

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.

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VOL. XXX. (No. 4)

APRIL, 1916.

NO. 719

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879  
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.  
(After a portrait by Adolph Menzel.)

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## DID BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE?

BY GEORGE SEIBEL.

TWO master minds, many centuries apart, have appeared upon this globe. In the days of Alexander the Great, the genius of Greece flowered in the analytic intellect of Aristotle. The mightiest synthetic brain that ever dwelt within the cavern of a human skull came in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," in Master William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, poacher, player, poet!

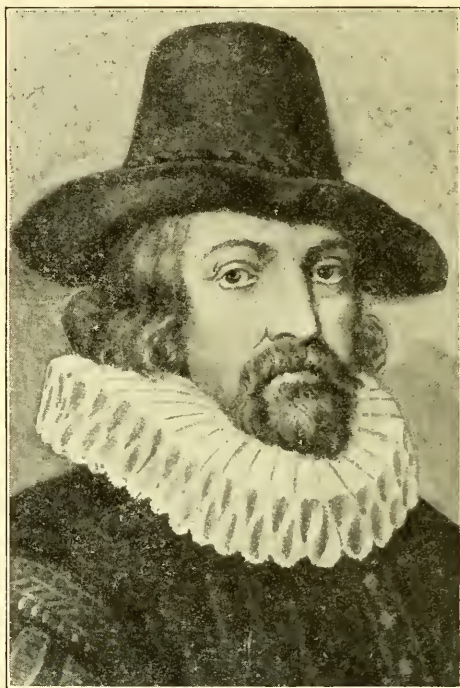
As Aristotle could take to pieces all the achievements of the human race, like some surgeon in the dissecting-room, so Shakespeare, like a great architect, builded of dreams and passions those lofty temples and towers of poetry which the tempests of time and the revolutions of history have not bereft of their grace and grandeur.

Both of these giants have encountered detraction, but from different directions. Aristotle's philosophy, which began with observation and experiment, degenerated into futile speculation and deadly dogma. Remember how Galileo was persecuted because he saw spots on the sun, which Aristotle, who had no telescope, had pronounced to be perfect. Remember Victor Hugo's battle against the Three Dramatic Unities falsely deduced from the *Poetics*. Aristotle came to grief through the stupidity of the Aristotelians.

The attacks upon Shakespeare have been of a different nature. Aside from Bernard Shaw and old Tolstoy, neither of whom need be taken very seriously, no one has denied the supreme genius of Shakespeare. But since the day of Delia Bacon, a poor crazy creature who succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of Nathaniel Hawthorne, there have been many who have asserted, and have labored diligently to prove, that the great plays were written, not by the ignorant actor from Stratford, but by the erudite Francis Bacon,

whom Pope described as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Joseph C. Hart, American consul at Santa Cruz, in a book on *The Romance of Yachting*, published in 1848, was perhaps the earliest to question Shakespeare's authorship. Miss Bacon's first article on the subject appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, in 1856, and she died, insane, in 1859, having labored zealously to establish the delusion endeared to her by family pride. William Henry Smith of London in 1856 suggested Bacon as the real author, after the



FRANCIS BACON.

doubts about Shakespeare had been raised. Nathaniel Holmes, a Missouri lawyer, Edwin Reed of Boston, and Judge Webb of England, are others who have wasted their time in the same way. Societies have been started and magazines have been published to promote the delusion, so that a bibliographer in 1884 could already enumerate two hundred and fifty-five books and pamphlets on the subject, and now there are probably nigh a thousand. Lawyers are especially liable to be afflicted, perhaps because they are tempted by the task of making out a case upon slender evidence.



It even became a popular literary diversion to find ciphers in Shakespeare's plays proving that Lord Bacon was the real author. In his youth, as a diplomat at a foreign court, Bacon had devised a system of secret writing. Out of this little acorn has grown a tall forest of overshadowing oaks. Beginning with Ignatius Donnelly, and down to Mrs. Gallup of Detroit and Mr. Booth of Cambridge, cipher after cipher has been found in Shakespeare's plays. Evidently Bacon thought one cipher was not enough. He wished to leave nothing to chance. He put in so many ciphers that it is surprising there was room left for the plays. It does not matter that you can use these ciphers to read almost anything into Shakespeare. I once applied one of the codes, and discovered that "Othello" had been written by Bill Nye, who was in reality the Lost Dauphin. That only serves to show what a marvelous man Bacon was.

These cipherers assure us that Bacon wrote not only the works of Shakespeare, besides those published under his own name, but also the works of Marlowe, of Greene, of Peele, some of Ben Jonson's, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Montaigne's *Essays*. One begins to wonder when and how he found time to write his own works. Whatever was going on in his day and generation, no George being about, evidently the rule was, "Let Francis do it." Astonishing how much ingenuity has gone to seed, how much industry has been misapplied, how logic has been twisted, how every crime, from burglary to punning, has been resorted to, in order to disprove what no sane man has ever doubted.

However it is a curious and diverting by-path of literature to follow the bizarre arguments evolved by the Baconians. Perhaps it should not be regarded strictly as an exercise for the literary man; it borders closely upon the province of the alienist. Bacomania is a disease, and that some men of keen discrimination, like Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, were not immune, shows that any cult can secure adherents if only it is absurd enough. It takes a lot of brains to believe some things.

Because hundreds of books have been written to bolster up the absurdity, many otherwise rational people, without time to investigate the question, have come to believe that "there may be something in it." So it may be well to examine a few of the queer and amazing arguments advanced to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Truly, most of these reasons hardly require any answer, for, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring," they "have nothing to do with the case." Nearly all are based upon the supposed ig-

norance and illiteracy of Shakespeare, his progenitors and his descendants. Shakespeare could not write, runs the argument; therefore he did not write the plays. Bacon could write; therefore he must have written them.

At the outset, it is insisted with much fervor that Shakespeare's father could neither read nor write. If this were demonstrated beyond any doubt, it would prove nothing more than that Shakespeare's father did not write the plays. But the fact is that Shakespeare's father, who was once the chief magistrate of Stratford, could write with facility, of which the Stratford archives afford proof. Undaunted, the ardent Baconians further insist that Shakespeare's mother could neither read nor write. That is merely another proof that Shakespeare must have written the plays himself, for it shows that his mother did not. What tremendous logic such contentions evince! The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte never owned a cannon; therefore Napoleon could not have won the battle of Austerlitz. The mother of Christopher Columbus never ran a ferry; therefore Columbus did not discover America.

Our Baconian friends, not content with proving Shakespeare's ancestors illiterate, also insist that his daughter Judith could neither read nor write. Shakespeare had another daughter, named Susannah, who was called "witty above her sex." The Baconians forget to mention her, perhaps because they are afraid some one might suggest that Susannah Shakespeare wrote the plays. But what difference does it make how dull or how clever the other members of the Shakespeare family were? No one suspects or accuses them of having written the plays. We are concerned only with Master William.

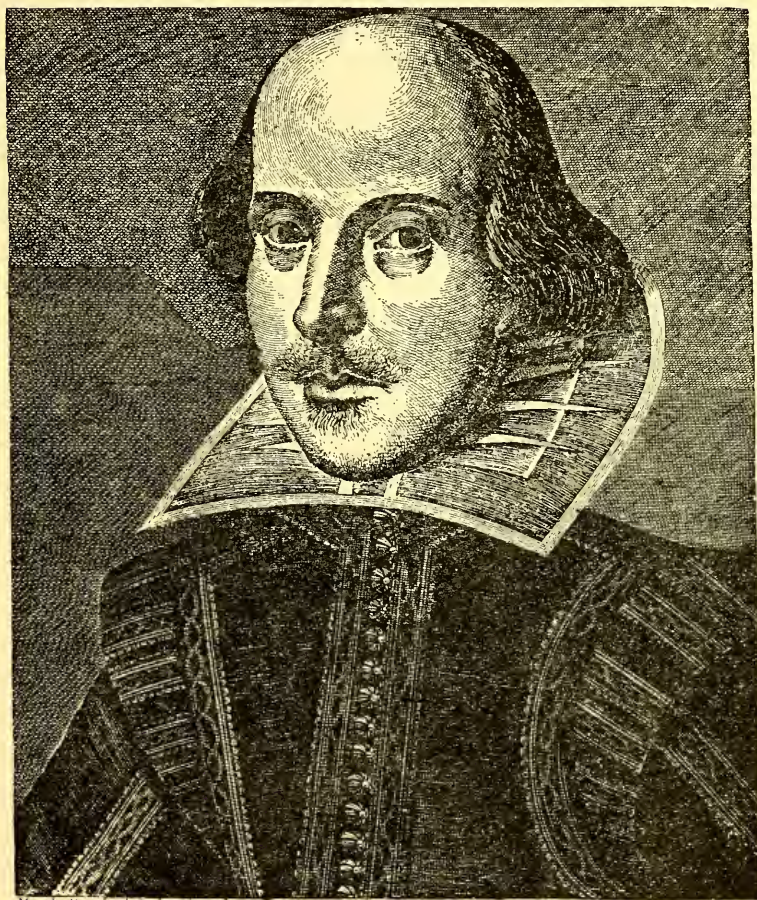
At this point the Baconian hastens to exhibit a series of Shakespeare's own autographs—badly written and variously spelled. These, if they are genuine, are all the traces left by Shakespeare's pen—five badly written signatures, not a syllable more. This might be a hard fact to get over if we had bales of manuscript by other Elizabethan writers. But from most of them we have not even a single signature. As for poor writing showing absence of genius, many a man can write a copper-plate script, but has not a thought worthy of setting down. Horace Greeley wrote such a wretched scrawl that frequently he himself could not decipher it. Of course that settles it; Horace Greeley never wrote any editorials in the *Tribune*.

