

Must Get Back to Work, Says Lloyd George

If Reparations Ever to Be Paid, Allies Must Return to Business, Declares Ex-Premier.

(Continued From Page One.)
consideration of the capacity of Germany to pay to an impartial tribunal. It offers to place at the disposal of this body all material which is necessary to enable it to arrive at a just conclusion.

It proceeds to suggest that all further discussion on the subjects at issue between the parties should take place at a conference rather than by interchange of notes. How can any unprejudiced person refuse to recognize the essential reasonableness of this part of the offer? It is common ground that the annuities imposed upon Germany in May, 1921, demand modification. Even Mr. Poincare proceeds on that assumption. There is, therefore, a most important and highly difficult figure to be ascertained. What annuity can Germany pay? And when will she be in a position to pay?

France Silent.
Is it unreasonable to propose that this question, which involves most searching examination into German assets, should be referred to a tribunal which would be capable of giving it calm and judicial consideration? Are there any objections to discussing the matter at a conference where Germany as well as all the allies would be represented? If this were a business or trade dispute, these two proposals would be regarded as eminently sensible and fair, and the party that rejected them would be condemned by public opinion.

What are the objections to an acceptance formulated by the French press? Up to the date of writing this article the French government has not officially expressed its views on the German note. But one may safely assume from recent experience that the Parisian journalists consulted Quai d'Orsay before writing their critical articles.

The first is that the French government will discuss no proposals emanating from Germany until the latter withdraws its present resistance to the French and Belgian exploitation of the Ruhr. What does this exactly mean? If it imports—as a preliminary condition to a conference or consideration of terms—an acquiescence by Germany in the occupation and exploitation by France and Belgium of the Ruhr until reparations are fully paid, then the position is hopeless.

No Force to Resist.
A German government may submit to such an occupation because it has no force at its command to offer resistance. But no German government can give assent to such an invasion of its territories. A peace signed on such terms would be inevitably repudiated at the first favorable opportunity. Meanwhile, there would be constant friction and trouble in the Ruhr. I can hardly believe that this is what the French government mean to insist upon, in spite of an article in Le Temps, which bears that interpretation. But they may only ask that when terms are being discussed, an armistice shall be concluded, the first condition of which will be that all obstacles now interposed in the way of supplying France, Belgium and Italy with reparations coal and coke shall be withdrawn. An armistice on those terms ought not to be difficult to arrange, especially if the French and Belgian authorities with-drew the ban they have placed on export of Ruhr products to unoccupied parts of Germany.

Unless the terms are mutually accommodating, I surmise that the German government will experience insurmountable difficulty in persuading the stubborn miners and railway operators of the Ruhr to assist in furnishing to France the products of their labor which are denied to their own fellow countrymen. It is too readily taken for granted that the Ruhr workmen will obey any behest that comes from Berlin. Governments in Germany have ceased to receive that kind of obedience.

Result of Disaster.
It is one of the indirect consequences of great disaster that the de-termined Wilhelmstrasse no longer commands the respect which was attached to them in prewar days. Still, a conference at which all the interests concerned were represented would experience no difficulty in fixing up stipulations which would make it possible for France to enter a conference on reparations without any suspicion being attached to her ministers that they had lowered the national flag in entering the room. I trust that good sense will prevail over temper and exaggerated pride on both sides.

plays, a conspicuous and influential part in French politics, and is looking forward to pursuing his career as a politician, whithersoever it may lead. Ever since he has been chairman he has delivered speeches in public denouncing the peace of whose case he is supposed to be the chief judge. All his colleagues represent powers who have a direct pecuniary interest in the result of their decisions.

Moderate Proposal.
The only disinterested power has retired from the commission. The American proposal is very moderate. It implies restoration of the treaty by introducing America to the body that settles reparations. If France objects to the appointment of a separate commission, why should it not be agreed between the allies that their representatives shall be the men who now constitute the reparations commission? To these the American government could add its nominees.

Germany has the right under the treaty to present her case. The whole question of capacity could then be gone into in the light of experience acquired during the last four years, and a settlement could thus be affected on a sound basis. Such a settlement would have a much better chance of being workable, and therefore more durable, than terms imposed by force on people who only accept under duress.

