than the appearance of $25,000,000,000;

and, as they were not really prepared to offer so large a figure, they

exercised their ingenuity to produce a formula which might be

represented to Allied opinion as yielding this amount, whilst really

representing a much more modest sum. The formula produced was

transparent to any one who read it carefully and knew the facts, and it

could hardly have been expected by its authors to deceive the Allied

negotiators. The German tactic assumed, therefore, that the latter were

secretly as anxious as the Germans themselves to arrive at a settlement

which bore some relation to the facts, and that they would therefore be

willing, in view of the entanglements which they had got themselves into

with their own publics, to practise a little collusion in drafting the

Treaty,--a supposition which in slightly different circumstances might

have had a good deal of foundation. As matters actually were, this

subtlety did not benefit them, and they would have done much better with

a straightforward and candid estimate of what they believed to be the

amount of their liabilities on the one hand, and their capacity to pay

on the other.

The German offer of an alleged sum of $25,000,000,000 amounted to the

following. In the first place it was conditional on concessions in the

Treaty insuring that "Germany shall retain the territorial integrity

corresponding to the Armistice Convention,[140] that she shall keep her

colonial possessions and merchant ships, including those of large

tonnage, that in her own country and in the world at large she shall

enjoy the same freedom of action as all other peoples, that all war

legislation shall be at once annulled, and that all interferences during

the war with her economic rights and with German private property, etc.,

shall be treated in accordance with the principle of reciprocity";--that

is to say, the offer is conditional on the greater part of the rest of

the Treaty being abandoned. In the second place, the claims are not to

exceed a maximum of $25,000,000,000, of which $5,000,000,000 is to be

discharged by May 1, 1926; and no part of this sum is to carry interest

pending the payment of it.[141] In the third place, there are to be

allowed as credit against it (amongst other things): (\_a\_) the value of

all deliveries under the Armistice, including military material (\_e.g.\_

Germany's navy); (\_b\_) the value of all railways and State property in

ceded territory; (\_c\_) the \_pro rata\_ share of all ceded territory in

the German public debt (including the war debt) and in the Reparation

payments which this territory would have had to bear if it had remained

part of Germany; and (\_d\_) the value of the cession of Germany's claims

for sums lent by her to her allies in the war.[142]

The credits to be deducted under (\_a\_), (\_b\_), (\_c\_), and (\_d\_) might be

in excess of those allowed in the actual Treaty, according to a rough

estimate, by a sum of as much as $10,000,000,000, although the sum to be

allowed under (\_d\_) can hardly be calculated.

If, therefore, we are to estimate the real value of the German offer of

$25,000,000,000 on the basis laid down by the Treaty, we must first of

all deduct $10,000,000,000 claimed for offsets which the Treaty does not

allow, and then halve the remainder in order to obtain the present value

of a deferred payment on which interest is not chargeable. This reduces

the offer to $7,500,000,000, as compared with the $40,000,000,000 which,

according to my rough estimate, the Treaty demands of her.

This in itself was a very substantial offer--indeed it evoked widespread

criticism in Germany--though, in view of the fact that it was

conditional on the abandonment of the greater part of the rest of the

Treaty, it could hardly be regarded as a serious one.[143] But the

German Delegation would have done better if they had stated in less

equivocal language how far they felt able to go.

In the final reply of the Allies to this counter-proposal there is one

important provision, which I have not attended to hitherto, but which

can be conveniently dealt with in this place. Broadly speaking, no

concessions were entertained on the Reparation Chapter as it was

originally drafted, but the Allies recognized the inconvenience of the

\_indeterminacy\_ of the burden laid upon Germany and proposed a method by

which the final total of claim might be established at an earlier date

than May 1, 1921. They promised, therefore, that at any time within four

months of the signature of the Treaty (that is to say, up to the end of

October, 1919), Germany should be at liberty to submit an offer of a

lump sum in settlement of her whole liability as defined in the Treaty,

and within two months thereafter (that is to say, before the end of

1919) the Allies "will, so far as may be possible, return their answers

to any proposals that may be made."

This offer is subject to three conditions. "Firstly, the German

authorities will be expected, before making such proposals, to confer

with the representatives of the Powers directly concerned. Secondly,

such offers must be unambiguous and must be precise and clear. Thirdly,

they must accept the categories and the Reparation clauses as matters

settled beyond discussion."

The offer, as made, does not appear to contemplate any opening up of the

problem of Germany's capacity to pay. It is only concerned with the

establishment of the total bill of claims as defined in the

Treaty--whether (\_e.g.\_) it is $35,000,000,000, $40,000,000,000, or

$50,000,000,000. "The questions," the Allies' reply adds, "are bare

questions of fact, namely, the amount of the liabilities, and they are

susceptible of being treated in this way."

If the promised negotiations are really conducted on these lines, they

are not likely to be fruitful. It will not be much easier to arrive at

an agreed figure before the end of 1919 that it was at the time of the

Conference; and it will not help Germany's financial position to know

for certain that she is liable for the huge sum which on any computation

the Treaty liabilities must amount to. These negotiations do offer,

however, an opportunity of reopening the whole question of the

Reparation payments, although it is hardly to be hoped that at so very

early a date, public opinion in the countries of the Allies has changed

its mood sufficiently.[144]

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot leave this subject as though its just treatment wholly depended

either on our own pledges or on economic facts. The policy of reducing

Germany to servitude for a generation, of degrading the lives of

millions of human beings, and of depriving a whole nation of happiness

should be abhorrent and detestable,--abhorrent and detestable, even if

it were possible, even if it enriched ourselves, even if it did not sow

the decay of the whole civilized life of Europe. Some preach it in the

name of Justice. In the great events of man's history, in the unwinding

of the complex fates of nations Justice is not so simple. And if it

were, nations are not authorized, by religion or by natural morals, to

visit on the children of their enemies the misdoings of parents or of

rulers.

FOOTNOTES:

[76] "With reservation that any future claims and demands of

the Allies and the United States of America remain unaffected, the

following financial conditions are required: Reparation for damage done.

Whilst Armistice lasts, no public securities shall be removed by the

enemy which can serve as a pledge to the Allies for recovery or

reparation of war losses. Immediate restitution of cash deposit in

National Bank of Belgium, and, in general, immediate return of all

documents, of specie, stock, shares, paper money, together with plant

for issue thereof, touching public or private interests in invaded

countries. Restitution of Russian and Roumanian gold yielded to Germany

or taken by that Power. This gold to be delivered in trust to the Allies

until signature of peace."

[77] It is to be noticed, in passing, that they contain nothing

which limits the damage to damage inflicted contrary to the recognized

rules of warfare. That is to say, it is permissible to include claims

arising out of the legitimate capture of a merchantman at sea, as well

as the costs of illegal submarine warfare.

[78] Mark-paper or mark-credits owned in ex-occupied territory

by Allied nationals should be included, if at all, in the settlement of

enemy debts, along with other sums owed to Allied nationals, and not in

connection with reparation.

[79] A special claim on behalf of Belgium was actually included

In the Peace Treaty, and was accepted by the German representatives

without demur.

[80] To the British observer, one scene, however, stood out

distinguished from the rest--the field of Ypres. In that desolate and

ghostly spot, the natural color and humors of the landscape and the

climate seemed designed to express to the traveler the memories of the

ground. A visitor to the salient early in November, 1918, when a few

German bodies still added a touch of realism and human horror, and the

great struggle was not yet certainly ended, could feel there, as nowhere

else, the present outrage of war, and at the same time the tragic and

sentimental purification which to the future will in some degree

transform its harshness.

[81] These notes, estimated to amount to no less than six

thousand million marks, are now a source of embarrassment and great

potential loss to the Belgian Government, inasmuch as on their recovery

of the country they took them over from their nationals in exchange for

Belgian notes at the rate of Fr. 120 = Mk. 1. This rate of exchange, being

substantially in excess of the value of the mark-notes at the rate of

exchange current at the time (and enormously in excess of the rate to

which the mark notes have since fallen, the Belgian franc being now

worth more than three marks), was the occasion of the smuggling of

mark-notes into Belgium on an enormous scale, to take advantage of the

profit obtainable. The Belgian Government took this very imprudent step,

partly because they hoped to persuade the Peace Conference to make the

redemption of these bank-notes, at the par of exchange, a first charge

on German assets. The Peace Conference held, however, that Reparation

proper must take precedence of the adjustment of improvident banking

transactions effected at an excessive rate of exchange. The possession

by the Belgian Government of this great mass of German currency, in

addition to an amount of nearly two thousand million marks held by the

French Government which they similarly exchanged for the benefit of the

population of the invaded areas and of Alsace-Lorraine, is a serious

aggravation of the exchange position of the mark. It will certainly be

desirable for the Belgian and German Governments to come to some

arrangement as to its disposal, though this is rendered difficult by the

prior lien held by the Reparation Commission over all German assets

available for such purposes.

[82] It should be added, in fairness, that the very high claims

put forward on behalf of Belgium generally include not only devastation

proper, but all kinds of other items, as, for example, the profits and

earnings which Belgians might reasonably have expected to earn if there

had been no war.

[83] "The Wealth and Income of the Chief Powers," by J.C. Stamp

(\_Journal of the Royal Statistical Society\_, July, 1919).

[84] Other estimates vary from $12,100,000,000 to

$13,400,000,000. See Stamp, \_loc. cit.\_

[85] This was clearly and courageously pointed out by M.

Charles Gide in \_L'Emancipation\_ for February, 1919.

[86] For details of these and other figures, see Stamp, \_loc.

cit.\_

[87] Even when the extent of the material damage has been

established, it will be exceedingly difficult to put a price on it,

which must largely depend on the period over which restoration is

spread, and the methods adopted. It would be impossible to make the

damage good in a year or two at any price, and an attempt to do so at a

rate which was excessive in relation to the amount of labor and

materials at hand might force prices up to almost any level. We must, I

think, assume a cost of labor and materials about equal to that current

in the world generally. In point of fact, however, we may safely assume

that literal restoration will never be attempted. Indeed, it would be

very wasteful to do so. Many of the townships were old and unhealthy,

and many of the hamlets miserable. To re-erect the same type of building

in the same places would be foolish. As for the land, the wise course

may be in some cases to leave long strips of it to Nature for many years

to come. An aggregate money sum should be computed as fairly

representing the value of the material damage, and France should be left

to expend it in the manner she thinks wisest with a view to her economic

enrichment as a whole. The first breeze of this controversy has already

blown through France. A long and inconclusive debate occupied the

Chamber during the spring of 1919, as to whether inhabitants of the

devastated area receiving compensation should be compelled to expend it

in restoring the identical property, or whether they should be free to

use it as they like. There was evidently a great deal to be said on both

sides; in the former case there would be much hardship and uncertainty

for owners who could not, many of them, expect to recover the effective

use of their property perhaps for years to come, and yet would not be

free to set themselves up elsewhere; on the other hand, if such persons

were allowed to take their compensation and go elsewhere, the

countryside of Northern France would never be put right. Nevertheless I

believe that the wise course will be to allow great latitude and let

economic motives take their own course.

[88] \_La Richesse de la France devant la Guerre\_, published in

1916.

[89] \_Revue Bleue\_, February 3, 1919. This is quoted in a very

valuable selection of French estimates and expressions of opinion,

forming chapter iv. of \_La Liquidation financi&egrave;re de la Guerre\_, by H.

Charriaut and R. Hacault. The general magnitude of my estimate is

further confirmed by the extent of the repairs already effected, as set

forth in a speech delivered by M. Tardieu on October 10, 1919, in which

he said: "On September 16 last, of 2246 kilom&egrave;tres of railway track

destroyed, 2016 had been repaired; of 1075 kilom&egrave;tres of canal, 700; of

1160 constructions, such as bridges and tunnels, which had been blown

up, 588 had been replaced; of 550,000 houses ruined by bombardment,

60,000 had been rebuilt; and of 1,800,000 hectares of ground rendered

useless by battle, 400,000 had been recultivated, 200,000 hectares of

which are now ready to be sown. Finally, more than 10,000,000 m&egrave;tres of

barbed wire had been removed."

[90] Some of these estimates include allowance for contingent

and immaterial damage as well as for direct material injury.

[91] A substantial part of this was lost in the service of the

Allies; this must not be duplicated by inclusion both in their claims

and in ours.

[92] The fact that no separate allowance is made in the above

for the sinking of 675 fishing vessels of 71,765 tons gross, or for the

1855 vessels of 8,007,967 tons damaged or molested, but not sunk, may be

set off against what may be an excessive figure for replacement cost.

[93] The losses of the Greek mercantile marine were excessively

high, as a result of the dangers of the Mediterranean; but they were

largely incurred on the service of the other Allies, who paid for them

directly or indirectly. The claims of Greece for maritime losses

incurred on the service of her own nationals would not be very

considerable.

[94] There is a reservation in the Peace Treaty on this

question. "The Allied and Associated Powers formally reserve the right

of Russia to obtain from Germany restitution and reparation based on the

principles of the present Treaty" (Art. 116).

[95] Dr. Diouritch in his "Economic and Statistical Survey of

the Southern Slav Nations" (\_Journal of Royal Statistical Society\_, May,

1919), quotes some extraordinary figures of the loss of life: "According

to the official returns, the number of those fallen in battle or died in

captivity up to the last Serbian offensive, amounted to 320,000, which

means that one half of Serbia's male population, from 18 to 60 years of

age, perished outright in the European War. In addition, the Serbian

Medical Authorities estimate that about 300,000 people have died from

typhus among the civil population, and the losses among the population

interned in enemy camps are estimated at 50,000. During the two Serbian

retreats and during the Albanian retreat the losses among children and

young people are estimated at 200,000. Lastly, during over three years

of enemy occupation, the losses in lives owing to the lack of proper

food and medical attention are estimated at 250,000." Altogether, he

puts the losses in life at above 1,000,000, or more than one-third of

the population of Old Serbia.

[96] \_Come si calcola e a quanto ammonta la richezza d'Italia e

delle altre principali nazioni\_, published in 1919.

[97] Very large claims put forward by the Serbian authorities

include many hypothetical items of indirect and non-material damage; but

these, however real, are not admissible under our present formula.

[98] Assuming that in her case $1,250,000,000 are included for

the general expenses of the war defrayed out of loans made to Belgium by

her allies.

[99] It must be said to Mr. Hughes' honor that he apprehended

from the first the bearing of the pre-Armistice negotiations on our

right to demand an indemnity covering the full costs of the war,

protested against our ever having entered into such engagements, and

maintained loudly that he had been no party to them and could not

consider himself bound by them. His indignation may have been partly due

to the fact that Australia, not having been ravaged, would have no

claims at all under the more limited interpretation of our rights.

[100] The whole cost of the war has been estimated at from

$120,000,000,000 upwards. This would mean an annual payment for interest

(apart from sinking fund) of $6,000,000,000. Could any expert Committee

have reported that Germany can pay this sum?

[101] But unhappily they did not go down with their flags

flying very gloriously. For one reason or another their leaders

maintained substantial silence. What a different position in the

country's estimation they might hold now if they had suffered defeat

amidst firm protests against the fraud, chicane, and dishonor of the

whole proceedings.

[102] Only after the most painful consideration have I written

these words. The almost complete absence of protest from the leading

Statesmen of England makes one feel that one must have made some

mistake. But I believe that I know all the facts, and I can discover no

such mistake. In any case I have set forth all the relevant engagements

in Chapter IV. and at the beginning of this chapter, so that the reader

can form his own judgment.

[103] In conversation with Frenchmen who were private persons

and quite unaffected by political considerations, this aspect became

very clear. You might persuade them that some current estimates as to

the amount to be got out of Germany were quite fantastic. Yet at the end

they would always come back to where they had started: "But Germany

\_must\_ pay; for, otherwise, what is to happen to France?"

[104] A further paragraph claims the war costs of Belgium "in

accordance with Germany's pledges, already given, as to complete

restoration for Belgium."

[105] The challenge of the other Allies, as well as the enemy,

had to be met; for in view of the limited resources of the latter, the

other Allies had perhaps a greater interest than the enemy in seeing

that no one of their number established an excessive claim.

[106] M. Klotz has estimated the French claims on this head at

$15,000,000,000 (75 milliard francs, made up of 13 milliard for

allowances, 60 for pensions, and 2 for widows). If this figure is

correct, the others should probably be scaled up also.

[107] That is to say, I claim for the aggregate figure an

accuracy within 25 per cent.

[108] In his speech of September 5, 1919, addressed to the

French Chamber, M. Klotz estimated the total Allied claims against

Germany under the Treaty at $75,000,000,000, which would accumulate at

interest until 1921, and be paid off thereafter by 34 annual

installments of about $5,000,000,000 each, of which France would receive

about $2,750,000,000 annually. "The general effect of the statement

(that France would receive from Germany this annual payment) proved," it

is reported, "appreciably encouraging to the country as a whole, and was

immediately reflected in the improved tone on the Bourse and throughout

the business world in France." So long as such statements can be

accepted in Paris without protest, there can be no financial or economic

future for France, and a catastrophe of disillusion is not far distant.

[109] As a matter of subjective judgment, I estimate for this

figure an accuracy of 10 per cent in deficiency and 20 per cent in

excess, \_i.e.\_ that the result will lie between $32,000,000,000 and

$44,000,000,000.

[110] Germany is also liable under the Treaty, as an addition

to her liabilities for Reparation, to pay all the costs of the Armies of

Occupation \_after\_ Peace is signed for the fifteen subsequent years of

occupation. So far as the text of the Treaty goes, there is nothing to

limit the size of these armies, and France could, therefore, by

quartering the whole of her normal standing army in the occupied area,

shift the charge from her own taxpayers to those of Germany,--though in

reality any such policy would be at the expense not of Germany, who by

hypothesis is already paying for Reparation up to the full limit of her

capacity, but of France's Allies, who would receive so much less in

respect of Reparation. A White Paper (Cmd. 240) has, however, been

issued, in which is published a declaration by the Governments of the

United States, Great Britain, and France engaging themselves to limit

the sum payable annually by Germany to cover the cost of occupation to

$60,000,000 "as soon as the Allied and Associated Powers \_concerned\_ are

convinced that the conditions of disarmament by Germany are being

satisfactorily fulfilled." The word which I have italicized is a little

significant. The three Powers reserve to themselves the liberty to

modify this arrangement at any time if they agree that it is necessary.

[111] Art. 235. The force of this Article is somewhat

strengthened by Article 251, by virtue of which dispensations may also

be granted for "other payments" as well as for food and raw material.

[112] This is the effect of Para. 12 (\_c\_) of Annex II. of the

Reparation Chapter, leaving minor complications on one side. The Treaty

fixes the payments in terms of \_gold marks\_, which are converted in the

above rate of 20 to $5.

[113] If, \_per impossibile\_, Germany discharged $2,500,000,000

in cash or kind by 1921, her annual payments would be at the rate of

$312,500,000 from 1921 to 1925 and of $750,000,000 thereafter.

[114] Para. 16 of Annex II. of The Reparation Chapter. There is

also an obscure provision by which interest may be charged "on sums

arising out of \_material damage\_ as from November 11, 1918, up to May 1,

1921." This seems to differentiate damage to property from damage to the

person in favor of the former. It does not affect Pensions and

Allowances, the cost of which is capitalized as at the date of the

coming into force of the Treaty.

[115] On the assumption which no one supports and even the most

optimistic fear to be unplausible, that Germany can pay the full charge

for interest and sinking fund \_from the outset\_, the annual payment

would amount to $2,400,000,000.

[116] Under Para. 13 of Annex II. unanimity is required (i.)

for any postponement beyond 1930 of installments due between 1921 and

1926, and (ii.) for any postponement for more than three years of

instalments due after 1926. Further, under Art. 234, the Commission may

not cancel any part of the indebtedness without the specific authority

of \_all\_ the Governments represented on the Commission.

[117] On July 23, 1914, the amount was $339,000,000.

[118] Owing to the very high premium which exists on German

silver coin, as the combined result of the depreciation of the mark and

the appreciation of silver, it is highly improbable that it will be

possible to extract such coin out of the pockets of the people. But it

may gradually leak over the frontier by the agency of private

speculators, and thus indirectly benefit the German exchange position as

a whole.

[119] The Allies made the supply of foodstuffs to Germany

during the Armistice, mentioned above, conditional on the provisional

transfer to them of the greater part of the Mercantile Marine, to be

operated by them for the purpose of shipping foodstuffs to Europe

generally, and to Germany in particular. The reluctance of the Germans

to agree to this was productive of long and dangerous delays in the

supply of food, but the abortive Conferences of Tr&egrave;ves and Spa (January

16, February 14-16, and March 4-5, 1919) were at last followed by the

Agreement of Brussels (March 14, 1919). The unwillingness of the Germans

to conclude was mainly due to the lack of any absolute guarantee on the

part of the Allies that, if they surrendered the ships, they would get

the food. But assuming reasonable good faith on the part of the latter

(their behavior in respect of certain other clauses of the Armistice,

however, had not been impeccable and gave the enemy some just grounds

for suspicion), their demand was not an improper one; for without the

German ships the business of transporting the food would have been

difficult, if not impossible, and the German ships surrendered or their

equivalent were in fact almost wholly employed in transporting food to

Germany itself. Up to June 30, 1919, 176 German ships of 1,025,388 gross

tonnage had been surrendered, to the Allies in accordance with the

Brussels Agreement.

[120] The amount of tonnage transferred may be rather greater

and the value per ton rather less. The aggregate value involved is not

likely, however, to be less than $500,000,000 or greater than

$750,000,000.

[121] This census was carried out by virtue of a Decree of

August 23, 1918. On March 22, 1917, the German Government acquired

complete control over the utilization of foreign securities in German

possession; and in May, 1917, it began to exercise these powers for the

mobilization of certain Swedish, Danish, and Swiss securities.

[122] 1892. Schmoller $2,500,000,000

1892. Christians 3,250,000,000

1893-4. Koch 3,000,000,000

1905. v. Halle 4,000,000,000[A]

1913. Helfferich 5,000,000,000[B]

1914. Ballod 6,250,000,000

1914. Pistorius 6,250,000,000

1919. Hans David 5,250,000,000[C]

[A] Plus $2,500,000 for investments other than securities.

[B] Net investments, \_i.e.\_ after allowance for property in

Germany owned abroad. This may also be the case with some of the other

estimates.

[C] This estimate, given in the \_Weltwirtschaftszeitung\_ (June

13, 1919), is an estimate of the value of Germany's foreign investments

as at the outbreak of war.

[123] I have made no deduction for securities in the ownership

of Alsace-Lorrainers and others who have now ceased to be German

nationals.

[124] In all these estimates, I am conscious of being driven by

a fear of overstating the case against the Treaty, of giving figures in

excess of my own real judgment. There is a great difference between

putting down on paper fancy estimates of Germany's resources and

actually extracting contributions in the form of cash. I do not myself

believe that the Reparation Commission will secure real resources from

the above items by May, 1921, even as great as the \_lower\_ of the two

figures given above.

[125] The Treaty (see Art. 114) leaves it very dubious how far

the Danish Government is under an obligation to make payments to the

Reparation Commission in respect of its acquisition of Schleswig. They

might, for instance, arrange for various offsets such as the value of

the mark notes held by the inhabitants of ceded areas. In any case the

amount of money involved is quite small. The Danish Government is

raising a loan for $33,000,000 (kr. 120,000,000) for the joint purposes

of "taking over Schleswig's share of the German debt, for buying German

public property, for helping the Schleswig population, and for settling

the currency question."

[126] Here again my own judgment would carry me much further

and I should doubt the possibility of Germany's exports equaling her

imports during this period. But the statement in the text goes far

enough for the purpose of my argument.

[127] It has been estimated that the cession of territory to

France, apart from the loss of Upper Silesia, may reduce Germany's

annual pre-war production of steel ingots from 20,000,000 tons to

14,000,000 tons, and increase France's capacity from 5,000,000 tons to

11,000,000 tons.

[128] Germany's exports of sugar in 1913 amounted to 1,110,073

tons of the value of $65,471,500, of which 838,583 tons were exported to

the United Kingdom at a value of $45,254,000. These figures were in

excess of the normal, the average total exports for the five years

ending 1913 being about $50,000,000.

[129] The necessary price adjustment, which is required, on

both sides of this account, will be made \_en bloc\_ later.

[130] If the amount of the sinking fund be reduced, and the

annual payment is continued over a greater number of years, the present

value--so powerful is the operation of compound interest--cannot be

materially increased. A payment of $500,000,000 annually \_in

perpetuity\_, assuming interest, as before, at 5 per cent, would only

raise the present value to $10,000,000,000.

[131] As an example of public misapprehension on economic

affairs, the following letter from Sir Sidney Low to \_The Times\_ of the

3rd December, 1918, deserves quotation: "I have seen authoritative

estimates which place the gross value of Germany's mineral and chemical

resources as high as $1,250,000,000,000 or even more; and the Ruhr basin

mines alone are said to be worth over $225,000,000,000. It is certain,

at any rate, that the capital value of these natural supplies is much

greater than the total war debts of all the Allied States. Why should

not some portion of this wealth be diverted for a sufficient period from

its present owners and assigned to the peoples whom Germany has

assailed, deported, and injured? The Allied Governments might justly

require Germany to surrender to them the use of such of her mines, and

mineral deposits as would yield, say, from $500,000,000 to

$1,000,000,000 annually for the next 30, 40, or 50 years. By this means

we could obtain sufficient compensation from Germany without unduly

stimulating her manufactures and export trade to our detriment." It is

not clear why, if Germany has wealth exceeding $1,250,000,000,000. Sir

Sidney Low is content with the trifling sum of $500,000,000 to

$1,000,000,000 annually. But his letter is an admirable \_reductio ad

absurdum\_ of a certain line of thought. While a mode of calculation,

which estimates the value of coal miles deep in the bowels of the earth

as high as in a coal scuttle, of an annual lease of $5000 for 999 years

at $4,995,000 and of a field (presumably) at the value of all the crops

it will grow to the end of recorded time, opens up great possibilities,

it is also double-edged. If Germany's total resources are worth

$1,250,000,000,000, those she will part with in the cession of

Alsace-Lorraine and Upper Silesia should be more than sufficient to pay

the entire costs of the war and reparation together. In point of fact,

the \_present\_ market value of all the mines in Germany of every kind has

been estimated at $1,500,000,000, or a little more than one-thousandth

part of Sir Sidney Low's expectations.

[132] The conversion at par of 5,000 million marks overstates,

by reason of the existing depreciation of the mark, the present money

burden of the actual pensions payments, but not, in all probability, the

real loss of national productivity as a result of the casualties

suffered in the war.

[133] It cannot be overlooked, in passing, that in its results

on a country's surplus productivity a lowering of the standard of life

acts both ways. Moreover, we are without experience of the psychology of

a white race under conditions little short of servitude. It is, however,

generally supposed that if the whole of a man's surplus production is

taken from him, his efficiency and his industry are diminished, The

entrepreneur and the inventor will not contrive, the trader and the

shopkeeper will not save, the laborer will not toil, if the fruits of

their industry are set aside, not for the benefit of their children,

their old age, their pride, or their position, but for the enjoyment of

a foreign conqueror.

[134] In the course of the compromises and delays of the

Conference, there were many questions on which, in order to reach any

conclusion at all, it was necessary to leave a margin of vagueness and

uncertainty. The whole method of the Conference tended towards

this,--the Council of Four wanted, not so much a settlement, as a

treaty. On political and territorial questions the tendency was to leave

the final arbitrament to the League of Nations. But on financial and

economic questions, the final decision has generally be a left with the

Reparation Commission,--in spite of its being an executive body composed

of interested parties.

[135] The sum to be paid by Austria for Reparation is left to

the absolute discretion of the Reparation Commission, no determinate

figure of any kind being mentioned in the text of the Treaty Austrian

questions are to be handled by a special section of the Reparation

Commission, but the section will have no powers except such as the main

Commission may delegate.

[136] Bulgaria is to pay an indemnity of $450,000,000 by

half-yearly instalments, beginning July 1, 1920. These sums will be

collected, on behalf of the Reparation Commission, by an Inter-Ally

Commission of Control, with its seat at Sofia. In some respects the

Bulgarian Inter-Ally Commission appears to have powers and authority

independent of the Reparation Commission, but it is to act,

nevertheless, as the agent of the latter, and is authorized to tender

advice to the Reparation Commission as to, for example, the reduction of

the half-yearly instalments.

[137] Under the Treaty this is the function of any body

appointed for the purpose by the principal Allied and Associated

Governments, and not necessarily of the Reparation Commission. But it

may be presumed that no second body will be established for this special

purpose.

[138] At the date of writing no treaties with these countries

have been drafted. It is possible that Turkey might be dealt with by a

separate Commission.

[139] This appears to me to be in effect the position (if this

paragraph means anything at all), in spite of the following disclaimer

of such intentions in the Allies' reply:--"Nor does Paragraph 12(b) of

Annex II. give the Commission powers to prescribe or enforce taxes or to

dictate the character of the German budget."

[140] Whatever that may mean.

[141] Assuming that the capital sum is discharged evenly over a

period as short as thirty-three years, this has the effect of \_halving\_

the burden as compared with the payments required on the basis of 5 per

cent interest on the outstanding capital.

[142] I forbear to outline the further details of the German

offer as the above are the essential points.

[143] For this reason it is not strictly comparable with my

estimate of Germany's capacity in an earlier section of this chapter,

which estimate is on the basis of Germany's condition as it will be when

the rest of the Treaty has come into effect.

[144] Owing to delays on the part of the Allies in ratifying

the Treaty, the Reparation Commission had not yet been formally

constituted by the end of October, 1919. So far as I am aware,

therefore, nothing has been done to make the above offer effective. But,

perhaps in view of the circumstances, there has been an extension of the

date.

CHAPTER VI

EUROPE AFTER THE TREATY

This chapter must be one of pessimism. The Treaty includes no provisions

for the economic rehabilitation of Europe,--nothing to make the defeated

Central Empires into good neighbors, nothing to stabilize the new States

of Europe, nothing to reclaim Russia; nor does it promote in any way a

compact of economic solidarity amongst the Allies themselves; no

arrangement was reached at Paris for restoring the disordered finances

of France and Italy, or to adjust the systems of the Old World and the

New.

The Council of Four paid no attention to these issues, being preoccupied

with others,--Clemenceau to crush the economic life of his enemy, Lloyd

George to do a deal and bring home something which would pass muster for

a week, the President to do nothing that was not just and right. It is

an extraordinary fact that the fundamental economic problems of a Europe

starving and disintegrating before their eyes, was the one question in

which it was impossible to arouse the interest of the Four. Reparation

was their main excursion into the economic field, and they settled it

as a problem of theology, of polities, of electoral chicane, from every

point of view except that of the economic future of the States whose

destiny they were handling.

I leave, from this point onwards, Paris, the Conference, and the Treaty,

briefly to consider the present situation of Europe, as the War and the

Peace have made it; and it will no longer be part of my purpose to

distinguish between the inevitable fruits of the War and the avoidable

misfortunes of the Peace.

The essential facts of the situation, as I see them, are expressed

simply. Europe consists of the densest aggregation of population in the

history of the world. This population is accustomed to a relatively high

standard of life, in which, even now, some sections of it anticipate

improvement rather than deterioration. In relation to other continents

Europe is not self-sufficient; in particular it cannot feed Itself.

Internally the population is not evenly distributed, but much of it is

crowded into a relatively small number of dense industrial centers. This

population secured for itself a livelihood before the war, without much

margin of surplus, by means of a delicate and immensely complicated

organization, of which the foundations were supported by coal, iron,

transport, and an unbroken supply of imported food and raw materials

from other continents. By the destruction of this organization and the

interruption of the stream of supplies, a part of this population is

deprived of its means of livelihood. Emigration is not open to the

redundant surplus. For it would take years to transport them overseas,

even, which is not the case, if countries could be found which were

ready to receive them. The danger confronting us, therefore, is the

rapid depression of the standard of life of the European populations to

a point which will mean actual starvation for some (a point already

reached in Russia and approximately reached in Austria). Men will not

always die quietly. For starvation, which brings to some lethargy and a

helpless despair, drives other temperaments to the nervous instability

of hysteria and to a mad despair. And these in their distress may

overturn the remnants of organization, and submerge civilization itself

in their attempts to satisfy desperately the overwhelming needs of the

individual. This is the danger against which all our resources and

courage and idealism must now co-operate.

On the 13th May, 1919, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau addressed to the Peace

Conference of the Allied and Associated Powers the Report of the German

Economic Commission charged with the study of the effect of the

conditions of Peace on the situation of the German population. "In the

course of the last two generations," they reported, "Germany has become

transformed from an agricultural State to an industrial State. So long

as she was an agricultural State, Germany could feed forty million

inhabitants. As an industrial State she could insure the means of

subsistence for a population of sixty-seven millions; and in 1913 the

importation of foodstuffs amounted, in round figures, to twelve million

tons. Before the war a total of fifteen million persons in Germany

provided for their existence by foreign trade, navigation, and the use,

directly or indirectly, of foreign raw material." After rehearsing the

main relevant provisions of the Peace Treaty the report continues:

"After this diminution of her products, after the economic depression

resulting from the loss of her colonies, her merchant fleet and her

foreign investments, Germany will not be in a position to import from

abroad an adequate quantity of raw material. An enormous part of German

industry will, therefore, be condemned inevitably to destruction. The

need of importing foodstuffs will increase considerably at the same time

that the possibility of satisfying this demand is as greatly diminished.

In a very short time, therefore, Germany will not be in a position to

give bread and work to her numerous millions of inhabitants, who are

prevented from earning their livelihood by navigation and trade. These

persons should emigrate, but this is a material impossibility, all the

more because many countries and the most important ones will oppose any

German immigration. To put the Peace conditions into execution would

logically involve, therefore, the loss of several millions of persons in

Germany. This catastrophe would not be long in coming about, seeing that

the health of the population has been broken down during the War by the

Blockade, and during the Armistice by the aggravation of the Blockade of

famine. No help, however great, or over however long a period it were

continued, could prevent those deaths \_en masse\_." "We do not know, and

indeed we doubt," the report concludes, "whether the Delegates of the

Allied and Associated Powers realize the inevitable consequences which

will take place if Germany, an industrial State, very thickly populated,

closely bound up with the economic system of the world, and under the

necessity of importing enormous quantities of raw material and

foodstuffs, suddenly finds herself pushed back to the phase of her

development, which corresponds to her economic condition and the numbers

of her population as they were half a century ago. Those who sign this

Treaty will sign the death sentence of many millions of German men,

women and children."

I know of no adequate answer to these words. The indictment is at least

as true of the Austrian, as of the German, settlement. This is the

fundamental problem in front of us, before which questions of

territorial adjustment and the balance of European power are

insignificant. Some of the catastrophes of past history, which have

thrown back human progress for centuries, have been due to the reactions

following on the sudden termination, whether in the course of nature or

by the act of man, of temporarily favorable conditions which have

permitted the growth of population beyond what could be provided for

when the favorable conditions were at an end.

The significant features of the immediate situation can be grouped under

three heads: first, the absolute falling off, for the time being, in

Europe's internal productivity; second, the breakdown of transport and

exchange by means of which its products could be conveyed where they

were most wanted; and third, the inability of Europe to purchase its

usual supplies from overseas.

The decrease of productivity cannot be easily estimated, and may be the

subject of exaggeration. But the \_prim&acirc; facie\_ evidence of it is

overwhelming, and this factor has been the main burden of Mr. Hoover's

well-considered warnings. A variety of causes have produced it;--violent

and prolonged internal disorder as in Russia and Hungary; the creation

of new governments and their inexperience in the readjustment of

economic relations, as in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia; the loss

throughout the Continent of efficient labor, through the casualties of

war or the continuance of mobilization; the falling-off in efficiency

through continued underfeeding in the Central Empires; the exhaustion of

the soil from lack of the usual applications of artificial manures

throughout the course of the war; the unsettlement of the minds of the

laboring classes on the above all (to quote Mr. Hoover), "there is a

great fundamental economic issues of their lives. But relaxation of

effort as the reflex of physical exhaustion of large sections of the

population from privation and the mental and physical strain of the

war." Many persons are for one reason or another out of employment

altogether. According to Mr. Hoover, a summary of the unemployment

bureaus in Europe in July, 1919, showed that 15,000,000 families were

receiving unemployment allowances in one form or another, and were being

paid in the main by a constant inflation of currency. In Germany there

is the added deterrent to labor and to capital (in so far as the

Reparation terms are taken literally), that anything, which they may

produce beyond the barest level of subsistence, will for years to come

be taken away from them.

Such definite data as we possess do not add much, perhaps, to the

general picture of decay. But I will remind the reader of one or two of

them. The coal production of Europe as a whole is estimated to have

fallen off by 30 per cent; and upon coal the greater part of the

industries of Europe and the whole of her transport system depend.

Whereas before the war Germany produced 85 per cent of the total food

consumed by her inhabitants, the productivity of the soil is now

diminished by 40 per cent and the effective quality of the live-stock by

55 per cent.[145] Of the European countries which formerly possessed a

large exportable surplus, Russia, as much by reason of deficient

transport as of diminished output, may herself starve. Hungary, apart

from her other troubles, has been pillaged by the Romanians immediately

after harvest. Austria will have consumed the whole of her own harvest

for 1919 before the end of the calendar year. The figures are almost too

overwhelming to carry conviction to our minds; if they were not quite so

bad, our effective belief in them might be stronger.

But even when coal can be got and grain harvested, the breakdown of the

European railway system prevents their carriage; and even when goods can

be manufactured, the breakdown of the European currency system prevents

their sale. I have already described the losses, by war and under the

Armistice surrenders, to the transport system of Germany. But even so,

Germany's position, taking account of her power of replacement by

manufacture, is probably not so serious as that of some of her

neighbors. In Russia (about which, however, we have very little exact or

accurate information) the condition of the rolling-stock is believed to

be altogether desperate, and one of the most fundamental factors in her

existing economic disorder. And in Poland, Roumania, and Hungary the

position is not much better. Yet modern industrial life essentially

depends on efficient transport facilities, and the population which

secured its livelihood by these means cannot continue to live without

them. The breakdown of currency, and the distrust in its purchasing

value, is an aggravation of these evils which must be discussed in a

little more detail in connection with foreign trade.