It would be very easy to manufacture such negative Baconian evidences by the bushel. The first William Shakespeare there is

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TRAGEDIES.

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THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING FROM THE FIRST FOLIO.

any record of was hanged for robbery in 1248—and, of course, it will be readily admitted that high poetic genius could not flourish in a family disgraced by an outlaw. As three William Shakespeares were living in Warwickshire between 1560 and 1614, it might be readily asserted that the name was so common as to occur at once to Bacon when he needed a *nom de plume*, just as the well-known citizen nowadays arrested in a raid on a poker-palace invariably gives the name of John Smith. The Baconians have actually discovered one Shakespeare who was so thoroughly ashamed of his name that he had it changed to Saunders.

Following up their assumption of hereditary illiteracy in the Shakespeare family, the Baconians go on to assert that William must have received very scant schooling. As if the plays of Shakespeare required a profound knowledge of Latin and Greek, science and philosophy, historic and juristic lore for their writing! In truth, they exhibit sad lack of these things, although Shakespeare possessed a very fair education for that period and his station in life. We have letters in Latin written by two of his schoolmates at the Stratford free school; one of these lads, at the age of eleven, displays a very respectable Latinity. There is no reason for supposing that Master Will was behind his chums in class. They also learned the rudiments of Greek under a headmaster from Oxford. Besides these classic tongues Shakespeare had some French, a smattering of Italian, and perhaps a bit of Spanish. There is testimony to all this from his friends and companions, and it may be seen in the plays. At the same time his knowledge of these languages was neither extensive nor exact, as Bacon's was. Shakespeare knew the world better than books. He read the hearts of men rather than the pages of dead poets and philosophers. Not vast learning and deep erudition was required to produce his plays, only the flash and flame of genius. "I could write like Shakespeare if I had the mind," said a vain poet, and a caustic wit retorted, "You could—if you had the mind."

Was it not strange, if Bacon wrote the plays, that in one play whose plot is almost a free invention he gives us glimpses and souvenirs of some of Shakespeare's neighbors at Stratford-on-Avon? That play is "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"—and, by the way, it contains excerpts from the very Latin grammar which was in use at the Stratford Latin School during Shakespeare's boyhood. Was it also a mere coincidence that when Shakespeare had his "Venus and Adonis" printed, the first work to bring him prominently before the public, he gave the job to a printer who had come to London

from Stratford a few years before him? There were other printers, but he went to his townsman, Richard Field.

It is true that Shakespeare left no manuscripts, and upon this fact the Baconians base many triumphant sneers. It is a great pity that we have no copy of "Hamlet" in Shakespeare's handwriting, to confute them. But it should be very easy for them to produce a copy of "Hamlet" in Bacon's handwriting, should it not? Indeed, if Bacon had written the plays we probably would have the manuscripts. He was not, like Shakespeare, careless of his literary reputation. He would have fished the pages of copy out of the dust-bins of the London printers. Perhaps also he would have been prudent enough to write on asbestos, so that the book of the play or the actors' parts would not have been destroyed in the burning of the Globe Theater in 1613, nor in the great fire of London in 1666. It would be marvelous indeed if any of Shakespeare's manuscripts had escaped destruction. Of some contemporaries not even a printed line survives. Richard Hathway, highly praised by Francis Meres, was one of the most popular authors of comedy, yet we have not a single line of one of his comedies, though we know the titles of sixteen. Coming to an even later age, not one knows where there is a single page of the manuscript of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Besides leaving no manuscripts, it has been said, Shakespeare left no books. What of that? His library doubtless was small. It included North's *Plutarch* and Holinshed's *Chronicles*. We have a copy of Florio's *Montaigne* with Shakespeare's autograph and some notes, commenting upon thoughts imbedded in the plays. Perhaps neither the notes nor the autograph are genuine, but the argument in their favor summed up by Gervais is better than that for Bacon's so-called "Promus," which we shall examine later.

Having thus in various indirect ways cast suspicion upon Shakespeare's ability to write the plays, the Baconians launch into the wildest assertions with regard to Shakespeare's life and fame. We know almost nothing about Shakespeare, they have said so many times, that many people who are not Baconians have come to believe this true. The fact is that we know more of Shakespeare's life than we know about any other poet of that age, except Ben Jonson. We even know that Shakespeare's father was fined twelve pence for having a heap of dirt before his door, and that in 1598 the dramatist himself defaulted on his taxes in London town. We can count about three hundred references and allusions to Shakespeare in the writings of contemporaries between 1591 and the date of his

death, 1616. For a mere butcher, brewer, and pawnbroker, as the Baconians depict him, this means much!

To say, as the Baconians do, that when Shakespeare died no one in England dreamed of mourning the death of a great poet, that no obituaries in prose or verse show he was held in high esteem, is a fabrication that can proceed only from cheerful ignorance or supreme audacity. Within a few years of the Bard's death a monument was erected to him in Stratford—with an epitaph whose laudatory phrases would have been extravagant if applied to any other—while many contemporary writers lament the world's loss and prophesy the dead poet's immortal renown.

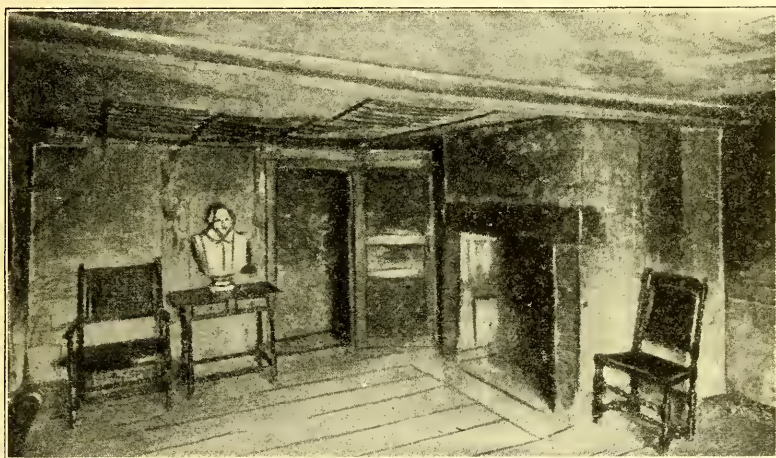
Having, as they think, put Shakespeare out of the way by their



HOUSE IN STRATFORD WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

pen-pricks, "with twenty trenched gashes on his head," every cryptic utterance or allusion made by Bacon or his friends at any time is construed by the Baconians as a reference to Bacon's authorship of the plays. He once wrote to King James that, with a full understanding of what he was doing, he suppressed his name and genius. What warrant is there for assuming that this had any reference to the Shakespearean plays? When Bacon writes of works that would make his name far more celebrated than it was, if they were published as his own, he may have spoken truly, but how could they be published as his own if he had not written them? When he writes

that "I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men," there is nothing to show he was referring to any adventures in dramatic authorship. Again, when removed from office, he is quoted as writing to the Spanish ambassador that he would now "retire from the stage of civil action and betake myself to letters, and to the instruction of the actors themselves and the service of posterity." Since all of Shakespeare's plays were written long before 1621—the latest being first played in 1613, eight years before Bacon decided to betake himself to letters, and thirteen years before he died—it is impossible to establish any connection between this utterance and the genesis of the great dramas. And Bacon's chief claim to have served posterity is as the discoverer of cold storage, not as founder of a dramatic school.



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

We are told that Bacon advocated the use of a pen-name for literary men. Why, then, did he not publish his *Essays* and other authentic works under a pen-name? The same severe logicians who tell us Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, assure us that Bacon's father published a great deal anonymously and under assumed names. Do they wish us to believe that perhaps Bacon's father wrote Shakespeare's plays? They insist that Bacon's mother published translations from the Latin and Italian, but never allowed her name to appear on the title-page. The work she translated was Bishop Jewell's *Apology for the Church of England*, and as the worthy prelate's own name does not appear on the title-page we cannot draw any weighty deductions from the absence of hers.

