

could not risk a struggle. She is in no financial position to do so. For another thing she would have to withdraw her troops from Siberia, Korea, Manchuria and Shantung, whose outraged peoples would gladly seize the opportunity to avenge themselves. And to Japanese propaganda, also, the bugaboo that England might assist her owes much of its strength. England realizes on the contrary that the alliance has not worked and that Japan has used it to entrench herself as England's strongest competitor in the Orient. As for war, a few words from the London Spectator of May 6th clearly show the present English attitude: Australia, New Zealand, White South Africa, and Canada could be on only one side, "by the side of America." And were England to fight with Japan, "the moment they realized what had happened, ninety-nine per cent of the population would be stoning their own government for the criminal lunacy of backing Japan against their own flesh and blood."

Americans should know more of the oriental view of Japan's place in the sun and the sun spots. The Orient is the field of the next harvest of peace or war—if war, Korea would be its Belgium, China its France, Siberia its Russia and Japan its Germany. And they wonder out there if they are to benefit by the principles for which we fought in the war or if all that blood and treasure was spent in vain.

CODY MARSH.

Mr. Keynes as a Prophet

A PROPHEET runs considerable risks; so perhaps he is entitled to boast a little when fortune smiles on him.

(1) In *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* I estimated the amount for which Germany was liable under the letter of the Treaty at \$10,600 millions for damage and at \$25,000 millions for pensions, making a total of \$35,600 millions in all; and, in order to be on the safe side, I took the round figure of \$40,000 millions as an amount "fully high enough of which the actual result may fall somewhat short." This estimate was attacked by many critics as being much too low. For example, Professor Allyn Young in your columns on February 25, 1920, a very friendly critic, thought that the liability for damage other than pensions was nearer to \$20,000 millions than to my figure of \$10,600 millions. French critics alleged much higher figures than this, and M. Klotz, speaking on behalf of the French government, put the total figure at \$75,000 millions. Very strong language has been used about me in many quarters because

I accused the French government of gravely overstating their claims.

In the meantime it has been the duty of the Reparation Commission to collect the figures and to submit them to a judicial examination, and on May 1, 1921, they announced the result,—namely \$34,250 millions in all. My figure of \$35,600 millions was, therefore, not very far out, and, so far from being unduly low, was, as I intended it to be, a little too high.

(2) The Treaty provided for certain specific deliveries from Germany prior to May 1, 1921, and these were estimated in Paris at a prospective value of \$5,000 millions. I criticized this, and put the value at a maximum between \$1,650 millions and \$2,150 millions; this was exclusive of current deliveries of coal, etc., which I offset against the credits Germany would require for food—which has proved broadly correct. Inclusive of coal, etc., the Reparation Commission now put the figure at \$2,000 millions. My totals are probably more correct than the details; but my judgment, as to the general magnitude of the figures involved, is proved to be right.

(3) I estimated that the balance available on May 1, 1921, after deducting the cost of the Armies of Occupation and food credits, would be about \$500,000,000. The Reparation Commission announced a few days ago that they put such balance up to date at exactly this figure.

My estimates have turned out so very close to the facts, that some element of luck in my favor has evidently entered in; but, after all, I have been competing not with other reasoned estimates but, to a large extent, with random and insincere talk indulged in for political purposes, and with persons who were more concerned to shield their characters from the least taint or allegation of pro-Germanism than to triumph at a later date as statistical experts.

My other forecasts still lie in the future. In particular, I estimated that the highest amount which Germany could pay annually over a term of years was \$500,000,000, though I expressed the further opinion that it would not be politic on our part to attempt to exact so much. The politicians still talk of vastly higher figures than this; but their ideas are moving downwards with a satisfactory velocity. I still predict that the day will come when everyone will recognize that the sum named above is the utmost that the Allies can ever hope to receive; and that to disturb the peace of Europe, in the hope to obtain, or rather in the pretence of hoping to obtain, the moon, would be an act of wickedness and folly.

J. M. KEYNES.

Books and Things

I HAVE several reasons for wondering why no candidate for a Ph. D. has ever chosen, as the subject of his thesis, the late Jacob Abbott, born 1803, died 1879. None of these reasons is better than another. All are good. In the first place, nobody now alive, not even Mr. E. V. Lucas, has read Jacob Abbott's complete works, which run to more than two hundred books. Judging from my own studies, which have been rather intensive than extensive, it is impossible to infer from what one has read in Jacob Abbott the nature of what one hasn't. To students of the Rollo Books only, which in spite of their many good points have won and kept, I cannot help thinking, more attention than they deserve, the greater richness and light-heartedness of the first Franconia Stories will come as a surprise. Knowing nothing of my author save these two series, and these but incompletely, I cannot divine just how he has written, in his Illustrated Histories, the lives of Maria Antoinette, Nero, Xerxes the Great and Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Or am I confounding the two Abbotts, Jacob and John S. C.?