What then is our picture of Europe? A country population able to support

life on the fruits of its own agricultural production but without the

accustomed surplus for the towns, and also (as a result of the lack of

imported materials and so of variety and amount in the saleable

manufactures of the towns) without the usual incentives to market food

in return for other wares; an industrial population unable to keep its

strength for lack of food, unable to earn a livelihood for lack of

materials, and so unable to make good by imports from abroad the failure

of productivity at home. Yet, according to Mr. Hoover, "a rough estimate

would indicate that the population of Europe is at least 100,000,000

greater than can be supported without imports, and must live by the

production and distribution of exports."

The problem of the re-inauguration of the perpetual circle of production

and exchange in foreign trade leads me to a necessary digression on the

currency situation of Europe.

Lenin is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the

Capitalist System was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process

of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an

important part of the wealth of their citizens. By this method they not

only confiscate, but they confiscate \_arbitrarily\_; and, while the

process impoverishes many, it actually enriches some. The sight of this

arbitrary rearrangement of riches strikes not only at security, but at

confidence in the equity of the existing distribution of wealth. Those

to whom the system brings windfalls, beyond their deserts and even

beyond their expectations or desires, become "profiteers,", who are the

object of the hatred of the bourgeoisie, whom the inflationism has

impoverished, not less than of the proletariat. As the inflation

proceeds and the real value of the currency fluctuates wildly from

month to month, all permanent relations between debtors and creditors,

which form the ultimate foundation of capitalism, become so utterly

disordered as to be almost meaningless; and the process of

wealth-getting degenerates into a gamble and a lottery.

Lenin was certainly right. There is no subtler, no surer means of

overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency.

The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of

destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is

able to diagnose.

In the latter stages of the war all the belligerent governments

practised, from necessity or incompetence, what a Bolshevist might have

done from design. Even now, when the war is over, most of them continue

out of weakness the same malpractices. But further, the Governments of

Europe, being many of them at this moment reckless in their methods as

well as weak, seek to direct on to a class known as "profiteers" the

popular indignation against the more obvious consequences of their

vicious methods. These "profiteers" are, broadly speaking, the

entrepreneur class of capitalists, that is to say, the active and

constructive element in the whole capitalist society, who in a period of

rapidly rising prices cannot help but get rich quick whether they wish

it or desire it or not. If prices are continually rising, every trader

who has purchased for stock or owns property and plant inevitably makes

profits. By directing hatred against this class, therefore, the European

Governments are carrying a step further the fatal process which the

subtle mind of Lenin had consciously conceived. The profiteers are a

consequence and not a cause of rising prices. By combining a popular

hatred of the class of entrepreneurs with the blow already given to

social security by the violent and arbitrary disturbance of contract and

of the established equilibrium of wealth which is the inevitable result

of inflation, these Governments are fast rendering impossible a

continuance of the social and economic order of the nineteenth century.

But they have no plan for replacing it.

We are thus faced in Europe with the spectacle of an extraordinary

weakness on the part of the great capitalist class, which has emerged

from the industrial triumphs of the nineteenth century, and seemed a

very few years ago our all-powerful master. The terror and personal

timidity of the individuals of this class is now so great, their

confidence in their place in society and in their necessity to the

social organism so diminished, that they are the easy victims of

intimidation. This was not so in England twenty-five years ago, any

more than it is now in the United States. Then the capitalists believed

in themselves, in their value to society, in the propriety of their

continued existence in the full enjoyment of their riches and the

unlimited exercise of their power. Now they tremble before every

insult;--call them pro-Germans, international financiers, or profiteers,

and they will give you any ransom you choose to ask not to speak of them

so harshly. They allow themselves to be ruined and altogether undone by

their own instruments, governments of their own making, and a press of

which they are the proprietors. Perhaps it is historically true that no

order of society ever perishes save by its own hand. In the complexer

world of Western Europe the Immanent Will may achieve its ends more

subtly and bring in the revolution no less inevitably through a Klotz or

a George than by the intellectualisms, too ruthless and self-conscious

for us, of the bloodthirsty philosophers of Russia.

The inflationism of the currency systems of Europe has proceeded to

extraordinary lengths. The various belligerent Governments, unable, or

too timid or too short-sighted to secure from loans or taxes the

resources they required, have printed notes for the balance. In Russia

and Austria-Hungary this process has reached a point where for the

purposes of foreign trade the currency is practically valueless. The

Polish mark can be bought for about three cents and the Austrian crown

for less than two cents, but they cannot be sold at all. The German mark

is worth less than four cents on the exchanges. In most of the other

countries of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe the real position is

nearly as bad. The currency of Italy has fallen to little more than a

half of its nominal value in spite of its being still subject to some

degree of regulation; French currency maintains an uncertain market; and

even sterling is seriously diminished in present value and impaired in

its future prospects.

But while these currencies enjoy a precarious value abroad, they have

never entirely lost, not even in Russia, their purchasing power at home.

A sentiment of trust in the legal money of the State is so deeply

implanted in the citizens of all countries that they cannot but believe

that some day this money must recover a part at least of its former

value. To their minds it appears that value is inherent in money as

such, and they do not apprehend that the real wealth, which this money

might have stood for, has been dissipated once and for all. This

sentiment is supported by the various legal regulations with which the

Governments endeavor to control internal prices, and so to preserve some

purchasing power for their legal tender. Thus the force of law

preserves a measure of immediate purchasing power over some commodities

and the force of sentiment and custom maintains, especially amongst

peasants, a willingness to hoard paper which is really worthless.

The presumption of a spurious value for the currency, by the force of

law expressed in the regulation of prices, contains in itself, however,

the seeds of final economic decay, and soon dries up the sources of

ultimate supply. If a man is compelled to exchange the fruits of his

labors for paper which, as experience soon teaches him, he cannot use to

purchase what he requires at a price comparable to that which he has

received for his own products, he will keep his produce for himself,

dispose of it to his friends and neighbors as a favor, or relax his

efforts in producing it. A system of compelling the exchange of

commodities at what is not their real relative value not only relaxes

production, but leads finally to the waste and inefficiency of barter.

If, however, a government refrains from regulation and allows matters to

take their course, essential commodities soon attain a level of price

out of the reach of all but the rich, the worthlessness of the money

becomes apparent, and the fraud upon the public can be concealed no

longer.

The effect on foreign trade of price-regulation and profiteer-hunting

as cures for inflation is even worse. Whatever may be the case at home,

the currency must soon reach its real level abroad, with the result that

prices inside and outside the country lose their normal adjustment. The

price of imported commodities, when converted at the current rate of

exchange, is far in excess of the local price, so that many essential

goods will not be imported at all by private agency, and must be

provided by the government, which, in re-selling the goods below cost

price, plunges thereby a little further into insolvency. The bread

subsidies, now almost universal throughout Europe, are the leading

example of this phenomenon.

The countries of Europe fall into two distinct groups at the present

time as regards their manifestations of what is really the same evil

throughout, according as they have been cut off from international

intercourse by the Blockade, or have had their imports paid for out of

the resources of their allies. I take Germany as typical of the first,

and France and Italy of the second.

The note circulation of Germany is about ten times[146] what it was

before the war. The value of the mark in terms of gold is about

one-eighth of its former value. As world-prices in terms of gold are

more than double what they were, it follows that mark-prices inside

Germany ought to be from sixteen to twenty times their pre-war level if

they are to be in adjustment and proper conformity with prices outside

Germany.[147] But this is not the case. In spite of a very great rise in

German prices, they probably do not yet average much more than five

times their former level, so far as staple commodities are concerned;

and it is impossible that they should rise further except with a

simultaneous and not less violent adjustment of the level of money

wages. The existing maladjustment hinders in two ways (apart from other

obstacles) that revival of the import trade which is the essential

preliminary of the economic reconstruction of the country. In the first

place, imported commodities are beyond the purchasing power of the great

mass of the population,[148] and the flood of imports which might have

been expected to succeed the raising of the blockade was not in fact

commercially possible.[149] In the second place, it is a hazardous

enterprise for a merchant or a manufacturer to purchase with a foreign

credit material for which, when he has imported it or manufactured it,

he will receive mark currency of a quite uncertain and possibly

unrealizable value. This latter obstacle to the revival of trade is one

which easily escapes notice and deserves a little attention. It is

impossible at the present time to say what the mark will be worth in

terms of foreign currency three or six months or a year hence, and the

exchange market can quote no reliable figure. It may be the case,

therefore, that a German merchant, careful of his future credit and

reputation, who is actually offered a short period credit in terms of

sterling or dollars, may be reluctant and doubtful whether to accept it.

He will owe sterling or dollars, but he will sell his product for marks,

and his power, when the time comes, to turn these marks into the

currency in which he has to repay his debt is entirely problematic.

Business loses its genuine character and becomes no better than a

speculation in the exchanges, the fluctuations in which entirely

obliterate the normal profits of commerce.

There are therefore three separate obstacles to the revival of trade: a

maladjustment between internal prices and international prices, a lack

of individual credit abroad wherewith to buy the raw materials needed to

secure the working capital and to re-start the circle of exchange, and a

disordered currency system which renders credit operations hazardous or

impossible quite apart from the ordinary risks of commerce.

The note circulation of France is more than six times its pre-war level.

The exchange value of the franc in terms of gold is a little less than

two-thirds its former value; that is to say, the value of the franc has

not fallen in proportion to the increased volume of the currency.[150]

This apparently superior situation of France is due to the fact that

until recently a very great part of her imports have not been paid for,

but have been covered by loans from the Governments of Great Britain and

the United States. This has allowed a want of equilibrium between

exports and imports to be established, which is becoming a very serious

factor, now that the outside assistance is being gradually discontinued.

The internal economy of France and its price level in relation to the

note circulation and the foreign exchanges is at present based on an

excess of imports over exports which cannot possibly continue. Yet it is

difficult to see how the position can be readjusted except by a lowering

of the standard of consumption in France, which, even if it is only

temporary, will provoke a great deal of discontent.[151]

The situation of Italy is not very different. There the note circulation

is five or six times its pre-war level, and the exchange value of the

lira in terms of gold about half its former value. Thus the adjustment

of the exchange to the volume of the note circulation has proceeded

further in Italy than in France. On the other hand, Italy's "invisible"

receipts, from emigrant remittances and the expenditure of tourists,

have been very injuriously affected; the disruption of Austria has

deprived her of an important market; and her peculiar dependence on

foreign shipping and on imported raw materials of every kind has laid

her open to special injury from the increase of world prices. For all

these reasons her position is grave, and her excess of imports as

serious a symptom as in the case of France.[152]

The existing inflation and the maladjustment of international trade are

aggravated, both in France and in Italy, by the unfortunate budgetary

position of the Governments of these countries.

In France the failure to impose taxation is notorious. Before the war

the aggregate French and British budgets, and also the average taxation

per head, were about equal; but in France no substantial effort has been

made to cover the increased expenditure. "Taxes increased in Great

Britain during the war," it has been estimated, "from 95 francs per head

to 265 francs, whereas the increase in France was only from 90 to 103

francs." The taxation voted in France for the financial year ending June

30, 1919, was less than half the estimated normal \_post-bellum\_

expenditure. The normal budget for the future cannot be put below

$4,400,000,000 (22 milliard francs), and may exceed this figure; but

even for the fiscal year 1919-20 the estimated receipts from taxation

do not cover much more than half this amount. The French Ministry of

Finance have no plan or policy whatever for meeting this prodigious

deficit, except the expectation of receipts from Germany on a scale

which the French officials themselves know to be baseless. In the

meantime they are helped by sales of war material and surplus American

stocks and do not scruple, even in the latter half of 1919, to meet the

deficit by the yet further expansion of the note issue of the Bank of

France.[153]

The budgetary position of Italy is perhaps a little superior to that of

France. Italian finance throughout the war was more enterprising than

the French, and far greater efforts were made to impose taxation and pay

for the war. Nevertheless Signor Nitti, the Prime Minister, in a letter

addressed to the electorate on the eve of the General Election (Oct.,

1919), thought it necessary to make public the following desperate

analysis of the situation:--(1) The State expenditure amounts to about

three times the revenue. (2) All the industrial undertakings of the

State, including the railways, telegraphs, and telephones, are being run

at a loss. Although the public is buying bread at a high price, that

price represents a loss to the Government of about a milliard a year.

(3) Exports now leaving the country are valued at only one-quarter or

one-fifth of the imports from abroad. (4) The National Debt is

increasing by about a milliard lire per month. (5) The military

expenditure for one month is still larger than that for the first year

of the war.

But if this is the budgetary position of France and Italy, that of the

rest of belligerent Europe is yet more desperate. In Germany the total

expenditure of the Empire, the Federal States, and the Communes in

1919-20 is estimated at 25 milliards of marks, of which not above 10

milliards are covered by previously existing taxation. This is without

allowing anything for the payment of the indemnity. In Russia, Poland,

Hungary, or Austria such a thing as a budget cannot be seriously

considered to exist at all.[154]

Thus the menace of inflationism described above is not merely a product

of the war, of which peace begins the cure. It is a continuing

phenomenon of which the end is not yet in sight.

All these influences combine not merely to prevent Europe from

supplying immediately a sufficient stream of exports to pay for the

goods she needs to import, but they impair her credit for securing the

working capital required to re-start the circle of exchange and also, by

swinging the forces of economic law yet further from equilibrium rather

than towards it, they favor a continuance of the present conditions

instead of a recovery from them. An inefficient, unemployed,

disorganized Europe faces us, torn by internal strife and international

hate, fighting, starving, pillaging, and lying. What warrant is there

for a picture of less somber colors?

I have paid little heed in this book to Russia, Hungary, or

Austria.[155] There the miseries of life and the disintegration of

society are too notorious to require analysis; and these countries are

already experiencing the actuality of what for the rest of Europe is

still in the realm of prediction. Yet they comprehend a vast territory

and a great population, and are an extant example of how much man can

suffer and how far society can decay. Above all, they are the signal to

us of how in the final catastrophe the malady of the body passes over

into malady of the mind. Economic privation proceeds by easy stages, and

so long as men suffer it patiently the outside world cares little.

Physical efficiency and resistance to disease slowly diminish,[156] but

life proceeds somehow, until the limit of human endurance is reached at

last and counsels of despair and madness stir the sufferers from the

lethargy which precedes the crisis. Then man shakes himself, and the

bonds of custom are loosed. The power of ideas is sovereign, and he

listens to whatever instruction of hope, illusion, or revenge is carried

to him on the air. As I write, the flames of Russian Bolshevism seem,

for the moment at least, to have burnt themselves out, and the peoples

of Central and Eastern Europe are held in a dreadful torpor. The lately

gathered harvest keeps off the worst privations, and Peace has been

declared at Paris. But winter approaches. Men will have nothing to look

forward to or to nourish hopes on. There will be little fuel to moderate

the rigors of the season or to comfort the starved bodies of the

town-dwellers.

But who can say how much is endurable, or in what direction men will

seek at last to escape from their misfortunes?

FOOTNOTES:

[145] Professor Starling's \_Report on Food Conditions in

Germany\_. (Cmd. 280.)

[146] Including the \_Darlehenskassenscheine\_ somewhat more.

[147] Similarly in Austria prices ought to be between twenty

and thirty times their former level.

[148] One of the moat striking and symptomatic difficulties

which faced the Allied authorities in their administration of the

occupied areas of Germany during the Armistice arose out of the fact

that even when they brought food into the country the inhabitants could

not afford to pay its cost price.

[149] Theoretically an unduly low level of home prices should

stimulate exports and so cure itself. But in Germany, and still more in

Poland and Austria, there is little or nothing to export. There must be

imports \_before\_ there can be exports.

[150] Allowing for the diminished value of gold, the exchange

value of the franc should be less than 40 per cent of its previous

value, instead of the actual figure of about 60 per cent, if the fall

were proportional to the increase in the volume of the currency.

[151] How very far from equilibrium France's international

exchange now is can be seen from the following table:

Excess of

Monthly Imports Exports Imports

Average $1,000 $1,000 $1,000

1913 140,355 114,670 25,685

1914 106,705 81,145 25,560

1918 331,915 69,055 262,860

Jan.-Mar. 1919 387,140 66,670 320,470

Apr.-June 1919 421,410 83,895 337,515

July 1919 467,565 123,675 343,890

These figures have been converted, at approximately par rates, but this

is roughly compensated by the fact that the trade of 1918 and 1919 has

been valued at 1917 official rates. French imports cannot possibly

continue at anything approaching these figures, and the semblance of

prosperity based on such a state of affairs is spurious.

[152] The figures for Italy are as follows:

Excess of

Monthly Imports Exports Imports

Average $1,000 $1,000 $1,000

1913 60,760 41,860 18,900

1914 48,720 36,840 11,880

1918 235,025 41,390 193,635

Jan.-Mar. 1919 229,240 38,685 191,155

Apr.-June 1919 331,035 69,250 261,785

July-Aug. 1919 223,535 84,515 139,020

[153] In the last two returns of the Bank of France available

as I write (Oct. 2 and 9, 1919) the increases in the note issue on the

week amounted to $93,750,000 and $94,125,000 respectively.

[154] On October 3, 1919, M. Bilinski made his financial

statement to the Polish Diet. He estimated his expenditure for the next

nine months at rather more than double his expenditure for the past nine

months, and while during the first period his revenue had amounted to

one-fifth of his expenditure, for the coming months he was budgeting for

receipts equal to one-eighth of his outgoings. The \_Times\_ correspondent

at Warsaw reported that "in general M. Bilinski's tone was optimistic

and appeared to satisfy his audience."

[155] The terms of the Peace Treaty imposed on the Austrian

Republic bear no relation to the real facts of that State's desperate

situation. The \_Arbeiter Zeitung\_ of Vienna on June 4, 1919, commented

on them as follows: "Never has the substance of a treaty of peace so

grossly betrayed the intentions which were said to have guided its

construction as is the case with this Treaty ... in which every provision

is permeated with ruthlessness and pitilessness, in which no breath of

human sympathy can be detected, which flies in the face of everything

which binds man to man, which is a crime against humanity itself,

against a suffering and tortured people." I am acquainted in detail with

the Austrian Treaty and I was present when some of its terms were being

drafted, but I do not find it easy to rebut the justice of this

outburst.

[156] For months past the reports of the health conditions in

the Central Empires have been of such a character that the imagination

is dulled, and one almost seems guilty of sentimentality in quoting

them. But their general veracity is not disputed, and I quote the three

following, that the reader may not be unmindful of them: "In the last

years of the war, in Austria alone at least 35,000 people died of

tuberculosis, in Vienna alone 12,000. Today we have to reckon with a

number of at least 350,000 to 400,000 people who require treatment for

tuberculosis.... As the result of malnutrition a bloodless generation is

growing up with undeveloped muscles, undeveloped joints, and undeveloped

brain" (\_Neue Freie Presse\_, May 31, 1919). The Commission of Doctors

appointed by the Medical Faculties of Holland, Sweden, and Norway to

examine the conditions in Germany reported as follows in the Swedish

Press in April, 1919: "Tuberculosis, especially in children, is

increasing in an appalling way, and, generally speaking, is malignant.

In the same way rickets is more serious and more widely prevalent. It is

impossible to do anything for these diseases; there is no milk for the

tuberculous, and no cod-liver oil for those suffering from rickets....

Tuberculosis is assuming almost unprecedented aspects, such as have

hitherto only been known in exceptional cases. The whole body is

attacked simultaneously, and the illness in this form is practically

incurable.... Tuberculosis is nearly always fatal now among adults. It

is the cause of 90 per cent of the hospital cases. Nothing can be done

against it owing to lack of food-stuffs.... It appears in the most

terrible forms, such as glandular tuberculosis, which turns into

purulent dissolution." The following is by a writer in the \_Vossische

Zeitung\_, June 5, 1919, who accompanied the Hoover Mission to the

Erzgebirge: "I visited large country districts where 90 per cent of all

the children were ricketty and where children of three years are only

beginning to walk.... Accompany me to a school in the Erzgebirge. You

think it is a kindergarten for the little ones. No, these are children

of seven and eight years. Tiny faces, with large dull eyes, overshadowed

by huge puffed, ricketty foreheads, their small arms just skin and bone,

and above the crooked legs with their dislocated joints the swollen,

pointed stomachs of the hunger oedema.... 'You see this child here,' the

physician in charge explained; 'it consumed an incredible amount of

bread, and yet did not get any stronger. I found out that it hid all the

bread it received underneath its straw mattress. The fear of hunger was

so deeply rooted in the child that it collected stores instead of eating

the food: a misguided animal instinct made the dread of hunger worse

than the actual pangs.'" Yet there are many persons apparently in whose

opinion justice requires that such beings should pay tribute until they

are forty or fifty years of age in relief of the British taxpayer.

CHAPTER VII

REMEDIES

It is difficult to maintain true perspective in large affairs. I have

criticized the work of Paris, and have depicted in somber colors the

condition and the prospects of Europe. This is one aspect of the

position and, I believe, a true one. But in so complex a phenomenon the

prognostics do not all point one way; and we may make the error of

expecting consequences to follow too swiftly and too inevitably from

what perhaps are not \_all\_ the relevant causes. The blackness of the

prospect itself leads us to doubt its accuracy; our imagination is

dulled rather than stimulated by too woeful a narration, and our minds

rebound from what is felt "too bad to be true." But before the reader

allows himself to be too much swayed by these natural reflections, and

before I lead him, as is the intention of this chapter, towards remedies

and ameliorations and the discovery of happier tendencies, let him

redress the balance of his thought by recalling two contrasts--England

and Russia, of which the one may encourage his optimism too much, but

the other should remind him that catastrophes can still happen, and

that modern society is not immune from the very greatest evils.

In the chapters of this book I have not generally had in mind the

situation or the problems of England. "Europe" in my narration must

generally be interpreted to exclude the British Isles. England is in a

state of transition, and her economic problems are serious. We may be on

the eve of great changes in her social and industrial structure. Some of

us may welcome such prospects and some of us deplore them. But they are

of a different kind altogether from those impending on Europe. I do not

perceive in England the slightest possibility of catastrophe or any

serious likelihood of a general upheaval of society. The war has

impoverished us, but not seriously;--I should judge that the real wealth

of the country in 1919 is at least equal to what it was in 1900. Our

balance of trade is adverse, but not so much so that the readjustment of

it need disorder our economic life.[157] The deficit in our Budget is

large, but not beyond what firm and prudent statesmanship could bridge.

The shortening of the hours of labor may have somewhat diminished our

productivity. But it should not be too much to hope that this is a

feature of transition, and no one who is acquainted with the British

workingman can doubt that, if it suits him, and if he is in sympathy and

reasonable contentment with the conditions of his life, he can produce

at least as much in a shorter working day as he did in the longer hours

which prevailed formerly. The most serious problems for England have

been brought to a head by the war, but are in their origins more

fundamental. The forces of the nineteenth century have run their course

and are exhausted. The economic motives and ideals of that generation no

longer satisfy us: we must find a new way and must suffer again the

\_malaise\_, and finally the pangs, of a new industrial birth. This is one

element. The other is that on which I have enlarged in Chapter II.;--the

increase in the real cost of food and the diminishing response of nature

to any further increase in the population of the world, a tendency which

must be especially injurious to the greatest of all industrial

countries and the most dependent on imported supplies of food.

But these secular problems are such as no age is free from. They are of

an altogether different order from those which may afflict the peoples

of Central Europe. Those readers who, chiefly mindful of the British

conditions with which they are familiar, are apt to indulge their

optimism, and still more those whose immediate environment is American,

must cast their minds to Russia, Turkey, Hungary, or Austria, where the

most dreadful material evils which men can suffer--famine, cold,

disease, war, murder, and anarchy--are an actual present experience, if

they are to apprehend the character of the misfortunes against the

further extension of which it must surely be our duty to seek the

remedy, if there is one.

What then is to be done? The tentative suggestions of this chapter may

appear to the reader inadequate. But the opportunity was missed at Paris

during the six months which followed the Armistice, and nothing we can

do now can repair the mischief wrought at that time. Great privation and

great risks to society have become unavoidable. All that is now open to

us is to redirect, so far as lies in our power, the fundamental economic

tendencies which underlie the events of the hour, so that they promote

the re-establishment of prosperity and order, instead of leading us

deeper into misfortune.

We must first escape from the atmosphere and the methods of Paris. Those

who controlled the Conference may bow before the gusts of popular

opinion, but they will never lead us out of our troubles. It is hardly

to be supposed that the Council of Four can retrace their steps, even if

they wished to do so. The replacement of the existing Governments of

Europe is, therefore, an almost indispensable preliminary.

I propose then to discuss a program, for those who believe that the

Peace of Versailles cannot stand, under the following heads:

1. The Revision of the Treaty.

2. The settlement of inter-Ally indebtedness.

3. An international loan and the reform of the currency.

4. The relations of Central Europe to Russia.

1. \_The Revision of the Treaty\_

Are any constitutional means open to us for altering the Treaty?

President Wilson and General Smuts, who believe that to have secured the

Covenant of the League of Nations outweighs much evil in the rest of the

Treaty, have indicated that we must look to the League for the gradual

evolution of a more tolerable life for Europe. "There are territorial

settlements," General Smuts wrote in his statement on signing the Peace

Treaty, "which will need revision. There are guarantees laid down which

we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new peaceful

temper and unarmed state of our former enemies. There are punishments

foreshadowed over most of which a calmer mood may yet prefer to pass the

sponge of oblivion. There are indemnities stipulated which cannot be

enacted without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe, and

which it will be in the interests of all to render more tolerable and

moderate.... I am confident that the League of Nations will yet prove

the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought about by this

war." Without the League, President Wilson informed the Senate when he

presented the Treaty to them early in July, 1919, "...long-continued

supervision of the task of reparation which Germany was to undertake to

complete within the next generation might entirely break down;[158] the

reconsideration and revision of administrative arrangements and

restrictions which the Treaty prescribed, but which it recognized might

not provide lasting advantage or be entirely fair if too long enforced,

would be impracticable."

Can we look forward with fair hopes to securing from the operation of

the League those benefits which two of its principal begetters thus

encourage us to expect from it? The relevant passage is to be found in

Article XIX. of the Covenant, which runs as follows:

"The Assembly may from time to time advise the

reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which

have become inapplicable and the consideration of

international conditions whose continuance might endanger the

peace of the world."

But alas! Article V. provides that "Except where otherwise expressly

provided in this Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty,

decisions at any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council shall require

the agreement of all the Members of the League represented at the

meeting." Does not this provision reduce the League, so far as concerns

an early reconsideration of any of the terms of the Peace Treaty, into a

body merely for wasting time? If all the parties to the Treaty are

unanimously of opinion that it requires alteration in a particular

sense, it does not need a League and a Covenant to put the business

through. Even when the Assembly of the League is unanimous it can only

"advise" reconsideration by the members specially affected.

But the League will operate, say its supporters, by its influence on the

public opinion of the world, and the view of the majority will carry

decisive weight in practice, even though constitutionally it is of no

effect. Let us pray that this be so. Yet the League in the hands of the

trained European diplomatist may become an unequaled instrument for

obstruction and delay. The revision of Treaties is entrusted primarily,

not to the Council, which meets frequently, but to the Assembly, which

will meet more rarely and must become, as any one with an experience of

large Inter-Ally Conferences must know, an unwieldy polyglot debating

society in which the greatest resolution and the best management may

fail altogether to bring issues to a head against an opposition in favor

of the \_status quo\_. There are indeed two disastrous blots on the

Covenant,--Article V., which prescribes unanimity, and the

much-criticized Article X., by which "The Members of the League

undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the

territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members

of the League." These two Articles together go some way to destroy the

conception of the League as an instrument of progress, and to equip it

from the outset with an almost fatal bias towards the \_status quo\_. It

is these Articles which have reconciled to the League some of its

original opponents, who now hope to make of it another Holy Alliance for

the perpetuation of the economic ruin of their enemies and the Balance

of Power in their own interests which they believe themselves to have

established by the Peace.

But while it would be wrong and foolish to conceal from ourselves in the

interests of "idealism" the real difficulties of the position in the

special matter of revising treaties, that is no reason for any of us to

decry the League, which the wisdom of the world may yet transform into a

powerful instrument of peace, and which in Articles XI.-XVII.[159] has

already accomplished a great and beneficent achievement. I agree,

therefore, that our first efforts for the Revision of the Treaty must be

made through the League rather than in any other way, in the hope that

the force of general opinion and, if necessary, the use of financial

pressure and financial inducements, may be enough to prevent a

recalcitrant minority from exercising their right of veto. We must trust

the new Governments, whose existence I premise in the principal Allied

countries, to show a profounder wisdom and a greater magnanimity than

their predecessors.

We have seen in Chapters IV. and V. that there are numerous particulars

in which the Treaty is objectionable. I do not intend to enter here into

details, or to attempt a revision of the Treaty clause by clause. I

limit myself to three great changes which are necessary for the economic

life of Europe, relating to Reparation, to Coal and Iron, and to

Tariffs.

\_Reparation\_.--If the sum demanded for Reparation is less than what the

Allies are entitled to on a strict interpretation of their engagements,

it is unnecessary to particularize the items it represents or to hear

arguments about its compilation. I suggest, therefore, the following

settlement:--

(1) The amount of the payment to be made by Germany in respect of

Reparation and the costs of the Armies of Occupation might be fixed at

$10,000,000,000.

(2) The surrender of merchant ships and submarine cables under the

Treaty, of war material under the Armistice, of State property in ceded

territory, of claims against such territory in respect of public debt,

and of Germany's claims against her former Allies, should be reckoned as

worth the lump sum of $2,500,000,000, without any attempt being made to

evaluate them item by item.

(3) The balance of $7,500,000,000 should not carry interest pending its

repayment, and should be paid by Germany in thirty annual instalments of

$250,000,000, beginning in 1923.

(4) The Reparation Commission should be dissolved, or, if any duties

remain for it to perform, it should become an appanage of the League of

Nations and should include representatives of Germany and of the neutral

States.

(5) Germany would be left to meet the annual instalments in such manner

as she might see fit, any complaint against her for non-fulfilment of

her obligations being lodged with the League of Nations. That is to say,

there would be no further expropriation of German private property

abroad, except so far as is required to meet private German obligations

out of the proceeds of such property already liquidated or in the hands

of Public Trustees and Enemy Property Custodians in the Allied countries

and in the United States; and, in particular, Article 260 (which

provides for the expropriation of German interests in public utility

enterprises) would be abrogated.

(6) No attempt should be made to extract Reparation payments from

Austria.

\_Coal and Iron\_.--(1) The Allies' options on coal under Annex V. should

be abandoned, but Germany's obligation to make good France's loss of

coal through the destruction of her mines should remain. That is to say,

Germany should undertake "to deliver to France annually for a period not

exceeding ten years an amount of coal equal to the difference between

the annual production before the war of the coal mines of the Nord and

Pas de Calais, destroyed as a result of the war, and the production of

the mines of the same area during the years in question; such delivery

not to exceed twenty million tons in any one year of the first five

years, and eight million tons in any one year of the succeeding five

years." This obligation should lapse, nevertheless, in the event of the

coal districts of Upper Silesia being taken from Germany in the final

settlement consequent on the plebiscite.

(2) The arrangement as to the Saar should hold good, except that, on the

one hand, Germany should receive no credit for the mines, and, on the

other, should receive back both the mines and the territory without

payment and unconditionally after ten years. But this should be

conditional on France's entering into an agreement for the same period

to supply Germany from Lorraine with at least 50 per cent of the

iron-ore which was carried from Lorraine into Germany proper before the

war, in return for an undertaking from Germany to supply Lorraine with

an amount of coal equal to the whole amount formerly sent to Lorraine

from Germany proper, after allowing for the output of the Saar.

(3) The arrangement as to Upper Silesia should hold good. That is to

say, a plebiscite should be held, and in coming to a final decision

"regard will be paid (by the principal Allied and Associated Powers) to

the wishes of the inhabitants as shown by the vote, and to the

geographical and economic conditions of the locality." But the Allies

should declare that in their judgment "economic conditions" require the

inclusion of the coal districts in Germany unless the wishes of the

inhabitants are decidedly to the contrary.

(4) The Coal Commission already established by the Allies should become

an appanage of the League of Nations, and should be enlarged to include

representatives of Germany and the other States of Central and Eastern

Europe, of the Northern Neutrals, and of Switzerland. Its authority

should be advisory only, but should extend over the distribution of the

coal supplies of Germany, Poland, and the constituent parts of the

former Austro-Hungarian Empire, and of the exportable surplus of the

United Kingdom. All the States represented on the Commission should

undertake to furnish it with the fullest information, and to be guided

by its advice so far as their sovereignty and their vital interests

permit.

\_Tariffs\_.--A Free Trade Union should be established under the auspices

of the League of Nations of countries undertaking to impose no

protectionist tariffs[160] whatever against the produce of other members

of the Union, Germany, Poland, the new States which formerly composed

the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires, and the Mandated States should

be compelled to adhere to this Union for ten years, after which time

adherence would be voluntary. The adherence of other States would be

voluntary from the outset. But it is to be hoped that the United

Kingdom, at any rate, would become an original member.

\* \* \* \* \*

By fixing the Reparation payments well within Germany's capacity to pay,

we make possible the renewal of hope and enterprise within her

territory, we avoid the perpetual friction and opportunity of improper

pressure arising out of Treaty clauses which are impossible of

fulfilment, and we render unnecessary the intolerable powers of the

Reparation Commission.

By a moderation of the clauses relating directly or indirectly to coal,

and by the exchange of iron-ore, we permit the continuance of Germany's

industrial life, and put limits on the loss of productivity which would

be brought about otherwise by the interference of political frontiers

with the natural localization of the iron and steel industry.

By the proposed Free Trade Union some part of the loss of organization

and economic efficiency may be retrieved, which must otherwise result

from the innumerable new political frontiers now created between greedy,

jealous, immature, and economically incomplete nationalist States.

Economic frontiers were tolerable so long as an immense territory was

included in a few great Empires; but they will not be tolerable when the

Empires of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey have been

partitioned between some twenty independent authorities. A Free Trade

Union, comprising the whole of Central, Eastern, and South-Eastern

Europe, Siberia, Turkey, and (I should hope) the United Kingdom, Egypt,

and India, might do as much for the peace and prosperity of the world as

the League of Nations itself. Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, and

Switzerland might be expected to adhere to it shortly. And it would be

greatly to be desired by their friends that France and Italy also should

see their way to adhesion.

It would be objected, I suppose, by some critics that such an

arrangement might go some way in effect towards realizing the former

German dream of Mittel-Europa. If other countries were so foolish as to

remain outside the Union and to leave to Germany all its advantages,

there might be some truth in this. But an economic system, to which

every one had the opportunity of belonging and which gave special

privilege to none, is surely absolutely free from the objections of a

privileged and avowedly imperialistic scheme of exclusion and

discrimination. Our attitude to these criticisms must be determined by

our whole moral and emotional reaction to the future of international

relations and the Peace of the World. If we take the view that for at

least a generation to come Germany cannot be trusted with even a modicum

of prosperity, that while all our recent Allies are angels of light, all

our recent enemies, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and the rest, are

children of the devil, that year by year Germany must be kept

impoverished and her children starved and crippled, and that she must be

ringed round by enemies; then we shall reject all the proposals of this

chapter, and particularly those which may assist Germany to regain a

part of her former material prosperity and find a means of livelihood

for the industrial population of her towns. But if this view of nations

and of their relation to one another is adopted by the democracies of

Western Europe, and is financed by the United States, heaven help us

all. If we aim deliberately at the impoverishment of Central Europe,

vengeance, I dare predict, will not limp. Nothing can then delay for

very long that final civil war between the forces of Reaction and the

despairing convulsions of Revolution, before which the horrors of the

late German war will fade into nothing, and which will destroy, whoever

is victor, the civilization and the progress of our generation. Even

though the result disappoint us, must we not base our actions on better

expectations, and believe that the prosperity and happiness of one

country promotes that of others, that the solidarity of man is not a

fiction, and that nations can still afford to treat other nations as

fellow-creatures?

Such changes as I have proposed above might do something appreciable to

enable the industrial populations of Europe to continue to earn a

livelihood. But they would not be enough by themselves. In particular,

France would be a loser on paper (on paper only, for she will never

secure the actual fulfilment of her present claims), and an escape from

her embarrassments must be shown her in some other direction. I proceed,

therefore, to proposals, first, for the adjustment of the claims of

America and the Allies amongst themselves; and second, for the provision

of sufficient credit to enable Europe to re-create her stock of

circulating capital.

2. \_The Settlement of Inter-Ally Indebtedness\_

In proposing a modification of the Reparation terms, I have considered

them so far only in relation to Germany. But fairness requires that so

great a reduction in the amount should be accompanied by a readjustment

of its apportionment between the Allies themselves. The professions

which our statesmen made on every platform during the war, as well as

other considerations, surely require that the areas damaged by the

enemy's invasion should receive a priority of compensation. While this

was one of the ultimate objects for which we said we were fighting, we

never included the recovery of separation allowances amongst our war

aims. I suggest, therefore, that we should by our acts prove ourselves

sincere and trustworthy, and that accordingly Great Britain should waive

altogether her claims for cash payment in favor of Belgium, Serbia, and

France. The whole of the payments made by Germany would then be subject

to the prior charge of repairing the material injury done to those

countries and provinces which suffered actual invasion by the enemy; and

I believe that the sum of $7,500,000,000 thus available would be

adequate to cover entirely the actual costs of restoration. Further, it

is only by a complete subordination of her own claims for cash

compensation that Great Britain can ask with clean hands for a revision

of the Treaty and clear her honor from the breach of faith for which she

bears the main responsibility, as a result of the policy to which the

General Election of 1918 pledged her representatives.

With the Reparation problem thus cleared up it would be possible to

bring forward with a better grace and more hope of success two other

financial proposals, each of which involves an appeal to the generosity

of the United States.

The first is for the entire cancellation of Inter-Ally indebtedness

(that is to say, indebtedness between the Governments of the Allied and

Associated countries) incurred for the purposes of the war. This

proposal, which has been put forward already in certain quarters, is one

which I believe to be absolutely essential to the future prosperity of

the world. It would be an act of far-seeing statesmanship for the United

Kingdom and the United States, the two Powers chiefly concerned, to

adopt it. The sums of money which are involved are shown approximately

in the following table:--[161]

-----------------+------------+------------+-----------+----------

Loans to | By United | By United | By France | Total

| States | Kingdom | |

-----------------+------------+------------+-----------+----------

| Million | Million | Million | Million

| Dollars | Dollars | Dollars | Dollars

| | | |

United Kingdom | 4,210 | 0 | 0 | 4,210

France | 2,750 | 2,540 | 0 | 5,200

Italy | 1,625 | 2,335 | 175 | 4,135

Russia | 190 | 2,840[162]| 800 | 3,830

Belgium | 400 | 490[163]| 450 | 1,340

Serbia and | | | |

Jugo-Slavia | 100 | 100[163]| 100 | 300

Other Allies | 175 | 395 | 250 | 820

| ----- | ----- | ----- | ------

Total | 9,450[164]| 8,700 | 1,775 | 19,925

| | | |

-----------------+------------+------------+-----------+----------

Thus the total volume of Inter-Ally indebtedness, assuming that loans

from one Ally are not set off against loans to another, is nearly

$20,000,000,000. The United States is a lender only. The United Kingdom

has lent about twice as much as she has borrowed. France has borrowed

about three times as much as she has lent. The other Allies have been

borrowers only.