Right here however another consideration arises. Several of the ciphers found by ingenious Baconians in the works of Shakespeare assert that Bacon was really the son of Queen Elizabeth. Being very learned, the queen might also have made those translations; if so, the monumental self-effacement of the other lady is accounted for. If not, and if Queen Elizabeth was really Mrs. Leicester, and Bacon's mother, how can the fact that Lady Anne Bacon did not print her name on the title-page of a theological tract prove that her adopted son must have written the works of Shakespeare?

Bacon wrote a prose history of Henry VII which we are told fills the gap in the king dramas between Richard III and Henry VIII. Why, if he wished to fill the gap, did he not write a play around Henry VII? Why did he leave so many other gaps unfilled—three Henrys, five Edwards, to say nothing of Richard I?

The inconvenient little word "why" is the rock upon which most of the Baconian arguments go to pieces. Do they really deserve to be called arguments? Because in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Mistress Quickly says, "Hang-hog is Latin for Bacon," and because Bacon's crest was a boar with a halter, and because "Ham-let" may be a diminutive derivative of "pig," we are expected to doubt the plain testimony of Shakespeare's friends and Bacon's. As John Fiske said, "By such methods one can prove anything."

Another staggering argument asserts that thirty-two obituaries written on Bacon laud him as the greatest of dramatic poets. Is it not strange that a secret so widely known should have been so sacredly kept until a crazy American woman guessed it after two hundred years or more? Of course, it is admitted that obituaries and epitaphs always tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Many a man whose endorsement was not worth thirty cents during his lifetime, might borrow a fortune in any bank if he could come back with his tombstone as evidence of his high standing in the community.

Those odes, written about Bacon after he had died, were collected by his friend William Rawley. In one of them the Muse of Tragedy exclaims, "Give me back my Apollo!" Since Apollo never wrote any comedies or tragedies, how could this mean that Bacon did? Another ode calls Bacon "Quirinus"—a Latin word which may be twisted to mean "Spear-Shaker." Romulus, the founder of Rome, was likewise called "Quirinus"; are we to deduce that he wrote "Julius Cæsar"? Another ode in the collection calls Bacon "Pinus," which also, we are told, means "Shake-Spear." Now



“Pinus” means “pine-tree,” and by metonymy, since spears were made of pine-trees, it was sometimes used for “spear,” but certainly it did not mean “Shake-Spear.” “Pinus” in the same way means “ship”; did Bacon write *Mother Shipton's Prophecy*? It also means “torch”; did he write Rostand's “Aiglon” and portray himself as Flambeau? Such is Baconian reasoning—it almost inclines one to believe the Baconians have little Latin and less common sense.

Dean Williams extols Bacon as “the greatest pride of the Muses and the Apollo to the Chorus.” Up to date the Nine Ladies from Helicon have not been heard from in regard to the matter. George Wither addresses Bacon as “Chancellor of Parnassus”—which to the Baconians is fraught with tremendous significance. If some one had called Bacon door-keeper of the universe the Baconians would scent therein an allusion to the Globe Theater.

But one of the references most fondly cited by the Baconians should effectively dispose of all the claims that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Doctor Sprat said of him in 1607: “I am sure he does the work of twenty men.” Evidently Bacon was far too busy all his life to write thirty-seven plays!

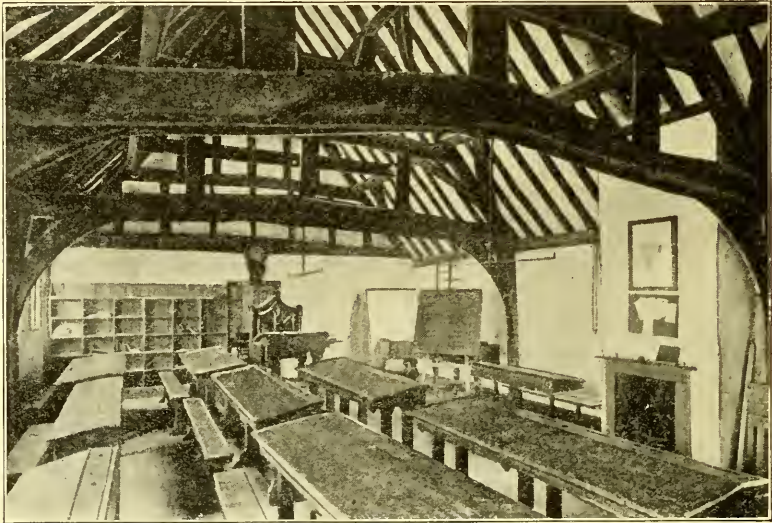
One Bacomaniac makes exultant reference to a statement by Jonson that Bacon “filled up all numbers,” which is said to mean that “he wrote poetry in every conceivable meter.” As the works of Shakespeare do not contain poetry in every conceivable meter, it would seem reasonably certain that Jonson was thinking of something else. Bacon wrote verses. Most competent critics who have read them agree that they are not poetry at all, but badly rhymed prose. Read the poems ascribed to Bacon, and you will never suspect him of “Romeo and Juliet” or “Timon of Athens.” After scanning the paraphrases of some Psalms that Bacon published, one is sure he never penned the sublime prayer of Lear nor the torrential passion of “Antony and Cleopatra.” What if Jonson did call him the greatest word-painter in the English language? If it was sober truth instead of delirious adulation, it would not prove that he had written Shakespeare.

Parallel thoughts by the thousand are found in Bacon and Shakespeare—by the Baconians. When other people examine these parallelisms they sift down to a score or so. There are more parallels between Shakespeare and almost any other Elizabethan poet than between Shakespeare and Bacon. At most, such parallels are only proof that Shakespeare had read Bacon, or that Bacon had read Shakespeare, or that both had read in the same authors.

Superficial resemblances between the vocabulary of Bacon and

that of Shakespeare have really very little significance. The vocabulary of all Elizabethan writers is very much alike. Bacon uses many words that Shakespeare used; but Shakespeare uses many words that Bacon never knew.

As has been said before, even puns become potent arguments in the Baconian armory. We are told to look at Bacon's signature. After the "B" there is an interval and "acon" standing all by itself. We are told that "acon" is Greek for "javelin,"—that it is an obsolete word describing a peculiar sort of spear. The word is not "acon," but "akontium"; it was not obsolete, and there is nothing peculiar about it except the use to which it is put by the Baconians.



CLASS ROOM IN THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT STRATFORD.

The appropriate answer to this whole argument is furnished by Dr. Johnson: "A man that will make so poor a pun will not hesitate to pick a pocket."

There is yet worse to come. Bacon was Baron of Verulam; "veru" is a Latin word meaning "spear," and the old English word "lam" is equivalent to "shake." All through the plays of Shakespeare, even in "Hamlet," are many puns, but none quite so vile as this hybrid; therefore we cannot believe that the man who perpetrated the "Verulam" atrocity was the same that wrote the plays.

The Baconians are also very fond of scanning the title-pages of early editions of Shakespeare's dramas, finding in the arabesques

the syllables "Ba" and "con." These mystic scrolls are usually visible only to Baconians, who are as adept as Polonius at descrying anything suggested to them in the clouds of their fantastic theory. It never occurs to them that the syllable "Ba" may be an expression of contempt for the "con," slang for a "swindle," of which they are the victims.

A head-piece exhibited by the Baconians shows a bag and the figure of a "con" or "cony," the Old English name for the rabbit. Can it be that Bacon also wrote "Wild Animals I Have Known," which is commonly attributed to Ernest Thompson Seton?

One of these Baconians has declared that some title-pages labeled with the name of Shakespeare are adorned with a head-piece flanked by birds for "B," and in the center are the letters "acon"—together constituting "Bacon." Only a little more ingenuity would be needed to prove clearly that Bacon wrote the works ascribed to Audubon. The birds give us the clue. Pray note that both names end alike, and that four letters of Bacon's name are in the name of Audubon. Many Baconian arguments are built upon less solid foundations.

Perhaps all this may explain Robert Greene's bitter diatribe against Shakespeare—"an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers." Indeed this passage is often pointed to as proof that Shakespeare was masquerading in borrowed plumage. Since Greene was complaining that the feathers had been plucked from himself and his friends, he does not make a very good witness for the Bacon claimants—before an intelligent jury.