But whatever the French may view of the suggested annuities or guarantees, or of an impartial commission, it is inconceivable that they should reject a conference. It is the surest road to reparations. At the method of pelting a bewildered Reich with demand notes was a time abandoned and that of a conference at the same table was substituted. The results were admirable. The process of disarmament made immediate strides towards satisfactory completion, and coal deliveries became fuller and steadier.

Conferees Scattered.
At Cannes last year the allies again started to confer with the German ministers. All those who were present at those discussions—without exception—admit that satisfactory progress was being made towards a comprehensive settlement when the conferees were scattered by a bomb. It is too early yet to estimate the damage which ensued to Europe through that explosion. But all idea of discussion between parties has since been left and petulantly dismissed as an exhibition of pernicious weakness. What has been substituted for it? For 12 months we have been witness to the display of feather rattles about the farmyard to inspire terror. Threatening speeches full of ominous hints of impending action were delivered at intervals in different parts of France. These produced nothing but increased confusion and incapacity to pay. Every time France makes a move in postponed reparations, French opinion is not unnaturally insisted on some action being taken. Hence this rash invasion.

At Cannes a two-year moratorium would have been accepted as settlement. Already a year and a half of that period would by now have elapsed. German finances would, under strict allied supervision, which was conceded, by now have been restored to soundness—the mark would have been stabilized and a loan could have been negotiated, which would have provided the allies with substantial sums toward lightening the burdens they are all bearing. Confidence would have been restored in Europe and for the first time there would have been real peace. One can see what the alternative has produced.

Germany Can't Pay.
Whatever the final terms may be, Germany is not in a position to pay what it was able to offer then. These 18 months have been devoted to assiduously reducing German capacity to pay allied debts and the value of German security for such payment. At Cannes the mark stood at 77 to the pound sterling. It now stands at 400,000. Germany will need an extended moratorium to recover from the clumsy mishandling of the past year and a half. The mark has to be set up out of the abyss into which it has been thrown by those whose interest it was to lift it out of the depression wherein it lay.

A debtor on whose restored health and nerve payment entirely depends has been violently pushed down several flights of stairs. It will take him a long time to recover from the bruises, shakes and loss of blood. What an achievement in scientific debt collecting!

If reparations are ever to be paid, the allies must retrace their steps and get back to the conference. Once the parties—all of the parties—sit around a table, I feel assured that the common sense of most will in the end prevail. We shall never get back what has been lost during 1922-23, but we shall get something that will help. It will take some time to set up tackle for hoisting the mark out of the crevasse, and some to do winding. But the sooner a start is made the less winding there will be to do.

So for everybody's sake stop the strutting and get back to business.

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Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued From Page One.)
rather than lose the sensation of stability, which means home.

Little Neale was quite unconscious of all this. To his five-year-old thought "the Hill" was home, and where could you live except at home? It never occurred to him that there might be other or better homes—the Hill was where he lived. He accepted it as unthinkingly as he accepted life, school, his parents. Being, for that region where every one took quinine as a matter of course, rather a healthy boy, he accepted the initial facts of nature without criticism or much interest, working off the surplus of his young energy in baseball, skinny and guerrilla skirmishes with the boys from other localities.

His unconcern with the world around him, except for the details of boy-life, was complete. Home was warm and secure; he did not inquire whether other homes might be less warm or more elegant. Food was good to eat, though meals with adult conversation between his father and mother were tedious and occupied far too much time that might have been spent in play. His father was kind and remote. Neale thought a very little about his father. He went away in the morning after breakfast and came in just before supper. He was in the lumber business, and when he went away it was to the office. Neale never went to the office; but once in a while, on Saturdays, father took him walking down the long flight of wooden steps, down to the enemy's country where, thanks to the size of his father's protecting figure, never a Hoboken mick dared to throw a mudball; across the railroad track and a long, long way on paved sidewalks till they came out on a wide, noisy, muddy street filled with trucks drawn by horses with gleaming round harnesses. And on the other side of the street there wasn't any more land, but long sheds that stuck out into the oily, green Hudson river. These sheds had huge doors through which the big, dappled horses kept hauling trucks, in and out. Some of the wharves had ships tied beside them. Occasionally there were sailing ships with bowsprits slanting forward over the street, but more often steamers, black except for a band of red down near the water. As Neale walked along, although he never ventured to ask his busy father to stop and let him stare his fill, he could catch glimpses through the doorways of what went on inside the sheds. There were steep gangways, sloping from the plank floor of the pier to the ships, and up and down these, big men in blue jumpers, wheeled hand carts, and on the other side of the street, through the other openings, bundles of boxes tied together with rope slid down sloping boards, and other men with sharp hooks were always loading them on trucks or unloading them from trucks; or huge bales descended from the air, dangling at the end of a clinking chain. This bustle and noise, the strange tarry smells and the clatter of steam winches exhilarated Neale; excited him, made something quiver and glow within him. He longed to go in and be part of it.