If all the above Inter-Ally indebtedness were mutually forgiven, the

net result on paper (\_i.e.\_ assuming all the loans to be good) would be

a surrender by the United States of about $10,000,000,000 and by the

United Kingdom of about $4,500,000,000. France would gain about

$3,500,000,000 and Italy about $4,000,000,000. But these figures

overstate the loss to the United Kingdom and understate the gain to

France; for a large part of the loans made by both these countries has

been to Russia and cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be considered

good. If the loans which the United Kingdom has made to her Allies are

reckoned to be worth 50 per cent of their full value (an arbitrary but

convenient assumption which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has adopted

on more than one occasion as being as good as any other for the purposes

of an approximate national balance sheet), the operation would involve

her neither in loss nor in gain. But in whatever way the net result is

calculated on paper, the relief in anxiety which such a liquidation of

the position would carry with it would be very great. It is from the

United States, therefore, that the proposal asks generosity.

Speaking with a very intimate knowledge of the relations throughout the

war between the British, the American, and the other Allied Treasuries,

I believe this to be an act of generosity for which Europe can fairly

ask, provided Europe is making an honorable attempt in other

directions, not to continue war, economic or otherwise, but to achieve

the economic reconstitution of the whole Continent, The financial

sacrifices of the United States have been, in proportion to her wealth,

immensely less than those of the European States. This could hardly have

been otherwise. It was a European quarrel, in which the United States

Government could not have justified itself before its citizens in

expending the whole national strength, as did the Europeans. After the

United States came into the war her financial assistance was lavish and

unstinted, and without this assistance the Allies could never have won

the war,[165] quite apart from the decisive influence of the arrival of

the American troops. Europe, too, should never forget the extraordinary

assistance afforded her during the first six months of 1919 through the

agency of Mr. Hoover and the American Commission of Relief. Never was a

nobler work of disinterested goodwill carried through with more tenacity

and sincerity and skill, and with less thanks either asked or given.

The ungrateful Governments of Europe owe much more to the statesmanship

and insight of Mr. Hoover and his band of American workers than they

have yet appreciated or will ever acknowledge. The American Relief

Commission, and they only, saw the European position during those months

in its true perspective and felt towards it as men should. It was their

efforts, their energy, and the American resources placed by the

President at their disposal, often acting in the teeth of European

obstruction, which not only saved an immense amount of human suffering,

but averted a widespread breakdown of the European system.[166]

But in speaking thus as we do of American financial assistance, we

tacitly assume, and America, I believe, assumed it too when she gave the

money, that it was not in the nature of an investment. If Europe is

going to repay the $10,000,000,000 worth of financial assistance which

she has had from the United States with compound interest at 5 per cent,

the matter takes on quite a different complexion. If America's advances

are to be regarded in this light, her relative financial sacrifice has

been very slight indeed.

Controversies as to relative sacrifice are very barren and very foolish

also; for there is no reason in the world why relative sacrifice should

necessarily be equal,--so many other very relevant considerations being

quite different in the two cases. The two or three facts following are

put forward, therefore, not to suggest that they provide any compelling

argument for Americans, but only to show that from his own selfish point

of view an Englishman is not seeking to avoid due sacrifice on his

country's part in making the present suggestion. (1) The sums which the

British Treasury borrowed from the American Treasury, after the latter

came into the war, were approximately offset by the sums which England

lent to her other Allies \_during the same period\_ (i.e. excluding sums

lent before the United States came into the war); so that almost the

whole of England's indebtedness to the United States was incurred, not

on her own account, but to enable her to assist the rest of her Allies,

who were for various reasons not in a position to draw their assistance

from the United States direct.[167] (2) The United Kingdom has disposed

of about $5,000,000,000 worth of her foreign securities, and in addition

has incurred foreign debt to the amount of about $6,000,000,000. The

United States, so far from selling, has bought back upwards of

$5,000,000,000, and has incurred practically no foreign debt. (3) The

population of the United Kingdom is about one-half that of the United

States, the income about one-third, and the accumulated wealth between

one-half and one-third. The financial capacity of the United Kingdom may

therefore be put at about two-fifths that of the United States. This

figure enables us to make the following comparison:--Excluding loans to

Allies in each case (as is right on the assumption that these loans are

to be repaid), the war expenditure of the United Kingdom has been about

three times that of the United Sates, or in proportion to capacity

between seven and eight times.

Having cleared this issue out of the way as briefly as possible, I turn

to the broader issues of the future relations between the parties to the

late war, by which the present proposal must primarily be judged.

Failing such a settlement as is now proposed, the war will have ended

with a network of heavy tribute payable from one Ally to another. The

total amount of this tribute is even likely to exceed the amount

obtainable from the enemy; and the war will have ended with the

intolerable result of the Allies paying indemnities to one another

instead of receiving them from the enemy.

For this reason the question of Inter-Allied indebtedness is closely

bound up with the intense popular feeling amongst the European Allies on

the question of indemnities,--a feeling which is based, not on any

reasonable calculation of what Germany can, in fact, pay, but on a

well-founded appreciation of the unbearable financial situation in which

these countries will find themselves unless she pays. Take Italy as an

extreme example. If Italy can reasonably be expected to pay

$4,000,000,000, surely Germany can and ought to pay an immeasurably

higher figure. Or if it is decided (as it must be) that Austria can pay

next to nothing, is it not an intolerable conclusion that Italy should

be loaded with a crushing tribute, while Austria escapes? Or, to put it

slightly differently, how can Italy be expected to submit to payment of

this great sum and see Czecho-Slovakia pay little or nothing? At the

other end of the scale there is the United Kingdom. Here the financial

position is different, since to ask us to pay $4,000,000,000 is a very

different proposition from asking Italy to pay it. But the sentiment is

much the same. If we have to be satisfied without full compensation from

Germany, how bitter will be the protests against paying it to the

United States. We, it will be said, have to be content with a claim

against the bankrupt estates of Germany, France, Italy, and Russia,

whereas the United States has secured a first mortgage upon us. The case

of France is at least as overwhelming. She can barely secure from

Germany the full measure of the destruction of her countryside. Yet

victorious France must pay her friends and Allies more than four times

the indemnity which in the defeat of 1870 she paid Germany. The hand of

Bismarck was light compared with that of an Ally or of an Associate. A

settlement of Inter-Ally indebtedness is, therefore, an indispensable

preliminary to the peoples of the Allied countries facing, with other

than a maddened and exasperated heart, the inevitable truth about the

prospects of an indemnity from the enemy.

It might be an exaggeration to say that it is impossible for the

European Allies to pay the capital and interest due from them on these

debts, but to make them do so would certainly be to impose a crushing

burden. They may be expected, therefore, to make constant attempts to

evade or escape payment, and these attempts will be a constant source of

international friction and ill-will for many years to come. A debtor

nation does not love its creditor, and it is fruitless to expect

feelings of goodwill from France, Italy, and Russia towards this

country or towards America, if their future development is stifled for

many years to come by the annual tribute which they must pay us. There

will be a great incentive to them to seek their friends in other

directions, and any future rupture of peaceable relations will always

carry with it the enormous advantage of escaping the payment of external

debts, if, on the other hand, these great debts are forgiven, a stimulus

will be given to the solidarity and true friendliness of the nations

lately associated.

The existence of the great war debts is a menace to financial stability

everywhere. There is no European country in which repudiation may not

soon become an important political issue. In the case of internal debt,

however, there are interested parties on both sides, and the question is

one of the internal distribution of wealth. With external debts this is

not so, and the creditor nations may soon find their interest

inconveniently bound up with the maintenance of a particular type of

government or economic organization in the debtor countries. Entangling

alliances or entangling leagues are nothing to the entanglements of cash

owing.

The final consideration influencing the reader's attitude to this

proposal must, however, depend on his view as to the future place in the

world's progress of the vast paper entanglements which are our legacy

from war finance both at home and abroad. The war has ended with every

one owing every one else immense sums of money. Germany owes a large sum

to the Allies, the Allies owe a large sum to Great Britain, and Great

Britain owes a large sum to the United States. The holders of war loan

in every country are owed a large sum by the State, and the State in its

turn is owed a large sum by these and other taxpayers. The whole

position is in the highest degree artificial, misleading, and vexatious.

We shall never be able to move again, unless we can free our limbs from

these paper shackles. A general bonfire is so great a necessity that

unless we can make of it an orderly and good-tempered affair in which no

serious injustice is done to any one, it will, when it comes at last,

grow into a conflagration that may destroy much else as well. As regards

internal debt, I am one of those who believe that a capital levy for the

extinction of debt is an absolute prerequisite of sound finance in

everyone of the European belligerent countries. But the continuance on a

huge scale of indebtedness between Governments has special dangers of

its own.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century no nation owed payments to a

foreign nation on any considerable scale, except such tributes as were

exacted under the compulsion of actual occupation in force and, at one

time, by absentee princes under the sanctions of feudalism. It is true

that the need for European capitalism to find an outlet in the New World

has led during the past fifty years, though even now on a relatively

modest scale, to such countries as Argentine owing an annual sum to such

countries as England. But the system is fragile; and it has only

survived because its burden on the paying countries has not so far been

oppressive, because this burden is represented by real assets and is

bound up with the property system generally, and because the sums

already lent are not unduly large in relation to those which it is still

hoped to borrow. Bankers are used to this system, and believe it to be a

necessary part of the permanent order of society. They are disposed to

believe, therefore, by analogy with it, that a comparable system between

Governments, on a far vaster and definitely oppressive scale,

represented by no real assets, and less closely associated with the

property system, is natural and reasonable and in conformity with human

nature.

I doubt this view of the world. Even capitalism at home, which engages

many local sympathies, which plays a real part in the daily process of

production, and upon the security of which the present organization of

society largely depends, is not very safe. But however this may be, will

the discontented peoples of Europe be willing for a generation to come

so to order their lives that an appreciable part of their daily produce

may be available to meet a foreign payment, the reason of which, whether

as between Europe and America, or as between Germany and the rest of

Europe, does not spring compellingly from their sense of justice or

duty?

On the one hand, Europe must depend in the long run on her own daily

labor and not on the largesse of America; but, on the other hand, she

will not pinch herself in order that the fruit of her daily labor may go

elsewhere. In short, I do not believe that any of these tributes will

continue to be paid, at the best, for more than a very few years. They

do not square with human nature or agree with the spirit of the age.

If there is any force in this mode of thought, expediency and generosity

agree together, and the policy which will best promote immediate

friendship between nations will not conflict with the permanent

interests of the benefactor.[168]

3. \_An International Loan\_

I pass to a second financial proposal. The requirements of Europe are

\_immediate\_. The prospect of being relieved of oppressive interest

payments to England and America over the whole life of the next two

generations (and of receiving from Germany some assistance year by year

to the costs of restoration) would free the future from excessive

anxiety. But it would not meet the ills of the immediate present,--the

excess of Europe's imports over her exports, the adverse exchange, and

the disorder of the currency. It will be very difficult for European

production to get started again without a temporary measure of external

assistance. I am therefore a supporter of an international loan in some

shape or form, such as has been advocated in many quarters in France,

Germany, and England, and also in the United States. In whatever way the

ultimate responsibility for repayment is distributed, the burden of

finding the immediate resources must inevitably fall in major part upon

the United States.

The chief objections to all the varieties of this species of project

are, I suppose, the following. The United States is disinclined to

entangle herself further (after recent experiences) in the affairs of

Europe, and, anyhow, has for the time being no more capital to spare for

export on a large scale. There is no guarantee that Europe will put

financial assistance to proper use, or that she will not squander it and

be in just as bad case two or three years hence as she is in now;--M.

Klotz will use the money to put off the day of taxation a little longer,

Italy and Jugo-Slavia will fight one another on the proceeds, Poland

will devote it to fulfilling towards all her neighbors the military r&ocirc;le

which France has designed for her, the governing classes of Roumania

will divide up the booty amongst themselves. In short, America would

have postponed her own capital developments and raised her own cost of

living in order that Europe might continue for another year or two the

practices, the policy, and the men of the past nine months. And as for

assistance to Germany, is it reasonable or at all tolerable that the

European Allies, having stripped Germany of her last vestige of working

capital, in opposition to the arguments and appeals of the American

financial representatives at Paris, should then turn to the United

States for funds to rehabilitate the victim in sufficient measure to

allow the spoliation to recommence in a year or two?

There is no answer to these objections as matters are now. If I had

influence at the United States Treasury, I would not lend a penny to a

single one of the present Governments of Europe. They are not to be

trusted with resources which they would devote to the furtherance of

policies in repugnance to which, in spite of the President's failure to

assert either the might or the ideals of the people of the United

States, the Republican and the Democratic parties are probably united.

But if, as we must pray they will, the souls of the European peoples

turn away this winter from the false idols which have survived the war

that created them, and substitute in their hearts for the hatred and the

nationalism, which now possess them, thoughts and hopes of the happiness

and solidarity of the European family,--then should natural piety and

filial love impel the American people to put on one side all the smaller

objections of private advantage and to complete the work, that they

began in saving Europe from the tyranny of organized force, by saving

her from herself. And even if the conversion is not fully accomplished,

and some parties only in each of the European countries have espoused a

policy of reconciliation, America can still point the way and hold up

the hands of the party of peace by having a plan and a condition on

which she will give her aid to the work of renewing life.

The impulse which, we are told, is now strong in the mind of the United

States to be quit of the turmoil, the complication, the violence, the

expense, and, above all, the unintelligibility of the European problems,

is easily understood. No one can feel more intensely than the writer

how natural it is to retort to the folly and impracticability of the

European statesmen,--Rot, then, in your own malice, and we will go our

way--

Remote from Europe; from her blasted hopes;

Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

But if America recalls for a moment what Europe has meant to her and

still means to her, what Europe, the mother of art and of knowledge, in

spite of everything, still is and still will be, will she not reject

these counsels of indifference and isolation, and interest herself in

what may prove decisive issues for the progress and civilization of all

mankind?

Assuming then, if only to keep our hopes up, that America will be

prepared to contribute to the process of building up the good forces of

Europe, and will not, having completed the destruction of an enemy,

leave us to our misfortunes,--what form should her aid take?

I do not propose to enter on details. But the main outlines of all

schemes for an international loan are much the same, The countries in a

position to lend assistance, the neutrals, the United Kingdom, and, for

the greater portion of the sum required, the United States, must provide

foreign purchasing credits for all the belligerent countries of

continental Europe, allied and ex-enemy alike. The aggregate sum

required might not be so large as is sometimes supposed. Much might be

done, perhaps, with a fund of $1,000,000,000 in the first instance. This

sum, even if a precedent of a different kind had been established by the

cancellation of Inter-Ally War Debt, should be lent and should be

borrowed with the unequivocal intention of its being repaid in full.

With this object in view, the security for the loan should be the best

obtainable, and the arrangements for its ultimate repayment as complete

as possible. In particular, it should rank, both for payment of interest

and discharge of capital, in front of all Reparation claims, all

Inter-Ally War Debt, all internal war loans, and all other Government

indebtedness of any other kind. Those borrowing countries who will be

entitled to Reparation payments should be required to pledge all such

receipts to repayment of the new loan. And all the borrowing countries

should be required to place their customs duties on a gold basis and to

pledge such receipts to its service.

Expenditure out of the loan should be subject to general, but not

detailed, supervision by the lending countries.

If, in addition to this loan for the purchase of food and materials, a

guarantee fund were established up to an equal amount, namely

$1,000,000,000 (of which it would probably prove necessary to find only

a part in cash), to which all members of the League of Nations would

contribute according to their means, it might be practicable to base

upon it a general reorganization of the currency.

In this manner Europe might be equipped with the minimum amount of

liquid resources necessary to revive her hopes, to renew her economic

organization, and to enable her great intrinsic wealth to function for

the benefit of her workers. It is useless at the present time to

elaborate such schemes in further detail. A great change is necessary in

public opinion before the proposals of this chapter can enter the region

of practical politics, and we must await the progress of events as

patiently as we can.

4. \_The Relations of Central Europe to Russia\_

I have said very little of Russia in this book. The broad character of

the situation there needs no emphasis, and of the details we know almost

nothing authentic. But in a discussion as to how the economic situation

of Europe can be restored there are one or two aspects of the Russian

question which are vitally important.

From the military point of view an ultimate union of forces between

Russia and Germany is greatly feared in some quarters. This would be

much more likely to take place in the event of reactionary movements

being successful in each of the two countries, whereas an effective

unity of purpose between Lenin and the present essentially middle-class

Government of Germany is unthinkable. On the other hand, the same people

who fear such a union are even more afraid of the success of Bolshevism;

and yet they have to recognize that the only efficient forces for

fighting it are, inside Russia, the reactionaries, and, outside Russia,

the established forces of order and authority in Germany. Thus the

advocates of intervention in Russia, whether direct or indirect, are at

perpetual cross-purposes with themselves. They do not know what they

want; or, rather, they want what they cannot help seeing to be

incompatibles. This is one of the reasons why their policy is so

inconstant and so exceedingly futile.

The same conflict of purpose is apparent in the attitude of the Council

of the Allies at Paris towards the present Government of Germany. A

victory of Spartacism in Germany might well be the prelude to Revolution

everywhere: it would renew the forces of Bolshevism in Russia, and

precipitate the dreaded union of Germany and Russia; it would certainly

put an end to any expectations which have been built on the financial

and economic clauses of the Treaty of Peace. Therefore Paris does not

love Spartacus. But, on the other hand, a victory of reaction in Germany

would be regarded by every one as a threat to the security of Europe,

and as endangering the fruits of victory and the basis of the Peace.

Besides, a new military power establishing itself in the East, with its

spiritual home in Brandenburg, drawing to itself all the military talent

and all the military adventurers, all those who regret emperors and hate

democracy, in the whole of Eastern and Central and South-Eastern Europe,

a power which would be geographically inaccessible to the military

forces of the Allies, might well found, at least in the anticipations of

the timid, a new Napoleonic domination, rising, as a phoenix, from the

ashes of cosmopolitan militarism. So Paris dare not love Brandenburg.

The argument points, then, to the sustentation of those moderate forces

of order, which, somewhat to the world's surprise, still manage to

maintain themselves on the rock of the German character. But the present

Government of Germany stands for German unity more perhaps than for

anything else; the signature of the Peace was, above all, the price

which some Germans thought it worth while to pay for the unity which was

all that was left them of 1870. Therefore Paris, with some hopes of

disintegration across the Rhine not yet extinguished, can resist no

opportunity of insult or indignity, no occasion of lowering the

prestige or weakening the influence of a Government, with the continued

stability of which all the conservative interests of Europe are

nevertheless bound up.

The same dilemma affects the future of Poland in the r&ocirc;le which France

has cast for her. She is to be strong, Catholic, militarist, and

faithful, the consort, or at least the favorite, of victorious France,

prosperous and magnificent between the ashes of Russia and the ruin of

Germany. Roumania, if only she could be persuaded to keep up appearances

a little more, is a part of the same scatter-brained conception. Yet,

unless her great neighbors are prosperous and orderly, Poland is an

economic impossibility with no industry but Jew-baiting. And when Poland

finds that the seductive policy of France is pure rhodomontade and that

there is no money in it whatever, nor glory either, she will fall, as

promptly as possible, into the arms of somebody else.

The calculations of "diplomacy" lead us, therefore, nowhere. Crazy

dreams and childish intrigue in Russia and Poland and thereabouts are

the favorite indulgence at present of those Englishmen and Frenchmen who

seek excitement in its least innocent form, and believe, or at least

behave as if foreign policy was of the same \_genre\_ as a cheap

melodrama.

Let us turn, therefore, to something more solid. The German Government

has announced (October 30, 1919) its continued adhesion to a policy of

non-intervention in the internal affairs of Russia, "not only on

principle, but because it believes that this policy is also justified

from a practical point of view." Let us assume that at last we also

adopt the same standpoint, if not on principle, at least from a

practical point of view. What are then the fundamental economic factors

in the future relations of Central to Eastern Europe?

Before the war Western and Central Europe drew from Russia a substantial

part of their imported cereals. Without Russia the importing countries

would have had to go short. Since 1914 the loss of the Russian supplies

has been made good, partly by drawing on reserves, partly from the

bumper harvests of North America called forth by Mr. Hoover's guaranteed

price, but largely by economies of consumption and by privation. After

1920 the need of Russian supplies will be even greater than it was

before the war; for the guaranteed price in North America will have been

discontinued, the normal increase of population there will, as compared

with 1914, have swollen the home demand appreciably, and the soil of

Europe will not yet have recovered its former productivity. If trade is

not resumed with Russia, wheat in 1920-21 (unless the seasons are

specially bountiful) must be scarce and very dear. The blockade of

Russia, lately proclaimed by the Allies, is therefore a foolish and

short-sighted proceeding; we are blockading not so much Russia as

ourselves.

The process of reviving the Russian export trade is bound in any case to

be a slow one. The present productivity of the Russian peasant is not

believed to be sufficient to yield an exportable surplus on the pre-war

scale. The reasons for this are obviously many, but amongst them are

included the insufficiency of agricultural implements and accessories

and the absence of incentive to production caused by the lack of

commodities in the towns which the peasants can purchase in exchange for

their produce. Finally, there is the decay of the transport system,

which hinders or renders impossible the collection of local surpluses in

the big centers of distribution.

I see no possible means of repairing this loss of productivity within

any reasonable period of time except through the agency of German

enterprise and organization. It is impossible geographically and for

many other reasons for Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Americans to undertake

it;--we have neither the incentive nor the means for doing the work on a

sufficient scale. Germany, on the other hand, has the experience, the

incentive, and to a large extent the materials for furnishing the

Russian peasant with the goods of which he has been starved for the

past five years, for reorganizing the business of transport and

collection, and so for bringing into the world's pool, for the common

advantage, the supplies from which we are now so disastrously cut off.

It is in our interest to hasten the day when German agents and

organizers will be in a position to set in train in every Russian

village the impulses of ordinary economic motive. This is a process

quite independent of the governing authority in Russia; but we may

surely predict with some certainty that, whether or not the form of

communism represented by Soviet government proves permanently suited to

the Russian temperament, the revival of trade, of the comforts of life

and of ordinary economic motive are not likely to promote the extreme

forms of those doctrines of violence and tyranny which are the children

of war and of despair.

Let us then in our Russian policy not only applaud and imitate the

policy of non-intervention which the Government of Germany has

announced, but, desisting from a blockade which is injurious to our own

permanent interests, as well as illegal, let us encourage and assist

Germany to take up again her place in Europe as a creator and organizer

of wealth for her Eastern and Southern neighbors.

There are many persons in whom such proposals will raise strong

prejudices. I ask them to follow out in thought the result of yielding

to these prejudices. If we oppose in detail every means by which Germany

or Russia can recover their material well-being, because we feel a

national, racial, or political hatred for their populations or their

Governments, we must be prepared to face the consequences of such

feelings. Even if there is no moral solidarity between the

nearly-related races of Europe, there is an economic solidarity which we

cannot disregard. Even now, the world markets are one. If we do not

allow Germany to exchange products with Russia and so feed herself, she

must inevitably compete with us for the produce of the New World. The

more successful we are in snapping economic relations between Germany

and Russia, the more we shall depress the level of our own economic

standards and increase the gravity of our own domestic problems. This is

to put the issue on its lowest grounds. There are other arguments, which

the most obtuse cannot ignore, against a policy of spreading and

encouraging further the economic ruin of great countries.

\* \* \* \* \*

I see few signs of sudden or dramatic developments anywhere. Riots and

revolutions there may be, but not such, at present, as to have

fundamental significance. Against political tyranny and injustice

Revolution is a weapon. But what counsels of hope can Revolution offer

to sufferers from economic privation, which does not arise out of the

injustices of distribution but is general? The only safeguard against

Revolution in Central Europe is indeed the fact that, even to the minds

of men who are desperate, Revolution offers no prospect of improvement

whatever. There may, therefore, be ahead of us a long, silent process of

semi-starvation, and of a gradual, steady lowering of the standards of

life and comfort. The bankruptcy and decay of Europe, if we allow it to

proceed, will affect every one in the long-run, but perhaps not in a way

that is striking or immediate.

This has one fortunate side. We may still have time to reconsider our

courses and to view the world with new eyes. For the immediate future

events are taking charge, and the near destiny of Europe is no longer in

the hands of any man. The events of the coming year will not be shaped

by the deliberate acts of statesmen, but by the hidden currents, flowing

continually beneath the surface of political history, of which no one

can predict the outcome. In one way only can we influence these hidden

currents,--by setting in motion those forces of instruction and

imagination which change \_opinion\_. The assertion of truth, the

unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate, the enlargement and

instruction of men's hearts and minds, must be the means.

In this autumn of 1919, in which I write, we are at the dead season of

our fortunes. The reaction from the exertions, the fears, and the

sufferings of the past five years is at its height. Our power of feeling

or caring beyond the immediate questions of our own material well-being

is temporarily eclipsed. The greatest events outside our own direct

experience and the most dreadful anticipations cannot move us.

In each human heart terror survives

The ruin it has gorged: the loftiest fear

All that they would disdain to think were true:

Hypocrisy and custom make their minds

The fanes of many a worship, now outworn.

They dare not devise good for man's estate,

And yet they know not that they do not dare.

The good want power but to weep barren tears.

The powerful goodness want: worse need for them.

The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to ill.

Many are strong and rich, and would be just,

But live among their suffering fellow-men

As if none felt: they know not what they do.

We have been moved already beyond endurance, and need rest. Never in the

lifetime of men now living has the universal element in the soul of man

burnt so dimly.

For these reasons the true voice of the new generation has not yet

spoken, and silent opinion is not yet formed. To the formation of the

general opinion of the future I dedicate this book.

THE END

FOOTNOTES:

[157] The figures for the United Kingdom are as follows:

Net Excess of

Monthly Imports Exports Imports

Average $1,000 $1,000 $1,000

1913 274,650 218,850 55,800

1914 250,485 179,465 71,020

Jan.-Mar. 1919 547,890 245,610 302,280

April-June 1919 557,015 312,315 244,700

July-Sept. 1919 679,635 344,315 335,320

But this excess is by no means so serious as it looks; for with the

present high freight earnings of the mercantile marine the various

"invisible" exports of the United Kingdom are probably even higher than

they were before the war, and may average at least $225,000,000 monthly.

[158] President Wilson was mistaken in suggesting that the

supervision of Reparation payments has been entrusted to the League of

Nations. As I pointed out in Chapter V., whereas the League is invoked

in regard to most of the continuing economic and territorial provisions

of the Treaty, this is not the case as regards Reparation, over the

problems and modifications of which the Reparation Commission is supreme

without appeal of any kind to the League of Nations.

[159] These Articles, which provide safeguards against the

outbreak of war between members of the League and also between members

and non-members, are the solid achievement of the Covenant. These

Articles make substantially less probable a war between organized Great

Powers such as that of 1914. This alone should commend the League to all

men.

[160] It would be expedient so to define a "protectionist

tariff" as to permit (\_a\_) the total prohibition of certain imports;

(\_b\_) the imposition of sumptuary or revenue customs duties on

commodities not produced at home; (\_c\_) the imposition of customs duties

which did not exceed by more than five per cent a countervailing excise

on similar commodities produced at home; (\_d\_) export duties. Further,

special exceptions might be permitted by a majority vote of the

countries entering the Union. Duties which had existed for five years

prior to a country's entering the Union might be allowed to disappear

gradually by equal instalments spread over the five years subsequent to

joining the Union.

[161] The figures in this table are partly estimated, and are

probably not completely accurate in detail; but they show the

approximate figures with sufficient accuracy for the purposes of the

present argument. The British figures are taken from the White Paper of

October 23, 1919 (Cmd. 377). In any actual settlement, adjustments would

be required in connection with certain loans of gold and also in other

respects, and I am concerned in what follows with the broad principle

only. The total excludes loans raised by the United Kingdom on the

market in the United States, and loans raised by France on the market in

the United Kingdom or the United States, or from the Bank of England.

[162] This allows nothing for interest on the debt since the

Bolshevik Revolution.

[163] No interest has been charged on the advances made to

these countries.

[164] The actual total of loans by the United States up to date

is very nearly $10,000,000,000, but I have not got the latest details.

[165] The financial history of the six months from the end of

the summer of 1916 up to the entry of the United States into the war in

April, 1917, remains to be written. Very few persons, outside the

half-dozen officials of the British Treasury who lived in daily contact

with the immense anxieties and impossible financial requirements of

those days, can fully realize what steadfastness and courage were

needed, and how entirely hopeless the task would soon have become

without the assistance of the United States Treasury. The financial

problems from April, 1917, onwards were of an entirely different order

from those of the preceding months.

[166] Mr. Hoover was the only man who emerged from the ordeal

of Paris with an enhanced reputation. This complex personality, with his

habitual air of weary Titan (or, as others might put it, of exhausted

prize-fighter), his eyes steadily fixed on the true and essential facts

of the European situation, imported into the Councils of Paris, when he

took part in them, precisely that atmosphere of reality, knowledge,

magnanimity, and disinterestedness which, if they had been found in

other quarters also, would have given us the Good Peace.

[167] Even after the United States came into the war the bulk

of Russian expenditure in the United States, as well as the whole of

that Government's other foreign expenditure, had to be paid for by the

British Treasury.

[168] It is reported that the United States Treasury has agreed

to fund (\_i.e.\_ to add to the principal sum) the interest owing them on

their loans to the Allied Governments during the next three years. I

presume that the British Treasury is likely to follow suit. If the debts

are to be paid ultimately, this piling up of the obligations at compound

interest makes the position progressively worse. But the arrangement

wisely offered by the United States Treasury provides a due interval for

the calm consideration of the whole problem in the light of the

after-war position as it will soon disclose itself.

1.a) [MAN] A man ordered 2,000 drums of pink ping pong balls in Paris, France. Each drum contained 100 pink ping pong balls. He paid $120 (80 Euros!) per drum, which means he spent $240,000 on 200,000 pink ping pong balls. 1.b) {BALL} These pink ping pong balls measured 40mm (how many inches?) and were given a 1 star rating [1 star?]. [FRIEND] His friends all asked him, "why did you order so many pink ping pong balls, how can you afford to spend that much, and what are you going to do with them?" His answer: "I'll tell you tomorrow." [MAN] Every day his friends asked the same question, and every day he gave the same answer: "I'll tell you tomorrow." {BALL} The pink ping pong balls started decreasing in quantity: only 189,000 left, and then only 172,000, and then 163,000, and then 147,000, etc. {BALL} One day 90% of the pink ping pong balls were gone (100% - 10% = 90% right?). His friends were really feeling frustrated with him now and demanded an explanation, "Tell us what the &^%$ [blip] you're doing with all of these @#^& pink ping pong balls!" [MAN] The man's response: "I spent $240,000 on 200,000 pink ping pong balls for a project. I have now used 90% of those, as you have observed. I promise to tell you tomorrow." [FRIEND] His friends decided to wait one more day and pronounce the alphabet to kill some time: ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ then wrote a code word with strange signs: /a/&B#R{+1}>>[Bb] = X0 - 3 + @a rooftop ^ 32 + 12443678923458789 && 1 2 3 < 4. . The next day they were gathered in the man's house for the big revelation. The man stated, "Of the 200,000 pink ping pong balls I ordered I have 137 left. Would anyone like them?" His friends all groaned and said, "[---] no! Give us an answer!" The man began again, "Friends, I am about to unveil a great invention." He took a deep breath...and died. His 7 friends would never know why the man spent $240,000 on 200,000 pink ping pong balls, and neither will you.

CHAPTER 1

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light

summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through

the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate

perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was

lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry

Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured

blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to

bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then

the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long

tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window,

producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of

those pallid, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of

an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of

swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their

way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous

insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine,

seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London

was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the

full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty,

and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist

himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago

caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many

strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so

skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his

face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up,

and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he

sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he

feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said

Lord Henry languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the

Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have

gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been

able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that

I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor

is really the only place."

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head

back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at

Oxford. "No, I won't send it anywhere."

Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows and looked at him in amazement through

the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls

from his heavy, opium-tainted cigarette. "Not send it anywhere? My

dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters

are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as

you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you,

for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about,

and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you

far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite

jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can't exhibit

it. I have put too much of myself into it."

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same."

"Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you

were so vain; and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with

your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young

Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why,

my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you--well, of course you have an

intellectual expression and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends

where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode

of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one

sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something

horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions.

How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But

then in the Church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the

age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen,

and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful.

Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but

whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of

that. He is some brainless beautiful creature who should be always

here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in

summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter

yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "Of course I am

not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry

to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the

truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual

distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the

faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's

fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world.

They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing

of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They

live as we all should live--undisturbed, indifferent, and without

disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it

from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they

are--my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks--we

shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

CHAPTER I

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

(\_Kept in shorthand.\_)

\_3 May. Bistritz.\_--Left Munich at 8:35 P. M., on 1st May, arriving at

Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an

hour late. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I

got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the

streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived

late and would start as near the correct time as possible. The

impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the

East; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is

here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish

rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh.

Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or

rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was

very good but thirsty. (\_Mem.\_, get recipe for Mina.) I asked the

waiter, and he said it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a

national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the

Carpathians. I found my smattering of German very useful here; indeed, I

don't know how I should be able to get on without it.

Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the

British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library

regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the

country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a

nobleman of that country. I find that the district he named is in the

extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states,

Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian

mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was

not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the

Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare

with our own Ordnance Survey maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post

town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall enter

here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my

travels with Mina.

In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities:

Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the

descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the

East and North. I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended

from Attila and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered

the country in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I

read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the

horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of

imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. (\_Mem.\_, I

must ask the Count all about them.)

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had

all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my

window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been

the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was

still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous

knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then.

I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour

which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a

very excellent dish, which they call "impletata." (\_Mem.\_, get recipe

for this also.) I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little

before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for after rushing to

the station at 7:30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour

before we began to move. It seems to me that the further east you go the

more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China?

All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of

beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the

top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by

rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side

of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and

running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. At every

station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts

of attire. Some of them were just like the peasants at home or those I

saw coming through France and Germany, with short jackets and round hats

and home-made trousers; but others were very picturesque. The women

looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy

about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other,

and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something

fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course there

were petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the

Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the rest, with their big cow-boy

hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous

heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass

nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and

had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are very

picturesque, but do not look prepossessing. On the stage they would be

set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. They are,

however, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural

self-assertion.

It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a

very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier--for the

Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina--it has had a very stormy

existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series

of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate

occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent

a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war

proper being assisted by famine and disease.

ADVENTURE I. A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA

I.

To Sherlock Holmes she is always THE woman. I have seldom heard

him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses

and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt

any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that

one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but

admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect

reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a

lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never

spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They

were admirable things for the observer--excellent for drawing the

veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner

to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely

adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which

might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a

sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power

lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a

nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and

that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable

memory.

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us

away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the

home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first

finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to

absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of

society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in

Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from

week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the

drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still,

as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his

immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in

following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which

had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time

to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons

to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up

of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee,

and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so

delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland.

Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely

shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of

my former friend and companion.

One night--it was on the twentieth of March, 1888--I was

returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to

civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street. As I

passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated

in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the

Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes

again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers.

His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw

his tall, spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against

the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head

sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who

knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their

own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his

drug-created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new

problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which

had formerly been in part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I

think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly

eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars,

and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he

stood before the fire and looked me over in his singular

introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have

put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven!" I answered.

"Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more,

I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not

tell me that you intended to go into harness."

"Then, how do you know?"

"I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting

yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and

careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly

have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true

that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful

mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can't imagine how you

deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has

given her notice, but there, again, I fail to see how you work it

out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands

together.

"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the

inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it,

the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they

have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round

the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it.

Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile

weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting

specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a

gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black

mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger, and a bulge

on the right side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted

his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce

him to be an active member of the medical profession."

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Scene: The Mississippi Valley Time: Forty to fifty years ago

CHAPTER I.

YOU don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of The

Adventures of Tom Sawyer; but that ain't no matter. That book was made

by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things

which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I

never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt

Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly--Tom's Aunt Polly, she

is--and Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which

is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up is this: Tom and me found the money

that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six

thousand dollars apiece--all gold. It was an awful sight of money when

it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher he took it and put it out

at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year

round--more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas

she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; but it was

rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular

and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand

it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead

again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and

said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I

would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she

called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by

it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but

sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing

commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come

to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but

you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little

over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with

them,--that is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a

barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the

juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the

Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and

by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so

then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in

dead people.

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she

wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must

try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They

get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was

a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody,

being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a

thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that

was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on,

had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a

spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then

the widow made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for

an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say,

"Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry;" and "Don't scrunch up

like that, Huckleberry--set up straight;" and pretty soon she would

say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry--why don't you try to

behave?" Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished

I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted

was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular.

She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for

the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place.

Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I

made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it

would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good

place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all

day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever. So I didn't think

much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer

would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I was glad

about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome.

By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then

everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle,

and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and

tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt

so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the

leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away

off, who-whooing about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a

dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying

to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so

it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard

that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about

something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so

can't rest easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night

grieving. I got so down-hearted and scared I did wish I had some

company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I

flipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it

was all shriveled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was

an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared

and most shook the clothes off of me. I got up and turned around in my

tracks three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied

up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But

I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horseshoe that

you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever

heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed

a spider.

Mowgli's Brothers

Now Rann the Kite brings home the night

That Mang the Bat sets free--

The herds are shut in byre and hut

For loosed till dawn are we.

This is the hour of pride and power,

Talon and tush and claw.

Oh, hear the call!--Good hunting all

That keep the Jungle Law!