Now comes the weightiest evidence of all. If a man admits a crime his conviction would appear to be certain. Bacon, in a letter to the poet Sir John Davies, asked him "to be good to all concealed poets." If Bacon was a poet he concealed it so effectually that the greater part of the world has not yet discovered him. Spedding, the best of Bacon's editors and biographers, has deliberately written:

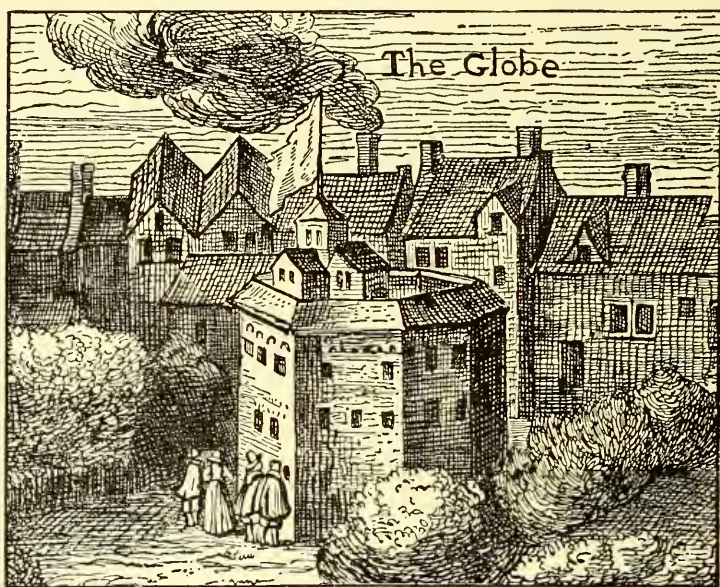
"If it could be proved that Shakespeare did not write the plays, I should believe that any one else had written them sooner than Bacon."

That is the testimony of the man who knew the subject better than any modern critic. He was familiar not only with Bacon's life but also with every line Bacon had written, and he was one of Bacon's most loyal admirers. Yet he assures us that he believes Bacon was altogether unqualified to produce the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. Nevertheless the Baconians, because Bacon mentioned "concealed poets," are ready to believe that he wrote "The Tempest"

and "The Winter's Tale. When on another occasion, having written a sonnet to greet Queen Elizabeth, he excused its defects by saying, "I profess not to be a poet," this is regarded as double-dyed dissimulation and accepted as circumstantial evidence to clinch the case.

"Trifles light as air" are to the Baconians "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." They insist that Bacon, in the midst of his prose, often dropped into poetry and even into rhyme. So did Silas Wegg—shall we accuse him of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn"?

Not satisfied with Bacon's own confession, the Baconians summon his secretary, who testifies that "everything he wrote sounded



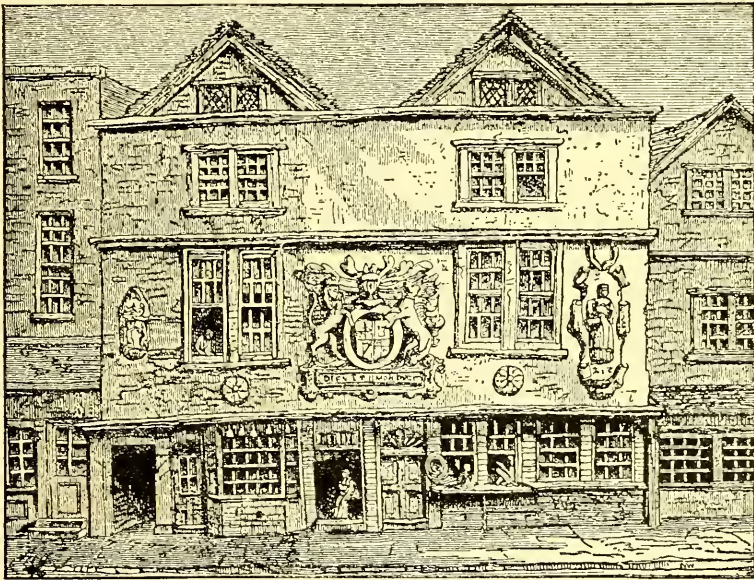
THE GLOBE THEATER IN LONDON.

like poetry." That secretary would have made a fine press agent. He deserves more credit for admiring loyalty than for literary discrimination. No wonder Bacon, in his last will and testament, left him five hundred pounds! Still it will be readily admitted that even Bacon's poems sound like poetry, though they are not.

And now comes Sir Tobie Matthew, a great traveler, Bacon's literary friend, his successor in parliament. Sir Tobie, we are told, wrote to Bacon that "the greatest of all poets bears your lordship's name, though he be known under another." The exact words of Tobie Matthew are as follows:

“The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship’s name, though he be known by another.”

Being written on the continent, this could only mean that Matthew had there met somebody whose name was Bacon, though he went under another. There was such a man on the continent at the time—a learned Jesuit known as Thomas Southwell, whose real name was Bacon. Matthew, a recent convert to Catholicism, was very likely to be thrown into just such society, and to form an extravagant estimate of such a man. So much for Sir Tobie!



THE FORTUNA THEATER IN LONDON.

With regard to the publication of Shakespeare’s plays, some amazing statements are made—as, for instance, that the great majority first appeared anonymously. A few did appear anonymously, but none appeared without Shakespeare’s name after his great fame had been established, though they were pirated and printed without his consent. Indeed his popularity was so great that booksellers ascribed to him many dramas that were not his; and despite the allegations of the Baconians, Shakespeare thought enough of his literary reputation to make a bookseller upon one occasion remove his name from the title-page of a spurious work. This was a poem, “The Passionate Pilgrim”—his dramatic works he does not appear

to have regarded as real literature, but rather as a journalist of our day might view his ephemeral pot-boiling editorials.

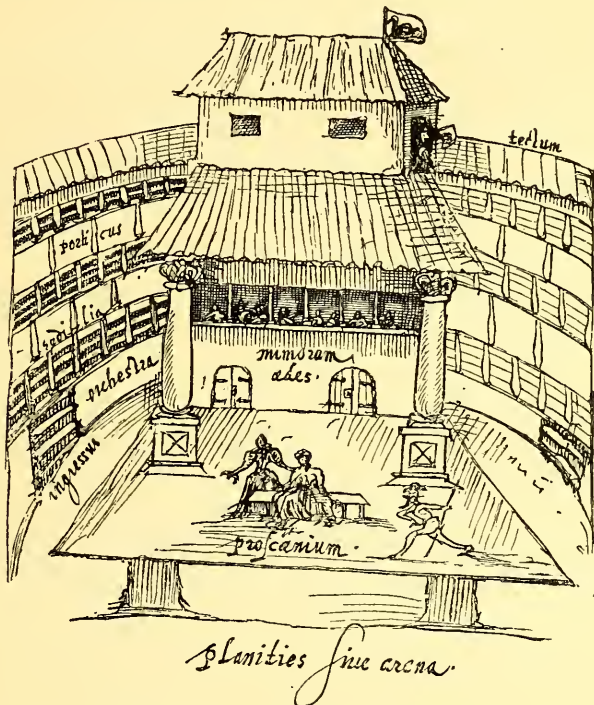
If it is contended that the plays remained anonymous until 1600, even as to the entries in the Hall of Records, we might point to Lady Anne Bacon, who omitted her well-known name from the title-page of a very popular work. The truth is that "Love's Labor's Lost," probably Shakespeare's first sole play, was printed in 1598 with his name on the title-page. The first play printed that we know of, "Romeo and Juliet," had appeared only one year earlier, in 1597. Francis Meres, writing in 1598, knew no less than twelve of Shakespeare's plays, and attests that their authorship was widely known. "The Muses," he says, "would speak Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they could speak English."

After Shakespeare's popularity had begun, the booksellers never omitted his name. On the title-page it was spelled "Shakespere" or "Shake-speare." In the authentic autographs we have, the name is spelled "Shakspere," minus an "e" and an "a." Much has been made of this by the Baconians, but at most it proves only that the piratical booksellers may not have known how to spell the name of the man whose property they had stolen. People at that time spelled phonetically—according to the go-as-you-please spelling rediscovered by Andrew Carnegie and Prof. Brander Matthews, the great simplifiers. This being so, the name of Shakespeare's father, found sixty-six times in the Stratford registers, is there spelled sixteen different ways. Surely the name of Sir Walter Raleigh was well known; yet his name in contemporary documents is spelled in about forty different ways.

Curious and recondite hints about Bacon's authorship of Shakespearean plays are discovered everywhere—by the Baconians. In the First Folio of 1623 the last comedy but one is "As You Like It"; the title of the last but one of Bacon's Essays, we are told, also reads "As You Like It." In order to realize how baseless and irrelevant this argument is, remember that the First Folio was published by a printers' syndicate and some of Shakespeare's actor friends, so that Bacon had nothing whatever to do with the arrangement of the plays. As for an essay of such title, Bacon's works fail to reveal it.

