

THE  
PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

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PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE, 1918.<sup>1</sup>

I.

THE days last summer were the saddest we had seen since 1914. The bombardment of Paris by long-range cannon began near the end of March and continued from that time on sometimes by day and sometimes by night; air-raids multiplied; women and children, among the working classes as well as among the rich, sought refuge *en masse* in the central or western part of France. In June the advance of the Germans became so threatening that hardly any remained in Paris except those detained by their positions or necessary work. Fortunately the moral support and material aid of the American army began to make itself felt. The invaders were arrested, then turned back. Victory was with the Allies. But the harm had been done. "It is chaos," writes a traveller who, shortly after the armistice, crossed the place which had been formerly occupied by a large and bustling village. "It might well be the 'dry land' of Genesis at the moment when it issued out of nothing,—not a human being nor a living creature anywhere. The only things left are the primitive elements, earth, water, the wind heavy with mist and rain whistling across the desolate plains. As far as eye can see, on the slopes of the ridge and in the flat immensity, there are only shell-holes filled with yellow water,—terrible wells, foul at the bottom, and so numerous as to touch each other and unite oftentimes in shapeless seas . . . Of the

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the French by Dr. Katherine E. Gilbert.