Night-Song in the Jungle

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when

Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and

spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling

in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her

four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the

cave where they all lived. "Augrh!" said Father Wolf. "It is time to

hunt again." He was going to spring down hill when a little shadow with

a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "Good luck go with you, O

Chief of the Wolves. And good luck and strong white teeth go with noble

children that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal--Tabaqui, the Dish-licker--and the wolves of India

despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling

tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village

rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more

than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets

that he was ever afraid of anyone, and runs through the forest biting

everything in his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui

goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake

a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it dewanee--the

madness--and run.

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf stiffly, "but there is no food

here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "but for so mean a person as myself a

dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the jackal people],

to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he

found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end

merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How

beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young

too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings

are men from the beginning."

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as anyone else that there is nothing so

unlucky as to compliment children to their faces. It pleased him to see

Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then

he said spitefully:

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting grounds. He will hunt

among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Waingunga River, twenty

miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily--"By the Law of the Jungle

he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will

frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I--I have to kill for

two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said

Mother Wolf quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That

is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Waingunga are

angry with him, and he has come here to make our villagers angry.

They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our

children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very

grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast

done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui quietly. "Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the

thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little

river he heard the dry, angry, snarly, singsong whine of a tiger who has

caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

"The fool!" said Father Wolf. "To begin a night's work with that noise!

Does he think that our buck are like his fat Waingunga bullocks?"

"H'sh. It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts to-night," said Mother

Wolf. "It is Man."

The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come

from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders

woodcutters and gypsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run

sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

"Man!" said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. "Faugh! Are there

not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on

our ground too!"

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found

himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on

his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could

see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff

sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready

to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared

with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he

looked.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room,

a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully

between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples

lay spread out on the table - Samsa was a travelling salesman - and

above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an

illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed

a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright,

raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm

towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather.

Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel

quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all

this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to

do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present

state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw

himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He

must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he

wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stopped when

he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt

before.

"Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've

chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this

takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on

top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making

train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different

people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or

become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!" He felt a

slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back

towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found

where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little

white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried

to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back

because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder.

He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the

time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough

sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For

instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning

to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting

there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my

boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that

would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to

think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have

gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him

everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right

off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up

there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there,

especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is

hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the

money together to pay off my parents' debt to him - another five or

six years I suppose - that's definitely what I'll do. That's when

I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up,

my train leaves at five."

And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of

drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought. It was half past six and the

hands were quietly moving forwards, it was even later than half

past, more like quarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not rung? He

could see from the bed that it had been set for four o'clock as it

should have been; it certainly must have rung. Yes, but was it

possible to quietly sleep through that furniture-rattling noise?

True, he had not slept peacefully, but probably all the more deeply

because of that. What should he do now? The next train went at

seven; if he were to catch that he would have to rush like mad and

the collection of samples was still not packed, and he did not at

all feel particularly fresh and lively. And even if he did catch

the train he would not avoid his boss's anger as the office

assistant would have been there to see the five o'clock train go, he

would have put in his report about Gregor's not being there a long

time ago. The office assistant was the boss's man, spineless, and

with no understanding. What about if he reported sick? But that

would be extremely strained and suspicious as in fifteen years of

service Gregor had never once yet been ill. His boss would

certainly come round with the doctor from the medical insurance

company, accuse his parents of having a lazy son, and accept the

doctor's recommendation not to make any claim as the doctor believed

that no-one was ever ill but that many were workshy. And what's

more, would he have been entirely wrong in this case? Gregor did in

fact, apart from excessive sleepiness after sleeping for so long,

feel completely well and even felt much hungrier than usual.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago--never mind how long precisely--having

little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on

shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of

the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating

the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth;

whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find

myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up

the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get

such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to

prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically

knocking people's hats off--then, I account it high time to get to sea

as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a

philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly

take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew

it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very

nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by

wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs--commerce surrounds it with

her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme

downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and

cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land.

Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears

Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What

do you see?--Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand

thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some

leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some

looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the

rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these

are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster--tied to

counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are

the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and

seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the

extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder

warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water

as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand--miles of

them--leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets

and avenues--north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite.

Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all

those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take

almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a

dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic

in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest

reveries--stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will

infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region.

Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this

experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical

professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for

ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest,

quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of

the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees,

each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and

here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder

cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a

mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their

hill-side blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though

this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's

head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the

magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores

on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilies--what is the

one charm wanting?--Water--there is not a drop of water there! Were

Niagara but a cataract of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to

see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee, upon suddenly receiving two

handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat, which he sadly

needed, or invest his money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why

is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at

some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a

passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first

told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the

old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate

deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning.

And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because

he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain,

plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see

in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of

life; and this is the key to it all.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin

to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs,

I do not mean to have it inferred that I ever go to sea as a passenger.

For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse, and a purse is

but a rag unless you have something in it. Besides, passengers get

sea-sick--grow quarrelsome--don't sleep of nights--do not enjoy

themselves much, as a general thing;--no, I never go as a passenger;

nor, though I am something of a salt, do I ever go to sea as a

Commodore, or a Captain, or a Cook. I abandon the glory and distinction

of such offices to those who like them. For my part, I abominate all

honourable respectable toils, trials, and tribulations of every kind

whatsoever. It is quite as much as I can do to take care of myself,

without taking care of ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and what not.

And as for going as cook,--though I confess there is considerable glory

in that, a cook being a sort of officer on ship-board--yet, somehow,

I never fancied broiling fowls;--though once broiled, judiciously

buttered, and judgmatically salted and peppered, there is no one who

will speak more respectfully, not to say reverentially, of a broiled

fowl than I will. It is out of the idolatrous dotings of the old

Egyptians upon broiled ibis and roasted river horse, that you see the

mummies of those creatures in their huge bake-houses the pyramids.

Chapter 1 PETER BREAKS THROUGH

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow

up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old

she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with

it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for

Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you

remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on

the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always

know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Of course they lived at 14 [their house number on their street], and

until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady,

with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic

mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the

puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and

her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get,

though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been

boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her,

and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who

took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her,

except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and

in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could

have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a

passion, slamming the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him

but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks

and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know,

and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that

would have made any woman respect him.

Mrs. Darling was married in white, and at first she kept the books

perfectly, almost gleefully, as if it were a game, not so much as a

Brussels sprout was missing; but by and by whole cauliflowers dropped

out, and instead of them there were pictures of babies without faces.

She drew them when she should have been totting up. They were Mrs.

Darling's guesses.

Wendy came first, then John, then Michael.

For a week or two after Wendy came it was doubtful whether they would

be able to keep her, as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was

frightfully proud of her, but he was very honourable, and he sat on the

edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses,

while she looked at him imploringly. She wanted to risk it, come what

might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and a piece

of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had to begin at

the beginning again.

"Now don't interrupt," he would beg of her.

"I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can

cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine

and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven, with five

naught naught in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven--who is that

moving?--eight nine seven, dot and carry seven--don't speak, my own--and

the pound you lent to that man who came to the door--quiet, child--dot

and carry child--there, you've done it!--did I say nine nine seven? yes,

I said nine nine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on

nine nine seven?"

"Of course we can, George," she cried. But she was prejudiced in Wendy's

favour, and he was really the grander character of the two.

"Remember mumps," he warned her almost threateningly, and off he went

again. "Mumps one pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay

it will be more like thirty shillings--don't speak--measles one five,

German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six--don't waggle your

finger--whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings"--and so on it went, and

it added up differently each time; but at last Wendy just got through,

with mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated

as one.

There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower

squeak; but both were kept, and soon, you might have seen the three of

them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, accompanied by

their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. Darling had a

passion for being exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had

a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children

drank, this nurse was a prim Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had

belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged her. She had

always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become

acquainted with her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her

spare time peeping into perambulators, and was much hated by careless

nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their

mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough

she was at bath-time, and up at any moment of the night if one of her

charges made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery.

She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience

with and when it needs stocking around your throat. She believed to her

last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of

contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a

lesson in propriety to see her escorting the children to school, walking

sedately by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them

back into line if they strayed. On John's footer [in England soccer

was called football, "footer" for short] days she never once forgot his

sweater, and she usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of

rain. There is a room in the basement of Miss Fulsom's school where the

nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Nana lay on the floor, but that

was the only difference. They affected to ignore her as of an inferior

social status to themselves, and she despised their light talk. She

resented visits to the nursery from Mrs. Darling's friends, but if they

did come she first whipped off Michael's pinafore and put him into the

one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wendy and made a dash at John's

hair.

CHAPTER I.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession

of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his

first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds

of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful

property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that

Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she

told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"\_You\_ want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken

by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came

down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much

delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is

to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be

in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four

or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You

must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he

\_may\_ fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as

soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send

them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are

as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the

party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly \_have\_ had my share of beauty, but

I do not pretend to be any thing extraordinary now. When a woman has

five grown up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own

beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into

the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would

be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go,

merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no new

comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for \_us\_ to visit

him, if you do not."

"You are over scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very

glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my

hearty consent to his marrying which ever he chuses of the girls; though

I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the

others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so

good humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving \_her\_ the

preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are

all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of

quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take

delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They

are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration

these twenty years at least."

ACT I. Scene I.

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory (with swords and bucklers) of the house

of Capulet.

Samp. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.

Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take

the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the

wall.

Samp. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,

are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men

from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have

fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids- I will cut off

their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.

Take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I

am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst

been poor-John. Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of

Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abram and Balthasar].

Samp. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Samp. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry. I fear thee!

Samp. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is

disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Samp. [aside to Gregory] Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Greg. [aside to Sampson] No.

Samp. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my

thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Samp. But if you do, sir, am for you. I serve as good a man as

you.

Abr. No better.

Samp. Well, sir.

I. The Period

It was the best of times,

it was the worst of times,

it was the age of wisdom,

it was the age of foolishness,

it was the epoch of belief,

it was the epoch of incredulity,

it was the season of Light,

it was the season of Darkness,

it was the spring of hope,

it was the winter of despair,

we had everything before us,

we had nothing before us,

we were all going direct to Heaven,

we were all going direct the other way--

in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of

its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for

evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the

throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with

a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer

than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes,

that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five.

Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period,

as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth

blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had

heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were

made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane

ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its

messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally

deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the

earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People,

from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange

to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any

communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane

brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her

sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down

hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her

Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane

achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue

torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not

kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks

which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty

yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and

Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death,

already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into

boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in

it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses

of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were

sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with

rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which

the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of

the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work

unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about

with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion

that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to

justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and

highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night;

families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing

their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman

in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and

challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of

"the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the

mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and

then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the

failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace;

that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand

and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the

illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London

gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law

fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball;

thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at

Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search

for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the

musketeers fired on the mob, and nobody thought any of these occurrences

much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy

and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing

up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on

Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the

hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of

Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer,

and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of

sixpence.

Chapter I

Out to Sea

I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to

any other. I may credit the seductive influence of an old vintage upon

the narrator for the beginning of it, and my own skeptical incredulity

during the days that followed for the balance of the strange tale.

When my convivial host discovered that he had told me so much, and that

I was prone to doubtfulness, his foolish pride assumed the task the old

vintage had commenced, and so he unearthed written evidence in the form

of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial

Office to support many of the salient features of his remarkable

narrative.

I do not say the story is true, for I did not witness the happenings

which it portrays, but the fact that in the telling of it to you I have

taken fictitious names for the principal characters quite sufficiently

evidences the sincerity of my own belief that it MAY be true.

The yellow, mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead, and the

records of the Colonial Office dovetail perfectly with the narrative of

my convivial host, and so I give you the story as I painstakingly

pieced it out from these several various agencies.

If you do not find it credible you will at least be as one with me in

acknowledging that it is unique, remarkable, and interesting.

From the records of the Colonial Office and from the dead man's diary

we learn that a certain young English nobleman, whom we shall call John

Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was commissioned to make a peculiarly delicate

investigation of conditions in a British West Coast African Colony from

whose simple native inhabitants another European power was known to be

recruiting soldiers for its native army, which it used solely for the

forcible collection of rubber and ivory from the savage tribes along

the Congo and the Aruwimi. The natives of the British Colony

complained that many of their young men were enticed away through the

medium of fair and glowing promises, but that few if any ever returned

to their families.

The Englishmen in Africa went even further, saying that these poor

blacks were held in virtual slavery, since after their terms of

enlistment expired their ignorance was imposed upon by their white

officers, and they were told that they had yet several years to serve.

And so the Colonial Office appointed John Clayton to a new post in

British West Africa, but his confidential instructions centered on a

thorough investigation of the unfair treatment of black British

subjects by the officers of a friendly European power. Why he was

sent, is, however, of little moment to this story, for he never made an

investigation, nor, in fact, did he ever reach his destination.

Clayton was the type of Englishman that one likes best to associate

with the noblest monuments of historic achievement upon a thousand

victorious battlefields--a strong, virile man--mentally, morally, and

physically.

In stature he was above the average height; his eyes were gray, his

features regular and strong; his carriage that of perfect, robust

health influenced by his years of army training.

Political ambition had caused him to seek transference from the army to

the Colonial Office and so we find him, still young, entrusted with a

delicate and important commission in the service of the Queen.

When he received this appointment he was both elated and appalled. The

preferment seemed to him in the nature of a well-merited reward for

painstaking and intelligent service, and as a stepping stone to posts

of greater importance and responsibility; but, on the other hand, he

had been married to the Hon. Alice Rutherford for scarce a three

months, and it was the thought of taking this fair young girl into the

dangers and isolation of tropical Africa that appalled him.

For her sake he would have refused the appointment, but she would not

have it so. Instead she insisted that he accept, and, indeed, take her

with him.

There were mothers and brothers and sisters, and aunts and cousins to

express various opinions on the subject, but as to what they severally

advised history is silent.

We know only that on a bright May morning in 1888, John, Lord

Greystoke, and Lady Alice sailed from Dover on their way to Africa.

A month later they arrived at Freetown where they chartered a small

sailing vessel, the Fuwalda, which was to bear them to their final

destination.

And here John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife, vanished from

the eyes and from the knowledge of men.

Two months after they weighed anchor and cleared from the port of

Freetown a half dozen British war vessels were scouring the south

Atlantic for trace of them or their little vessel, and it was almost

immediately that the wreckage was found upon the shores of St. Helena

which convinced the world that the Fuwalda had gone down with all on

board, and hence the search was stopped ere it had scarce begun; though

hope lingered in longing hearts for many years.

Chapter I. Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov

Alexey Fyodorovitch Karamazov was the third son of Fyodor Pavlovitch

Karamazov, a land owner well known in our district in his own day, and

still remembered among us owing to his gloomy and tragic death, which

happened thirteen years ago, and which I shall describe in its proper

place. For the present I will only say that this “landowner”—for so we

used to call him, although he hardly spent a day of his life on his own

estate—was a strange type, yet one pretty frequently to be met with, a

type abject and vicious and at the same time senseless. But he was one of

those senseless persons who are very well capable of looking after their

worldly affairs, and, apparently, after nothing else. Fyodor Pavlovitch,

for instance, began with next to nothing; his estate was of the smallest;

he ran to dine at other men’s tables, and fastened on them as a toady, yet

at his death it appeared that he had a hundred thousand roubles in hard

cash. At the same time, he was all his life one of the most senseless,

fantastical fellows in the whole district. I repeat, it was not

stupidity—the majority of these fantastical fellows are shrewd and

intelligent enough—but just senselessness, and a peculiar national form of

it.

He was married twice, and had three sons, the eldest, Dmitri, by his first

wife, and two, Ivan and Alexey, by his second. Fyodor Pavlovitch’s first

wife, Adelaïda Ivanovna, belonged to a fairly rich and distinguished noble

family, also landowners in our district, the Miüsovs. How it came to pass

that an heiress, who was also a beauty, and moreover one of those

vigorous, intelligent girls, so common in this generation, but sometimes

also to be found in the last, could have married such a worthless, puny

weakling, as we all called him, I won’t attempt to explain. I knew a young

lady of the last “romantic” generation who after some years of an

enigmatic passion for a gentleman, whom she might quite easily have

married at any moment, invented insuperable obstacles to their union, and

ended by throwing herself one stormy night into a rather deep and rapid

river from a high bank, almost a precipice, and so perished, entirely to

satisfy her own caprice, and to be like Shakespeare’s Ophelia. Indeed, if

this precipice, a chosen and favorite spot of hers, had been less

picturesque, if there had been a prosaic flat bank in its place, most

likely the suicide would never have taken place. This is a fact, and

probably there have been not a few similar instances in the last two or

three generations. Adelaïda Ivanovna Miüsov’s action was similarly, no

doubt, an echo of other people’s ideas, and was due to the irritation

caused by lack of mental freedom. She wanted, perhaps, to show her

feminine independence, to override class distinctions and the despotism of

her family. And a pliable imagination persuaded her, we must suppose, for

a brief moment, that Fyodor Pavlovitch, in spite of his parasitic

position, was one of the bold and ironical spirits of that progressive

epoch, though he was, in fact, an ill‐natured buffoon and nothing more.

What gave the marriage piquancy was that it was preceded by an elopement,

and this greatly captivated Adelaïda Ivanovna’s fancy. Fyodor Pavlovitch’s

position at the time made him specially eager for any such enterprise, for

he was passionately anxious to make a career in one way or another. To

attach himself to a good family and obtain a dowry was an alluring

prospect. As for mutual love it did not exist apparently, either in the

bride or in him, in spite of Adelaïda Ivanovna’s beauty. This was,

perhaps, a unique case of the kind in the life of Fyodor Pavlovitch, who

was always of a voluptuous temper, and ready to run after any petticoat on

the slightest encouragement. She seems to have been the only woman who

made no particular appeal to his senses.

Immediately after the elopement Adelaïda Ivanovna discerned in a flash

that she had no feeling for her husband but contempt. The marriage

accordingly showed itself in its true colors with extraordinary rapidity.

Although the family accepted the event pretty quickly and apportioned the

runaway bride her dowry, the husband and wife began to lead a most

disorderly life, and there were everlasting scenes between them. It was

said that the young wife showed incomparably more generosity and dignity

than Fyodor Pavlovitch, who, as is now known, got hold of all her money up

to twenty‐five thousand roubles as soon as she received it, so that those

thousands were lost to her for ever. The little village and the rather

fine town house which formed part of her dowry he did his utmost for a

long time to transfer to his name, by means of some deed of conveyance. He

would probably have succeeded, merely from her moral fatigue and desire to

get rid of him, and from the contempt and loathing he aroused by his

persistent and shameless importunity. But, fortunately, Adelaïda

Ivanovna’s family intervened and circumvented his greediness. It is known

for a fact that frequent fights took place between the husband and wife,

but rumor had it that Fyodor Pavlovitch did not beat his wife but was

beaten by her, for she was a hot‐tempered, bold, dark‐browed, impatient

woman, possessed of remarkable physical strength. Finally, she left the

house and ran away from Fyodor Pavlovitch with a destitute divinity

student, leaving Mitya, a child of three years old, in her husband’s

hands. Immediately Fyodor Pavlovitch introduced a regular harem into the

house, and abandoned himself to orgies of drunkenness. In the intervals he

used to drive all over the province, complaining tearfully to each and all

of Adelaïda Ivanovna’s having left him, going into details too disgraceful

for a husband to mention in regard to his own married life. What seemed to

gratify him and flatter his self‐love most was to play the ridiculous part

of the injured husband, and to parade his woes with embellishments.

“One would think that you’d got a promotion, Fyodor Pavlovitch, you seem

so pleased in spite of your sorrow,” scoffers said to him. Many even added

that he was glad of a new comic part in which to play the buffoon, and

that it was simply to make it funnier that he pretended to be unaware of

his ludicrous position. But, who knows, it may have been simplicity. At

last he succeeded in getting on the track of his runaway wife. The poor

woman turned out to be in Petersburg, where she had gone with her divinity

student, and where she had thrown herself into a life of complete

emancipation. Fyodor Pavlovitch at once began bustling about, making

preparations to go to Petersburg, with what object he could not himself

have said. He would perhaps have really gone; but having determined to do

so he felt at once entitled to fortify himself for the journey by another

bout of reckless drinking. And just at that time his wife’s family

received the news of her death in Petersburg. She had died quite suddenly

in a garret, according to one story, of typhus, or as another version had

it, of starvation. Fyodor Pavlovitch was drunk when he heard of his wife’s

death, and the story is that he ran out into the street and began shouting

with joy, raising his hands to Heaven: “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant

depart in peace,” but others say he wept without restraint like a little

child, so much so that people were sorry for him, in spite of the

repulsion he inspired. It is quite possible that both versions were true,

that he rejoiced at his release, and at the same time wept for her who

released him. As a general rule, people, even the wicked, are much more

naïve and simple‐hearted than we suppose. And we ourselves are, too.

1. The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle

Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their

house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon

many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one

room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for

the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry

and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in

another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar--except a

small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family

could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to

crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the

middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark

hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see

nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a

house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of

the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a

gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was

not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until

they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Once the house

had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed

it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun

and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her

eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks

and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never

smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt

Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream

and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice

reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder

that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and

did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to

his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray

as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black

dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on

either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and

Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the

doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than

usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at

the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry

and Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the

coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the

south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the

grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

"There's a cyclone coming, Em," he called to his wife. "I'll go look

after the stock." Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and

horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of

the danger close at hand.

"Quick, Dorothy!" she screamed. "Run for the cellar!"

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl

started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap

door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark

hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt.

When she was halfway across the room there came a great shriek from the

wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat

down suddenly upon the floor.

Then a strange thing happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the

air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the

exact center of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is

generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of

the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top

of the cyclone; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles

away as easily as you could carry a feather.

It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but Dorothy

found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around,

and one other time when the house tipped badly, she felt as if she were

being rocked gently, like a baby in a cradle.

Toto did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there,

barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to

see what would happen.

CHAPTER I

"TOM!"

No answer.

"TOM!"

No answer.

"What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!"

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the

room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or

never looked \_through\_ them for so small a thing as a boy; they were

her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not

service--she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well.

She looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, not fiercely, but

still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

"Well, I lay if I get hold of you I'll--"

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching

under the bed with the broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the

punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the

tomato vines and "jimpson" weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So

she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

"Y-o-u-u TOM!"

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize

a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a' thought of that closet. What you been doing in

there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What \_is\_ that

truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Well, I know. It's jam--that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you

didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air--the peril was desperate--

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger.

The lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and

disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle

laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks

enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old

fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks,

as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days,

and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long

he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make

out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and

I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's

the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child,

as the Good Book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both,

I know. He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own

dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him,

somehow. Every time I let him off, my conscience does hurt me so, and

every time I hit him my old heart most breaks. Well-a-well, man that is

born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, as the Scripture

says, and I reckon it's so. He'll play hookey this evening, \* and [\*

Southwestern for "afternoon"] I'll just be obleeged to make him work,

tomorrow, to punish him. It's mighty hard to make him work Saturdays,

when all the boys is having holiday, but he hates work more than he

hates anything else, and I've \_got\_ to do some of my duty by him, or

I'll be the ruination of the child."

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home

barely in season to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood

and split the kindlings before supper--at least he was there in time

to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work.

Tom's younger brother (or rather half-brother) Sid was already through

with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy,

and had no adventurous, trouble-some ways.

While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing sugar as opportunity

offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and

very deep--for she wanted to trap him into damaging revealments. Like

many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet vanity to believe she

was endowed with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she

loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low

cunning. Said she:

[ 1 ]

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of

lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown,

ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He

held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about

and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the

awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent

towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat

and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his

arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking

gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light

untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the

bowl smartly.

—Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and

blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A

little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused

awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there

with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered

through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the

current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering

about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and

sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages.

A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet,

laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily

halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as

he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and

lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a

Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We

must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out

twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

—God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks

you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money

and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you

have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you

is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

—He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is

his guncase?

—A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

—I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark

with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a

black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If

he stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down

from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

—Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper

pocket, said:

CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled 'ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

'Well!' thought Alice to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall NEVER come to an end! 'I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. 'I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a VERY good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) '-yes, that's about the right distance-but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. 'I wonder if I shall fall right THROUGH the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think-' (she was rather glad there WAS no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) '-but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsey as she spoke-fancy CURTSEYING as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) 'And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. 'Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) 'I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, 'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; 'and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, 'it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ('which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words 'DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say 'Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. 'No, I'll look first,' she said, 'and see whether it's marked \"poison\" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was NOT marked 'poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

'What a curious feeling!' said Alice; 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; 'for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, 'in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

'Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said Alice to herself, rather sharply; 'I advise you to leave off this minute!' She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. 'But it's no use now,' thought poor Alice, 'to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make ONE respectable person!'

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words 'EAT ME' were beautifully marked in currants. 'Well, I'll eat it,' said Alice, 'and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, 'Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

Richard Bach. Jonathan Livingston Seagull

To the real Jonathan Seagull,

who lives within us all.

Part One

It was morning, and the new sun sparkled gold across the ripples of a

gentle sea. A mile from shore a fishing boat chummed the water. and the

word for Breakfast Flock flashed through the air, till a crowd of a

thousand seagulls came to dodge and fight for bits of food. It was another

busy day beginning.

But way off alone, out by himself beyond boat and shore, Jonathan

Livingston Seagull was practicing. A hundred feet in the sky he lowered

his webbed feet, lifted his beak, and strained to hold a painful hard

twisting curve through his wings. The curve meant that he would fly

slowly, and now he slowed until the wind was a whisper in his face, until

the ocean stood still beneath him. He narrowed his eyes in fierce

concentration, held his breath, forced one... single... more... inch...

of... curve... Then his featliers ruffled, he stalled and fell.

Seagulls, as you know, never falter, never stall. To stall in the air

is for them disgrace and it is dishonor.

But Jonathan Livingston Seagull, unashamed, stretching his wings

again in that trembling hard curve - slowing, slowing, and stalling once

more - was no ordinary bird.

Most gulls don't bother to learn more than the simplest facts of

flight - how to get from shore to food and back again. For most gulls, it

is not flying that matters, but eating. For this gull, though, it was not

eating that mattered, but flight. More than anything else. Jonathan

Livingston Seagull loved to fly.

This kind of thinking, he found, is not the way to make one's self

popular with other birds. Even his parents were dismayed as Jonathan spent

whole days alone, making hundreds of low-level glides, experimenting.

He didn't know why, for instance, but when he flew at altitudes less

than half his wingspan above the water, he could stay in the air longer,

with less effort. His glides ended not with the usual feet-down splash

into the sea, but with a long flat wake as he touched the surface with his

feet tightly streamlined against his body. When he began sliding in to

feet-up landings on the beach, then pacing the length of his slide in the

sand, his parents were very much dismayed indeed.

"Why, Jon, why?" his mother asked. "Why is it so hard to be like the

rest of the flock, Jon? Why can't you leave low flying to the pelicans,

the alhatross? Why don't you eat? Son, you're bone and feathers!"

"I don't mind being bone and feathers mom. I just want to know what I

can do in the air and what I can't, that's all. I just want to know."

"See here Jonathan " said his father not unkindly. "Winter isn't far

away. Boats will be few and the surface fish will be swimming deep. If you

must study, then study food, and how to get it. This flying business is

all very well, but you can't eat a glide, you know. Don't you forget that

the reason you fly is to eat."

Jonathan nodded obediently. For the next few days he tried to behave

like the other gulls; he really tried, screeching and fighting with the

flock around the piers and fishing boats, diving on scraps of fish and

bread. But he couldn't make it work.

It's all so pointless, he thought, deliberately dropping a hard-won

anchovy to a hungry old gull chasing him. I could be spending all this

time learning to fly. There's so much to learn!

It wasn't long before Jonathan Gull was off by himself again, far out

at sea, hungry, happy, learning.

The subject was speed, and in a week's practice he learned more about

speed than the fastest gull alive.

From a thousand feet, flapping his wings as hard as he could, he

pushed over into a blazing steep dive toward the waves, and learned why

seagulls don't make blazing steep pewer-dives. In just six seconds he was

moving seventy miles per hour, the speed at which one's wing goes unstable

on the upstroke.

Time after time it happened. Careful as he was, working at the very

peak of his ability, he lost control at high speed.

Climb to a thousand feet. Full power straight ahead first, then push

over, flapping, to a vertical dive. Then, every time, his left wing

stalled on an upstroke, he'd roll violently left, stall his right wing

recovering, and flick like fire into a wild tumbling spin to the right.

He couldn't be careful enough on that upstroke. Ten times he tried,

and all ten times, as he passed through seventy miles per hour, he burst

into a churning mass of feathers, out of control, crashing down into the

water.

The key, he thought at last, dripping wet, must be to hold the wings

still at high speeds - to flap up to fifty and then hold the wings still.

From two thousand feet he tried again, rolling into his dive, beak

straight down, wings full out and stable from the moment he passed fifty

miles per hour. It took tremendous strength, but it worked. In ten seconds

he had blurred through ninety miles per hour. Jonathan had set a world

speed record for seagulls!

But victory was short-lived. The instant he began his pullout, the

instant he changed the angle of his wings, he snapped into that same

terrible uncontrolled disaster, and at ninety miles per hour it hit him

like dynamite. Jonathan Seagull exploded in midair and smashed down into a

brickhard sea.

When he came to, it was well after dark, and he floated in moonlight

on the surface of the ocean. His wings were ragged bars of lead, but the

weight of failure was even heavier on his back. He wished, feebly, that

the weight could be just enough to drug him gently down to the bottom, and

end it all.

As he sank low in the water, a strange hollow voice sounded within

him. There's no way around it. I am a seagull. I am limited by my nature.

If I were meant to learn so much about flying, I'd have charts for brains.

If I were meant to fly at speed, I'd have a falcon's short wings, and live

on mice instead of fish. My father was right. I must forget this

foolishness. I must fly home to the Flock and be content as I am, as a

poor limited seagull.

The voice faded, and Jonathan agreed. The place for a seagull at

night is on shore, and from this moment forth, he vowed, he would be a

normal gull. It would make everyone happier.

He pushed wearily away from the dark water and flew toward the land,

grateful for what he had learned about work-saving low-altitude flying.

But no, he thought. I am done with the way I was, I am done with

everything I learned. I am a seagull like every other seagull, and I will

fly like one. So he climbed painfully to a hundred feet and flapped his

wings harder, pressing for shore.

He felt better for his decision to be just another one of the Flock.

There would be no ties now to the force that had driven him to learn,

there would be no more challenge and no more failure. And it was pretty,

just to stop thinking, and fly through the dark, toward the lights above

the beach.

Dark! The hollow voice cracked in alarm. Seagulls never fly in the

dark!

Jonathan was not alert to listen. It's pretty, he thought. The moon

and the lights twinkling on the water, throwing out little beacon-trails

through the night, and all so peaceful and still...

Get down! Seagulls never fly in the dark! If you were meant to fly in

the dark, you'd have the eyes of an owl! You'd have charts for brains!

You'd have a falcon's short wings!

There in the night, a hundred feet in the air, Jonathan Livingston

Seagull - blinked. His pain, his resolutions, vanished.

Short wings. A falcon's short wings!

That's the answer! What a fool I've been! All I need is a tiny little

wing, all I need is to fold most of my wings and fly on just the tips

alone! Short wings!

He climbed two thousand feet above the black sea, and without a

moment for thought of failure and death, he brought his forewings tightly

in to his body, left only the narrow swept daggers of his wingtips

extended into the wind, and fell into a vertical dive.

The wind was a monster roar at his head. Seventy miles per hour,

ninety, a hundred and twenty and faster still. The wing-strain now at a

hundred and forty miles per hour wasn't nearly as hard as it had been

before at seventy, and with the faintest twist of his wingtips he eased

out of the dive and shot above the waves, a gray cannonball under the

moon.

He closed his eyes to slits against the wind and rejoiced. A hundred

forty miles per hour! And under control! If I dive from five thousand feet

instead of two thousand, I wonder how fast..

His vows of a moment before were forgotten, swept away in that great

swift wind. Yet he felt guiltless, breaking the promises he had made

himself. Such promises are only for the gulls that accept the ordinary.

One who has touched excellence in his learning has no need of that kind of

promise.

By sunup, Jonathan Gull was practicing again. From five thousand feet

the fishing boats were specks in the flat blue water, Breakfast Flock was

a faint cloud of dust motes, circling.

He was alive, trembling ever so slightly with delight, proud that his

fear was under control. Then without ceremony he hugged in his forewings,

extended his short, angled wingtips, and plunged direcfly toward the sea.

By the time he passed four thousand feet he had reached terminal velocity,

the wind was a solid beating wall of sound against which he could move no

faster. He was flying now straight down, at two hundred fourteen miles per

hour. He swallowed, knowing that if his wings unfolded at that speed be'd

be blown into a million tiny shreds of seagull. But the speed was power,

and the speed was joy, and the speed was pure beauty.

He began his pullout at a thousand feet, wingtips thudding and

blurring in that gigatitic wind, the boat and the crowd of gulls tilting

and growing meteor-fast, directly in his path.

He couldn't stop; he didn't know yet even how to turn at that speed.

Collision would be instant death.

And so he shut his eyes.

It happened that morning, then, just after sunrise, that Ionathan

Livingston Seagull fired directly through the center of Breakfast Flock,

ticking off two hundred twelve miles per hour, eyes closed, in a great

roaring shriek of wind and feathers. The Gull of Fortune smiled upon him

this once, and no one was killed.

By the time he had pulled his beak straight up into the sky he was

still scorching along at a hundred and sixty miles per hour. When he had

slowed to twenty and stretched his wings again at last, the boat was a

crumb on the sea, four thousand feet below.

His thought was triumph. Terminal velocity! A seagull at two hundred

fourteen miles per hour! It was a breakthrough, the greatest single moment

in the history of the Flock, and in that moment a new age opened for

Jonathan Gull. Flying out to his lonely practice area, folding his wings

for a dive from eight thousand feet, he set himself at once to discover

how to turn.

A single wingtip feather, he found, moved a fraction of an inch,

gives a smooth sweeping curve at tremendous speed. Before he learned this,

however, he found that moving more than one feather at that speed will

spin you like a ritIe ball... and Jonathan had flown the first aerobatics

of any seagull on earth.

He spared no time that day for talk with other gulls, but flew on

past sunset. He discovered the loop, the slow roll, the point roll, the

inverted spin, the gull bunt, the pinwheel.

When Jonathan Seagull joined the Flock on the beach, it was full

night. He was dizzy and terribly tired. Yet in delight he flew a loop to

landing, with a snap roll just before touchdown. When they hear of it, he

thought, of the Breakthrough, they'll be wild with joy. How much more

there is now to living! Instead of our drab slogging forth and back to the

fishing boats, there's a reason to life! We can lift ourselves out of

ignorance, we can find ourselves as creatures of excellence and

intelligence and skill. We can be free! We can learn to fly!

The years ahead hummed and glowed with promise.

The gulls were flocked into the Council Gathering when he landed, and

apparently had been so flocked for some time. They were, in fact, waiting.

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull! Stand to Center!" The Elder's words

sounded in a voice of highest ceremony. Stand to Center meant only great

shame or great honor. Stand to Center for Honor was the way the gulls'

foremost leaders were marked. Of course, he thought, the Breakfast Flock

this morning; they saw the Breakthrough! But I want no honors. I have no

wish to be leader. I want only to share what I've found, to show those

horizons out ahead for us all. He stepped forward.

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull," said the Elder, "Stand to Center for

Shame in the sight of your fellow gulls!"

It felt like being hit with a board. His knees went weak, his

feathers sagged, there was roaring in his ears. Centered for shame?

Impossible! The Breakthrough! They can't understand! They're wrong,

they're wrong!

"... for his reckless irresponsibility " the solemn voice intoned,

"violating the dignity and tradition of the Gull Family..."

To be centered for shame meant that he would be cast out of gull

society, banished to a solitary life on the Far Cliffs.

"... one day Jonathan Livingston Seagull, you shall learn that

irresponsibility does not pay. Life is the unknown and the unknowable,

except that we are put into this world to eat, to stay alive as long as we

possibly can."

A seagull never speaks back to the Council Flock, but it was

Jonathan's voice raised. "Irresponsibility? My brothers!" he cried. "Who

is more responsible than a gull who finds and follows a meaning, a higher

purpose for life? For a thousand years we have scrabbled after fish heads,

but now we have a reason to live - to learn, to discover, to be free! Give

me one chance, let me show you what I've found..."

The Flock might as well have been stone.

"The Brotherhood is broken," the gulls intoned together, and with one

accord they solemnly closed their ears and turned their backs upon him.

Jonathan Seagull spent the rest of his days alone, but he flew way

out beyond the Far Cliffs. His one sorrow was not solituile, it was that

other gulls refused to believe the glory of flight that awaited them; they

refused to open their eyes and see. He learned more each day. He learned

that a streamlined high-speed dive could bring him to find the rare and

tasty fish that schooled ten feet below the surface of the ocean: he no

longer needed fishing boats and stale bread for survival. He learned to

sleep in the air, setting a course at night across the offshore wind,

covering a hundred miles from sunset to sunrise. With the same inner

control, he flew through heavy sea-fogs and climbed above them into

dazzling clear skies... in the very times when every other gull stood on

the ground, knowing nothing but mist and rain. He learned to ride the high

winds far inland, to dine there on delicate insects.

What he had once hoped for the Flock, he now gained for himself

alone; he learned to fly, and was not sorry for the price that he had

paid. Jonathan Scagull discovered that boredom and fear and anger are the

reasons that a gull's life is so short, and with these gone from his

thought, he lived a long fine life indeed.

They came in the evening, then, and found Ionathan gliding peaceful

and alone through his beloved sky. The two gulls that appeared at his

wings were pure as starlight, and the glow from them was gentle and

friendly in the high night air. But most lovely of all was the skill with

which they flew, their wingtips moving a precise and constant inch from

his own. Without a word, Jonathan put them to his test, a test that no

gull had ever passed. He twisted his wings, slowed to a single mile per

hour above stall. The two radiant birds slowed with him, smoothly, locked

in position. They knew about slow flying.

He folded his wings, rolled and dropped in a dive to a hundred ninety

miles per hour. They dropped with him, streaking down in flawless

formation.

At last he turned that speed straight up into a long vertical

slow-roll. They rolled with him, smiling.

He recovered to level flight and was quiet for a time before he

spoke. "Very well," he said, "who are you?"

"We're from your Flock, Jonathan. We are your brothers." The words

were strong and calm. "We've come to take you higher, to take you home."