It is worth noting, because of the peculiar light it sheds upon the mathematical processes of Bacomania, that in this enumeration one is asked to count backward, starting from the end of the whole of Bacon's *Essays* and from the end of the first division of the plays in the Folio. It is a fundamental principle of Bacomania that you

begin to count anywhere you like, so long as you end where you wish. One arithmetical Sherlock Holmes discovers profound significance in the fact that "Antony and Cleopatra" is the tenth tragedy, and that the tenth essay of Bacon likewise deals with Antony's mad infatuation for Cleopatra. This time the count begins at the beginning of the complete *Essays* and at the beginning of the second division of the plays. Bacon merely mentions Antony and his affinity in the essay, which has no relation whatever to



INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATER IN LONDON.

Drawn by De Witt in 1596.

Shakespeare's tragedy. But from a little molehill such as this a Baconian easily makes a Chimborazo. The word "honorificabilitudinitatibus," in "Love's Labor's Lost," has been made the basis of computations like those by which crazy millennarians fix the precise date of the world's end from the books of Daniel and Revelation.

Edwin Bormann, a German humorist who perpetrated an unconscious masterpiece in a book on the Baconian theory, declares that whenever Francis Bacon had time on hand, volumes of Shake-

spere were published. How Herr Bormann found out when Bacon had nothing to do, is not quite clear. Probably by reverse reasoning he deduced that Bacon had nothing to do when plays by Shakespeare made their appearance. According to all his biographers Bacon led a very busy life; one of them, as we have seen, says "he did the work of twenty men." The Shakespeare quartos began to appear in numerous editions from 1597 to 1611, in the very years when Bacon should have been most occupied. No new plays were produced after Shakespeare's death in 1616, though Bacon lived ten years longer, and toward the last had practically nothing to do, having in 1621 retired from public office in disgrace.

The statement that during the five closing years of Bacon's life a number of new Shakespearean dramas were published is based upon the fact that many of the plays in the First Folio of 1623 are there printed for the first time. It is certain however that they had been written and performed long before—and, as we have seen, Bacon had nothing to do with their publication. Heminge and Condell, actor friends of Shakespeare, remembered by him in his will, caused the Folio to be printed, seven years after his death, as a monument to his memory. Every one who knows the story of the First Folio, the most precious book in the world, a copy of which would bring at auction twenty thousand dollars, knows that no better proof of Shakespeare's authorship could be adduced. Has any other poet ever had a monument to compare with the First Folio?

Arguments based upon certain of the plays deserve some consideration. It has been pointed out, for instance, that "Henry VIII" could not possibly have been written in its present form before 1621, whereas Shakespeare died in 1616. In the scene showing the dismissal of Cardinal Wolsey, the two gentlemen who acted in Wolsey's case do not appear; in their place are the four nobles who in 1621 came before Francis Bacon to demand that he surrender the Great Seal of the Realm, after he had pleaded guilty to charges of corruption and bribery. The four nobles referred to are the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey and the Lord Chamberlain. We might well ask whether there were no earlier Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, whether the Earl of Surrey and the Lord Chamberlain were inventions of Bacon? But that would not remove the peculiar coincidence. The matter is cleared up when we recall that Shakespearean scholars are practically agreed that only a few scenes of "Henry VIII" are by Shakespeare; Fletcher and Massinger likely have written the rest. So the point raised becomes one of minor



moment. But we also know that the play was acted in 1613, when the Globe Theater was burned down by a fire caused by discharging cannon during the performance; hence attempts to connect it with Bacon's disgrace eight years later are somewhat far-fetched. If an alteration was made in the cast, Ben Jonson may have done it at a later revival for the sake of the timely allusion.

Two literary finds have been used as props for the Baconian theory—the so-called "Promus" and the Northumberland manuscripts.

Mrs. Pott, a more industrious than ingenious exponent of the Baconian theory, came across the memorandum-book now known as the "Promus." It is assumed that this memorandum-book was owned by Bacon, and it is broadly alleged that it contains notes afterwards used in "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." To call the "Promus" a memorandum-book is the first piece of presumption. It is merely a school-boy's copy-book, and has no apparent connection with either Bacon or Shakespeare. Eduard Engel examined the "Promus," which is in the British Museum, and expressed the opinion that it contains the scribblings of three different school-boys. Bacon's handwriting does not resemble any of the three. Aside from proverbs in Latin and English, the profound thought which it contains consists of phrases like "Good-morning!" "Good-evening!" and similar commonplaces. Moreover Mrs. Pott has apparently resorted to deliberate misreading to score a point. She has substituted for the plainly legible word "vane," at the end of a Latin quotation, the word "rome," in order to secure a remote resemblance to the word "Romeo." The expressions "golden sleep" and "uprouse" are found in the "Promus"; they also occur in "Romeo and Juliet." This, to Mrs. Pott, is proof conclusive that the "Promus" was Bacon's notebook in writing "Romeo and Juliet." To the Shakespearean scholar nothing could be more ridiculous, more transparent, than this "Promus" humbug. Before it can be used to prove anything about either Bacon or Shakespeare, some one must prove that Bacon wrote it or had anything to do with it.

A somewhat more interesting problem is presented by the Northumberland manuscript, discovered at Northumberland House in 1867. This was a packet of miscellaneous manuscripts by various authors—Bacon, Shakespeare, Nash, and others. On the title-page the names William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon are written side by side over a dozen times. Only a few of Bacon's own manuscripts remained in the packet; of course it would not occur to the Baconians that the owners of the other manuscripts might have come to get

them. In one part of the manuscript, where "Richard II" and "Richard III" are mentioned, the name of Francis Bacon has been crossed out, and the name of William Shakespeare substituted. What does this indicate except that whoever wrote the index of the contents had made a mistake and corrected it? The Baconians find a deep significance in the crossing out of Bacon's name. They would have a real argument if Bacon's name had not been crossed out, or if Shakespeare's had been crossed out and Bacon's put in.

Coming to the portraits of Shakespeare, the Baconians are in clover. We are told that the folio edition of the dramas has the author's portrait, and that this does not in the least resemble Shakespeare's bust in Stratford Church. We are also informed that the Shakespeare of the Folio wears the costume of a courtier.

The costume has little to do with it. Shakespeare was an actor and may have worn costumes of various kinds. He was a court favorite, and may very well have worn court dress when at court, or the artist may have invested him with a new suit. Rodin has made a perfectly nude statue of Victor Hugo, but it does not follow that Victor Hugo walked about the streets of Paris unadorned.

The Droeshout engraving in the Folio is accompanied by ten lines of verse in which Ben Jonson tells the reader to

"Look  
Not on his picture, but his book."

The meaning of that is very plain. The book was Shakespeare himself; the picture but a poor representation of him. Nobody but a Baconian could possibly misunderstand what Jonson meant. A Baconian can misunderstand anything.

Both this portrait and the Stratford bust—whitewashed, repainted, restored every now and then—were crude and inartistic attempts at a posthumous likeness. We know how little the newspaper cuts of our day resemble the originals—many of them would justify the victim in a libel suit. In Shakespeare's age the artists were even less adept and less conscientious, and Droeshout was just beginning his career. The Shakespeare portraits by Janssen, Soest, Gilliland, Donford, and others are all painted from tradition, not from life. That any of all these pictures resemble one another or the Stratford bust is more remarkable than that they differ.

What is known as the Chandos portrait bears a slight likeness to the portraits of Bacon, observable mostly by Baconians. This portrait was once owned by Sir William D'Avenant, the same who, as a boy, spoke of Shakespeare as his godfather, and was warned



LORD RONALD GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

by some village wiseacre not to take the name of God in vain. In his youth D'Avenant must have seen Shakespeare often, and this would justify the belief that the Chandos portrait must have been a good likeness. This applies also to the Shakespeare bust at the Garrick Club in London; this bust came from D'Avenant's theater, and was likely made from the Chandos portrait. A superficial resemblance to some of Bacon's portraits surely can have no bearing upon the question who wrote the plays. Some portraits of Beethoven look like Napoleon—did the Corsican compose the "Eroica"?

We are told that Byron, Coleridge, Beaconsfield, Bright, Hallam, Dickens, Whittier, and others have doubted Shakespeare's authorship. This resolves itself into the wonderment exhibited by these men over the fact that one born in Shakespeare's station should divulge such brilliant genius. Such surprise might be more justly expressed over Burns, Chatterton, and a host of others. Ben Jonson himself was a bricklayer's son; Marlowe's father was a shoemaker. Genius is the blue flower that grows upon the Alpine height, to be plucked by the wayfarer who went forth with no such purpose. It is the sudden star that flashes through the night unheralded by any trump of angel from the high heavens. It is no more possible to trace the genesis of genius than to unravel the strands of the rainbow or to trace ocean's waves to their generative cloud.

