

Falstaff was a "creation" perhaps, or the Sistine sibyls; there we have indubitably an end conceived and sought and achieved; but did these inventors and business organizers do more than heed certain unavoidable imperatives? Seeking coal, they were obliged to mine in a certain way; seeking steel, they had to do this and this and not that and that; seeking profit they had to obey the imperative of economy. So little did they plan their ends that most of these manufacturers speak with a kind of astonishment of the deadly use to which their works are put. They find themselves making the new war as a man might wake out of some drugged condition to find himself strangling his mother.

So that Mr. Pennell's sketchy and transient human figures seem altogether right to me. He sees these forges, workshops, cranes, and the like as inhuman and as wonderful as cliffs, or great caves, or icebergs, or the stars. They are a new aspect of the same logic of physical necessity that made all these older things, and he seizes upon the majesty and beauty of their dimensions with an entire impartiality. And they are as impartial. Through all these lithographs runs one present motif, the motif of the supreme effort of Western civilization to save itself and the world from the dominance of the reactionary German Imperialism that has seized the weapons and resources of modern science. They are arranged to shape out the life of a shell, from the mine to the great gun; nothing remains of their history to show except the ammunition dump, the gun in action, and the