"Home I have none. Flock I have none. I am Outcast. And we fly now at

the peak of the Great Mountain Wind. Beyond a few hundred feet, I can lift

this old body no higher."

"But you can Jonathan. For you have learned. One school is finished,

and the time has come for another to begin."

As it had shined across him all his life, so understanding lighted

that moment for Jonathan Seagull. They were right. He could fly higher,

and it was time to go home.

He gave one last look across the sky, across that magnificent silver

land where he had learned so much.

"I'm ready " he said at last.

And Jonathan Livingston Seagull rose with the two starbright gulls to

disappear into a perfect dark sky.

Part Two

So this is heaven, he thought, and he had to smile at himself. It was

hardly respectful to analyze heaven in the very moment that one flies up

to enter it.

As he came from Earth now, above the clouds and in close formation

with the two brilliant gulls, he saw that his own body was growing as

bright as theirs. True, the same young Jonathan Seagull was there that had

always lived behind his golden eyes, but the outer form had changed.

It felt like a seagull body, but alreadv it flew far better than his

old one had ever flown. Why, with half the effort, he thought, I'll get

twice the speed, twice the performance of my best days on Earth!

His feathers glowed brilliant white now, and his wings were smooth

and perfect as sheets of polished silver. He began, delightedly, to learn

about them, to press power into these new wings.

At two hundred fifty mlles per hour he felt that he was nearing his

level-flight maximum speed. At two hundred seventy-three he thought that

he was flying as fast as he could fly, and he was ever so faintly

disappointed. There was a limit to how much the new body could do, and

though it was much faster than his old level-flight record, it was still a

limit that would take great effort to crack. In heaven, he thought, there

should be no limits.

The clouds broke apart, his escorts called, "Happy landings,

Jonathan," and vanished into thin air.

He was flying over a sea, toward a jagged shoreline. A very few

seagulls were working the updrafts on the cliffs. Away off to the north,

at the horizon itself, flew a few others. New sights, new thoughts, new

questions. Why so few gulls? Heaven should be flocked with gulls! And why

am I so tired, all at once? Gulls in heaven are never supposed to be

tired, or to sleep.

Where had he heard that? The memory of his life on Earth was falling

away. Earth had been a place where he had learned much, of course, but the

details were blurred - something about fighting for food, and being

Outcast.

The dozen gulls by the shoreline came to meet him, none saying a

word. He felt only that he was welcome and that this was home. It had been

a bigday for him, a day whose sunrise he no longer remembered.

He turned to land on the beach, beating his wings to stop an inch in

the air, then dropping lightly to the sand, The other gulls landed too,

but not one of them so much as flapped a feather. They swung into the

wind, bright wings outstretched, then somehow they changed the curve of

their feathers until they had stopped in the same instant their feet

touched the ground. It was beautiful control, but now Jonathan was just

too tired to try it. Standiug there on the beach, still without a word

spoken, he was asleep.

In the days that followed, Jonathan saw that there was as much to

learn about flight in this place as there had been in the life behind him.

But with a difference. Here were gulls who thought as he thought, For each

of them, the most important thing in living was to reach out and touch

perfection in that which they most loved to do, and that was to fly. They

were magnificent birds, all of them, and they spent hour after hour every

day practicing flight, testing advanced aeronautics.

For a long time Jonathan forgot about the world that he had come

from, that place where the Flock lived with its eyes tightly shut to the

joy of flight, using its wings as means to the end of finding and fighting

for food. But now and then, just for a moment, he remembered.

He remembered it one morning when he was out with his instructor,

while they rested on the beach after a session of folded-wing snap rolls.

"Where is everybody, Sullivan?" he asked silently, quite at home now

with the easy telepathy that these gulls used instead of screes and

gracks. "Why aren't there more of us here? Why, where I came from there

were.. "

"... thousands and thousands of gulls. I know. " Sullivan shook his

head. "The only answer I can see, Jonathan, is that you are pretty well a

one-in-a-million bird. Most of us came along ever so slowly. We went from

one world into another that was almost exactly like it, forgettiug right

away where we had come from, not caring where we were headed, living for

the moment. Do you have any idea how many lives we must have gone through

before we even gor the first idea that there is more to life than eating,

or fighting, or power in the Flock? A thousand lives, Jon, ten thousand!

And then another hundred lives until we began to learn that there is such

a thing as perfection, and another hundred again to get the idea that our

purpose for living is to find that perfection and show it forth. The same

rule holds for us now, of course: we choose our next world through what we

learn in this one. Learn nothing, and the next world is the same as this

one, all the same limitations and lead weights to overcome."

He stretched his wings and turned to face the wind. "But you, Jon,"

he said, "learned so much at one time that you didn't have to go through a

thousand lives to reach this one."

In a moment they were airborne again, practicing. The formation

point-roils were difficult, for through the inverted half Jonathan had to

think upside down, reversing the curve of his wing, and reversing it

exactly in harmony with his instructor's.

"Let's try it again." Sullivan said over and over: "Let's try it

again." Then, finally, "Good." And they began practicing outside loops.

One evening the gulls that were not night-flying stood together on

the sand, thinking. Jonathan took all his courage in hand and walked to

the Elder Gull, who, it was said, was soon to be moving beyond this world.

"Chiang..." he said a little nervously.

The old seagull looked at him kindly. "Yes, my son?" Instead of being

enfeebled by age, the Elder had been empowered by it; he could outfly any

gull in the Flock, and he had learned skills that the others were only

gradually coming to know.

"Chiang, this world isn't heaven at all, is it?" The Elder smiled in

the moonlight. "You are learning again, Jonathan Seagull," he said.

"Well, what happens from here? Where are we going? Is there no such

place as heaven?"

"No, Jonathan, there is no such place. Heaven is not a place, and it

is not a time. Heaven is being perfect." He was silent for a moment. "You

are a very fast flier, aren't you?"

"I... I enjoy speed," Jonathan said, taken aback but proud that the

Elder had noticed.

"You will begin to touch heaven, Jonathan, in the moment that you

touch perfect speed. And that isn't flying a thousand miles an hour, or a

million, or flying at the speed of light. Because any number is a limit,

and perfection doesn't have limits. Perfect speed, my son, is being

there."

Without warning, Chiang vanished and appeared at the water's edge

fifty feet away, all in the flicker of an instant. Then he vanished again

and stood, in the same millisecond, at Jonathan's shoulder. "It's kind of

fun," he said.

Jonathan was dazzled. He forgot to ask about heaven. "How do you do

that? What does it feel like? How far can you go?"

"You can go to any place and to any time that you wish to go," the

Elder said. "I've gone everywhere and everywhen I can think of." He looked

across the sea. "It's strange. The gulls who scorn perfection for the sake

of travel go nowhere, slowly. Those who put aside travel for the sake of

perfection go anywhere, instantly. Remember, Jonathan, heaven isn't a

place or a time, because place and time are so very meaningless. Heaven

is..."

"Can you teach me to fly like that?" Jonathan Seagull trembled to

conquer another unknown.

"Of course if you wish to learn."

"I wish. When can we start?".

"We could start now if you'd like."

"I want to learn to fly like that," Jonathan said and a strange light

glowed in his eyes. "Tell me what to do,"

Chiang spoke slowly and watched the younger gull ever so carefully.

"To fly as fast as thought, to anywhere that is," he said, "you must begin

by knowing that you have already arrived ..."

The trick, according to Chiang, was for Jonathan to stop seeing

himself as trapped inside a limited body that had a forty-two inch

wingspan and performance that could be plotted on a chart. The trick was

to know that his true nature lived, as perfect as an unwritten number,

everywhere at once across space and time.

Jonathan kept at it, fiercely, day after day, from before sunrise

till past midnight. And for all his effort he moved not a feather width

from his spot.

"Forget about faith!" Chiang said it time and again. "You didn't need

faith to fly, you needed to understand flying.This is jast the same. Now

try again ..."

Then one day Jonathan, standing on the shore, closing his eyes,

concentrating, all in a flash knew what Chiang had been telling him. "Why,

that's true! I am a perfect, unlimited gull!" He felt a great shock of

joy.

"Good!" said Chiang and there was victory in his voice.

Jonathan opened his eyes. He stood alone with the Elder on a totally

different seashore - trees down to the water's edge, twin yellow suns

turning overhead.

"At last you've got the idea," Chiang said, "but your control needs a

little work... "

Jonathan was stunned. "Where are we?"

Utterly unimpressed with the strange surroundings, the Elder brushed

the question aside. "We're on some planet, obviously, with a green sky and

a double star for a sun."

Jonathan made a scree of delight, the first sound he had made since

he had left Earth. "IT WORKS!"

"Well, of course, it works, Jon." said Chiang. "It always works, when

you know what you're doing. Now about your control..."

By the time they returned, it was dark. The other gulls looked at

Jonathan with awe in their golden eyes, for they had seen him disappear

from where he had been rooted for so long.

He stood their congratulations for less than a minute. "I'm the

newcomer here! I'm just beginning! It is I who must learn from you!"

"I wonder about that, Jon," said Sullivan standing near. "You have

less fear of learning than any gull I've seen in ten thousand years. "The

Flock fell silent, and Jonathan fidgeted in embarrassment.

"We can start working with time if you wish," Chiang said, "till you

can fly the past and the future. And then you will be ready to begin the

most difficult, the most powerful, the most fun of all. You will be ready

to begin to fly up and know the meaning of kindness and of love."

A month went by, or something that felt about like a month, and

Jonathan learned at a tremendous rate. He always had learned quickly from

ordinary experience, and now, the special student of the Elder Himself, he

took in new ideas like a streamlined feathered computer.

But then the day came that Chiang vanished. He had been talking

quietly with them all, exhorting them never to stop their learning and

their practicing and their striving to understand more of the perfect

invisible principle of all life. Then, as he spoke, his feathers went

brighter and brighter and at last turned so brilliant that no gull could

look upon him.

"Jonathan," he said, and these were the last words that he spoke,

"keep working on love."

When they could see again, Chiang was gone.

As the days went past, Jonathan found himself thinking time and again

of the Earth from which he had come. If he had known there just a tenth,

just a hundredth, of what he knew here, how much more life would have

meant! He stood on the sand and fell to wondering if there was a gull back

there who might be struggling to break out of his limits, to see the

meaning of flight beyond a way of travel to get a breadcrumb from a

rowboat. Perhaps there might even have been one made Outcast for speaking

his truth in the face of the Flock. And the more Jonathan practiced his

kindness lessons, and the more he worked to know the nature of love, the

more he wanted to go back to Earth. For in spite of his lonely past,

Jonathan Seagull was born to be an instructor, and his own way of

demonstrating love was to give something of the truth that he had seen to

a gull who asked only a chance to see truth for himself.

Sullivan, adept now at thought-speed flight and helping the others to

learn, was doubrful.

"Jon, you were Outcast once. Why do you think that any of the gulls

in your old time would listen to you now? You know the proverb, and it's

true: The gull sees farthest who flies highest. Those gulls where you came

from are standing on the ground, squawking and fighting among themselves.

They're a thousand miles from heaven - and you say you want to show them

heaven from where they stand! Jon, they can't see their own wingtips! Stay

here. Help the new gulls here, the ones who are high enough to see what

you have to tell them." He was quiet for a moment, and then he said, "What

if Chiang had gone back to his old worlds? Where would you have been

today?"

The last point was the telling one, and Sullivan was right The gull

sees farthest who flies highest.

Jonathan stayed and worked with the new birds coming in, who were all

very bright and quick with their lessons. But the old feeling came back,

and he couldn't help but think that there might be one or two gulls back

on Earth who would be able to learn, too. How much more would he have

known by now if Chiang had come to him on the day that he was Outcast!

"Sully, I must go back " he said at last "Your students are doing

well. They can help you bring the newcomers along."

Sullivan sighed, but he did not argue. "I think I'll miss you,

Jonathan," was all he said.

"Sully, for shame!" Jonathan said in reproach, "and don't be foolish!

What are we trying to practice every day? If our friendship depends on

things like space and time, then when we finally overcome space and time,

we've destroyed our own brotherhood! But overcome space, and all we have

left is Here. Overcome time, and all we have left is Now. And in the

middle of Here and Now, don't you think that we might see each other once

or twice?"

Sullivan Seagull laughed in spite of himself. "You crazy bird," he

said kindly. "If anybody can show someone on the ground how to see a

thousand miles, it will be Jonathan Livingston Seagull." He looked at the

sand. "Good-bye, Jon, my friend."

"Good bye, Sully. We'll meet again." And with that, Jonathan held in

thought an image of the great gull flocks on the shore of another time,

and he knew with practiced ease that he was not bone and feather but a

perfect idea of freedom and flight, limited by nothing at all.

Fletcher Lynd Seagull was still quite young, but already he knew that

no bird had ever been so harshly treated by any Flock, or with so much

injustice.

"I don't care what they say," he thought fiercely, and his vision

blurred as he flew out toward the Far Cliffs. "There's so much more to

flying than just flapping around from place to place! A... a... mosquito

does that! One little barrel roll around the Elder Gull, just for fun, and

I'm Outcast! Are they blind? Can't they see? Can't they think of the glory

that it'll be when we really learn to fly?

"I don't care what they think. I'll show them what flying is! I'll be

pure Outlaw, if that's the way they want it. And I'll make them so

sorry..."

The voice came inside his own head, and though it was very gentle, it

startled him so much that he faltered and stumbled in the air.

"Don't be harsh on them, Fletcher Seagull. In casting you out, the

other gulls have only hurt themselves, and one day they will know this,

and one day they will see what you see. Forgive them, and help them to

understand."

An inch from his right wingtip flew the most brilliant white gull in

all the world, gliding effortlessly along, not moving a feather, at what

was very nearly Fletcher's top speed.

There was a moment of chaos in the young bird. "What's going on? Am I

mad? Am I dead? What is this?"

Low and calm, the voice went on within his thought, demanding an

answer. "Fletcher Lynd Seagull, do you want to fly?"

"YES, I WANT TO FLY!".

"Fletcher Lynd Seagull, do you want to fly so much that you will

forgive the Flock, and learn, and go back to them one day and work to help

them know?"

There was no lying to this magniflcent skillful being, no matter how

proud or how hurt a bird was Fletcher Seagull.

"I do " he said softly.

"Then, Fletch," that bright creature said to him, and the voice was

very kind, "let's begin with Level Flight...."

Part Three

Jonathan circled slowly over the Far Cliffs, watching. This rough

young Fletcher Gull was very nearly a perfect flight-student. He was

strong and light and quick in the air, but far and away more important, he

had a blazing drive to learn to fly.

Here he came this minute, a blurred gray shape roaring out of a dive,

flashing one hundred fifty miles per hour past his instructor. He pulled

abruptly into another try at a sixteen point vertical slow roll, calling

the points out loud.

"...eight... nine... ten... see-Jonathan-l'm-running-out-ofairspeed..

eleven... I-want-good-sharp-stops-like yours... twelve...

but-blast-it-Ijust-can't-make... - thirteen... theselast-three-points...

without... fourtee ...aaakk!"

Fletcher's whipstall at the top was all the worse for his rage and

fury at failing. He fell backward, tumbled, slammed savagely into an

inverted spin, and recovered at last, panting, a hundred feet below his

instructor's level.

"You're wasting your time with me, Jonathan! I'm too dumb! I'm too

stupid! I try and try, but I'll never get it!"

Jonathan Seagull looked down at him and nodded. "You'll never get it

for sure as long as you make that pullup so hard. Fletcher, you lost forty

miles an hour in the entry! You have to be smooth! Firm but smooth,

remember?"

He dropped down to the level of the younger gull."Let's try it

together now, in formation. And pay attention to that pullup. It's a

smooth, easy entry."

By the end of three months Jonathan had six other students, Outcasts

all, yet curious about this strange new idea of flight for the joy of

flying.

Still, it was easier for them to practice high performance than it

was to understand the reason behindit.

"Each of us is in truth an idea of the Great Gull, an unlimited idea

of freedom," Jonathan would say in the evenings on the beach, "and

precision flying is a step toward expressing our real nature.Everything

that limits us we have to put aside. That's why all this high-speed

practice, and low speed, and aerobatics...."

...and his students would be asleep, exhausted from the day's flying.

They liked the practice, because it was fast and exciting and it fed a

hunger for learning that grew with every lesson. But not one of them, not

even Fletcher Lynd Gull, had come to believe that the flight of ideas

could possibly be as real as the flight of wind and feather.

"Your whole body, from wingtip to wingtip," Jonathan would say, other

times, "is nothing more than your thought itself, in a form you can see.

Break the chains of your thought, and you break the chains of your body,

too..." But no matter how he said it, it sounded like pleasant fiction,

and they needed more to sleep.

It was only a month later that Jonathan said the time had come to

return to the Flock.

"We're not ready!" said Henry Calvin Gull. "We're not welcome! We're

Outcast! We can't force ourselves to go where we're not welcome, can we?"

"We're free to go where we wish and to be what we are," Jonathan

answered, and he lifted from the sand and turned east, toward the home

grounds of the Flock.

There was brief anguish among his students, for it is the Law of the

Flock that an Outcast never returns, and the Law had not been broken once

in ten thousand years. The Law said stay; Jonathan said go; and by now he

was a mile across the water. If they waited much longer, he would reach a

hostile Flock alone.

"Well, we don't have to obey the law if we're not a part of the

Flock, do we?" Fletcher said, rather self-consciously. "Besides, if

there's a fight we'll be a lot more help there than here."'

And so they flew in from the west that morning, eight of them in a

double-diamond formation, wingtips almost overlapping. They came across

the Flock's Council Beach at a hundred thirty-five miles per hour,

Jonathan in the lead. Fletcher smoothly at his right wing, Henry Calvin

struggling gamely at his left. Then the whole formation rolled slowly to

the right, as one bird... level... to... inverted... to... level, the wind

whipping over them all.

The squawks and grockles of everyday life in the Flock were cut off

as though the formation were a giant knife, and eight thousand gull-eyes

watched, without a single blink. One by one, each of the eight birds

pulled sharply upward into a full loop and flew all the way around to a

dead-slow stand-up landing on the sand. Then as though this sort of thing

happened every day, Jonathan Seagull began his critique of the flight.

"To begin with," he said with a wry smile, "you were all a bit late

on the join-up..."

It went like lightning through the Flock. Those birds are Outcast!

And they have returned! And that... that can't happen! Fletcher's

predictions of battle melted in the Flock's confusion.

"Well sure, O.K. they're Outcast," said some of the younger gulls,

"but hey, man, where did they learn to fly like that?"

It took almost an hour for the Word of the Elder to pass through the

Flock: Ignore them. The gull who speaks to an Outcast is himself Outcast.

The gull who looks upon an Outcast breaks the Law of the Flock,

Gray-feathered backs were turned upon Jonathan from that moment onward,

but he didn't appear to notice. He held his practice sessions directly

over the Council Beach and for the first time began pressing his students

to the limit of their ability.

"Martin Gull!" he shouted across the sky. "You say you know low-speed

flying. You know nothing till you prove it! FLY!"

So quiet little Martin William Seagull, startled to be caught under

his instructor's fire, surprised himself and became a wizard of low

speeds. In the lightest breeze he could curve his feathers to lift himself

without a single flap of wing from sand to cloud and down again.

Likewise Charles-Roland Gull flew the Great Mountain Wind to

twenty-four thousand feet, came down blue from the cold thin air, amazed

and happy, determined to go still higher tomorrow.

Fletcher Seagull, who loved aerobatics like no one else, conquered

his sixteen point vertical slow roll and the next day topped it off with a

triple cartwheel, his feathers flashing white sunlight to a beach from

which more than one furtive eye watched.

Every hour Jonathan was there at the side of each of his students,

demonstrating, suggesting, pressuring, guiding. He flew with them through

night and cloud and storm, for the sport of it, while the Flock huddled

miserably on the ground.

When the flying was done, the students relaxed in the sand, and in

time they listened more closely to Jonathan. He had some crazy ideas that

they couldn't understand, but then he had some good ones that they could.

Gradually, in the night, another circle formed around the circle of

students a circle of curious gulls listening in the darkness for hours on

end, not wishing to see or be seen of one another, fading away before

daybreak.

It was a month after the Return that the first gull of the Flock

crossed the line and asked to learn how to fly. In his asking, Terrence

Lowell Gull became a condemned bird, labeled Outcast; and the eighth of

Jonathan's students.

The next night from the Flock came Kirk Maynard Gull, wobbling across

the sand, dragging his leftwing,to collapse at Jonathan's feet. "Help me,"

he said very quietly, speaking in the way that the dying speak. "I want to

fly more than anything else in the world..."

"Come along then." said Jonathan. "Climb with me away from the

ground, and we'll begin."

"You don't understand My wing. I can't move my wing."

"Maynard Gull, you have the freedom to be yourself, your true self,

here and now, and nothing can stand in your way.It is the Law of the Great

Gull, the Law that Is."

"Are you saying I can fly?"

"I say you are free."

As simply and as quickly as that, Kirk Maynard Gull spread his wings,

effortlessly, and lifted into the dark night air. The Flock was roused

from sleep by his cry, as loud as he could scream it, from five hundred

feet up: "I can fly! Listen! I CAN FLY!"

By sunrise there were nearly a thousand birds standing outside the

circle of students, looking curiously at Maynard. They didn't care whether

they were seen or not, and they listened, trying to understand Jonathan

Seagull.

He spoke of very simple things - that it is right for a guil to fly,

that freedom is the very nature of his being, that whatever stands against

that freedom must be set aside, be it ritual or superstition or limitation

in any form.

"Set aside," came a voice from the multitude, "even if it be the Law

of the Flock?"

"The only true law is that which leads to freedom," Jonathan said.

"There is no other."

"How do you expect us to fly as you fly?" came another voice. "You

are special and gifted and divine, above other birds."

"Look at Fletcher! Lowell! Charles-Roland! Judy Lee! Are they also

special and gifted and divine? No more than you are, no more than I am.

The only difference, the very only one, is that they have begun to

understand what they really are and have begun to practice it."

His students, save Fletcher, shifted uneasily. They hadn't realized

that this was what they were doing.

The crowd grew larger every day, coming to question, to idolize, to

scorn.

"They are saying in the Flock that if you are not the Son of the

Great Gull Himself," Fletcher told Jonathan one morning after Advanced

Speed Practice, "then you are a thousand years ahead of your time."

Jonathan sighed. The price of being misunderstood, he thought. They

call you devil or they call you god. "What do you think, Fletch? Are we

ahead of our time?"

A long silence. "Well, this kind of flying has always been here to be

learned by anybody who wanted to discover it; that's got nothing to do

with time. We're ahead of the fashion, maybe, Ahead of the way that most

gulls fly."

"That's something," Jonathan said rolling to glide inverted for a

while. "That's not half as bad as being ahead of our time."

It happened just a week later. Fletcher was demonstrating the

elements of high-speed flying to a class of new students. He had just

pulled out of his dive from seven thousand feet, a long gray streak firing

a few inches above the beach, when a young bird on its first flight glided

directly into his path, calling for its mother. With a tenth of a second

to avoid the youngster, Fletcher Lynd Seagull snapped hard to the left, at

something over two hundred miles per hour, into a cliff of solid granite.

It was, for him, as though the rock were a giant hard door into

another world. A burst of fear and shock and black as he hit, and then he

was adrift in a strange strange sky, forgetting, remembering, forgetting;

afraid and sad and sorry, terribly sorry.

The voice came to him as it had in the first day that he had met

Jonathan Livingston Seagull,

"The trick Fletcher is that we are trying to overcome our limitations

in order, patiently, We don't tackle flying through rock until a little

later in the program."

"Jonathan!".

"Also known as the Son of the Great Gull " his instructor said dryly,

"What are you doing here? The cliff! Haven't I didn't I.., die?"

"Oh, Fletch, come on. Think. If you are talking to me now, then

obviously you didn't die, did you? What you did manage to do was to change

your level of consciousness rather abruptly. It's your choice now. You can

stay here and learn on this level - which is quite a bit higher than the

one you left, by the way - or you can go back and keep working with the

Flock. The Elders were hoping for some kind of disaster, but they're

startled that you obliged them so well."

"I want to go back to the Flock, of course. I've barely begun with

the new group!"

"Very well, Fletcher. Remember what we were saying about one's body

being nothing more than thought itself....?"

Fletcher shook his head and stretched his wings and opened his eyes

at the base of the cliff, in the center of the whole Flock assembled.

There was a great clamor of squawks and screes from the crowd when first

he moved.

"He lives! He that was dead lives!"

"Touched him with a wingtip! Brought him to life! The Son of the

Great Gull!"

"No! He denies it! He's a devil! DEVIL! Come to break the Flock!"

There were four thousand gulls in the crowd, frightened at what had

happened, and the cry DEVIL! went through them like the wind of an ocean

storm. Eyes glazed, beaks sharp, they closed in to destroy.

"Would you feel better if we left, Fletcher?" asked Jonathan.

"I certainly wouldn't object too much if we did..."

Instantly they stood together a half-mile away, and the flashing

beaks of the mob closed on empty air.

"Why is it," Jonathan puzzled, "that the hardest thing in the world

is to convince a bird that he is free, and that he can prove it for

himself if he'd just spend a little time practicing? Why should that be so

hard?"

Fletcher still blinked from the change of scene. "What did you just

do? How did we get here?"

"You did say you wanted to be out of the mob, didn't you?"

"Yes! But how did you..."

"Like everything else, Fletcher. Practice." By morning the Flock had

forgotten its insanity, but Fletcher had not. "Jonathan, remember what you

said a long time ago, about loving the Flock enough to return to it and

help it learn?"

"Sure."

"I don't understand how you manage to love a mob of birds that has

just tried to kill you."

"Oh, Fletch, you don't love that! You don't love hatred and evil, of

course. You have to practice and see the real gull, the good in every one

of them, and to help them see it in themselves. That's what I mean by

love. It's fun, when you get the knack of it.

"I remember a fierce young bird for instance, Fletcher Lynd Seagull,

his name. Just been made Outcast, ready to fight the Flock to the death,

getting a start on building his own bitter hell out on the Far Cliffs. And

here he is today building his own heaven instead, and leading the whole

Flock in that direction."

Fletcher turned to his instructor, and there was a moment of fright

in his eye. "Me leading? What do you mean, me leading? You're the

instructor here. You couldn't leave!"

"Couldn't I? Don't you think that there might be other flocks, other

Fletchers, that need an instructor more than this one, that's on its way

toward the light?"

"Me? Jon, I'm just a plain seagull and you're... "

" ...the only Son of the Great Gull, I suppose?" Jonathan sighed and

looked out to sea. "You don't need me any longer. You need to keep finding

yourself, a little more each day, that real, unlimited Fletcher Seagull.

He's your in structor. You need to understand him and to practice him."

A moment later Jonathan's body wavered in the air, shimmering, and

began to go transparent. "Don't let them spread silly rumors about me, or

make me a god. O.K., Fletch? I'm a seagull. I like to fly, maybe..."

"JONATHAN!"

"Poor Fletch. Don't believe what your eyes are telling you. All they

show is limitation. Look with your understanding, find out what you

already know, and you'll see the way to fly."

The shimmering stopped. Jonathan Seagull had vanished into empty air.

After a time, Fletcher Gull dragged himself into the sky and faced a

brand-new group of students, eager for their first lesson.

"To begin with " he said heavily, "you've got to understand that a

seagull is an unlimited idea of freedom, an image of the Great Gull, and

your whole body, from wingtip to wingtip, is nothing more than your

thought itself."

The young gulls looked at him quizzically. Hey, man, they thought,

this doesn't sound like a rule for a loop.

Fletcher sighed and started over. "Hm. Ah... very well," he said, and

eyed them critically. "Let's begin with Level Flight." And saying that, he

understood all at once that his friend had quite honestly been no more

divine than Fletcher himself.

No limits, Jonathan? he thought. Well, then, the time's not distant

when I'm going to appear out of thin air on your beach, and show you a

thing or two about flying!

And though he tried to look properly severe for his students,

Fletcher Seagull suddenly saw them all as they really were, just for a

moment, and he more than liked, he loved what he saw. No limits, Jonathan?

he thought, and he smiled. His race to learn had begun.

1973

I

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book,

called /True Stories from Nature/, about the primeval forest. It was a

picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is

a copy of the drawing.

Boa

In the book it said: /"Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole,

without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep

through the six months that they need for digestion."/

I pondered deeply, then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after

some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing.

My Drawing Number One. It looked something like this:

Hat

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the

drawing frightened them.

But they answered: /"Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"/

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa

constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able

to understand it, I made another drawing: I drew the inside of a boa

constrictor, so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always

need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

Elephant inside the boa

The grown-ups' response, this time, was to advise me to lay aside my

drawings of boa constrictors, whether from the inside or the outside,

and devote myself instead to geography, history, arithmetic, and

grammar. That is why, at the age of six, I gave up what might have been

a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the

failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups

never understand anything by themselves, and it is tiresome for children

to be always and forever explaining things to them.

So then I chose another profession, and learned to pilot airplanes. I

have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that

geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish

China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night, such knowledge is

valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a

great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I

have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately,

close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them.

Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted, I

tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One, which I have

always kept. I would try to find out, so, if this was a person of true

understanding. But, whoever it was, he, or she, would always say:

/"That is a hat."/

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors, or

primeval forests, or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I

would talk to him about bridge, and golf, and politics, and neckties.

And the grown-up would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

II

So I lived my life alone, without anyone that I could really talk to,

until I had an accident with my plane in the Desert of Sahara, six years

ago. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a

mechanic nor any passengers, I set myself to attempt the difficult

repairs all alone. It was a question of life or death for me: I had

scarcely enough drinking water to last a week.

The first night, then, I went to sleep on the sand, a thousand miles

from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked sailor

on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Thus you can imagine my amazement,

at sunrise, when I was awakened by an odd little voice. It said:

/"If you please--draw me a sheep!"/

/"What!"/

/"Draw me a sheep!"/

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck. I blinked my eyes hard. I

looked carefully all around me. And I saw a most extraordinary small

person, who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you

may see the best portrait that, later, I was able to make of him. But my

drawing is certainly very much less charming than its model.

The Little prince

That, however, is not my fault. The grown-ups discouraged me in my

painter's career when I was six years old, and I never learned to draw

anything, except boas from the outside and boas from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes fairly starting out

of my head in astonishment. Remember, I had crashed in the desert a

thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed

neither to be straying uncertainly among the sands, nor to be fainting

from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave any

suggestion of a child lost in the middle of the desert, a thousand miles

from any human habitation. When at last I was able to speak, I said to him:

/"But--what are you doing here?"/

And in answer he repeated, very slowly, as if he were speaking of a

matter of great consequence:

/"If you please--draw me a sheep . . ."/

When a mystery is too overpowering, one dare not disobey. Absurd as it

might seem to me, a thousand miles from any human habitation and in

danger of death, I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my

fountain-pen. But then I remembered how my studies had been concentrated

on geography, history, arithmetic and grammar, and I told the little

chap (a little crossly, too) that I did not know how to draw. He

answered me:

/"That doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep . . ."/

But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew for him one of the two pictures

I had drawn so often. It was that of the boa constrictor from the

outside. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet it with:

/"No, no, no! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. A boa

constrictor is a very dangerous creature, and an elephant is very

cumbersome. Where I live, everything is very small. What I need is a

sheep. Draw me a sheep."/

So then I made a drawing.

Sick sheep

He looked at it carefully, then he said:

/"No. This sheep is already very sickly. Make me another."/

So I made another drawing.

A ram

My friend smiled gently and indulgently.

/"You see yourself,"/ he said, /"that this is not a sheep. This is a

ram. It has horns."/

So then I did my drawing over once more.

But it was rejected too, just like the others.

/"This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time."/

Old sheep

By this time my patience was exhausted, because I was in a hurry to

start taking my engine apart. So I tossed off this drawing.

Sheep in the box

And I threw out an explanation with it.

/"This is only his box. The sheep you asked for is inside."/

I was very surprised to see a light break over the face of my young judge:

/"That is exactly the way I wanted it! Do you think that this sheep will

have to have a great deal of grass?"/

/"Why?"/

/"Because where I live everything is very small . . ."/

/"There will surely be enough grass for him," I said. "It is a very

small sheep that I have given you."/

He bent his head over the drawing.

/"Not so small that--Look! He has gone to sleep . . ."/

And that is how I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

III

It took me a long time to learn where he came from. The little prince,

who asked me so many questions, never seemed to hear the ones I asked

him. It was from words dropped by chance that, little by little,

everything was revealed to me.

The first time he saw my airplane, for instance (I shall not draw my

airplane; that would be much too complicated for me), he asked me:

The Little prince

/"What is that object?"/

/"That is not an object. It flies. It is an airplane. It is my airplane."/

And I was proud to have him learn that I could fly.

He cried out, then:

/"What! You dropped down from the sky?"/

/"Yes,"/ I answered, modestly.

/"Oh! That is funny!"/

And the little prince broke into a lovely peal of laughter, which

irritated me very much. I like my misfortunes to be taken seriously.

Then he added:

/"So you, too, come from the sky! Which is your planet?"/

At that moment I caught a gleam of light in the impenetrable mystery of

his presence; and I demanded, abruptly:

/"Do you come from another planet?"/

But he did not reply. He tossed his head gently, without taking his eyes

from my plane:

/"It is true that on that you can't have come from very far away . . ."/

And he sank into a reverie, which lasted a long time. Then, taking my

sheep out of his pocket, he buried himself in the contemplation of his

treasure.

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused by this half-confidence

about the /"other planets."/ I made a great effort, therefore, to find

out more on this subject.

/"My little man, where do you come from? What is this 'where I live,' of

which you speak? Where do you want to take your sheep?"/

After a reflective silence he answered:

/"The thing that is so good about the box you have given me is that at

night he can use it as his house."/

/"That is so. And if you are good I will give you a string, too, so that

you can tie him during the day, and a post to tie him to."/

But the little prince seemed shocked by this offer:

The Little prince and stars

/"Tie him! What a queer idea!"/

/"But if you don't tie him," I said, "he will wander off somewhere, and

get lost."/

My friend broke into another peal of laughter:

/"But where do you think he would go?"/

/"Anywhere. Straight ahead of him."/

Then the little prince said, earnestly:

/"That doesn't matter. Where I live, everything is so small!"/

And, with perhaps a hint of sadness, he added:

/"Straight ahead of him, nobody can go very far . . ."/

IV

I had thus learned a second fact of great importance: this was that the

planet the little prince came from was scarcely any larger than a house!

But that did not really surprise me much. I knew very well that in

addition to the great planets--such as the Earth, Jupiter, Mars,

Venus--to which we have given names, there are also hundreds of others,

some of which are so small that one has a hard time seeing them through

the telescope. When an astronomer discovers one of these he does not

give it a name, but only a number. He might call it, for example,

/"Asteroid 325"/.

I have serious reason to believe that the planet from which the little

prince came is the asteroid known as B-612.

This asteroid has only once been seen through the telescope. That was by

a Turkish astronomer, in 1909.

Star-gazer

On making his discovery, the astronomer had presented it to the

International Astronomical Congress, in a great demonstration. But he

was in Turkish costume, and so nobody would believe what he said.

Grown-ups are like that . . .

Fortunately, however, for the reputation of Asteroid B-612, a Turkish

dictator made a law that his subjects, under pain of death, should

change to European costume. So in 1920 the astronomer gave his

demonstration all over again, dressed with impressive style and

elegance. And this time everybody accepted his report.

Turkish astronomer

If I have told you these details about the asteroid, and made a note of

its number for you, it is on account of the grown-ups and their ways.

When you tell them that you have made a new friend, they never ask you

any questions about essential matters. They never say to you, /"What

does his voice sound like? What games does he love best? Does he collect

butterflies?"/ Instead, they demand: /"How old is he? How many brothers

has he? How much does he weigh? How much money does his father make?"/

Only from these figures do they think they have learned anything about him.

If you were to say to the grown-ups: /"I saw a beautiful house made of

rosy brick, with geraniums in the windows and doves on the roof,"/ they

would not be able to get any idea of that house at all. You would have

to say to them: /"I saw a house that cost $20,000."/ Then they would

exclaim: /"Oh, what a pretty house that is!"/

Just so, you might say to them: /"The proof that the little prince

existed is that he was charming, that he laughed, and that he was

looking for a sheep. If anybody wants a sheep, that is a proof that he

exists."/ And what good would it do to tell them that? They would shrug

their shoulders, and treat you like a child. But if you said to them:

/"The planet he came from is Asteroid B-612,"/ then they would be

convinced, and leave you in peace from their questions.

European astronomer

They are like that. One must not hold it against them. Children should

always show great forbearance toward grown-up people.

But certainly, for us who understand life, figures are a matter of

indifference. I should have liked to begin this story in the fashion of

the fairy-tales. I should have like to say: /"Once upon a time there was

a little prince who lived on a planet that was scarcely any bigger than

himself, and who had need of a sheep . . ."/

To those who understand life, that would have given a much greater air

of truth to my story.

For I do not want any one to read my book carelessly. I have suffered

too much grief in setting down these memories. Six years have already

passed since my friend went away from me, with his sheep. If I try to

describe him here, it is to make sure that I shall not forget him. To

forget a friend is sad. Not every one has had a friend. And if I forget

him, I may become like the grown-ups who are no longer interested in

anything but figures . . .

It is for that purpose, again, that I have bought a box of paints and

some pencils. It is hard to take up drawing again at my age, when I have

never made any pictures except those of the boa constrictor from the

outside and the boa constrictor from the inside, since I was six. I

shall certainly try to make my portraits as true to life as possible.

But I am not at all sure of success. One drawing goes along all right,

and another has no resemblance to its subject. I make some errors, too,

in the little prince's height: in one place he is too tall and in

another too short. And I feel some doubts about the color of his

costume. So I fumble along as best I can, now good, now bad, and I hope

generally fair-to-middling.

In certain more important details I shall make mistakes, also. But that

is something that will not be my fault. My friend never explained

anything to me. He thought, perhaps, that I was like himself. But I,

alas, do not know how to see sheep through the walls of boxes. Perhaps I

am a little like the grown-ups. I have had to grow old.

V

As each day passed I would learn, in our talk, something about the

little prince's planet, his departure from it, his journey. The

information would come very slowly, as it might chance to fall from his

thoughts. It was in this way that I heard, on the third day, about the

catastrophe of the baobabs.