Even admitting the ignorance of Shakespeare would not establish Bacon as the author. The Baconians insist that whoever wrote Shakespeare's works must have understood Latin and Greek, French and Spanish; they insist that Bacon had mastered all these languages, whereas the unlearned actor Shakespeare knew nothing of them. But that Shakespeare's ignorance is a myth has been already shown. Ben Jonson, who knew him well, says he "had small Latin and less Greek," whence it follows that he had some Greek and more Latin. His knowledge of French, displayed in the wooing of Katharine in "King Henry V," is not anything to boast of; and his knowledge of Italian is somewhat doubtful, as the Italian stories supplying some of his plots had all become accessible in English translations, except the sources of "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice." His acquaintance with Spanish is still more problematic; Montemayor, who furnished the suggestion for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," had been translated into English shortly before Shakespeare made use of that material. Still, aside from his schooling, there is nothing essentially improbable in Shakespeare's having acquired a certain facility in all these languages, living in a large seaport where ships and sailors of every nation

came together. There is a strong probability that in the plague year 1603 he may have visited Italy; and if he did so he probably went through France, or more likely through Germany, which many companies of English comedians visited about that time. Certainly Jakob Ayrer, a Nuremberg poet, either knew of "The Tempest," or else Shakespeare knew of Ayrer's "Beautiful Sidea." I like to think that possibly Shakespeare may have met this disciple of Hans Sachs and discussed with him, over a stoup of foaming Bavarian beer, the decay of the drama since the inspired cobbler had been laid to rest.

It is a sad mistake to assume that superior erudition was required to write the works ascribed to Shakespeare. They contain nothing which any man of average intelligence might not have learned in five or six years of miscellaneous reading. There are hundreds of blunders and inconsistencies, from the clock that strikes three in "Julius Cæsar" to the cannons in "Macbeth," the seacoast of Bohemia, etc., which so learned a scholar as Bacon would never have let pass. It is not the learning that is in Shakespeare's plays that makes them the rarest jewels in the world's literature. It is the magical mastery of language, the deep insight into the souls of men and women, the marvelous dramatic power in every scene and character, that puts the plays upon a pinnacle. These things Bacon did not have, while the learning which we know he had, is not in evidence in the plays any more than his laborious touch.

In a letter to Sir Tobie Matthew, who translated the *Essays* into Italian, Bacon says:

"My great work goeth forward; and after my manner I alter ever when I add. So that nothing is final until all be finished."

It is said that Bacon rewrote the *Essays* thirty times. Rawley saw at least twelve copies of the *Instauratio*, revised year by year. This, as we learn from Jonson's sneering criticism, was entirely different from the literary method of Shakespeare, who rarely altered a line. When Heminge and Condell thought to praise Shakespeare's fluency, saying they had "scarce received from him a blot in his papers," Jonson vehemently wished that he "had blotted a thousand lines."

Jonson was one of Shakespeare's friends, one with whom he had many wit combats at the Mermaid Tavern, and he owed Shakespeare a great debt of gratitude, for Shakespeare used his influence at the theater to secure the acceptance and production of Rare Ben's first play. Jonson is one of those who have borne witness to Shakespeare's renown, though the Baconians make much ado over the fact that, in a list of great English poets, he does not mention



OTTO LESSING'S SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT AT WEIMAR.

Shakespeare, but calls Francis Bacon the greatest of all poets. We know that Jonson was also a friend of Bacon's, and that he was somewhat envious of Shakespeare; we know that he said Shakespeare "wanted art" and had "small Latin and less Greek"; but in all that Jonson ever wrote he never voiced any doubt that his friend Shakespeare had produced the plays, and it is to him we owe the verdict: "He was not for an age, but for all time."

The assertion that whoever wrote Shakespeare must have been a lawyer, because the plays abound in judicial arguments and legal allusions, all exhibiting the mind of a great jurist like Bacon, is almost answered sufficiently by the tradition that Shakespeare was in his youth a noverint, or lawyer's clerk. The Baconians however in their efforts to blacken the Stratford man's character, crow loudly over the fact that he was continually engaged in lawsuits to recover loans or annex real estate; and if this be so, he may easily have acquired his legal knowledge by association with lawyers, or from his father, who is known to have been involved in over forty lawsuits. One Baconian, when confronted with strong evidence that the plays contain hints of a lawsuit in which Shakespeare himself was interested, suggested that Bacon must have been Shakespeare's counsel. There are at most one hundred and fifty legal allusions in the plays, and they by no means justify the statement of Thomas Nash that "the author of 'Hamlet' was a jurist and the son of a jurist." He might as well have said that the author of "The Tempest" was a sailor and the son of a sea-cook.

All such deductions from the supposed knowledge or supposed ignorance of the two men lead much further than desired. For instance, it would be easy to show from many passages about horses that Shakespeare was a great lover of the horse, and knew horses better than most men. There being a tradition that, soon after he came to London, Shakespeare was employed at holding horses in front of the theaters, this by Baconian logic should be taken as proof that he, and none other, could have written the plays. The natural history we have in Shakespeare's plays is such as he would have learned in Warwickshire and along the Avon; it is not the natural history derived from books and scientific research, such as most of Bacon's was. The medical lore contained in the plays also is empiric; not such learned matter as Bacon had excogitated.

The utterly unpoetic bent of Bacon's mind, apart from the proof afforded by his alleged poems, is shown by the fact that in all his writings he makes no mention of, or reference to, any contemporary English poet—not Spenser, nor Chaucer, nor Sidney, nor

any other of the golden-throated choir that made his age the most illustrious since the days of Pericles. Poetry was to him a sealed book—with all his scholarship he does not appear to have heard of Dante or Petrarch, of Ronsard or de Bellay, nor does he often allude to Ovid or Virgil, with whose poetry Shakespeare was saturated. Read Bacon's essay on Love; then read "Romeo and Juliet"; it is not possible to conceive of the same pen writing both. Read Bacon's masque, "The Marriage of the Thames and the Rhine," and then read any of the interludes in Shakespeare's plays; the stilted classicism of the one and the romantic grace of the others afford a most instructive contrast. Gruff old Thomas Carlyle just about hit the nail on the head when he told Delia Bacon: "Your Bacon could have created the earth as easily as 'Hamlet.'"

Even the moral character of the men is fundamentally dissimilar. Bacon's ingratitude and treachery toward his friend and benefactor Essex is a black blot upon his fame. One might paraphrase the words of Antony: "For *Essex*, as you know, was *Bacon's* angel." When Essex became involved in a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth, Bacon assisted the prosecuting attorney, and it was Bacon's merciless argument that sent Essex to the axe. No compunction restrained the brilliant and self-seeking man from this much-censured action, which rendered him very unpopular in England, and afterward he wrote a book to malign the friend he had slain. What was Shakespeare's attitude under similar circumstances? Southampton, to whom was dedicated "Venus and Adonis," was involved in the same conspiracy, and was exiled. Shakespeare, though a favorite at the court of Queen Elizabeth, is the only one of the noted poets of that time who wrote no threnody of grief when the queen died; and the reason commonly assigned for this was her harsh treatment of his friend and patron, who was recalled when James ascended the throne. Here we see Shakespeare, the warm-hearted and impulsive player, in contrast with the cold-blooded and calculating lawyer. It was utterly unlike Bacon to put friendship ahead of policy, and pride ahead of profit. There never has been an intellect as masterful as Bacon's coupled with a heart so pusillanimous and groveling. His abject humility is almost oriental—Pope called him the "meanest of mankind."

To my mind there is one conclusive chain of evidence which shows the great plays were written by the actor William Shakespeare. One might possibly conceive of Bacon having written them, and using another man's name, but certainly if he had written them this lawyer would never have permitted another man to reap



the rewards. Bacon was chronically hard up; he was once arrested in the street for a debt; he was a prodigal spendthrift, who as judge accepted bribes to make ends meet; when he died he owed more than one hundred thousand dollars, equivalent to nearly a million in our day. Shakespeare, on the other hand, accumulated a considerable fortune as the result of his various activities, as playwright, as player, as manager. During his best years his income has been estimated at six hundred pounds or about three thousand dollars a year, equivalent to nearly twenty-five thousand in our day. Now if Lord Bacon wrote the plays, why did he not "take the cash," though he "let the credit go"?

The other argument, to my mind no less conclusive, is that the plays were undoubtedly written by an actor, by a man familiar with the traditions of the stage, by a man who had an eye upon the people in the pit, and the other upon the pile of coin in the box-office. Bacon knew almost nothing of the theater. In the same year that saw the appearance of the First Folio, Bacon wrote that "the drama had flourished in ancient days, but now was in neglect." At that very time there were fourteen theaters in London, giving daily performances before many thousands, and producing plays by a galaxy of dramatists whose like the world had not seen since the days of Sophocles and Menander. The author of the Shakespeare plays shows that he is a player even by his fondness for similes of the theater. It would never occur to a lawyer like Bacon to write the picturesque apologue of life uttered by the melancholy Jaques:

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages."