But father never went inside, and it never occurred to Neale to explain how he felt, and to ask father please to take him in. And yet, often before he fell asleep at night, Neale heard again the clanking clatter of the great unloading cranes, smelled again the intoxicating tarry salty ocean smells and felt again something quiver and glow within him.

Left to himself, Neale sat on the doorstep and watched the fascinating life on the docks. Once he slipped across the street and tried to follow a truck in, but a big man with a red face yelled at him so loudly to "get out of there" that Neale ran back again, furiously angry but not knowing how to get around the big watchman. All he could do was to sit just inside the door, hating the watchman, and stare at the tantalizing activity so far away, and wish with all his heart that father's business was more romantic.

Meantime more to Neale than father did, he knew her better, a little better. He had even some abstract ideas about her, that she was beautiful when she dressed up to go out in the afternoon. Mother fussed about his clothes more than was convenient, and insisted on baths, and washing hands before meals, but when he was sick, mother read him stories, and let him leave the gas turned on in his room when he went to bed. Mother gave him pennies, too, and when father was away on a business trip, she would take him to school and play, and his boy friends, Neale didn't mind telling her things that he liked mother. But he couldn't seem to manage to think of a great deal to tell her. It sounded foolish to talk about games to grown-ups.

And games were really all that Neale cared about, almost all that he ever thought about. As to telling her about the things he liked, well, there didn't seem to be anywhere to start. He'd have to begin "way back at the beginning" and now that Neale was 10 years old, the beginning was too far back for him to lay hold of.

CHAPTER III.
Among the many things which Neale never thought of questioning was the fact that the one mother to a public school as his playmates did. If he had asked, he would have found that his father and mother had an answer already for him, the completeness and thoroughness of which might have indicated that they had perhaps silenced some questionings of their own with it. He would have heard that of course they approved of public schools, and that if they had continued to live in Massachusetts, even if they had gone to live in a nice part of New York city, business would certainly have sent their son to a public school. But here at Union Hill, with the public schools so thickly populated by foreign children, the conditions were really different. What would a little American boy learn in a class room with 40 foreign children, whose constant study must needs be English?

There was no flaw in the reason- ing they were prepared to present to their son when he should ask the natural question about his school. But Neale never asked it. By the time he was old enough to think of it, habit had made him incapable of conceiving it. He no more wondered why he went every morning to the Taylors' house on Bower street, like Miss Vanderwater said, than he wondered why he had two eyes instead of one. That was the way things were. Neale was slow to question the way things were.

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Hence it happened that every morning Neale rang at the Taylors' front door, and when the maid let him in, went upstairs to the big front room on the top floor and there did whatever Miss Vanderwater told him to do. He was under her command from 9 in the morning till noon, when he went home and had lunch with mother, who always asked how school had gone, to which Neale always answered that he guessed it was all right. At 1 he returned for two more hours of instruction at home, why, his two sisters, Elsie and Myrtle, might as well profit by it. Dr. Taylor was well glad to have the expense of paying Miss Vanderwater shared by Mr. Crittenden, and to let Neale share in the benefits of Miss Vanderwater's instruction.