This time, once more, I had the sheep to thank for it. For the little

prince asked me abruptly--as if seized by a grave doubt--/"It is true,

isn't it, that sheep eat little bushes?"/

/"Yes, that is true."/

/"Ah! I am glad!"/

I did not understand why it was so important that sheep should eat

little bushes. But the little prince added:

/"Then it follows that they also eat baobabs?"/

I pointed out to the little prince that baobabs were not little bushes,

but, on the contrary, trees as big as castles; and that even if he took

a whole herd of elephants away with him, the herd would not eat up one

single baobab.

The idea of the herd of elephants made the little prince laugh.

/"We would have to put them one on top of the other,"/ he said.

Elephans on the planet

But he made a wise comment:

/"Before they grow so big, the baobabs start out by being little."/

/"That is strictly correct," I said. "But why do you want the sheep to

eat the little baobabs?"/

He answered me at once, /"Oh, come, come!"/, as if he were speaking of

something that was self-evident. And I was obliged to make a great

mental effort to solve this problem, without any assistance.

Indeed, as I learned, there were on the planet where the little prince

lived--as on all planets--good plants and bad plants. In consequence,

there were good seeds from good plants, and bad seeds from bad plants.

But seeds are invisible. They sleep deep in the heart of the earth's

darkness, until some one among them is seized with the desire to awaken.

Then this little seed will stretch itself and begin--timidly at

first--to push a charming little sprig inoffensively upward toward the

sun. If it is only a sprout of radish or the sprig of a rose-bush, one

would let it grow wherever it might wish. But when it is a bad plant,

one must destroy it as soon as possible, the very first instant that one

recognizes it.

Chare of the planet

Now there were some terrible seeds on the planet that was the home of

the little prince; and these were the seeds of the baobab. The soil of

that planet was infested with them. A baobab is something you will

never, never be able to get rid of if you attend to it too late. It

spreads over the entire planet. It bores clear through it with its

roots. And if the planet is too small, and the baobabs are too many,

they split it in pieces . . .

/"It is a question of discipline,"/ the little prince said to me later

on. /"When you've finished your own toilet in the morning, then it is

time to attend to the toilet of your planet, just so, with the greatest

care. You must see to it that you pull up regularly all the baobabs, at

the very first moment when they can be distinguished from the rosebushes

which they resemble so closely in their earliest youth. It is very

tedious work,"/ the little prince added, /"but very easy."/

And one day he said to me: /"You ought to make a beautiful drawing, so

that the children where you live can see exactly how all this is. That

would be very useful to them if they were to travel some day.

Sometimes,"/ he added, /"there is no harm in putting off a piece of work

until another day. But when it is a matter of baobabs, that always means

a catastrophe. I knew a planet that was inhabited by a lazy man. He

neglected three little bushes . . ."/

So, as the little prince described it to me, I have made a drawing of

that planet. I do not much like to take the tone of a moralist. But the

danger of the baobabs is so little understood, and such considerable

risks would be run by anyone who might get lost on an asteroid, that for

once I am breaking through my reserve. /"Children," I say plainly,

"watch out for the baobabs!"/

My friends, like myself, have been skirting this danger for a long time,

without ever knowing it; and so it is for them that I have worked so

hard over this drawing. The lesson which I pass on by this means is

worth all the trouble it has cost me.

Baobabs

Perhaps you will ask me, /"Why are there no other drawing in this book

as magnificent and impressive as this drawing of the baobabs?"/

The reply is simple. I have tried. But with the others I have not been

successful. When I made the drawing of the baobabs I was carried beyond

myself by the inspiring force of urgent necessity.

VI

Oh, little prince! Bit by bit I came to understand the secrets of your

sad little life . . . For a long time you had found your only

entertainment in the quiet pleasure of looking at the sunset. I learned

that new detail on the morning of the fourth day, when you said to me:

/"I am very fond of sunsets. Come, let us go look at a sunset now."/

/"But we must wait,"/ I said.

/"Wait? For what?"/

/"For the sunset. We must wait until it is time."/

At first you seemed to be very much surprised. And then you laughed to

yourself. You said to me:

/"I am always thinking that I am at home!"/

Just so. Everybody knows that when it is noon in the United States the

sun is setting over France.

If you could fly to France in one minute, you could go straight into the

sunset, right from noon. Unfortunately, France is too far away for that.

But on your tiny planet, my little prince, all you need do is move your

chair a few steps. You can see the day end and the twilight falling

whenever you like . . .

/"One day,"/ you said to me, /"I saw the sunset forty-four times!"/

And a little later you added:

/"You know--one loves the sunset, when one is so sad . . ."/

/"Were you so sad, then?"/ I asked, /"on the day of the forty-four

sunsets?"/

But the little prince made no reply.

Sunsets

VII

On the fifth day--again, as always, it was thanks to the sheep--the

secret of the little prince's life was revealed to me. Abruptly, without

anything to lead up to it, and as if the question had been born of long

and silent meditation on his problem, he demanded:

/"A sheep--if it eats little bushes, does it eat flowers, too?"/

/"A sheep,"/ I answered, /"eats anything it finds in its reach."/

/"Even flowers that have thorns?"/

/"Yes, even flowers that have thorns."/

/"Then the thorns--what use are they?"/

I did not know. At that moment I was very busy trying to unscrew a bolt

that had got stuck in my engine. I was very much worried, for it was

becoming clear to me that the breakdown of my plane was extremely

serious. And I had so little drinking-water left that I had to fear for

the worst.

/"The thorns--what use are they?"/

The little prince never let go of a question, once he had asked it. As

for me, I was upset over that bolt. And I answered with the first thing

that came into my head:

/"The thorns are of no use at all. Flowers have thorns just for spite!"/

/"Oh!"/

There was a moment of complete silence. Then the little prince flashed

back at me, with a kind of resentfulness:

/"I don't believe you! Flowers are weak creatures. They are naďve. They

reassure themselves as best they can. They believe that their thorns are

terrible weapons . . ."/

I did not answer. At that instant I was saying to myself: /"If this bolt

still won't turn, I am going to knock it out with the hammer."/ Again

the little prince disturbed my thoughts:

/"And you actually believe that the flowers--"/

/"Oh, no!"/ I cried. /"No, no, no! I don't believe anything. I answered

you with the first thing that came into my head. Don't you see--I am

very busy with matters of consequence!"/

He stared at me, thunderstruck.

/"Matters of consequence!"/

He looked at me there, with my hammer in my hand, my fingers black with

engine-grease, bending down over an object which seemed to him extremely

ugly . . .

/"You talk just like the grown-ups!"/

That made me a little ashamed. But he went on, relentlessly:

/"You mix everything up together . . . You confuse everything . . ."/

He was really very angry. He tossed his golden curls in the breeze.

/"I know a planet where there is a certain red-faced gentleman. He has

never smelled a flower. He has never looked at a star. He has never

loved any one. He has never done anything in his life but add up

figures. And all day he says over and over, just like you: 'I am busy

with matters of consequence!' And that makes him swell up with pride.

But he is not a man--he is a mushroom!"/

/"A what?"/

/"A mushroom!"/

The little prince was now white with rage.

/"The flowers have been growing thorns for millions of years. For

millions of years the sheep have been eating them just the same. And is

it not a matter of consequence to try to understand why the flowers go

to so much trouble to grow thorns which are never of any use to them? Is

the warfare between the sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not

of more consequence than a fat red-faced gentleman's sums? And if I

know--I, myself--one flower which is unique in the world, which grows

nowhere but on my planet, but which one little sheep can destroy in a

single bite some morning, without even noticing what he is doing--Oh!

You think that is not important!"/

His face turned from white to red as he continued:

/"If some one loves a flower, of which just one single blossom grows in

all the millions and millions of stars, it is enough to make him happy

just to look at the stars. He can say to himself, 'Somewhere, my flower

is there . . .' But if the sheep eats the flower, in one moment all his

stars will be darkened . . . And you think that is not important!"/

He could not say anything more. His words were choked by sobbing.

The night had fallen. I had let my tools drop from my hands. Of what

moment now was my hammer, my bolt, or thirst, or death? On one star, one

planet, my planet, the Earth, there was a little prince to be comforted.

I took him in my arms, and rocked him. I said to him:

/"The flower that you love is not in danger. I will draw you a muzzle

for your sheep. I will draw you a railing to put around your flower. I

will--"/

I did not know what to say to him. I felt awkward and blundering. I did

not know how I could reach him, where I could overtake him and go on

hand in hand with him once more.

It is such a secret place, the land of tears.

The flower

VIII

I soon learned to know this flower better. On the little prince's planet

the flowers had always been very simple. They had only one ring of

petals; they took up no room at all; they were a trouble to nobody. One

morning they would appear in the grass, and by night they would have

faded peacefully away. But one day, from a seed blown from no one knew

where, a new flower had come up; and the little prince had watched very

closely over this small sprout which was not like any other small

sprouts on his planet. It might, you see, have been a new kind of baobab.

The shrub soon stopped growing, and began to get ready to produce a

flower. The little prince, who was present at the first appearance of a

huge bud, felt at once that some sort of miraculous apparition must

emerge from it. But the flower was not satisfied to complete the

preparations for her beauty in the shelter of her green chamber. She

chose her colors with the greatest care. She dressed herself slowly. She

adjusted her petals one by one. She did not wish to go out into the

world all rumpled, like the field poppies. It was only in the full

radiance of her beauty that she wished to appear. Oh, yes! She was a

coquettish creature! And her mysterious adornment lasted for days and days.

Then one morning, exactly at sunrise, she suddenly showed herself.

The Little prince and the flower

And, after working with all this painstaking precision, she yawned and

said:

/"Ah! I am scarcely awake. I beg that you will excuse me. My petals are

still all disarranged . . ."/

But the little prince could not restrain his admiration:

/"Oh! How beautiful you are!"/

/"Am I not?"/ the flower responded, sweetly. /"And I was born at the

same moment as the sun . . ."/

The little prince could guess easily enough that she was not any too

modest--but how moving--and exciting--she was!

/"I think it is time for breakfast,"/ she added an instant later. /"If

you would have the kindness to think of my needs--"/

The Little princ eis watering the flower

And the little prince, completely abashed, went to look for a

sprinkling-can of fresh water. So, he tended the flower.

So, too, she began very quickly to torment him with her vanity--which

was, if the truth be known, a little difficult to deal with. One day,

for instance, when she was speaking of her four thorns, she said to the

little prince:

/"Let the tigers come with their claws!"/

/"There are no tigers on my planet,"/ the little prince objected. /"And,

anyway, tigers do not eat weeds."/

/"I am not a weed,"/ the flower replied, sweetly.

/"Please excuse me . . ."/

/"I am not at all afraid of tigers,"/ she went on, /"but I have a horror

of drafts. I suppose you wouldn't have a screen for me?"/

/"A horror of drafts--that is bad luck, for a plant,"/ remarked the

little prince, and added to himself, /"This flower is a very complex

creature . . ."/

The Little prince is saving the flower

/"At night I want you to put me under a glass globe. It is very cold

where you live. In the place I came from--"/

But she interrupted herself at that point. She had come in the form of a

seed. She could not have known anything of any other worlds. Embarassed

over having let herself be caught on the verge of such a naďve untruth,

she coughed two or three times, in order to put the little prince in the

wrong.

/"The screen?"/

/"I was just going to look for it when you spoke to me . . ."/

Then she forced her cough a little more so that he should suffer from

remorse just the same.

So the little prince, in spite of all the good will that was inseparable

from his love, had soon come to doubt her. He had taken seriously words

which were without importance, and it made him very unhappy.

/"I ought not to have listened to her,"/ he confided to me one day.

/"One never ought to listen to the flowers. One should simply look at

them and breathe their fragrance. Mine perfumed all my planet. But I did

not know how to take pleasure in all her grace. This tale of claws,

which disturbed me so much, should only have filled my heart with

tenderness and pity."/

Beast of prey and the flower

And he continued his confidences:

/"The fact is that I did not know how to understand anything! I ought to

have judged by deeds and not by words. She cast her fragrance and her

radiance over me. I ought never to have run away from her . . . I ought

to have guessed all the affection that lay behind her poor little

strategems. Flowers are so inconsistent! But I was too young to know how

to love her …"/

Winter on the planet

IX

I believe that for his escape he took advantage of the migration of a

flock of wild birds. On the morning of his departure he put his planet

in perfect order. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. He

possessed two active volcanoes; and they were very convenient for

heating his breakfast in the morning. He also had one volcano that was

extinct. But, as he said, /"One never knows!"/ So he cleaned out the

extinct volcano, too. If they are well cleaned out, volcanoes burn

slowly and steadily, without any eruptions. Volcanic eruptions are like

fires in a chimney.

On our earth we are obviously much too small to clean out our volcanoes.

That is why they bring no end of trouble upon us.

The little prince also pulled up, with a certain sense of dejection, the

last little shoots of the baobabs. He believed that he would never want

to return. But on this last morning all these familiar tasks seemed very

precious to him. And when he watered the flower for the last time, and

prepared to place her under the shelter of her glass globe, he realized

that he was very close to tears.

/"Goodbye,"/ he said to the flower.

But she made no answer.

/"Goodbye,"/ he said again.

The flower coughed. But it was not because she had a cold.

/"I have been silly,"/ she said to him, at last. /"I ask your

forgiveness. Try to be happy . . ."/

He was surprised by this absence of reproaches. He stood there all

bewildered, the glass globe held arrested in mid-air. He did not

understand this quiet sweetness.

/"Of course I love you,"/ the flower said to him. /"It is my fault that

you have not known it all the while. That is of no importance. But

you--you have been just as foolish as I. Try to be happy . . . Let the

glass globe be. I don't want it any more."/

The Little price is cleaning volcano

/"But the wind--"/

/"My cold is not so bad as all that . . . The cool night air will do me

good. I am a flower."/

/"But the animals--"/

/"Well, I must endure the presence of two or three caterpillars if I

wish to become acquainted with the butterflies. It seems that they are

very beautiful. And if not the butterflies--and the caterpillars--who

will call upon me? You will be far away . . . As for the large

animals--I am not at all afraid of any of them. I have my claws."/

And, naďvely, she showed her four thorns. Then she added:

/"Don't linger like this. You have decided to go away. Now go!"/

For she did not want him to see her crying. She was such a proud flower.

X

He found himself in the neighborhood of the asteroids 325, 326, 327,

328, 329, and 330. He began, therefore, by visiting them, in order to

add to his knowledge.

The first of them was inhabited by a king. Clad in royal purple and

ermine, he was seated upon a throne which was at the same time both

simple and majestic.

The king

/"Ah! Here is a subject,"/ exclaimed the king, when he saw the little

prince coming.

And the little prince asked himself:

/"How could he recognize me when he had never seen me before?"/

He did not know how the world is simplified for kings. To them, all men

are subjects.

/"Approach, so that I may see you better,"/ said the king, who felt

consumingly proud of being at last a king over somebody.

The little prince looked everywhere to find a place to sit down; but the

entire planet was crammed and obstructed by the king's magnificent

ermine robe. So he remained standing upright, and, since he was tired,

he yawned.

/"It is contrary to etiquette to yawn in the presence of a king,"/ the

monarch said to him. /"I forbid you to do so."/

/"I can't help it. I can't stop myself,"/ replied the little prince,

thoroughly embarrassed. /"I have come on a long journey, and I have had

no sleep . . ."/

/"Ah, then,"/ the king said. /"I order you to yawn. It is years since I

have seen anyone yawning. Yawns, to me, are objects of curiosity. Come,

now! Yawn again! It is an order."/

/"That frightens me . . . I cannot, any more . . ."/ murmured the little

prince, now completely abashed.

/"Hum! Hum!"/ replied the king. /"Then I--I order you sometimes to yawn

and sometimes to--"/

He sputtered a little, and seemed vexed.

For what the king fundamentally insisted upon was that his authority

should be respected. He tolerated no disobedience. He was an absolute

monarch. But, because he was a very good man, he made his orders

reasonable.

/"If I ordered a general,"/ he would say, by way of example, /"if I

ordered a general to change himself into a sea bird, and if the general

did not obey me, that would not be the fault of the general. It would be

my fault."/

/"May I sit down?"/ came now a timid inquiry from the little prince.

/"I order you to do so,"/ the king answered him, and majestically

gathered in a fold of his ermine mantle.

But the little prince was wondering . . . The planet was tiny. Over what

could this king really rule?

/"Sire,"/ he said to him, /"I beg that you will excuse my asking you a

question--"/

/"I order you to ask me a question,"/ the king hastened to assure him.

/"Sire--over what do you rule?"/

/"Over everything,"/ said the king, with magnificent simplicity.

/"Over everything?"/

The king made a gesture, which took in his planet, the other planets,

and all the stars.

/"Over all that?"/ asked the little prince.

/"Over all that,"/ the king answered.

For his rule was not only absolute: it was also universal.

/"And the stars obey you?"/

/"Certainly they do,"/ the king said. /"They obey instantly. I do not

permit insubordination."/

Such power was a thing for the little prince to marvel at. If he had

been master of such complete authority, he would have been able to watch

the sunset, not forty-four times in one day, but seventy-two, or even a

hundred, or even two hundred times, without ever having to move his

chair. And because he felt a bit sad as he remembered his little planet

which he had forsaken, he plucked up his courage to ask the king a favor:

/"I should like to see a sunset . . . Do me that kindness . . . Order

the sun to set . . ."/

/"If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another like a

butterfly, or to write a tragic drama, or to change himself into a sea

bird, and if the general did not carry out the order that he had

received, which one of us would be in the wrong?"/ the king demanded.

/"The general, or myself?"/

/"You,"/ said the little prince firmly.

/"Exactly. One must require from each one the duty which each one can

perform,"/ the king went on. /"Accepted authority rests first of all on

reason. If you ordered your people to go and throw themselves into the

sea, they would rise up in revolution. I have the right to require

obedience because my orders are reasonable."/

/"Then my sunset?"/ the little prince reminded him: for he never forgot

a question once he had asked it.

/"You shall have your sunset. I shall command it. But, according to my

science of government, I shall wait until conditions are favorable."/

/"When will that be?"/ inquired the little prince.

/"Hum! Hum!"/ replied the king; and before saying anything else he

consulted a bulky almanac. /"Hum! Hum! That will be about--about--that

will be this evening about twenty minutes to eight. And you will see how

well I am obeyed!"/

The little prince yawned. He was regretting his lost sunset. And then,

too, he was already beginning to be a little bored.

/"I have nothing more to do here,"/ he said to the king. /"So I shall

set out on my way again."/

/"Do not go,"/ said the king, who was very proud of having a subject.

/"Do not go. I will make you a Minister!"/

/"Minister of what?"/

/"Minster of--of Justice!"/

/"But there is nobody here to judge!"/

/"We do not know that,"/ the king said to him. /"I have not yet made a

complete tour of my kingdom. I am very old. There is no room here for a

carriage. And it tires me to walk."/

/"Oh, but I have looked already!"/ said the little prince, turning

around to give one more glance to the other side of the planet. On that

side, as on this, there was nobody at all . . .

/"Then you shall judge yourself,"/ the king answered. /"that is the most

difficult thing of all. It is much more difficult to judge oneself than

to judge others. If you succeed in judging yourself rightly, then you

are indeed a man of true wisdom."/

/"Yes,"/ said the little prince, /"but I can judge myself anywhere. I do

not need to live on this planet."/

/"Hum! Hum!"/ said the king. /"I have good reason to believe that

somewhere on my planet there is an old rat. I hear him at night. You can

judge this old rat. From time to time you will condemn him to death.

Thus his life will depend on your justice. But you will pardon him on

each occasion; for he must be treated thriftily. He is the only one we

have."/

/"I,"/ replied the little prince, /"do not like to condemn anyone to

death. And now I think I will go on my way."/

/"No,"/ said the king.

But the little prince, having now completed his preparations for

departure, had no wish to grieve the old monarch.

/"If Your Majesty wishes to be promptly obeyed,"/ he said, /"he should

be able to give me a reasonable order. He should be able, for example,

to order me to be gone by the end of one minute. It seems to me that

conditions are favorable . . ."/

As the king made no answer, the little prince hesitated a moment. Then,

with a sigh, he took his leave.

/"I make you my Ambassador,"/ the king called out, hastily.

He had a magnificent air of authority.

/"The grown-ups are very strange,"/ the little prince said to himself,

as he continued on his journey.

XI

The second planet was inhabited by a conceited man.

The Conceited man

/"Ah! Ah! I am about to receive a visit from an admirer!"/ he exclaimed

from afar, when he first saw the little prince coming.

For, to conceited men, all other men are admirers.

/"Good morning,"/ said the little prince. /"That is a queer hat you are

wearing."/

/"It is a hat for salutes,"/ the conceited man replied. /"It is to raise

in salute when people acclaim me. Unfortunately, nobody at all ever

passes this way."/

/"Yes?"/ said the little prince, who did not understand what the

conceited man was talking about.

/"Clap your hands, one against the other,"/ the conceited man now

directed him.

The little prince clapped his hands. The conceited man raised his hat in

a modest salute.

/"This is more entertaining than the visit to the king,"/ the little

prince said to himself. And he began again to clap his hands, one

against the other. The conceited man again raised his hat in salute.

After five minutes of this exercise the little prince grew tired of the

game's monotony.

/"And what should one do to make the hat come down?"/ he asked.

But the conceited man did not hear him. Conceited people never hear

anything but praise.

/"Do you really admire me very much?"/ he demanded of the little prince.

/"What does that mean--'admire'?"/

/"To admire means that you regard me as the handsomest, the

best-dressed, the richest, and the most intelligent man on this planet."/

/"But you are the only man on your planet!"/

/"Do me this kindness. Admire me just the same."/

/"I admire you,"/ said the little prince, shrugging his shoulders

slightly, /"but what is there in that to interest you so much?"/

And the little prince went away.

/"The grown-ups are certainly very odd,"/ he said to himself, as he

continued on his journey.

XII

The next planet was inhabited by a tippler. This was a very short visit,

but it plunged the little prince into deep dejection.

/"What are you doing there?"/ he said to the tippler, whom he found

settled down in silence before a collection of empty bottles and also a

collection of full bottles.

Tippler

/"I am drinking,"/ replied the tippler, with a lugubrious air.

/"Why are you drinking?"/ demanded the little prince.

/"So that I may forget,"/ replied the tippler.

/"Forget what?"/ inquired the little prince, who already was sorry for him.

/"Forget that I am ashamed,"/ the tippler confessed, hanging his head.

/"Ashamed of what?"/ insisted the little prince, who wanted to help him.

/"Ashamed of drinking!"/ The tipler brought his speech to an end, and

shut himself up in an impregnable silence.

And the little prince went away, puzzled.

/"The grown-ups are certainly very, very odd,"/ he said to himself, as

he continued on his journey.

XIII

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so much

occupied that he did not even raise his head at the little prince's arrival.

The businessman

/"Good morning,"/ the little prince said to him. /"Your cigarette has

gone out."/

/"Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three

make fifteen. Good morning. FIfteen and seven make twenty-two.

Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. I haven't time to light it again.

Twenty-six and five make thirty-one. Phew! Then that makes

five-hundred-and-one million, six-hundred-twenty-two-thousand,

seven-hundred-thirty-one."/

/"Five hundred million what?"/ asked the little prince.

/"Eh? Are you still there? Five-hundred-and-one million--I can't stop .

. . I have so much to do! I am concerned with matters of consequence. I

don't amuse myself with balderdash. Two and five make seven . . ."/

/"Five-hundred-and-one million what?"/ repeated the little prince, who

never in his life had let go of a question once he had asked it.

The businessman raised his head.

/"During the fifty-four years that I have inhabited this planet, I have

been disturbed only three times. The first time was twenty-two years

ago, when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows where. He made the

most frightful noise that resounded all over the place, and I made four

mistakes in my addition. The second time, eleven years ago, I was

disturbed by an attack of rheumatism. I don't get enough exercise. I

have no time for loafing. The third time--well, this is it! I was

saying, then, five-hundred-and-one millions--"/

/"Millions of what?"/

The businessman suddenly realized that there was no hope of being left

in peace until he answered this question.

/"Millions of those little objects,"/ he said, /"which one sometimes

sees in the sky."/

/"Flies?"/

/"Oh, no. Little glittering objects."/

/"Bees?"/

/"Oh, no. Little golden objects that set lazy men to idle dreaming. As

for me, I am concerned with matters of consequence. There is no time for

idle dreaming in my life."/

/"Ah! You mean the stars?"/

/"Yes, that's it. The stars."/

/"And what do you do with five-hundred millions of stars?"/

/"Five-hundred-and-one million, six-hundred-twenty-two thousand,

seven-hundred-thirty-one. I am concerned with matters of consequence: I

am accurate."/

/"And what do you do with these stars?"/

/"What do I do with them?"/

/"Yes."/

/"Nothing. I own them."/

/"You own the stars?"/

/"Yes."/

/"But I have already seen a king who--"/

/"Kings do not own, they reign over. It is a very different matter."/

/"And what good does it do you to own the stars?"/

/"It does me the good of making me rich."/

/"And what good does it do you to be rich?"/

/"It makes it possible for me to buy more stars, if any are discovered."/

/"This man,"/ the little prince said to himself, /"reasons a little like

my poor tippler . . ."/

Nevertheless, he still had some more questions.

/"How is it possible for one to own the stars?"/

/"To whom do they belong?"/ the businessman retorted, peevishly.

/"I don't know. To nobody."/

/"Then they belong to me, because I was the first person to think of it."/

/"Is that all that is necessary?"/

/"Certainly. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody, it is

yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody, it is yours.

When you get an idea before any one else, you take out a patent on it:

it is yours. So with me: I own the stars, because nobody else before me

ever thought of owning them."/

/"Yes, that is true," said the little prince. "And what do you do with

them?"/

/"I administer them,"/ replied the businessman. /"I count them and

recount them. It is difficult. But I am a man who is naturally

interested in matters of consequence."/

The little prince was still not satisfied.

/"If I owned a silk scarf,"/ he said, /"I could put it around my neck

and take it away with me. If I owned a flower, I could pluck that flower

and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven . .

."/

/"No. But I can put them in the bank."/

/"Whatever does that mean?"/

/"That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And

then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key."/

/"And that is all?"/

/"That is enough,"/ said the businessman.

/"It is entertaining,"/ thought the little prince. /"It is rather

poetic. But it is of no great consequence."/

On matters of consequence, the little prince had ideas which were very

different from those of the grown-ups.

/"I myself own a flower,"/ he continued his conversation with the

businessman, /"which I water every day. I own three volcanoes, which I

clean out every week (for I also clean out the one that is extinct; one

never knows). It is of some use to my volcanoes, and it is of some use

to my flower, that I own them. But you are of no use to the stars . . ."/

The businessman opened his mouth, but he found nothing to say in answer.

And the little prince went away.

/"The grown-ups are certainly altogether extraordinary,"/ he said

simply, talking to himself as he continued on his journey.

XIV

The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was

just enough room on it for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little

prince was not able to reach any explanation of the use of a street lamp

and a lamplighter, somewhere in the heavens, on a planet which had no

people, and not one house. But he said to himself, nevertheless:

/"It may well be that this man is absurd. But he is not so absurd as the

king, the conceited man, the businessman, and the tippler. For at least

his work has some meaning. When he lights his street lamp, it is as if

he brought one more star to life, or one flower. When he puts out his

lamp, he sends the flower, or the star, to sleep. That is a beautiful

occupation. And since it is beautiful, it is truly useful."/

When he arrived on the planet he respectfully saluted the lamplighter.

/"Good morning. Why have you just put out your lamp?"/

/"Those are the orders,"/ replied the lamplighter. /"Good morning."/

/"What are the orders?"/

/"The orders are that I put out my lamp. Good evening."/

And he lighted his lamp again.

/"But why have you just lighted it again?"/

/"Those are the orders,"/ replied the lamplighter.

/"I do not understand,"/ said the little prince.

/"There is nothing to understand,"/ said the lamplighter. /"Orders are

orders. Good morning."/

And he put out his lamp.

Then he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief decorated with red squares.

/"I follow a terrible profession. In the old days it was reasonable. I

put the lamp out in the morning, and in the evening I lighted it again.

I had the rest of the day for relaxation and the rest of the night for

sleep."/

/"And the orders have been changed since that time?"/

/"The orders have not been changed,"/ said the lamplighter. /"That is

the tragedy! From year to year the planet has turned more rapidly and

the orders have not been changed!"/

/"Then what?"/ asked the little prince.

/"Then--the planet now makes a complete turn every minute, and I no

longer have a single second for repose. Once every minute I have to

light my lamp and put it out!"/

/"That is very funny! A day lasts only one minute, here where you live!"/

/"It is not funny at all!"/ said the lamplighter. /"While we have been

talking together a month has gone by."/

/"A month?"/

/"Yes, a month. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening."/

And he lighted his lamp again.

As the little prince watched him, he felt that he loved this lamplighter

who was so faithful to his orders. He remembered the sunsets which he

himself had gone to seek, in other days, merely by pulling up his chair;

and he wanted to help his friend.

/"You know,"/ he said, /"I can tell you a way you can rest whenever you

want to. . ."/

/"I always want to rest,"/ said the lamplighter.

For it is possible for a man to be faithful and lazy at the same time.

The little prince went on with his explanation:

/"Your planet is so small that three strides will take you all the way

around it. To be always in the sunshine, you need only walk along rather

slowly. When you want to rest, you will walk--and the day will last as

long as you like."/

/"That doesn't do me much good,"/ said the lamplighter. /"The one thing

I love in life is to sleep."/

/"Then you're unlucky,"/ said the little prince.

/"I am unlucky,"/ said the lamplighter. /"Good morning."/

The lamplighter

And he put out his lamp.

/"That man,"/ said the little prince to himself, as he continued farther

on his journey, /"that man would be scorned by all the others: by the

king, by the conceited man, by the tippler, by the businessman.

Nevertheless he is the only one of them all who does not seem to me

ridiculous. Perhaps that is because he is thinking of something else

besides himself."/

He breathed a sigh of regret, and said to himself, again:

/"That man is the only one of them all whom I could have made my friend.

But his planet is indeed too small. There is no room on it for two

people. . ."/

What the little prince did not dare confess was that he was sorry most

of all to leave this planet, because it was blest every day with 1440

sunsets!

XV

The sixth planet was ten times larger than the last one. It was

inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote voluminous books.

The geographer

/"Oh, look! Here is an explorer!"/ he exclaimed to himself when he saw

the little prince coming.

The little prince sat down on the table and panted a little. He had

already traveled so much and so far!

/"Where do you come from?"/ the old gentleman said to him.

/"What is that big book?"/ said the little prince. "What are you doing?"

/"I am a geographer,"/ said the old gentleman.

/"What is a geographer?"/ asked the little prince.

/"A geographer is a scholar who knows the location of all the seas,

rivers, towns, mountains, and deserts."/

/"That is very interesting,"/ said the little prince. /"Here at last is

a man who has a real profession!"/ And he cast a look around him at the

planet of the geographer. It was the most magnificent and stately planet

that he had ever seen.

/"Your planet is very beautiful,"/ he said. /"Has it any oceans?"/

/"I couldn't tell you,"/ said the geographer.

/"Ah!"/ The little prince was disappointed. /"Has it any mountains?"/

/"I couldn't tell you,"/ said the geographer.

/"And towns, and rivers, and deserts?"/

/"I couldn't tell you that, either."/

/"But you are a geographer!"/

/"Exactly,"/ the geographer said. /"But I am not an explorer. I haven't

a single explorer on my planet. It is not the geographer who goes out to

count the towns, the rivers, the mountains, the seas, the oceans, and

the deserts. The geographer is much too important to go loafing about.

He does not leave his desk. But he receives the explorers in his study.

He asks them questions, and he notes down what they recall of their

travels. And if the recollections of any one among them seem interesting

to him, the geographer orders an inquiry into that explorer's moral

character."/

/"Why is that?"/

/"Because an explorer who told lies would bring disaster on the books of

the geographer. So would an explorer who drank too much."/

/"Why is that?"/ asked the little prince.

/"Because intoxicated men see double. Then the geographer would note

down two mountains in a place where there was only one."/

/"I know some one,"/ said the little prince, /"who would make a bad

explorer."/

/"That is possible. Then, when the moral character of the explorer is

shown to be good, an inquiry is ordered into his discovery."/

/"One goes to see it?"/

/"No. That would be too complicated. But one requires the explorer to

furnish proofs. For example, if the discovery in question is that of a

large mountain, one requires that large stones be brought back from it."/

The geographer was suddenly stirred to excitement.

/"But you--you come from far away! You are an explorer! You shall

describe your planet to me!"/

And, having opened his big register, the geographer sharpened his

pencil. The recitals of explorers are put down first in pencil. One

waits until the explorer has furnished proofs, before putting them down

in ink.

/"Well?"/ said the geographer expectantly.

/"Oh, where I live,"/ said the little prince, /"it is not very

interesting. It is all so small. I have three volcanoes. Two volcanoes

are active and the other is extinct. But one never knows."/

/"One never knows,"/ said the geographer.

/"I have also a flower."/

/"We do not record flowers,"/ said the geographer.

/"Why is that? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!"/

/"We do not record them,"/ said the geographer, /"because they are

ephemeral."/

/"What does that mean--'ephemeral'?"/

/"Geographies,"/ said the geographer, /"are the books which, of all

books, are most concerned with matters of consequence. They never become

old-fashioned. It is very rarely that a mountain changes its position.

It is very rarely that an ocean empties itself of its waters. We write

of eternal things."/

/"But extinct volcanoes may come to life again,"/ the little prince

interrupted. /"What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?"/

/"Whether volcanoes are extinct or alive, it comes to the same thing for

us,"/ said the geographer. /"The thing that matters to us is the

mountain. It does not change."/

/"But what does that mean--'ephemeral'?"/ repeated the little prince,

who never in his life had let go of a question, once he had asked it.

/"It means, 'which is in danger of speedy disappearance.'"/

/"Is my flower in danger of speedy disappearance?"/

/"Certainly it is."/

/"My flower is ephemeral,"/ the little prince said to himself, /"and she

has only four thorns to defend herself against the world. And I have

left her on my planet, all alone!"/

That was his first moment of regret. But he took courage once more.

/"What place would you advise me to visit now?"/ he asked.

/"The planet Earth,"/ replied the geographer. /"It has a good reputation."/

And the little prince went away, thinking of his flower

XVI

So then the seventh planet was the Earth.

The Earth is not just an ordinary planet! One can count, there, 111

kings (not forgetting, to be sure, the Negro kings among them), 7000

geographers, 900,000 businessmen, 7,500,000 tipplers, 311,000,000

conceited men--that is to say, about 2,000,000,000 grown-ups.

To give you an idea of the size of the Earth, I will tell you that

before the invention of electricity it was necessary to maintain, over

the whole of the six continents, a veritable army of 462,511

lamplighters for the street lamps.

Seen from a slight distance, that would make a splendid spectacle. The

movements of this army would be regulated like those of the ballet in

the opera. First would come the turn of the lamplighters of New Zealand

and Australia. Having set their lamps alight, these would go off to

sleep. Next, the lamplighters of China and Siberia would enter for their

steps in the dance, and then they too would be waved back into the

wings. After that would come the turn of the lamplighters of Russia and

the Indies; then those of Africa and Europe; then those of South

America; then those of South America; then those of North America. And

never would they make a mistake in the order of their entry upon the

stage. It would be magnificent.

Only the man who was in charge of the single lamp at the North Pole, and

his colleague who was responsible for the single lamp at the South

Pole--only these two would live free from toil and care: they would be

busy twice a year.

XVII

When one wishes to play the wit, he sometimes wanders a little from the

truth. I have not been altogether honest in what I have told you about

the lamplighters. And I realize that I run the risk of giving a false

idea of our planet to those who do not know it. Men occupy a very small

place upon the Earth. If the two billion inhabitants who people its

surface were all to stand upright and somewhat crowded together, as they

do for some big public assembly, they could easily be put into one

public square twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. All humanity

could be piled up on a small Pacific islet.

The grown-ups, to be sure, will not believe you when you tell them that.

They imagine that they fill a great deal of space. They fancy themselves

as important as the baobabs. You should advise them, then, to make their

own calculations. They adore figures, and that will please them. But do

not waste your time on this extra task. It is unnecessary. You have, I

know, confidence in me.

When the little prince arrived on the Earth, he was very much surprised

not to see any people. He was beginning to be afraid he had come to the

wrong planet, when a coil of gold, the color of the moonlight, flashed

across the sand.

/"Good evening,"/ said the little prince courteously.

/"Good evening,"/ said the snake.

/"What planet is this on which I have come down?"/ asked the little prince.

/"This is the Earth; this is Africa,"/ the snake answered.

/"Ah! Then there are no people on the Earth?"/

/"This is the desert. There are no people in the desert. The Earth is

large,"/ said the snake.

The little prince sat down on a stone, and raised his eyes toward the sky.

/"I wonder,"/ he said, /"whether the stars are set alight in heaven so

that one day each one of us may find his own again . . . Look at my

planet. It is right there above us. But how far away it is!"/

v

/"It is beautiful,"/ the snake said. /"What has brought you here?"/

/"I have been having some trouble with a flower,"/ said the little prince.

/"Ah!"/ said the snake.

And they were both silent.

/"Where are the men?"/ the little prince at last took up the

conversation again. /"It is a little lonely in the desert . . ."/

/"It is also lonely among men,"/ the snake said.

The little prince gazed at him for a long time.

/"You are a funny animal,"/ he said at last. /"You are no thicker than a

finger . . ."/

/"But I am more powerful than the finger of a king,"/ said the snake.

The little prince smiled.

/"You are not very powerful. You haven't even any feet. You cannot even

travel . . ."/

/"I can carry you farther than any ship could take you,"/ said the snake.

He twined himself around the little prince's ankle, like a golden bracelet.

/"Whomever I touch, I send back to the earth from whence he came,"/ the

snake spoke again. /"But you are innocent and true, and you come from a

star . . ."/

The little prince made no reply.

/"You move me to pity--you are so weak on this Earth made of granite,"/

the snake said. /"I can help you, some day, if you grow too homesick for

your own planet. I can--"/

/"Oh! I understand you very well,"/ said the little prince. /"But why do

you always speak in riddles?"/

/"I solve them all,"/ said the snake.

And they were both silent.

The Little prince and the snake

XVIII

The little prince crossed the desert and met with only one flower. It

was a flower with three petals, a flower of no account at all.

"Good morning," said the little prince.

"Good morning," said the flower.

"Where are the men?" the little prince asked, politely.

The flower had once seen a caravan passing.

"Men?" she echoed. "I think there are six or seven of them in existence.

I saw them, several years ago. But one never knows where to find them.

The wind blows them away. They have no roots, and that makes their life

very difficult."