None but an actor, and a good one, could have written the advice to the players in "Hamlet." None but an actor would have thought of Macbeth's pathetic figure of Life as

"A poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more."

None but an actor could portray stage fright as he does in Sonnet XXIII. None but an actor would or could have written the delicious comedy scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where the efforts of amateurs are mocked with true professional superiority. None but a share-owner in a theater would have scored

the rivalry of the children's companies, which were hurting the regular play-houses, as Shakespeare scores them in "Hamlet" and "Antony and Cleopatra."

It is absurd to suppose that such a secret as Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays could have been kept, since it must have been known to so many others besides Shakespeare and Bacon—to the actors, to the printers, to the families and friends of both men. To get over this difficulty the Baconians say that Ben Jonson, Rawley, Matthew, and the writers of the Odes undoubtedly did know Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, and that many allusions to such knowledge are found in their pages. Since Jonson repeatedly bears witness to Shakespeare's authorship of the plays—since neither he nor any of the others ever denied it—these fancied allusions are absolutely pointless. No one questioned Shakespeare's authorship until crazy Delia Bacon started all the Donnellies, Gallups, Potts, and Booths to hunting ciphers, and as each of them has found a different cipher we are warranted in taking them all with several grains of salt. The theories invented to account for Bacon's concealment of an activity he should have been proud to acknowledge, surpass the frenzied fictions of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Baconian theory is the abdication of common sense and the apotheosis of humbug. Started by Delia Bacon, encouraged by the Potts and Donnellies, the paradox has fascinated such minds as Lord Palmerston, Wilhelm Preyer and Friedrich Nietzsche. It even became fashionable in certain pseudo-literary circles to doubt whether Shakespeare could have written the plays, and to admit that Bacon might have done so. What is the value of the testimony of a hundred people who do not know? Even though Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Munyon, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Jess Willard, announced their belief that Bacon had written the plays of Shakespeare, that would not alter the plain facts known to every sane man that knows something about Shakespeare. We know all the essential points of his life; we know that the plays were produced at the theater of which he was part owner; we know that all his friends and contemporaries considered him the author, and that he gathered the financial rewards of authorship; we know that before he died, playwrights like Drayton and Jonson visited him in Stratford, for what reason if not to talk shop; we know that after he died, certain of his friends collected his scattered plays and had them printed as a memorial to the author. No one dreamed of connecting Francis Bacon with them; no one to-day, who has read both Bacon and Shakespeare, should suspect Bacon of being able to write Shake-

speare, any more than Shakespeare of being able to write Bacon. They are two minds of entirely different metal. Shakespeare was a synthetic genius; he built up, out of all the materials accumulated in miscellaneous reading, a world of his own—a world peopled by a multitude of characters not even surpassed by Balzac and Dickens. Bacon's mind was of the analytic type, which takes apart the knowledge of the world, dissects its parts, penetrates into the vital recesses of truth. We know so much about both men, there is hardly a niche in the lives of either into which the necessary postulates of the Baconian theory would fit. It must be dismissed as one of the strangest delusions, the almost incomprehensible aberrations, that the human mind has ever been guilty of. It is merely another proof of the fact that any truth, however clear and venerable, can be obscured by sly insinuation and raucous denial; that any theory, however tenuous and absurd, will find adherents if it is propagated vociferously and persistently. It would be far better if the misdirected energy of these people were expended in reading Shakespeare, especially the cryptic utterance of the Fool in "Twelfth Night":

"There is no darkness but ignorance,"

and the significant, almost prophetic, exclamation of Puck:

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

## THE ATTITUDE OF AMERICA.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

AN able American historian predicted at the beginning of this war that the United States would be pro-German in its sympathies within four months. He gave two reasons. The first was that the American mind would puncture the lid of lies which European diplomats had clamped over the explosion in July, 1914, and would begin to understand the real position in which Germany found herself. You see he was a philosophical historian. His second reason was that the German-Americans would argue the rest of us around to their point of view.

It is superfluous to say that the historian was mistaken. Not four months, but four times four months, have passed, and the United States is far from pro-German. Our pro-Ally contingent, most conspicuous in Boston and New York, is as violent as ever, both in its opinions and the expression of them. There exists, indeed, a very active and powerful element which is working—covertly for the most part—to involve the United States in a war with the Central Powers. The German-Americans have not argued us around. If they started out with such intention they have failed. Their protestations may have had some effect, but they themselves have been ridiculed, scolded, browbeaten, sneered at. To designate German-Americans, together with their friends the Irish-Americans and the Austrian-Americans, a new term of reproach has been invented, “hyphenates.”

### THE GERMAN-AMERICANS.

The German-Americans have been cruelly misrepresented. There is no sounder or more desirable element in our population than our Teutonic blood. There is no element which has displayed devotion to the country, or civic or private virtue, in greater degree. Yet in these months of war they have been forced into a most distressing

position. They have daily read in the press the grossest insults to themselves and to the land of their ancestors. They constantly see the news poisoned by calumny and abuse. They live in a country which has declared its neutrality but which supplies in tremendous quantities the arms and ammunition to kill their kin, and they are powerless to hinder. When they have raised their voices in protest, their patriotism has been questioned. It is impossible to gauge the irritation, pain and humiliation they have suffered. Nevertheless it has sometimes struck me as odd that they have not made more headway against American prejudice. For they have been almost the sole champions of Germany's cause in America, and they have had a strong logical case to urge. And yet Americans, in the mass, have not been brought to see the validity of Germany's major contentions.

For one thing, German-Americans have not always been happy in their defense of Germany. They have sometimes used phrases to the detriment of facts. For example, in seeking to combat American misconceptions, some of them have asserted that Germany is "democratic" and that Germans enjoy "personal liberty." Now, to speak plainly, neither of these statements is true except in a qualified measure. No government which maintains such rigid property qualifications on voting as does Prussia, and which gives such large powers to a hereditary ruler, is democratic in the Anglo-Saxon sense. People who live under such a multitude of police regulations as do the Germans have not personal liberty in the American sense. German civilization shows many lofty virtues which other peoples envy and have not attained; but it is different from ours. These things have nothing to do with the case anyway. It is not our business to tell the Germans, who are free, enlightened, educated, what sort of government they shall prefer, any more than it is our business to tell the Chinese whether they shall have a republic or a monarchy. Americans, after all, are not so provincial as to want every nation cut from the same pattern,—least of all their own pattern.

And also, there is Mr. Wilson!

German-Americans have been censured for attacking President Wilson's foreign policy. This, of course, is unjust. The very persons who objected when German-Americans criticised the President for going too far, are now belaboring the President for not going far enough! But have German-American criticisms always been well directed? What, precisely, is the complaint they have to make against the administration's course?

In general, the accusation is this: that the United States has

been more neutral in name than in fact ; that our neutrality has been highly prejudicial to Germany and highly benevolent to the Allies. The citizens of Germany and Austria, apparently, are convinced of this ; they do not think this country gives them a square deal. Some Englishmen are candid enough to admit the same thing. G. Bernard Shaw recently said : "I may, however, remark, that America is not neutral. She is taking a very active part in the war by supplying us with ammunition and weapons and other munitions. Neutrality is nonsense." Quite as emphatic is Norman Angell : "Indeed, if we go below diplomatic fictions to positive realities, America is decisively intervening in the war ; she is perhaps settling its issue by throwing the weight of her resources in money, supplies and ammunition on the side of one combatant against the other. The American government has without doubt scrupulously respected all the rules of neutrality. But it would have been equally neutral for America to have decided that her national interests compelled her to exercise her sovereign rights in keeping her resources at home at this juncture and to have treated combatants exactly alike by exporting to neither. This form of neutrality—just as legally defensible in the opinion of many competent American judges as the present one—would perhaps have altered the whole later history of the war. I am not giving you my own opinion, but that of very responsible independent American authorities, when I say that had American opinion been as hostile to the Allies as on the whole it has been to Germany, the campaign for an embargo on the export of arms or the raising of a loan would have been irresistible. You see I am speaking with undiplomatic freedom ; saying out loud what everybody thinks."

The foregoing view, it seems to me, is unquestionably sound. The United States supplies munitions to the Allies not in normal quantities, but to the value of billions of dollars. Our plants are run to their full capacity ; extensions are built ; whole new factories are erected. War orders dominate for the moment our economic life. And all these supplies go to the enemies of Germany. We cannot expect a German to be much impressed by American preachments on "humanity" and "justice" when his sons have been shot by American bullets. And what galls the native German almost as much, I suspect, as the shipments of arms, which he knows to be technically legal, is the supine attitude of America toward Great Britain. We are not holding the balance even. British violations of neutral rights<sup>1</sup> are, from the standpoint of international law, more

<sup>1</sup> See *Economic Aspects of the War* by Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven, 1915.

reprehensible than Germany's submarine warfare, which was a policy of reprisal. Britain has killed our trade with Germany in non-contraband goods, although not maintaining even the semblance of a blockade of German ports; she has forbidden our trade with even neutral countries of Europe (while actively trading with those countries herself); she has stopped American vessels and taken off citizens; she has seized the mails of the United States. These arrogant violations of our rights are not merely technical; they are calculated to do the greatest possible amount of harm to the Central Powers; they were initiated frankly for the double purpose of starving Germany's population, and of effecting Germany's economic ruin. Neutrals be hanged; Britannia rules the waves!