Several acres of thesis might easily be covered with research into Jacob Abbott's anti-feminism, which was deep-seated, tranquil and self-assured. In few writers is woman's sphere so firmly defined. She can no more escape from it than a gold-fish can grow wings and fly away from his sphere in the front parlor. She does not wish to escape. When Mary Bell began work on her grotto and the road thereto "she was quite young, and she then had no objection to working diligently in the open air, lifting and carrying stones, and digging in the ground. But when she became eleven and twelve years old, her taste changed in respect to such labors. She began to consider them too masculine, that is, too boyish, for her; and though she still took great interest in such improvements, she no longer undertook to execute them with her own hands." And how cheerfully does Mary Bell, when she and Malleville and Wallace have been abandoned, ten miles from home, through the heartless caprice of Caroline, "a young lady residing in the village, thirteen years old," how meekly does Mary Bell put herself at his behest, into Wallace's hands: "Mary Bell, finding that she could do no more, resigned herself to her fate, which was to be wholly dependent upon Wallace's ingenuity and energy for the means of getting home. She began to find, in fact, that it was very pleasant to be in such a situation, now that her mind was relieved from all sense of responsibility in respect to it." Woman's sphere is the home, you perceive, even when she doesn't know how to get there.

Animal psychology in Jacob Abbott, with especial reference to the differences, if any, in the psychology of wild and that of domesticated quadrupeds—there might be a whole chapter on that. In a paragraph I can but scratch the surface. A sheep, whose lamb a great black bear has carried off, "instead of flying toward the house, ran toward the dark and gloomy thickets where her lamb had so mysteriously and dreadfully disappeared, determined to attack the unknown enemy with the utmost fury, if she could overtake it, whatever it might be." Even more worthy are the mental operations of the dog Carlo, when he sees preparations making for a journey: "Carlo said nothing, but concluded quietly, in his own mind, that he would go too. It was plain to him that some expedition was on foot; and although he had no idea of the nature or object of it, except that it was evident that the horse

and wagon were going, he determined to join it, whatever its destination might be." Everything we learn about Carlo has its interest: "Carlo had, in fact, a great contempt for play of every kind, and he knew very well when children called him merely out of idle caprice. When, on the other hand, any real emergency occurred, and there was any actual service to be rendered, he felt, at once, the dignity of the occasion, and all his energies were immediately aroused."

Literary influences? Anything doing? I think so, although I don't go so far as to adapt Mark Pattison and say that the reward of consummate scholarship is an appreciation of the Rollo Books. But look at the first parallel I happen to come across, between Jacob Abbott and Plato:

SOCRATES: The value of a plaything does not consist in itself, but in the pleasure it awakens in your mind. Do you understand that?

GLAUCON: Not very well.

SOCRATES: If you should give a round stick to a baby on the floor, and let him strike the floor with it, he would be pleased. You would see by his looks that it gave him great pleasure. Now, where would this pleasure be—in the stick, or in the floor, or in the baby?

GLAUCON: Why, in the baby.

SOCRATES: Yes, and would it be in his body, or in his mind?

ADEIMANTUS: In his face.

GLAUCON: In his eyes.

SOCRATES: You would see the signs of it in his face and in his eyes, but the feeling of pleasure would be in his mind. Now, I suppose you understand what I said, that the value of a plaything consists in the pleasure it can awaken in the mind.

GLAUCON: Yes, Socrates.

ROLLO: Mother, do you wish really to convince us that it is on every account better to be just than to be unjust, or only to seem to convince us?

MRS. HOLIDAY: If it were in my power, I should prefer convincing you really.

ROLLO: Then you are not doing what you wish. Let me ask you: Is there, in your opinion, a class of good things of such a kind that we desire to possess them, not because we desire their consequences, but simply welcoming them for their own sake?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes, I certainly think there is a class of this description.

ROLLO: Well, is there another class, do you think, of those which we value, both for their own sake and for their results?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes.

ROLLO: And do you further recognize a third class of good things, which we should describe as irksome, and yet beneficial to us; and while we should reject them viewed simply in themselves, we accept them for the sake of the emoluments, and of the other consequences which result from them?

MRS. HOLIDAY: Yes, undoubtedly, there is such a third class also: but what then?

Such a parallel is significant without being deadly, nor would its significance have failed to appear even if I had not taken the liberty of swapping the rôles of Mrs. Holiday and Socrates, of Rollo and Glaucon, and of giving Adeimantus a speech more properly belonging to Rollo's Cousin James.

I have left to the last the great subject, the most entic-