

or so, a few acres of shell-craters, and a village here and there pounded out of recognition do more than foreshadow the spectacle of modernized war on land. War by these developments has become the monopoly of the five great industrial Powers; it is their alternative to end or evolve it, and if they continue to disagree, then it must needs become a spectacle of majestic horror such as no man can yet conceive. It has been wise of Mr. Pennell therefore to make his pictures of modern warfare not upon the battlefield but among the huge industrial apparatus that is thrusting behind and thrusting up through the war of the gentlemen in spurs. He gives us the splendours and immensities of forge and gun-pit, furnace and mine-shaft. He shows you how great they are and how terrible. Among them go the little figures of men, robbed of all dominance, robbed of all individual quality. He leaves it for you to draw the obvious conclusion that presently, if we cannot contrive to put an end to war, blacknesses like these, enormities and flares and towering threats, will follow in the track of the tanks and come trampling over the bickering confusion of mankind.

There is something very striking in these insignificant and incidental men that Mr. Pennell shows us. Nowhere does a man dominate in all these wonderful pictures. You may argue perhaps that that is untrue to the essential realities; all this array of machine and workshop, all this marshalled power and purpose has been the creation of inventor and business organizer. But are we not a little too free with that word "*creation*"?