"Goodbye," said the little prince.

"Goodbye," said the flower.

The flower

XIX

After that, the little prince climbed a high mountain. The only

mountains he had ever known were the three volcanoes, which came up to

his knees. And he used the extinct volcano as a footstool. "From a

mountain as high as this one," he said to himself, "I shall be able to

see the whole planet at one glance, and all the people . . ."

But he saw nothing, save peaks of rock that were sharpened like needles.

"Good morning," he said courteously.

"Good morning--Good morning--Good morning," answered the echo.

"Who are you?" said the little prince.

"Who are you--Who are you--Who are you?" answered the echo.

"Be my friends. I am all alone," he said.

"I am all alone--all alone--all alone," answered the echo.

"What a queer planet!" he thought. "It is altogether dry, and altogether

pointed, and altogether harsh and forbidding. And the people have no

imagination. They repeat whatever one says to them . . . On my planet I

had a flower; she always was the first to speak . . ."

The echo

XX

But it happened that after walking for a long time through sand, and

rocks, and snow, the little prince at last came upon a road. And all

roads lead to the abodes of men.

/"Good morning,"/ he said.

He was standing before a garden, all a-bloom with roses.

/"Good morning,"/ said the roses.

The little prince gazed at them. They all looked like his flower.

/"Who are you?"/ he demanded, thunderstruck.

/"We are roses,"/ the roses said.

And he was overcome with sadness. His flower had told him that she was

the only one of her kind in all the universe. And here were five

thousand of them, all alike, in one single garden!

/"She would be very much annoyed,"/ he said to himself, /"if she should

see that . . . She would cough most dreadfully, and she would pretend

that she was dying, to avoid being laughed at. And I should be obliged

to pretend that I was nursing her back to life--for if I did not do

that, to humble myself also, she would really allow herself to die. . ."/

Then he went on with his reflections: /"I thought that I was rich, with

a flower that was unique in all the world; and all I had was a common

rose. A common rose, and three volcanoes that come up to my knees--and

one of them perhaps extinct forever . . . That doesn't make me a very

great prince . . ."/

And he lay down in the grass and cried.

¨

Garden of the roses

XXI

It was then that the fox appeared.

"Good morning," said the fox.

"Good morning," the little prince responded politely, although when he

turned around he saw nothing.

"I am right here," the voice said, "under the apple tree."

The little prince lying on medow

/"Who are you?"/ asked the little prince, and added, /"You are very

pretty to look at."/

/"I am a fox,"/ the fox said.

/"Come and play with me,"/ proposed the little prince. /"I am so unhappy."/

/"I cannot play with you,"/ the fox said. /"I am not tamed."/

/"Ah! Please excuse me,"/ said the little prince.

But, after some thought, he added:

/"What does that mean--'tame'?"/

/"You do not live here,"/ said the fox. /"What is it that you are

looking for?"/

/"I am looking for men,"/ said the little prince. /"What does that

mean--'tame'?"/

/"Men,"/ said the fox. /"They have guns, and they hunt. It is very

disturbing. They also raise chickens. These are their only interests.

Are you looking for chickens?"/

/"No,"/ said the little prince. /"I am looking for friends. What does

that mean--'tame'?"/

/"It is an act too often neglected,"/ said the fox. /"It means to

establish ties."/

/"'To establish ties'?"/

/"Just that,"/ said the fox. /"To me, you are still nothing more than a

little boy who is just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I

have no need of you. And you, on your part, have no need of me. To you,

I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if

you tame me, then we shall need each other. To me, you will be unique in

all the world. To you, I shall be unique in all the world . . ."/

/"I am beginning to understand,"/ said the little prince. /"There is a

flower . . . I think that she has tamed me . . ."/

/"It is possible,"/ said the fox. /"On the Earth one sees all sorts of

things."/

/"Oh, but this is not on the Earth!"/ said the little prince.

The fox seemed perplexed, and very curious.

/"On another planet?"/

/"Yes."/

/"Are there hunters on that planet?"/

/"No."/

/"Ah, that is interesting! Are there chickens?"/

/"No."/

/"Nothing is perfect,"/ sighed the fox.

But he came back to his idea.

/"My life is very monotonous,"/ the fox said. /"I hunt chickens; men

hunt me. All the chickens are just alike, and all the men are just

alike. And, in consequence, I am a little bored. But if you tame me, it

will be as if the sun came to shine on my life. I shall know the sound

of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send

me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me, like music,

out of my burrow. And then look: you see the grain-fields down yonder? I

do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have

nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the

color of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me!

The grain, which is also golden, will bring me back the thought of you.

And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat . . ."/

The fox gazed at the little prince, for a long time.

v

/"Please--tame me!"/ he said.

/"I want to, very much,"/ the little prince replied. /"But I have not

much time. I have friends to discover, and a great many things to

understand."/

/"One only understands the things that one tames,"/ said the fox. /"Men

have no more time to understand anything. They buy things all ready made

at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy

friendship, and so men have no friends any more. If you want a friend,

tame me . . ."/

/"What must I do, to tame you?"/ asked the little prince.

/"You must be very patient,"/ replied the fox. /"First you will sit down

at a little distance from me--like that--in the grass. I shall look at

you out of the corner of my eye, and you will say nothing. Words are the

source of misunderstandings. But you will sit a little closer to me,

every day . . ."/

The next day the little prince came back.

/"It would have been better to come back at the same hour,"/ said the

fox. /"If, for example, you come at four o'clock in the afternoon, then

at three o'clock I shall begin to be happy. I shall feel happier and

happier as the hour advances. At four o'clock, I shall already be

worrying and jumping about. I shall show you how happy I am! But if you

come at just any time, I shall never know at what hour my heart is to be

ready to greet you . . . One must observe the proper rites . . ."/

/"What is a rite?"/ asked the little prince.

A hunter

/"Those also are actions too often neglected,"/ said the fox. /"They are

what make one day different from other days, one hour from other hours.

There is a rite, for example, among my hunters. Every Thursday they

dance with the village girls. So Thursday is a wonderful day for me! I

can take a walk as far as the vineyards. But if the hunters danced at

just any time, every day would be like every other day, and I should

never have any vacation at all."/

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure

drew near--

/"Ah,"/ said the fox, /"I shall cry."/

/"It is your own fault,"/ said the little prince. /"I never wished you

any sort of harm; but you wanted me to tame you . . ."/

/"Yes, that is so,"/ said the fox.

/"But now you are going to cry!"/ said the little prince.

/"Yes, that is so,"/ said the fox.

/"Then it has done you no good at all!"/

/"It has done me good,"/ said the fox, /"because of the color of the

wheat fields."/ And then he added:

/"Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is

unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me, and I will

make you a present of a secret."/

The little prince went away, to look again at the roses.

/"You are not at all like my rose,"/ he said. /"As yet you are nothing.

No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox

when I first knew him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other

foxes. But I have made him my friend, and now he is unique in all the

world."/

And the roses were very much embarassed.

/"You are beautiful, but you are empty,"/ he went on. /"One could not

die for you. To be sure, an ordinary passerby would think that my rose

looked just like you--the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone

she is more important than all the hundreds of you other roses: because

it is she that I have watered; because it is she that I have put under

the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the

screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars

(except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies); because

it is she that I have listened to, when she grumbled, or boasted, or

ever sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is /my/ rose./

And he went back to meet the fox.

/"Goodbye,"/ he said.

/"Goodbye,"/ said the fox. /"And now here is my secret, a very simple

secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is

essential is invisible to the eye."/

/"What is essential is invisible to the eye,"/ the little prince

repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

/"It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so

important."/

/"It is the time I have wasted for my rose--"/ said the little prince,

so that he would be sure to remember.

/"Men have forgotten this truth,"/ said the fox. /"But you must not

forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You

are responsible for your rose . . ."/

/"I am responsible for my rose,"/ the little prince repeated, so that he

would be sure to remember.

The Little prince

XXII

/"Good morning,"/ said the little prince.

/"Good morning"/, said the railway switchman.

/"What do you do here?"/ the little prince asked.

/"I sort out travelers, in bundles of a thousand"/ , said the switchman.

/"I send off the trains that carry them: now to the right, now to the

left."/

And a brilliantly lighted express train shook the switchman's cabin as

it rushed by with a roar like thunder.

/"They are in a great hurry,"/ said the little prince. /"What are they

looking for?"/

/"Not even the locomotive engineer knows that,"/ said the switchman.

And a second brilliantly lighted express thundered by, in the opposite

direction.

/"Are they coming back already?"/ demanded the little prince.

/"These are not the same ones,"/ said the switchman. /"It is an exchange."/

/"Were they not satisfied where they were?"/ asked the little prince.

/"No one is ever satisfied where he is,"/ said the switchman.

And they heard the roaring thunder of a third brilliantly lighted express.

/"Are they pursuing the first travelers?"/ demanded the little prince.

/"They are pursuing nothing at all,"/ said the switchman. /"They are

asleep in there, or if they are not asleep they are yawning. Only the

children are flattening their noses against the windowpanes."/

/"Only the children know what they are looking for,"/ said the little

prince. /"They waste their time over a rag doll and it becomes very

important to them; and if anybody takes it away from them, they cry . . ."/

/"They are lucky,"/ the switchman said.

XXIII

/"Good morning,"/ said the little prince.

/"Good morning,"/ said the merchant.

This was a merchant who sold pills that had been invented to quench

thirst. You need only swallow one pill a week, and you would feel no

need of anything to drink.

/"Why are you selling those?"/ asked the little prince.

/"Because they save a tremendous amount of time,"/ said the merchant.

/"Computations have been made by experts. With these pills, you save

fifty-three minutes in every week."/

/"And what do I do with those fifty-three minutes?"/

/"Anything you like . . ."/

/"As for me," said the little prince to himself, "if I had fifty-three

minutes to spend as I liked, I should walk at my leisure toward a spring

of fresh water."/

The Little prince

XXIV

It was now the eighth day since I had had my accident in the desert, and

I had listened to the story of the merchant as I was drinking the last

drop of my water supply.

/"Ah,"/ I said to the little prince, /"these memories of yours are very

charming; but I have not yet succeeded in repairing my plane; I have

nothing more to drink; and I, too, should be very happy if I could walk

at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water!"/

/"My friend the fox--"/ the little prince said to me.

/"My dear little man, this is no longer a matter that has anything to do

with the fox!"/

/"Why not?"/

/"Because I am about to die of thirst . . ."/

He did not follow my reasoning, and he answered me:

/"It is a good thing to have had a friend, even if one is about to die.

I, for instance, am very glad to have had a fox as a friend . . ."/

/"He has no way of guessing the danger,"/ I said to myself. /"He has

never been either hungry or thirsty. A little sunshine is all he needs .

. ."/

But he looked at me steadily, and replied to my thought:

/"I am thirsty, too. Let us look for a well . . ."/

I made a gesture of weariness. It is absurd to look for a well, at

random, in the immensity of the desert. But nevertheless we started

walking.

When we had trudged along for several hours, in silence, the darkness

fell, and the stars began to come out. Thirst had made me a little

feverish, and I looked at them as if I were in a dream. The little

prince's last words came reeling back into my memory:

/"Then you are thirsty, too?"/ I demanded.

But he did not reply to my question. He merely said to me:

/"Water may also be good for the heart . . ."/

I did not understand this answer, but I said nothing. I knew very well

that it was impossible to cross-examine him.

He was tired. He sat down. I sat down beside him. And, after a little

silence, he spoke again:

/"The stars are beautiful, because of a flower that cannot be seen."/

I replied, /"Yes, that is so."/ And, without saying anything more, I

looked across the ridges of sand that were stretched out before us in

the moonlight.

/"The desert is beautiful,"/ the little prince added.

And that was true. I have always loved the desert. One sits down on a

desert sand dune, sees nothing, hears nothing. Yet through the silence

something throbs, and gleams . . .

/"What makes the desert beautiful,"/ said the little prince, /"is that

somewhere it hides a well . . ."/

I was astonished by a sudden understanding of that mysterious radiation

of the sands. When I was a little boy I lived in an old house, and

legend told us that a treasure was buried there. To be sure, no one had

ever known how to find it; perhaps no one had ever even looked for it.

But it cast an enchantment over that house. My home was hiding a secret

in the depths of its heart . . .

/"Yes,"/ I said to the little prince. /"The house, the stars, the

desert--what gives them their beauty is something that is invisible!"/

/"I am glad,"/ he said, /"that you agree with my fox."/

As the little prince dropped off to sleep, I took him in my arms and set

out walking once more. I felt deeply moved, and stirred. It seemed to me

that I was carrying a very fragile treasure. It seemed to me, even, that

there was nothing more fragile on all Earth. In the moonlight I looked

at his pale forehead, his closed eyes, his locks of hair that trembled

in the wind, and I said to myself: /"What I see here is nothing but a

shell. What is most important is invisible . . ."/

As his lips opened slightly with the suspicion of a half-smile, I said

to myself, again: /"What moves me so deeply, about this little prince

who is sleeping here, is his loyalty to a flower--the image of a rose

that shines through his whole being like the flame of a lamp, even when

he is asleep . . ."/ And I felt him to be more fragile still. I felt the

need of protecting him, as if he himself were a flame that might be

extinguished by a little puff of wind . . .

And, as I walked on so, I found the well, at daybreak.

XXV

/"Men,"/ said the little prince, /"set out on their way in express

trains, but they do not know what they are looking for. Then they rush

about, and get excited, and turn round and round . . ."/

And he added:

/"It is not worth the trouble . . ."/

The well that we had come to was not like the wells of the Sahara. The

wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one was like a

well in a village. But there was no village here, and I thought I must

be dreaming . . .

/"It is strange,"/ I said to the little prince. /"Everything is ready

for use: the pulley, the bucket, the rope . . ."/

He laughed, touched the rope, and set the pulley to working. And the

pulley moaned, like an old weathervane which the wind has long since

forgotten.

/"Do you hear?"/ said the little prince. /"We have wakened the well, and

it is singing . . ."/

I did not want him to tire himself with the rope.

/"Leave it to me,"/ I said. /"It is too heavy for you."/

I hoisted the bucket slowly to the edge of the well and set it

there--happy, tired as I was, over my achievement. The song of the

pulley was still in my ears, and I could see the sunlight shimmer in the

still trembling water.

/"I am thirsty for this water,"/ said the little prince. /"Give me some

of it to drink . . ."/

And I understood what he had been looking for.

I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank, his eyes closed. It was as

sweet as some special festival treat. This water was indeed a different

thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness was born of the walk

under the stars, the song of the pulley, the effort of my arms. It was

good for the heart, like a present. When I was a little boy, the lights

of the Christmas tree, the music of the Midnight Mass, the tenderness of

smiling faces, used to make up, so, the radiance of the gifts I received.

/"The men where you live,"/ said the little prince, /"raise five

thousand roses in the same garden--and they do not find in it what they

are looking for."/

/"They do not find it,"/ I replied.

/"And yet what they are looking for could be found in one single rose,

or in a little water."/

/"Yes, that is true,"/ I said.

And the little prince added:

/"But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart . . ."/

I had drunk the water. I breathed easily. At sunrise the sand is the

color of honey. And that honey color was making me happy, too. What

brought me, then, this sense of grief?

/"You must keep your promise,"/ said the little prince, softly, as he

sat down beside me once more.

/"What promise?"/

/"You know--a muzzle for my sheep . . . I am responsible for this flower

. . ."/

I took my rough drafts of drawings out of my pocket. The little prince

looked them over, and laughed as he said:

/"Your baobabs--they look a little like cabbages."/

/"Oh!"/

I had been so proud of my baobabs!

/"Your fox--his ears look a little like horns; and they are too long."/

And he laughed again.

/"You are not fair, little prince,"/ I said. /"I don't know how to draw

anything except boa constrictors from the outside and boa constrictors

from the inside."/

/"Oh, that will be all right,"/ he said, /"children understand."/

The Little prince

So then I made a pencil sketch of a muzzle. And as I gave it to him my

heart was torn.

/"You have plans that I do not know about,"/ I said.

But he did not answer me. He said to me, instead:

/"You know--my descent to the earth . . . Tomorrow will be its

anniversary."/

Then, after a silence, he went on:

/"I came down very near here."/

And he flushed.

And once again, without understanding why, I had a queer sense of

sorrow. One question, however, occurred to me:

/"Then it was not by chance that on the morning when I first met you--a

week ago--you were strolling along like that, all alone, a thousand

miles from any inhabited region? You were on the your back to the place

where you landed?"/

The little prince flushed again.

And I added, with some hesitancy:

/"Perhaps it was because of the anniversary?"/

The little prince flushed once more. He never answered questions--but

when one flushes does that not mean "Yes"?

/"Ah,"/ I said to him, /"I am a little frightened--"/

But he interrupted me.

/"Now you must work. You must return to your engine. I will be waiting

for you here. Come back tomorrow evening . . ."/

But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. One runs the risk of

weeping a little, if one lets himself be tamed . . .

XXVI

Beside the well there was the ruin of an old stone wall. When I came

back from my work, the next evening, I saw from some distance away my

little price sitting on top of a wall, with his feet dangling. And I

heard him say:

/"Then you don't remember. This is not the exact spot."/

Another voice must have answered him, for he replied to it:

/"Yes, yes! It is the right day, but this is not the place."/

I continued my walk toward the wall. At no time did I see or hear

anyone. The little prince, however, replied once again:

/"--Exactly. You will see where my track begins, in the sand. You have

nothing to do but wait for me there. I shall be there tonight."/

I was only twenty meters from the wall, and I still saw nothing.

After a silence the little prince spoke again:

/"You have good poison? You are sure that it will not make me suffer too

long?"/

I stopped in my tracks, my heart torn asunder; but still I did not

understand.

/"Now go away,"/ said the little prince. /"I want to get down from the

wall."/

I dropped my eyes, then, to the foot of the wall--and I leaped into the

air. There before me, facing the little prince, was one of those yellow

snakes that take just thirty seconds to bring your life to an end. Even

as I was digging into my pocked to get out my revolver I made a running

step back. But, at the noise I made, the snake let himself flow easily

across the sand like the dying spray of a fountain, and, in no apparent

hurry, disappeared, with a light metallic sound, among the stones.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little man in my arms; his

face was white as snow.

/"What does this mean?"/ I demanded. /"Why are you talking with snakes?"/

I had loosened the golden muffler that he always wore. I had moistened

his temples, and had given him some water to drink. And now I did not

dare ask him any more questions. He looked at me very gravely, and put

his arms around my neck. I felt his heart beating like the heart of a

dying bird, shot with someone's rifle . . .

/"I am glad that you have found what was the matter with your engine,"/

he said. /"Now you can go back home--"/

/"How do you know about that?"/

I was just coming to tell him that my work had been successful, beyond

anything that I had dared to hope.

He made no answer to my question, but he added:

/"I, too, am going back home today . . ."/

Then, sadly--

/"It is much farther . . . It is much more difficult . . ."/

I realized clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was

holding him close in my arms as if he were a little child; and yet it

seemed to me that he was rushing headlong toward an abyss from which I

could do nothing to restrain him . . .

His look was very serious, like some one lost far away.

/"I have your sheep. And I have the sheep's box. And I have the muzzle .

. ."/

And he gave me a sad smile.

I waited a long time. I could see that he was reviving little by little.

/"Dear little man,"/ I said to him, /"you are afraid . . ."/

He was afraid, there was no doubt about that. But he laughed lightly.

/"I shall be much more afraid this evening . . ."/

The wall

Once again I felt myself frozen by the sense of something irreparable.

And I knew that I could not bear the thought of never hearing that

laughter any more. For me, it was like a spring of fresh water in the

desert.

/"Little man,"/ I said, /"I want to hear you laugh again."/

But he said to me:

/"Tonight, it will be a year . . . My star, then, can be found right

above the place where I came to the Earth, a year ago . . ."/

/"Little man,"/ I said, /"tell me that it is only a bad dream--this

affair of the snake, and the meeting-place, and the star . . ."/

But he did not answer my plea. He said to me, instead:

/"The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen . . ."/

/"Yes, I know . . ."/

/"It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives

on a star, it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are

a-bloom with flowers . . ."/

/"Yes, I know . . ."/

/"It is just as it is with the water. Because of the pulley, and the

rope, what you gave me to drink was like music. You remember--how good

it was."/

/"Yes, I know . . ."/

/"And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is

so small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is

better, like that. My star will just be one of the stars, for you. And

so you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens . . . they will

all be your friends. And, besides, I am going to make you a present . . ."/

He laughed again.

/"Ah, little prince, dear little prince! I love to hear that laughter!"/

/"That is my present. Just that. It will be as it was when we drank the

water . . ."/

/"What are you trying to say?"/

/"All men have the stars,"/ he answered, /"but they are not the same

things for different people. For some, who are travelers, the stars are

guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For

others, who are scholars, they are problems. For my businessman they

were wealth. But all these stars are silent. You--you alone--will have

the stars as no one else has them--"/

/"What are you trying to say?"/

/"In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be

laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing, when you

look at the sky at night . . . You--only you--will have stars that can

laugh!"/

And he laughed again.

The Little prince

/"And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will

be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You

will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window, so,

for that pleasure . . . And your friends will be properly astonished to

see you laughing as you look up at the sky! Then you will say to them,

'Yes, the stars always make me laugh!' And they will think you are

crazy. It will be a very shabby trick that I shall have played on you .

. ."/

And he laughed again.

/"It will be as if, in place of the stars, I had given you a great

number of little bells that knew how to laugh . . ."/

And he laughed again. Then he quickly became serious:

/"Tonight--you know . . . Do not come."/

/"I shall not leave you,"/ I said.

/"I shall look as if I were suffering. I shall look a little as if I

were dying. It is like that. Do not come to see that. It is not worth

the trouble . . ."/

/"I shall not leave you."/

But he was worried.

/"I tell you--it is also because of the snake. He must not bite you.

Snakes--they are malicious creatures. This one might bite you just for

fun . . ."/

/"I shall not leave you."/

But a thought came to reassure him:

/"It is true that they have no more poison for a second bite."/

The Little prince with his star

That night I did not see him set out on his way. He got away from me

without making a sound. When I succeeded in catching up with him he was

walking along with a quick and resolute step. He said to me merely:

/"Ah! You are there . . ."/

And he took me by the hand. But he was still worrying.

/"It was wrong of you to come. You will suffer. I shall look as if I

were dead; and that will not be true . . ."/

I said nothing.

/"You understand . . . it is too far. I cannot carry this body with me.

It is too heavy."/

I said nothing.

/"But it will be like an old abandoned shell. There is nothing sad about

old shells . . ."/

I said nothing.

He was a little discouraged. But he made one more effort:

/"You know, it will be very nice. I, too, shall look at the stars. All

the stars will be wells with a rusty pulley. All the stars will pour out

fresh water for me to drink . . ."/

I said nothing.

/"That will be so amusing! You will have five hundred million little

bells, and I shall have five hundred million springs of fresh water . . ."/

And he too said nothing more, becuase he was crying . . .

/"Here it is. Let me go on by myself."/

And he sat down, because he was afraid. Then he said, again:

/"You know--my flower . . . I am responsible for her. And she is so

weak! She is so naďve! She has four thorns, of no use at all, to protect

herself against all the world . . ."/

I too sat down, because I was not able to stand up any longer.

/"There now--that is all . . ."/

He still hesitated a little; then he got up. He took one step. I could

not move.

There was nothing but a flash of yellow close to his ankle. He remained

motionless for an instant. He did not cry out. He fell as gently as a

tree falls. There was not even any sound, because of the sand.

Death

XXVII

And now six years have already gone by . . . I have never yet told this

story. The companions who met me on my return were well content to see

me alive. I was sad, but I told them: /"I am tired."/

Now my sorrow is comforted a little. That is to say--not entirely. But I

know that he did go back to his planet, because I did not find his body

at daybreak. It was not such a heavy body . . . and at night I love to

listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells . . .

But there is one extraordinary thing . . . when I drew the muzzle for

the little prince, I forgot to add the leather strap to it. He will

never have been able to fasten it on his sheep. So now I keep wondering:

what is happening on his planet? Perhaps the sheep has eaten the flower

. . .

At one time I say to myself: /"Surely not! The little prince shuts his

flower under her glass globe every night, and he watches over his sheep

very carefully . . ."/ Then I am happy. And there is sweetness in the

laughter of all the stars.

But at another time I say to myself: /"At some moment or other one is

absent-minded, and that is enough! On some one evening he forgot the

glass globe, or the sheep got out, without making any noise, in the

night . . ."/ And then the little bells are changed to tears . . .

Here, then, is a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince,

and for me, nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere, we do

not know where, a sheep that we never saw has--yes or no?--eaten a rose

. . .

Look up at the sky. Ask yourselves: is it yes or no? Has the sheep eaten

the flower? And you will see how everything changes . . .

And no grown-up will ever understand that this is a matter of so much

importance!

The loveliest and saddest landscape in the world

/This is, to me, the loveliest and saddest landscape in the world. It is

the same as that on the preceding page, but I have drawn it again to

impress it on your memory. It is here that the little prince appeared on

Earth, and disappeared./

/Look at it carefully so that you will be sure to recognize it in case

you travel some day to the African desert. And, if you should come upon

this spot, please do not hurry on. Wait for a time, exactly under the

star. Then, if a little man appears who laughs, who has golden hair and

who refuses to answer questions, you will know who he is. If this should

happen, please comfort me. Send me word that he has come back./

The Republic by Plato

BOOK I

Socrates - GLAUCON

I went down yesterday to the Piraeus with Glaucon the son of Ariston,

that I might offer up my prayers to the goddess; and also because

I wanted to see in what manner they would celebrate the festival,

which was a new thing. I was delighted with the procession of the

inhabitants; but that of the Thracians was equally, if not more, beautiful.

When we had finished our prayers and viewed the spectacle, we turned

in the direction of the city; and at that instant Polemarchus the

son of Cephalus chanced to catch sight of us from a distance as we

were starting on our way home, and told his servant to run and bid

us wait for him. The servant took hold of me by the cloak behind,

and said: Polemarchus desires you to wait.

I turned round, and asked him where his master was.

There he is, said the youth, coming after you, if you will only wait.

Certainly we will, said Glaucon; and in a few minutes Polemarchus

appeared, and with him Adeimantus, Glaucon's brother, Niceratus the

son of Nicias, and several others who had been at the procession.

Socrates - POLEMARCHUS - GLAUCON - ADEIMANTUS

Polemarchus said to me: I perceive, Socrates, that you and our companion

are already on your way to the city.

You are not far wrong, I said.

But do you see, he rejoined, how many we are?

Of course.

And are you stronger than all these? for if not, you will have to

remain where you are.

May there not be the alternative, I said, that we may persuade you

to let us go?

But can you persuade us, if we refuse to listen to you? he said.

Certainly not, replied Glaucon.

Then we are not going to listen; of that you may be assured.

Adeimantus added: Has no one told you of the torch-race on horseback

in honour of the goddess which will take place in the evening?

With horses! I replied: That is a novelty. Will horsemen carry torches

and pass them one to another during the race?

Yes, said Polemarchus, and not only so, but a festival will he celebrated

at night, which you certainly ought to see. Let us rise soon after

supper and see this festival; there will be a gathering of young men,

and we will have a good talk. Stay then, and do not be perverse.

Glaucon said: I suppose, since you insist, that we must.

Very good, I replied.

Glaucon - CEPHALUS - SOCRATES

Accordingly we went with Polemarchus to his house; and there we found

his brothers Lysias and Euthydemus, and with them Thrasymachus the

Chalcedonian, Charmantides the Paeanian, and Cleitophon the son of

Aristonymus. There too was Cephalus the father of Polemarchus, whom

I had not seen for a long time, and I thought him very much aged.

He was seated on a cushioned chair, and had a garland on his head,

for he had been sacrificing in the court; and there were some other

chairs in the room arranged in a semicircle, upon which we sat down

by him. He saluted me eagerly, and then he said: --

You don't come to see me, Socrates, as often as you ought: If I were

still able to go and see you I would not ask you to come to me. But

at my age I can hardly get to the city, and therefore you should come

oftener to the Piraeus. For let me tell you, that the more the pleasures

of the body fade away, the greater to me is the pleasure and charm

of conversation. Do not then deny my request, but make our house your

resort and keep company with these young men; we are old friends,

and you will be quite at home with us.

I replied: There is nothing which for my part I like better, Cephalus,

than conversing with aged men; for I regard them as travellers who

have gone a journey which I too may have to go, and of whom I ought

to enquire, whether the way is smooth and easy, or rugged and difficult.

And this is a question which I should like to ask of you who have

arrived at that time which the poets call the 'threshold of old age'

--Is life harder towards the end, or what report do you give of it?

I will tell you, Socrates, he said, what my own feeling is. Men of

my age flock together; we are birds of a feather, as the old proverb

says; and at our meetings the tale of my acquaintance commonly is

--I cannot eat, I cannot drink; the pleasures of youth and love are

fled away: there was a good time once, but now that is gone, and life

is no longer life. Some complain of the slights which are put upon

them by relations, and they will tell you sadly of how many evils

their old age is the cause. But to me, Socrates, these complainers

seem to blame that which is not really in fault. For if old age were

the cause, I too being old, and every other old man, would have felt

as they do. But this is not my own experience, nor that of others

whom I have known. How well I remember the aged poet Sophocles, when

in answer to the question, How does love suit with age, Sophocles,

--are you still the man you were? Peace, he replied; most gladly have

I escaped the thing of which you speak; I feel as if I had escaped

from a mad and furious master. His words have often occurred to my

mind since, and they seem as good to me now as at the time when he

uttered them. For certainly old age has a great sense of calm and

freedom; when the passions relax their hold, then, as Sophocles says,

we are freed from the grasp not of one mad master only, but of many.

The truth is, Socrates, that these regrets, and also the complaints

about relations, are to be attributed to the same cause, which is

not old age, but men's characters and tempers; for he who is of a

calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but to

him who is of an opposite disposition youth and age are equally a

burden.

I listened in admiration, and wanting to draw him out, that he might

go on --Yes, Cephalus, I said: but I rather suspect that people in

general are not convinced by you when you speak thus; they think that

old age sits lightly upon you, not because of your happy disposition,

but because you are rich, and wealth is well known to be a great comforter.

You are right, he replied; they are not convinced: and there is something

in what they say; not, however, so much as they imagine. I might answer

them as Themistocles answered the Seriphian who was abusing him and

saying that he was famous, not for his own merits but because he was

an Athenian: 'If you had been a native of my country or I of yours,

neither of us would have been famous.' And to those who are not rich

and are impatient of old age, the same reply may be made; for to the

good poor man old age cannot be a light burden, nor can a bad rich

man ever have peace with himself.

May I ask, Cephalus, whether your fortune was for the most part inherited

or acquired by you?

Acquired! Socrates; do you want to know how much I acquired? In the

art of making money I have been midway between my father and grandfather:

for my grandfather, whose name I bear, doubled and trebled the value

of his patrimony, that which he inherited being much what I possess

now; but my father Lysanias reduced the property below what it is

at present: and I shall be satisfied if I leave to these my sons not

less but a little more than I received.

That was why I asked you the question, I replied, because I see that

you are indifferent about money, which is a characteristic rather

of those who have inherited their fortunes than of those who have

acquired them; the makers of fortunes have a second love of money

as a creation of their own, resembling the affection of authors for

their own poems, or of parents for their children, besides that natural

love of it for the sake of use and profit which is common to them

and all men. And hence they are very bad company, for they can talk

about nothing but the praises of wealth. That is true, he said.

Yes, that is very true, but may I ask another question? What do you

consider to be the greatest blessing which you have reaped from your

wealth?

One, he said, of which I could not expect easily to convince others.

For let me tell you, Socrates, that when a man thinks himself to be

near death, fears and cares enter into his mind which he never had

before; the tales of a world below and the punishment which is exacted

there of deeds done here were once a laughing matter to him, but now

he is tormented with the thought that they may be true: either from

the weakness of age, or because he is now drawing nearer to that other

place, he has a clearer view of these things; suspicions and alarms

crowd thickly upon him, and he begins to reflect and consider what

wrongs he has done to others. And when he finds that the sum of his

transgressions is great he will many a time like a child start up

in his sleep for fear, and he is filled with dark forebodings. But

to him who is conscious of no sin, sweet hope, as Pindar charmingly

says, is the kind nurse of his age:

Hope, he says, cherishes the soul of him who lives in justice and

holiness and is the nurse of his age and the companion of his journey;

--hope which is mightiest to sway the restless soul of man.

How admirable are his words! And the great blessing of riches, I do

not say to every man, but to a good man, is, that he has had no occasion

to deceive or to defraud others, either intentionally or unintentionally;

and when he departs to the world below he is not in any apprehension

about offerings due to the gods or debts which he owes to men. Now

to this peace of mind the possession of wealth greatly contributes;

and therefore I say, that, setting one thing against another, of the

many advantages which wealth has to give, to a man of sense this is

in my opinion the greatest.

Well said, Cephalus, I replied; but as concerning justice, what is

it? --to speak the truth and to pay your debts --no more than this?

And even to this are there not exceptions? Suppose that a friend when

in his right mind has deposited arms with me and he asks for them

when he is not in his right mind, ought I to give them back to him?

No one would say that I ought or that I should be right in doing so,

any more than they would say that I ought always to speak the truth

to one who is in his condition.

You are quite right, he replied.

But then, I said, speaking the truth and paying your debts is not

a correct definition of justice.

Cephalus - SOCRATES - POLEMARCHUS

Quite correct, Socrates, if Simonides is to be believed, said Polemarchus

interposing.

I fear, said Cephalus, that I must go now, for I have to look after

the sacrifices, and I hand over the argument to Polemarchus and the

company.

Is not Polemarchus your heir? I said.

To be sure, he answered, and went away laughing to the sacrifices.

Socrates - POLEMARCHUS

Tell me then, O thou heir of the argument, what did Simonides say,

and according to you truly say, about justice?

He said that the repayment of a debt is just, and in saying so he

appears to me to be right.

I should be sorry to doubt the word of such a wise and inspired man,

but his meaning, though probably clear to you, is the reverse of clear

to me. For he certainly does not mean, as we were now saying that

I ought to return a return a deposit of arms or of anything else to

one who asks for it when he is not in his right senses; and yet a

deposit cannot be denied to be a debt.

True.

Then when the person who asks me is not in his right mind I am by

no means to make the return?

Certainly not.

When Simonides said that the repayment of a debt was justice, he did

not mean to include that case?

Certainly not; for he thinks that a friend ought always to do good

to a friend and never evil.

You mean that the return of a deposit of gold which is to the injury

of the receiver, if the two parties are friends, is not the repayment

of a debt, --that is what you would imagine him to say?

Yes.

And are enemies also to receive what we owe to them?

To be sure, he said, they are to receive what we owe them, and an

enemy, as I take it, owes to an enemy that which is due or proper

to him --that is to say, evil.

Simonides, then, after the manner of poets, would seem to have spoken

darkly of the nature of justice; for he really meant to say that justice

is the giving to each man what is proper to him, and this he termed

a debt.

That must have been his meaning, he said.

By heaven! I replied; and if we asked him what due or proper thing

is given by medicine, and to whom, what answer do you think that he

would make to us?

He would surely reply that medicine gives drugs and meat and drink

to human bodies.

And what due or proper thing is given by cookery, and to what?

Seasoning to food.

And what is that which justice gives, and to whom?

If, Socrates, we are to be guided at all by the analogy of the preceding

instances, then justice is the art which gives good to friends and

evil to enemies.

That is his meaning then?

I think so.

And who is best able to do good to his friends and evil to his enemies

in time of sickness?

The physician.

Or when they are on a voyage, amid the perils of the sea?

The pilot.

And in what sort of actions or with a view to what result is the just

man most able to do harm to his enemy and good to his friends?

In going to war against the one and in making alliances with the other.

But when a man is well, my dear Polemarchus, there is no need of a

physician?

No.

And he who is not on a voyage has no need of a pilot?

No.

Then in time of peace justice will be of no use?

I am very far from thinking so.

You think that justice may be of use in peace as well as in war?

Yes.

Like husbandry for the acquisition of corn?

Yes.

Or like shoemaking for the acquisition of shoes, --that is what you

mean?

Yes.

And what similar use or power of acquisition has justice in time of

peace?

In contracts, Socrates, justice is of use.

And by contracts you mean partnerships?

Exactly.

But is the just man or the skilful player a more useful and better

partner at a game of draughts?

The skilful player.

And in the laying of bricks and stones is the just man a more useful

or better partner than the builder?

Quite the reverse.

Then in what sort of partnership is the just man a better partner

than the harp-player, as in playing the harp the harp-player is certainly

a better partner than the just man?

In a money partnership.

Yes, Polemarchus, but surely not in the use of money; for you do not

want a just man to be your counsellor the purchase or sale of a horse;

a man who is knowing about horses would be better for that, would

he not?

Certainly.

And when you want to buy a ship, the shipwright or the pilot would

be better?

True.

Then what is that joint use of silver or gold in which the just man

is to be preferred?

When you want a deposit to be kept safely.

You mean when money is not wanted, but allowed to lie?

Precisely.

That is to say, justice is useful when money is useless?

That is the inference.

And when you want to keep a pruning-hook safe, then justice is useful

to the individual and to the state; but when you want to use it, then

the art of the vine-dresser?

Clearly.

And when you want to keep a shield or a lyre, and not to use them,

you would say that justice is useful; but when you want to use them,

then the art of the soldier or of the musician?

Certainly.

And so of all the other things; --justice is useful when they are

useless, and useless when they are useful?

That is the inference.

Then justice is not good for much. But let us consider this further

point: Is not he who can best strike a blow in a boxing match or in

any kind of fighting best able to ward off a blow?

Certainly.

And he who is most skilful in preventing or escaping from a disease

is best able to create one?

True.

And he is the best guard of a camp who is best able to steal a march

upon the enemy?

Certainly.

Then he who is a good keeper of anything is also a good thief?

That, I suppose, is to be inferred.

Then if the just man is good at keeping money, he is good at stealing

it.

That is implied in the argument.

Then after all the just man has turned out to be a thief. And this

is a lesson which I suspect you must have learnt out of Homer; for

he, speaking of Autolycus, the maternal grandfather of Odysseus, who

is a favourite of his, affirms that

He was excellent above all men in theft and perjury. And so, you and

Homer and Simonides are agreed that justice is an art of theft; to

be practised however 'for the good of friends and for the harm of

enemies,' --that was what you were saying?

No, certainly not that, though I do not now know what I did say; but

I still stand by the latter words.