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Of course, he did not spend all those years of his life, side by side with three other children without becoming intimately acquainted with them. But one of the instinctive water-tight compartments in Neale's Anglo-Saxon mind was the one in which he kept his school separate from his life. He studied with the Taylor children, but he never dreamed of staying after hours to play with them. And yet he knew them infinitely better than any of the innumerable chance street acquaintances with whom he flew kites or played one-odd cat. He knew instinctively, knew without thinking of it, knew to the marrow of his brutally normal bones that Jimmy Taylor was lame not only in his legs, but in his character. Jimmy's delicacy, the great care taken of him, the fact that he always played in the house or back yard with his sisters, made a sliver of him. That was the plain fact, and Neale was not one to refuse to admit plain facts. He was always kind to Jimmy, at least not unkind, but he was always secretly relieved when the front door shut behind him, hiding from him Jimmy's too-white hands, thin neck and querulous invariably voice.

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ing they were prepared to present to their son when he should ask the natural question about his school. But Neale never asked it. By the time he was old enough to think of it, habit had made him incapable of conceiving it. He no more wondered why he went every morning to the Taylors' house on Bower street, like Miss Vanderwater said, than he wondered why he had two eyes instead of one. That was the way things were. Neale was slow to question the way things were.

Dr. Taylor was another transplant of New Englander like Neale's father, with another college-graduate wife frailer in those days than now, like Neale's mother. His ideas on children and the public schools would have been exactly like those of the Crittens, even if they had not been fortified by the lameness of his only son. Jimmy's crutches made public school definitely out of the question, and since Jimmy must have instructions at home, why, his two sisters, Elsie and Myrtle, might as well profit by it. Dr. Taylor was well glad to have the expense of paying Miss Vanderwater shared by Mr. Crittenden, and to let Neale share in the benefits of Miss Vanderwater's instruction.

Hence it happened that every morning Neale rang at the Taylors' front door, and when the maid let him in, went upstairs to the big front room on the top floor and there did whatever Miss Vanderwater told him to do. He was under her command from 9 in the morning till noon, when he went home and had lunch with mother, who always asked how school had gone, to which Neale always answered that he guessed it was all right. At 1 he returned for two more hours of instruction at home, why, his two sisters, Elsie and Myrtle, might as well profit by it. Dr. Taylor was well glad to have the expense of paying Miss Vanderwater shared by Mr. Crittenden, and to let Neale share in the benefits of Miss Vanderwater's instruction.

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Of the two girls, Elsie was only a little kid, so much younger than Jimmy and Neale that they were barely aware of her existence. Myrtle, on the contrary, was very much there, a little girl whose comments on things never failed to arouse in Neale the profoundest astonishment. How could anybody think of such dotty things to say? You never had the least idea how anything was going to strike her, except that she made an awful fuss about it.

But he didn't allow himself to be bothered by her, and he escaped from her and from the whole genteel atmosphere of the Taylor household the moment 3 o'clock came. The instant Miss Vanderwater said, "dismissed," he hurried home, left his books and hurried out again to hang around No. 2 school till 4 o'clock sent all its mingled conglomeration, ranging from tattered ragmuffins to little boys in white sailor suit, yelling and whooping out to the special lots.

Sundays had a vacant corner of their own, not at all the traditional one. The Crittens were Unitarians, not much given to church-going anywhere, and the nearest Unitarian church was across the river in New York. Mr. Crittenden had enough of New York on week days. So they never went. Few of the Union Hill families did. Union Hill was always a stronghold of Sabbatharianism. It considered Sunday rather as a heaven-sent opportunity for much comfortable beer-drinking, attendance on a Turnverein, and for enormous family gatherings around a big dinner.

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Work Contracts for Immense Reservoir at American Falls

By Associated Press.
Washington, June 16.—Another big western irrigation project was authorized by the government today when Secretary of the Interior Work

cutted contracts for the construction of an immense reservoir at American Falls, Idaho, for the extension of the irrigation of the Snake river valley. This action was taken following the raising of \$2,700,000 by the water users of the American Falls Irrigation district, and \$2,500,000 by the Interior department. The American Falls district will pay \$2,500,000 towards the construction while the Empire district has agreed to buy 105,000 acre-feet of water to cover its share. Included in the contract was one with the Idaho Power company for the purchase of its present site.

Music Meet to Portland

Asheville, N. C., June 16.—Portland, Ore., was selected at the concluding session today of the National Federation of Music Clubs as the place for its next biennial convention.

The Secret of Having Beautiful Hair
Beautiful hair—