Well, there is another question: By friends and enemies do we mean

those who are so really, or only in seeming?

Surely, he said, a man may be expected to love those whom he thinks

good, and to hate those whom he thinks evil.

Yes, but do not persons often err about good and evil: many who are

not good seem to be so, and conversely?

That is true.

Then to them the good will be enemies and the evil will be their friends?

True.

And in that case they will be right in doing good to the evil and

evil to the good?

Clearly.

But the good are just and would not do an injustice?

True.

Then according to your argument it is just to injure those who do

no wrong?

Nay, Socrates; the doctrine is immoral.

Then I suppose that we ought to do good to the just and harm to the

unjust?

I like that better.

But see the consequence: --Many a man who is ignorant of human nature

has friends who are bad friends, and in that case he ought to do harm

to them; and he has good enemies whom he ought to benefit; but, if

so, we shall be saying the very opposite of that which we affirmed

to be the meaning of Simonides.

Very true, he said: and I think that we had better correct an error

into which we seem to have fallen in the use of the words 'friend'

and 'enemy.'

What was the error, Polemarchus? I asked.

We assumed that he is a friend who seems to be or who is thought good.

And how is the error to be corrected?

We should rather say that he is a friend who is, as well as seems,

good; and that he who seems only, and is not good, only seems to be

and is not a friend; and of an enemy the same may be said.

You would argue that the good are our friends and the bad our enemies?

Yes.

And instead of saying simply as we did at first, that it is just to

do good to our friends and harm to our enemies, we should further

say: It is just to do good to our friends when they are good and harm

to our enemies when they are evil?

Yes, that appears to me to be the truth.

But ought the just to injure any one at all?

Undoubtedly he ought to injure those who are both wicked and his enemies.

When horses are injured, are they improved or deteriorated?

The latter.

Deteriorated, that is to say, in the good qualities of horses, not

of dogs?

Yes, of horses.

And dogs are deteriorated in the good qualities of dogs, and not of

horses?

Of course.

And will not men who are injured be deteriorated in that which is

the proper virtue of man?

Certainly.

And that human virtue is justice?

To be sure.

Then men who are injured are of necessity made unjust?

That is the result.

But can the musician by his art make men unmusical?

Certainly not.

Or the horseman by his art make them bad horsemen?

Impossible.

And can the just by justice make men unjust, or speaking general can

the good by virtue make them bad?

Assuredly not.

Any more than heat can produce cold?

It cannot.

Or drought moisture?

Clearly not.

Nor can the good harm any one?

Impossible.

And the just is the good?

Certainly.

Then to injure a friend or any one else is not the act of a just man,

but of the opposite, who is the unjust?

I think that what you say is quite true, Socrates.

Then if a man says that justice consists in the repayment of debts,

and that good is the debt which a man owes to his friends, and evil

the debt which he owes to his enemies, --to say this is not wise;

for it is not true, if, as has been clearly shown, the injuring of

another can be in no case just.

I agree with you, said Polemarchus.

Then you and I are prepared to take up arms against any one who attributes

such a saying to Simonides or Bias or Pittacus, or any other wise

man or seer?

I am quite ready to do battle at your side, he said.

Shall I tell you whose I believe the saying to be?

Whose?

I believe that Periander or Perdiccas or Xerxes or Ismenias the Theban,

or some other rich and mighty man, who had a great opinion of his

own power, was the first to say that justice is 'doing good to your

friends and harm to your enemies.'

Most true, he said.

Yes, I said; but if this definition of justice also breaks down, what

other can be offered?

Several times in the course of the discussion Thrasymachus had made

an attempt to get the argument into his own hands, and had been put

down by the rest of the company, who wanted to hear the end. But when

Polemarchus and I had done speaking and there was a pause, he could

no longer hold his peace; and, gathering himself up, he came at us

like a wild beast, seeking to devour us. We were quite panic-stricken

at the sight of him.

Socrates - POLEMARCHUS - THRASYMACHUS

He roared out to the whole company: What folly. Socrates, has taken

possession of you all? And why, sillybillies, do you knock under to

one another? I say that if you want really to know what justice is,

you should not only ask but answer, and you should not seek honour

to yourself from the refutation of an opponent, but have your own

answer; for there is many a one who can ask and cannot answer. And

now I will not have you say that justice is duty or advantage or profit

or gain or interest, for this sort of nonsense will not do for me;

I must have clearness and accuracy.

I was panic-stricken at his words, and could not look at him without

trembling. Indeed I believe that if I had not fixed my eye upon him,

I should have been struck dumb: but when I saw his fury rising, I

looked at him first, and was therefore able to reply to him.

Thrasymachus, I said, with a quiver, don't be hard upon us. Polemarchus

and I may have been guilty of a little mistake in the argument, but

I can assure you that the error was not intentional. If we were seeking

for a piece of gold, you would not imagine that we were 'knocking

under to one another,' and so losing our chance of finding it. And

why, when we are seeking for justice, a thing more precious than many

pieces of gold, do you say that we are weakly yielding to one another

and not doing our utmost to get at the truth? Nay, my good friend,

we are most willing and anxious to do so, but the fact is that we

cannot. And if so, you people who know all things should pity us and

not be angry with us.

How characteristic of Socrates! he replied, with a bitter laugh; --that's

your ironical style! Did I not foresee --have I not already told you,

that whatever he was asked he would refuse to answer, and try irony

or any other shuffle, in order that he might avoid answering?

You are a philosopher, Thrasymachus, I replied, and well know that

if you ask a person what numbers make up twelve, taking care to prohibit

him whom you ask from answering twice six, or three times four, or

six times two, or four times three, 'for this sort of nonsense will

not do for me,' --then obviously, that is your way of putting the

question, no one can answer you. But suppose that he were to retort,

'Thrasymachus, what do you mean? If one of these numbers which you

interdict be the true answer to the question, am I falsely to say

some other number which is not the right one? --is that your meaning?'

-How would you answer him?

Just as if the two cases were at all alike! he said.

Why should they not be? I replied; and even if they are not, but only

appear to be so to the person who is asked, ought he not to say what

he thinks, whether you and I forbid him or not?

I presume then that you are going to make one of the interdicted answers?

I dare say that I may, notwithstanding the danger, if upon reflection

I approve of any of them.

But what if I give you an answer about justice other and better, he

said, than any of these? What do you deserve to have done to you?

Done to me! --as becomes the ignorant, I must learn from the wise

--that is what I deserve to have done to me.

What, and no payment! a pleasant notion!

I will pay when I have the money, I replied.

Socrates - THRASYMACHUS - GLAUCON

But you have, Socrates, said Glaucon: and you, Thrasymachus, need

be under no anxiety about money, for we will all make a contribution

for Socrates.

Yes, he replied, and then Socrates will do as he always does --refuse

to answer himself, but take and pull to pieces the answer of some

one else.

Why, my good friend, I said, how can any one answer who knows, and

says that he knows, just nothing; and who, even if he has some faint

notions of his own, is told by a man of authority not to utter them?

The natural thing is, that the speaker should be some one like yourself

who professes to know and can tell what he knows. Will you then kindly

answer, for the edification of the company and of myself ?

Glaucon and the rest of the company joined in my request and Thrasymachus,

as any one might see, was in reality eager to speak; for he thought

that he had an excellent answer, and would distinguish himself. But

at first he to insist on my answering; at length he consented to begin.

Behold, he said, the wisdom of Socrates; he refuses to teach himself,

and goes about learning of others, to whom he never even says thank

you.

That I learn of others, I replied, is quite true; but that I am ungrateful

I wholly deny. Money I have none, and therefore I pay in praise, which

is all I have: and how ready I am to praise any one who appears to

me to speak well you will very soon find out when you answer; for

I expect that you will answer well.

Listen, then, he said; I proclaim that justice is nothing else than

the interest of the stronger. And now why do you not me? But of course

you won't.

Let me first understand you, I replied. justice, as you say, is the

interest of the stronger. What, Thrasymachus, is the meaning of this?

You cannot mean to say that because Polydamas, the pancratiast, is

stronger than we are, and finds the eating of beef conducive to his

bodily strength, that to eat beef is therefore equally for our good

who are weaker than he is, and right and just for us?

That's abominable of you, Socrates; you take the words in the sense

which is most damaging to the argument.

Not at all, my good sir, I said; I am trying to understand them; and

I wish that you would be a little clearer.

Well, he said, have you never heard that forms of government differ;

there are tyrannies, and there are democracies, and there are aristocracies?

Yes, I know.

And the government is the ruling power in each state?

Certainly.

And the different forms of government make laws democratical, aristocratical,

tyrannical, with a view to their several interests; and these laws,

which are made by them for their own interests, are the justice which

they deliver to their subjects, and him who transgresses them they

punish as a breaker of the law, and unjust. And that is what I mean

when I say that in all states there is the same principle of justice,

which is the interest of the government; and as the government must

be supposed to have power, the only reasonable conclusion is, that

everywhere there is one principle of justice, which is the interest

of the stronger.

Now I understand you, I said; and whether you are right or not I will

try to discover. But let me remark, that in defining justice you have

yourself used the word 'interest' which you forbade me to use. It

is true, however, that in your definition the words 'of the stronger'

are added.

A small addition, you must allow, he said.

Great or small, never mind about that: we must first enquire whether

what you are saying is the truth. Now we are both agreed that justice

is interest of some sort, but you go on to say 'of the stronger';

about this addition I am not so sure, and must therefore consider

further.

Proceed.

I will; and first tell me, Do you admit that it is just or subjects

to obey their rulers?

I do.

But are the rulers of states absolutely infallible, or are they sometimes

liable to err?

To be sure, he replied, they are liable to err.

Then in making their laws they may sometimes make them rightly, and

sometimes not?

True.

When they make them rightly, they make them agreeably to their interest;

when they are mistaken, contrary to their interest; you admit that?

Yes.

And the laws which they make must be obeyed by their subjects, --and

that is what you call justice?

Doubtless.

Then justice, according to your argument, is not only obedience to

the interest of the stronger but the reverse?

What is that you are saying? he asked.

I am only repeating what you are saying, I believe. But let us consider:

Have we not admitted that the rulers may be mistaken about their own

interest in what they command, and also that to obey them is justice?

Has not that been admitted?

Yes.

Then you must also have acknowledged justice not to be for the interest

of the stronger, when the rulers unintentionally command things to

be done which are to their own injury. For if, as you say, justice

is the obedience which the subject renders to their commands, in that

case, O wisest of men, is there any escape from the conclusion that

the weaker are commanded to do, not what is for the interest, but

what is for the injury of the stronger?

Nothing can be clearer, Socrates, said Polemarchus.

Socrates - CLEITOPHON - POLEMARCHUS - THRASYMACHUS

Yes, said Cleitophon, interposing, if you are allowed to be his witness.

But there is no need of any witness, said Polemarchus, for Thrasymachus

himself acknowledges that rulers may sometimes command what is not

for their own interest, and that for subjects to obey them is justice.

Yes, Polemarchus, --Thrasymachus said that for subjects to do what

was commanded by their rulers is just.

Yes, Cleitophon, but he also said that justice is the interest of

the stronger, and, while admitting both these propositions, he further

acknowledged that the stronger may command the weaker who are his

subjects to do what is not for his own interest; whence follows that

justice is the injury quite as much as the interest of the stronger.

But, said Cleitophon, he meant by the interest of the stronger what

the stronger thought to be his interest, --this was what the weaker

had to do; and this was affirmed by him to be justice.

Those were not his words, rejoined Polemarchus.

Socrates - THRASYMACHUS

Never mind, I replied, if he now says that they are, let us accept

his statement. Tell me, Thrasymachus, I said, did you mean by justice

what the stronger thought to be his interest, whether really so or

not?

Certainly not, he said. Do you suppose that I call him who is mistaken

the stronger at the time when he is mistaken?

Yes, I said, my impression was that you did so, when you admitted

that the ruler was not infallible but might be sometimes mistaken.

You argue like an informer, Socrates. Do you mean, for example, that

he who is mistaken about the sick is a physician in that he is mistaken?

or that he who errs in arithmetic or grammar is an arithmetician or

grammarian at the me when he is making the mistake, in respect of

the mistake? True, we say that the physician or arithmetician or grammarian

has made a mistake, but this is only a way of speaking; for the fact

is that neither the grammarian nor any other person of skill ever

makes a mistake in so far as he is what his name implies; they none

of them err unless their skill fails them, and then they cease to

be skilled artists. No artist or sage or ruler errs at the time when

he is what his name implies; though he is commonly said to err, and

I adopted the common mode of speaking. But to be perfectly accurate,

since you are such a lover of accuracy, we should say that the ruler,

in so far as he is the ruler, is unerring, and, being unerring, always

commands that which is for his own interest; and the subject is required

to execute his commands; and therefore, as I said at first and now

repeat, justice is the interest of the stronger.

Indeed, Thrasymachus, and do I really appear to you to argue like

an informer?

Certainly, he replied.

And you suppose that I ask these questions with any design of injuring

you in the argument?

Nay, he replied, 'suppose' is not the word --I know it; but you will

be found out, and by sheer force of argument you will never prevail.

I shall not make the attempt, my dear man; but to avoid any misunderstanding

occurring between us in future, let me ask, in what sense do you speak

of a ruler or stronger whose interest, as you were saying, he being

the superior, it is just that the inferior should execute --is he

a ruler in the popular or in the strict sense of the term?

In the strictest of all senses, he said. And now cheat and play the

informer if you can; I ask no quarter at your hands. But you never

will be able, never.

And do you imagine, I said, that I am such a madman as to try and

cheat, Thrasymachus? I might as well shave a lion.

Why, he said, you made the attempt a minute ago, and you failed.

Enough, I said, of these civilities. It will be better that I should

ask you a question: Is the physician, taken in that strict sense of

which you are speaking, a healer of the sick or a maker of money?

And remember that I am now speaking of the true physician.

A healer of the sick, he replied.

And the pilot --that is to say, the true pilot --is he a captain of

sailors or a mere sailor?

A captain of sailors.

The circumstance that he sails in the ship is not to be taken into

account; neither is he to be called a sailor; the name pilot by which

he is distinguished has nothing to do with sailing, but is significant

of his skill and of his authority over the sailors.

Very true, he said.

Now, I said, every art has an interest?

Certainly.

For which the art has to consider and provide?

Yes, that is the aim of art.

And the interest of any art is the perfection of it --this and nothing

else?

What do you mean?

I mean what I may illustrate negatively by the example of the body.

Suppose you were to ask me whether the body is self-sufficing or has

wants, I should reply: Certainly the body has wants; for the body

may be ill and require to be cured, and has therefore interests to

which the art of medicine ministers; and this is the origin and intention

of medicine, as you will acknowledge. Am I not right?

Quite right, he replied.

But is the art of medicine or any other art faulty or deficient in

any quality in the same way that the eye may be deficient in sight

or the ear fail of hearing, and therefore requires another art to

provide for the interests of seeing and hearing --has art in itself,

I say, any similar liability to fault or defect, and does every art

require another supplementary art to provide for its interests, and

that another and another without end? Or have the arts to look only

after their own interests? Or have they no need either of themselves

or of another? --having no faults or defects, they have no need to

correct them, either by the exercise of their own art or of any other;

they have only to consider the interest of their subject-matter. For

every art remains pure and faultless while remaining true --that is

to say, while perfect and unimpaired. Take the words in your precise

sense, and tell me whether I am not right."

Yes, clearly.

Then medicine does not consider the interest of medicine, but the

interest of the body?

True, he said.

Nor does the art of horsemanship consider the interests of the art

of horsemanship, but the interests of the horse; neither do any other

arts care for themselves, for they have no needs; they care only for

that which is the subject of their art?

True, he said.

But surely, Thrasymachus, the arts are the superiors and rulers of

their own subjects?

To this he assented with a good deal of reluctance.

Then, I said, no science or art considers or enjoins the interest

of the stronger or superior, but only the interest of the subject

and weaker?

He made an attempt to contest this proposition also, but finally acquiesced.

Then, I continued, no physician, in so far as he is a physician, considers

his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for

the true physician is also a ruler having the human body as a subject,

and is not a mere money-maker; that has been admitted?

Yes.

And the pilot likewise, in the strict sense of the term, is a ruler

of sailors and not a mere sailor?

That has been admitted.

And such a pilot and ruler will provide and prescribe for the interest

of the sailor who is under him, and not for his own or the ruler's

interest?

He gave a reluctant 'Yes.'

Then, I said, Thrasymachus, there is no one in any rule who, in so

far as he is a ruler, considers or enjoins what is for his own interest,

but always what is for the interest of his subject or suitable to

his art; to that he looks, and that alone he considers in everything

which he says and does.

When we had got to this point in the argument, and every one saw that

the definition of justice had been completely upset, Thrasymachus,

instead of replying to me, said: Tell me, Socrates, have you got a

nurse?

Why do you ask such a question, I said, when you ought rather to be

answering?

Because she leaves you to snivel, and never wipes your nose: she has

not even taught you to know the shepherd from the sheep.

What makes you say that? I replied.

Because you fancy that the shepherd or neatherd fattens of tends the

sheep or oxen with a view to their own good and not to the good of

himself or his master; and you further imagine that the rulers of

states, if they are true rulers, never think of their subjects as

sheep, and that they are not studying their own advantage day and

night. Oh, no; and so entirely astray are you in your ideas about

the just and unjust as not even to know that justice and the just

are in reality another's good; that is to say, the interest of the

ruler and stronger, and the loss of the subject and servant; and injustice

the opposite; for the unjust is lord over the truly simple and just:

he is the stronger, and his subjects do what is for his interest,

and minister to his happiness, which is very far from being their

own. Consider further, most foolish Socrates, that the just is always

a loser in comparison with the unjust. First of all, in private contracts:

wherever the unjust is the partner of the just you will find that,

when the partnership is dissolved, the unjust man has always more

and the just less. Secondly, in their dealings with the State: when

there is an income tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust

less on the same amount of income; and when there is anything to be

received the one gains nothing and the other much. Observe also what

happens when they take an office; there is the just man neglecting

his affairs and perhaps suffering other losses, and getting nothing

out of the public, because he is just; moreover he is hated by his

friends and acquaintance for refusing to serve them in unlawful ways.

But all this is reversed in the case of the unjust man. I am speaking,

as before, of injustice on a large scale in which the advantage of

the unjust is more apparent; and my meaning will be most clearly seen

if we turn to that highest form of injustice in which the criminal

is the happiest of men, and the sufferers or those who refuse to do

injustice are the most miserable --that is to say tyranny, which by

fraud and force takes away the property of others, not little by little

but wholesale; comprehending in one, things sacred as well as profane,

private and public; for which acts of wrong, if he were detected perpetrating

any one of them singly, he would be punished and incur great disgrace

--they who do such wrong in particular cases are called robbers of

temples, and man-stealers and burglars and swindlers and thieves.

But when a man besides taking away the money of the citizens has made

slaves of them, then, instead of these names of reproach, he is termed

happy and blessed, not only by the citizens but by all who hear of

his having achieved the consummation of injustice. For mankind censure

injustice, fearing that they may be the victims of it and not because

they shrink from committing it. And thus, as I have shown, Socrates,

injustice, when on a sufficient scale, has more strength and freedom

and mastery than justice; and, as I said at first, justice is the

interest of the stronger, whereas injustice is a man's own profit

and interest.

Thrasymachus, when he had thus spoken, having, like a bathman, deluged

our ears with his words, had a mind to go away. But the company would

not let him; they insisted that he should remain and defend his position;

and I myself added my own humble request that he would not leave us.

Thrasymachus, I said to him, excellent man, how suggestive are your

remarks! And are you going to run away before you have fairly taught

or learned whether they are true or not? Is the attempt to determine

the way of man's life so small a matter in your eyes --to determine

how life may be passed by each one of us to the greatest advantage?

And do I differ from you, he said, as to the importance of the enquiry?

You appear rather, I replied, to have no care or thought about us,

Thrasymachus --whether we live better or worse from not knowing what

you say you know, is to you a matter of indifference. Prithee, friend,

do not keep your knowledge to yourself; we are a large party; and

any benefit which you confer upon us will be amply rewarded. For my

own part I openly declare that I am not convinced, and that I do not

believe injustice to be more gainful than justice, even if uncontrolled

and allowed to have free play. For, granting that there may be an

unjust man who is able to commit injustice either by fraud or force,

still this does not convince me of the superior advantage of injustice,

and there may be others who are in the same predicament with myself.

Perhaps we may be wrong; if so, you in your wisdom should convince

us that we are mistaken in preferring justice to injustice.

And how am I to convince you, he said, if you are not already convinced

by what I have just said; what more can I do for you? Would you have

me put the proof bodily into your souls?

Heaven forbid! I said; I would only ask you to be consistent; or,

if you change, change openly and let there be no deception. For I

must remark, Thrasymachus, if you will recall what was previously

said, that although you began by defining the true physician in an

exact sense, you did not observe a like exactness when speaking of

the shepherd; you thought that the shepherd as a shepherd tends the

sheep not with a view to their own good, but like a mere diner or

banqueter with a view to the pleasures of the table; or, again, as

a trader for sale in the market, and not as a shepherd. Yet surely

the art of the shepherd is concerned only with the good of his subjects;

he has only to provide the best for them, since the perfection of

the art is already ensured whenever all the requirements of it are

satisfied. And that was what I was saying just now about the ruler.

I conceived that the art of the ruler, considered as ruler, whether

in a state or in private life, could only regard the good of his flock

or subjects; whereas you seem to think that the rulers in states,

that is to say, the true rulers, like being in authority.

Think! Nay, I am sure of it.

Then why in the case of lesser offices do men never take them willingly

without payment, unless under the idea that they govern for the advantage

not of themselves but of others? Let me ask you a question: Are not

the several arts different, by reason of their each having a separate

function? And, my dear illustrious friend, do say what you think,

that we may make a little progress.

Yes, that is the difference, he replied.

And each art gives us a particular good and not merely a general one

--medicine, for example, gives us health; navigation, safety at sea,

and so on?

Yes, he said.

And the art of payment has the special function of giving pay: but

we do not confuse this with other arts, any more than the art of the

pilot is to be confused with the art of medicine, because the health

of the pilot may be improved by a sea voyage. You would not be inclined

to say, would you, that navigation is the art of medicine, at least

if we are to adopt your exact use of language?

Certainly not.

Or because a man is in good health when he receives pay you would

not say that the art of payment is medicine?

I should say not.

Nor would you say that medicine is the art of receiving pay because

a man takes fees when he is engaged in healing?

Certainly not.

And we have admitted, I said, that the good of each art is specially

confined to the art?

Yes.

Then, if there be any good which all artists have in common, that

is to be attributed to something of which they all have the common

use?

True, he replied.

And when the artist is benefited by receiving pay the advantage is

gained by an additional use of the art of pay, which is not the art

professed by him?

He gave a reluctant assent to this.

Then the pay is not derived by the several artists from their respective

arts. But the truth is, that while the art of medicine gives health,

and the art of the builder builds a house, another art attends them

which is the art of pay. The various arts may be doing their own business

and benefiting that over which they preside, but would the artist

receive any benefit from his art unless he were paid as well?

I suppose not.

But does he therefore confer no benefit when he works for nothing?

Certainly, he confers a benefit.

Then now, Thrasymachus, there is no longer any doubt that neither

arts nor governments provide for their own interests; but, as we were

before saying, they rule and provide for the interests of their subjects

who are the weaker and not the stronger --to their good they attend

and not to the good of the superior.

And this is the reason, my dear Thrasymachus, why, as I was just now

saying, no one is willing to govern; because no one likes to take

in hand the reformation of evils which are not his concern without

remuneration. For, in the execution of his work, and in giving his

orders to another, the true artist does not regard his own interest,

but always that of his subjects; and therefore in order that rulers

may be willing to rule, they must be paid in one of three modes of

payment: money, or honour, or a penalty for refusing.

Socrates - GLAUCON

What do you mean, Socrates? said Glaucon. The first two modes of payment

are intelligible enough, but what the penalty is I do not understand,

or how a penalty can be a payment.

You mean that you do not understand the nature of this payment which

to the best men is the great inducement to rule? Of course you know

that ambition and avarice are held to be, as indeed they are, a disgrace?

Very true.

And for this reason, I said, money and honour have no attraction for

them; good men do not wish to be openly demanding payment for governing

and so to get the name of hirelings, nor by secretly helping themselves

out of the public revenues to get the name of thieves. And not being

ambitious they do not care about honour. Wherefore necessity must

be laid upon them, and they must be induced to serve from the fear

of punishment. And this, as I imagine, is the reason why the forwardness

to take office, instead of waiting to be compelled, has been deemed

dishonourable. Now the worst part of the punishment is that he who

refuses to rule is liable to be ruled by one who is worse than himself.

And the fear of this, as I conceive, induces the good to take office,

not because they would, but because they cannot help --not under the

idea that they are going to have any benefit or enjoyment themselves,

but as a necessity, and because they are not able to commit the task

of ruling to any one who is better than themselves, or indeed as good.

For there is reason to think that if a city were composed entirely

of good men, then to avoid office would be as much an object of contention

as to obtain office is at present; then we should have plain proof

that the true ruler is not meant by nature to regard his own interest,

but that of his subjects; and every one who knew this would choose

rather to receive a benefit from another than to have the trouble

of conferring one. So far am I from agreeing with Thrasymachus that

justice is the interest of the stronger. This latter question need

not be further discussed at present; but when Thrasymachus says that

the life of the unjust is more advantageous than that of the just,

his new statement appears to me to be of a far more serious character.

Which of us has spoken truly? And which sort of life, Glaucon, do

you prefer?

I for my part deem the life of the just to be the more advantageous,

he answered.

Did you hear all the advantages of the unjust which Thrasymachus was

rehearsing?

Yes, I heard him, he replied, but he has not convinced me.

Then shall we try to find some way of convincing him, if we can, that

he is saying what is not true?

Most certainly, he replied.

If, I said, he makes a set speech and we make another recounting all

the advantages of being just, and he answers and we rejoin, there

must be a numbering and measuring of the goods which are claimed on

either side, and in the end we shall want judges to decide; but if

we proceed in our enquiry as we lately did, by making admissions to

one another, we shall unite the offices of judge and advocate in our

own persons.

Very good, he said.

And which method do I understand you to prefer? I said.

That which you propose.

Well, then, Thrasymachus, I said, suppose you begin at the beginning

and answer me. You say that perfect injustice is more gainful than

perfect justice?

Socrates - GLAUCON - THRASYMACHUS

Yes, that is what I say, and I have given you my reasons.

And what is your view about them? Would you call one of them virtue

and the other vice?

Certainly.

I suppose that you would call justice virtue and injustice vice?

What a charming notion! So likely too, seeing that I affirm injustice

to be profitable and justice not.

What else then would you say?

The opposite, he replied.

And would you call justice vice?

No, I would rather say sublime simplicity.

Then would you call injustice malignity?

No; I would rather say discretion.

And do the unjust appear to you to be wise and good?

Yes, he said; at any rate those of them who are able to be perfectly

unjust, and who have the power of subduing states and nations; but

perhaps you imagine me to be talking of cutpurses.

Even this profession if undetected has advantages, though they are

not to be compared with those of which I was just now speaking.

I do not think that I misapprehend your meaning, Thrasymachus, I replied;

but still I cannot hear without amazement that you class injustice

with wisdom and virtue, and justice with the opposite.

Certainly I do so class them.

Now, I said, you are on more substantial and almost unanswerable ground;

for if the injustice which you were maintaining to be profitable had

been admitted by you as by others to be vice and deformity, an answer

might have been given to you on received principles; but now I perceive

that you will call injustice honourable and strong, and to the unjust

you will attribute all the qualities which were attributed by us before

to the just, seeing that you do not hesitate to rank injustice with

wisdom and virtue.

You have guessed most infallibly, he replied.

Then I certainly ought not to shrink from going through with the argument

so long as I have reason to think that you, Thrasymachus, are speaking

your real mind; for I do believe that you are now in earnest and are

not amusing yourself at our expense.

I may be in earnest or not, but what is that to you? --to refute the

argument is your business.

Very true, I said; that is what I have to do: But will you be so good

as answer yet one more question? Does the just man try to gain any

advantage over the just?

Far otherwise; if he did would not be the simple, amusing creature

which he is.

And would he try to go beyond just action?

He would not.

And how would he regard the attempt to gain an advantage over the

unjust; would that be considered by him as just or unjust?

He would think it just, and would try to gain the advantage; but he

would not be able.

Whether he would or would not be able, I said, is not to the point.

My question is only whether the just man, while refusing to have more

than another just man, would wish and claim to have more than the

unjust?

Yes, he would.

And what of the unjust --does he claim to have more than the just

man and to do more than is just

Of course, he said, for he claims to have more than all men.

And the unjust man will strive and struggle to obtain more than the

unjust man or action, in order that he may have more than all?

True.

We may put the matter thus, I said --the just does not desire more

than his like but more than his unlike, whereas the unjust desires

more than both his like and his unlike?

Nothing, he said, can be better than that statement.

And the unjust is good and wise, and the just is neither?

Good again, he said.

And is not the unjust like the wise and good and the just unlike them?

Of course, he said, he who is of a certain nature, is like those who

are of a certain nature; he who is not, not.

Each of them, I said, is such as his like is?

Certainly, he replied.

Very good, Thrasymachus, I said; and now to take the case of the arts:

you would admit that one man is a musician and another not a musician?

Yes.

And which is wise and which is foolish?

Clearly the musician is wise, and he who is not a musician is foolish.

And he is good in as far as he is wise, and bad in as far as he is

foolish?

Yes.

And you would say the same sort of thing of the physician?

Yes.

And do you think, my excellent friend, that a musician when he adjusts

the lyre would desire or claim to exceed or go beyond a musician in

the tightening and loosening the strings?

I do not think that he would.

But he would claim to exceed the non-musician?

Of course.

And what would you say of the physician? In prescribing meats and

drinks would he wish to go beyond another physician or beyond the

practice of medicine?

He would not.

But he would wish to go beyond the non-physician?

Yes.

And about knowledge and ignorance in general; see whether you think

that any man who has knowledge ever would wish to have the choice

of saying or doing more than another man who has knowledge. Would

he not rather say or do the same as his like in the same case?

That, I suppose, can hardly be denied.

And what of the ignorant? would he not desire to have more than either

the knowing or the ignorant?

I dare say.

And the knowing is wise?

Yes.

And the wise is good?

True.

Then the wise and good will not desire to gain more than his like,

but more than his unlike and opposite?

I suppose so.

Whereas the bad and ignorant will desire to gain more than both?

Yes.

But did we not say, Thrasymachus, that the unjust goes beyond both

his like and unlike? Were not these your words? They were.

They were.

And you also said that the lust will not go beyond his like but his

unlike?

Yes.

Then the just is like the wise and good, and the unjust like the evil

and ignorant?

That is the inference.

And each of them is such as his like is?

That was admitted.

Then the just has turned out to be wise and good and the unjust evil

and ignorant.

Thrasymachus made all these admissions, not fluently, as I repeat

them, but with extreme reluctance; it was a hot summer's day, and

the perspiration poured from him in torrents; and then I saw what

I had never seen before, Thrasymachus blushing. As we were now agreed

that justice was virtue and wisdom, and injustice vice and ignorance,

I proceeded to another point:

Well, I said, Thrasymachus, that matter is now settled; but were we

not also saying that injustice had strength; do you remember?

Yes, I remember, he said, but do not suppose that I approve of what

you are saying or have no answer; if however I were to answer, you

would be quite certain to accuse me of haranguing; therefore either

permit me to have my say out, or if you would rather ask, do so, and

I will answer 'Very good,' as they say to story-telling old women,

and will nod 'Yes' and 'No.'

Certainly not, I said, if contrary to your real opinion.

Yes, he said, I will, to please you, since you will not let me speak.

What else would you have?

Nothing in the world, I said; and if you are so disposed I will ask

and you shall answer.

Proceed.

Then I will repeat the question which I asked before, in order that

our examination of the relative nature of justice and injustice may

be carried on regularly. A statement was made that injustice is stronger

and more powerful than justice, but now justice, having been identified

with wisdom and virtue, is easily shown to be stronger than injustice,

if injustice is ignorance; this can no longer be questioned by any

one. But I want to view the matter, Thrasymachus, in a different way:

You would not deny that a state may be unjust and may be unjustly

attempting to enslave other states, or may have already enslaved them,

and may be holding many of them in subjection?

True, he replied; and I will add the best and perfectly unjust state

will be most likely to do so.

I know, I said, that such was your position; but what I would further

consider is, whether this power which is possessed by the superior

state can exist or be exercised without justice.

If you are right in you view, and justice is wisdom, then only with

justice; but if I am right, then without justice.

I am delighted, Thrasymachus, to see you not only nodding assent and

dissent, but making answers which are quite excellent.

That is out of civility to you, he replied.

You are very kind, I said; and would you have the goodness also to

inform me, whether you think that a state, or an army, or a band of

robbers and thieves, or any other gang of evil-doers could act at

all if they injured one another?

No indeed, he said, they could not.

But if they abstained from injuring one another, then they might act

together better?

Yes.

And this is because injustice creates divisions and hatreds and fighting,

and justice imparts harmony and friendship; is not that true, Thrasymachus?

I agree, he said, because I do not wish to quarrel with you.

How good of you, I said; but I should like to know also whether injustice,

having this tendency to arouse hatred, wherever existing, among slaves

or among freemen, will not make them hate one another and set them

at variance and render them incapable of common action?

Certainly.

And even if injustice be found in two only, will they not quarrel

and fight, and become enemies to one another and to the just

They will.

And suppose injustice abiding in a single person, would your wisdom

say that she loses or that she retains her natural power?

Let us assume that she retains her power.

Yet is not the power which injustice exercises of such a nature that

wherever she takes up her abode, whether in a city, in an army, in

a family, or in any other body, that body is, to begin with, rendered

incapable of united action by reason of sedition and distraction;

and does it not become its own enemy and at variance with all that

opposes it, and with the just? Is not this the case?

Yes, certainly.

And is not injustice equally fatal when existing in a single person;

in the first place rendering him incapable of action because he is

not at unity with himself, and in the second place making him an enemy

to himself and the just? Is not that true, Thrasymachus?

Yes.

And O my friend, I said, surely the gods are just?

Granted that they are.

But if so, the unjust will be the enemy of the gods, and the just

will be their friend?

Feast away in triumph, and take your fill of the argument; I will

not oppose you, lest I should displease the company.

Well then, proceed with your answers, and let me have the remainder

of my repast. For we have already shown that the just are clearly

wiser and better and abler than the unjust, and that the unjust are

incapable of common action; nay ing at more, that to speak as we did

of men who are evil acting at any time vigorously together, is not

strictly true, for if they had been perfectly evil, they would have

laid hands upon one another; but it is evident that there must have

been some remnant of justice in them, which enabled them to combine;

if there had not been they would have injured one another as well

as their victims; they were but half --villains in their enterprises;

for had they been whole villains, and utterly unjust, they would have

been utterly incapable of action. That, as I believe, is the truth

of the matter, and not what you said at first. But whether the just

have a better and happier life than the unjust is a further question

which we also proposed to consider. I think that they have, and for

the reasons which to have given; but still I should like to examine

further, for no light matter is at stake, nothing less than the rule

of human life.

Proceed.

I will proceed by asking a question: Would you not say that a horse

has some end?

I should.

And the end or use of a horse or of anything would be that which could

not be accomplished, or not so well accomplished, by any other thing?

I do not understand, he said.

Let me explain: Can you see, except with the eye?

Certainly not.

Or hear, except with the ear?

No.

These then may be truly said to be the ends of these organs?

They may.

But you can cut off a vine-branch with a dagger or with a chisel,

and in many other ways?

Of course.

And yet not so well as with a pruning-hook made for the purpose?

True.

May we not say that this is the end of a pruning-hook?

We may.

Then now I think you will have no difficulty in understanding my meaning

when I asked the question whether the end of anything would be that

which could not be accomplished, or not so well accomplished, by any

other thing?

I understand your meaning, he said, and assent.

And that to which an end is appointed has also an excellence? Need

I ask again whether the eye has an end?

It has.

And has not the eye an excellence?

Yes.

And the ear has an end and an excellence also?

True.

And the same is true of all other things; they have each of them an

end and a special excellence?

That is so.

Well, and can the eyes fulfil their end if they are wanting in their

own proper excellence and have a defect instead?

How can they, he said, if they are blind and cannot see?

You mean to say, if they have lost their proper excellence, which

is sight; but I have not arrived at that point yet. I would rather

ask the question more generally, and only enquire whether the things

which fulfil their ends fulfil them by their own proper excellence,

and fall of fulfilling them by their own defect?

Certainly, he replied.

I might say the same of the ears; when deprived of their own proper

excellence they cannot fulfil their end?

True.

And the same observation will apply to all other things?

I agree.

Well; and has not the soul an end which nothing else can fulfil? for

example, to superintend and command and deliberate and the like. Are

not these functions proper to the soul, and can they rightly be assigned

to any other?

To no other.

And is not life to be reckoned among the ends of the soul?

Assuredly, he said.

And has not the soul an excellence also?

Yes.

And can she or can she not fulfil her own ends when deprived of that

excellence?

She cannot.

Then an evil soul must necessarily be an evil ruler and superintendent,

and the good soul a good ruler?

Yes, necessarily.

And we have admitted that justice is the excellence of the soul, and

injustice the defect of the soul?

That has been admitted.

Then the just soul and the just man will live well, and the unjust

man will live ill?

That is what your argument proves.

And he who lives well is blessed and happy, and he who lives ill the

reverse of happy?

Certainly.

Then the just is happy, and the unjust miserable?

So be it.

But happiness and not misery is profitable.

Of course.

Then, my blessed Thrasymachus, injustice can never be more profitable

than justice.

Let this, Socrates, he said, be your entertainment at the Bendidea.

For which I am indebted to you, I said, now that you have grown gentle

towards me and have left off scolding. Nevertheless, I have not been

well entertained; but that was my own fault and not yours. As an epicure

snatches a taste of every dish which is successively brought to table,

he not having allowed himself time to enjoy the one before, so have

I gone from one subject to another without having discovered what

I sought at first, the nature of justice. I left that enquiry and

turned away to consider whether justice is virtue and wisdom or evil

and folly; and when there arose a further question about the comparative

advantages of justice and injustice, I could not refrain from passing

on to that. And the result of the whole discussion has been that I

know nothing at all. For I know not what justice is, and therefore

I am not likely to know whether it is or is not a virtue, nor can

I say whether the just man is happy or unhappy.