What has the United States done to stop these wrongs? Obviously, nothing effective. Each new "blockade" order is more offensive than the last. It is illuminating to contrast the mild and polite protests of this government to England with the sharp, menacing language used to Germany. Whenever we have addressed ourselves to England or France we have said in effect: "My dear fellow, can't you see that you are in the wrong?" Whenever we have addressed ourselves to Germany or Austria we have said in effect: "You contemptible ruffian, quit that instantly!" We have used threats with Germany, persuasion with England. The result is that Germany has granted our demands, while England has grown more arrogant.

The United States, in order to make its neutrality one of fact and not of pretensions, must do one or the other of two things: must place an embargo on the export of arms, or break the British blockade. Perhaps the latter alternative is the more feasible. Unquestionably an embargo on munitions should have been undertaken at the beginning of the war, for both neutral and humanitarian reasons. But now, a year and a half later, it is possibly too late. Yet this swollen industry and these tremendous shipments of the instruments of death cannot be ignored. They overshadow every other relation of America to the struggle. They constitute us in fact an ally of the Allies. If they may not now be stopped, they lay on us the sternest obligation to make England toe the mark. That can be done; a serious threat of an embargo would help the British lion to see a gleam of reason. And unless we do this we may entirely forfeit the respect and friendship of the Central Powers,—a friendship we can ill afford to lose.

German-Americans, it seems to me, have wasted too much verbal shot and shell on President Wilson. After all Mr. Wilson

has kept us out of the fray. It is not hard to think of other prominent Americans who, in his place, would have embroiled us long ago! There are many of us who do not like Mr. Wilson's diplomatic methods; they verge too much on a policy of drift. But we prefer them to bellicose methods. The power of the President, moreover, has its limits. Congress has the authority to place an embargo on the export of arms; the Senate has the final word in foreign relations. German-Americans should work toward two ends, I think,—first, to make our neutrality genuine and impartial, and second and more important, to keep America out of the war. That danger has by no means passed. To accomplish these ends they should concentrate on American opinion, try to squeeze out of it unfairness, rancor and intolerance. Already they have accomplished something in this direction. The tone of American opinion has improved since the start of the war. But there still remains much ground to be ploughed.

#### THE AMERICAN VIEW.

The people of the United States have escaped the war fever, although persistent attempts are made to arouse them to a fighting mood. Beyond cavil the citizens of this country are bent on peace.

Rudyard Kipling, whose occupation these days is to out-Junker the Junkers, has proposed the pleasant little toast; "Damn all neutrals!" Undoubtedly Mr. Kipling cocked a baleful eye at the United States when he uttered this. We could afford to smile at Mr. Kipling's spleen if he stood alone. But within the last year many militant non-combatants among the Allies have cast baleful glances at the United States. The indifference of America offends them as deeply, apparently, as the hatred of their enemy. Why, they ask with a gesture of impatience, should Americans stand aside in this crisis of civilization? Why should they allow others to fight their battle for them—the battle of liberty and democracy? And these critics of ours in England and France are none too delicate in attributing motives for this Yankee apathy toward their noble cause. They insinuate we are too busy making dollars out of others' distress to heed the call of the spirit, and they frankly hint that when we say we are too proud to fight we mean too cowardly.

A number of Britons have recently unburdened themselves on this subject of American neutrality.<sup>2</sup> Let me quote a few of the choicer passages:

"We fight not merely for our threatened selves; we fight for

<sup>2</sup> *Everybody's Magazine*, January, 1916.



the liberty and peace of the whole world. We fight, and you Americans know we fight, for you. War is a tragic and terrible business, and those who will not face the blood and dust of it must be content to play only the most secondary of parts in the day of reckoning.

“H. G. WELLS.”

“On the last question, however,—the future of America in face of a German triumph—I can speak, if not with authority, at least with certainty. There is simply no doubt in the world that a German power founded on the breaking of France and England would have ultimately to break America, too, before its work was secure. A rich and disdainful democracy across the Atlantic is something which the German Empire simply could not afford to tolerate. If Germany gets as far as that, it would be vain to discuss whether America should fight, because America certainly will; and in that fight, please God, she would have Burgoyne beside her as well as Lafayette.

G. K. CHESTERTON.”

“The British nation would certainly be much gratified if their kinsmen, the Americans, should take a hand in suppressing the ‘mad bull of Europe.’ England would certainly be greatly benefited if America should go to war with Germany. Sir Roper Parkington, M.P., in a recent speech said: ‘If the Americans should join the Allies, the war would soon be ended.’ SIR HIRAM MAXIM.”

“Personally, I have always held that America would come to England’s assistance if ever England was hard pressed. Great Britain as yet is not, thank God, in a hole. Still, it has puzzled me not a little during the past year to assign a good cause for America remaining neutral in this awful contest. Is not America, just as much as Great Britain, a lover of justice and a hater of such atrocities as those which have characterized the warfare of the Huns? And as a friend she can no longer stand aloof and see civilization, and all that great nations are bound to uphold and hold dear, crushed and trampled under foot by barbarism and ‘frightfulness.’ I am quite convinced that it is the unanimous opinion throughout Great Britain that America should join the Allies, and it is undoubtedly a fixed hope in this country that she will assuredly do so before many months have passed. GENERAL GARNET WOLSELEY.”

These gentlemen take their malice and themselves very seriously. But they have, as it seems to me, totally misjudged the trend of American opinion since the outbreak of hostilities. They do not see that Americans—outside of the Anglomaniacs, found chiefly along the Atlantic seaboard—passionately desire peace because they have come to believe that peace serves not only the best interests of

themselves but of civilization itself. The Middle West, the West, and the South, do not want war, will not have war. Even in the hypnotized East there is a great sober element which would regard a plunge into this welter of slaughter as the worst possible calamity to the Republic. Only the pro-Ally fanatics (who are the most dangerous hyphenates we harbor, as I shall attempt to point out in a moment) want war and work for war.

Americans, in other words, have traveled far from that naive partisanship for the Allies which characterized them eighteen months ago. What has wrought this change in sentiment? Chiefly the growth of a healthy cynicism. I am speaking now of the bulk of Americans, who lie in opinion between the red-hot pro-Germans on the one extreme and the red-hot pro-Ally sympathizers on the other extreme. This great sane mass of the nation has disallowed the high-sounding declarations, the grandiose pretensions, of either side. It has come to some very definite conclusions: it believes that this war was willed by governments, not by peoples; that it sprang directly from a system of diplomatic groups and military alliances, each of which was trying constantly to tilt or upset the balance of power in its own favor; that the only significant rivalries behind the mutual hostilities were imperialistic rivalries; that the real stakes in this war are colonies, trade pre-emptions, strategic ports and straits, and above all military prestige; that militarism may be indicated by a predominant navy as well as by a great army, and that its essence is neither, but an itch for power and a muddle of selfish national ambitions; that militarism is not exclusively or even principally a Prussian disease, but a European, indeed, a world disease; that despite all the fine phrases about freedom, justice and democracy, the real danger to civilization lies in the war itself and in its spread; that a war of imperialistic rivalries enlists the support of great populations by cant and by lies about the enemy; and that as the struggle grows in bitterness and in extent of bereavement, both sides—but especially the losing side—become fanatic in hatred of the foe.

In brief, Americans refuse to be impressed longer by sham and pose. They are inclined to agree with Francis Delaisi, who predicted in 1911 that the business magnates and the politicians were about to plunge Europe into an imperialistic struggle.<sup>3</sup> They are inclined to agree with Bernard Shaw, who asserted early in the conflict: "All attempts to represent this war as anything higher or more significant

<sup>3</sup> *The Inevitable War (La guerre qui vient)*, by Francis Delaisi. Paris, 1911; Boston, 1915.

philosophically or politically or religiously for our Junkers and our Tommies than a quite primitive contest of the pugnacity that bullies and the pugnacity that will not be bullied are foredoomed to the derision of history." Bryan voiced American sentiment when he called it a "causeless war." Of course the phrase is inaccurate; there were causes enough, such as they were. Rather it should be called a witless war.

Another reason why most Americans cannot share the views of the solemn Englishmen above quoted is that Americans have not given way to hatred of Germans. We regard them as human beings much like other men and women, not as "Huns," "savages" and "beasts." The American does not have the Briton's naive belief in German atrocities. He knows that many of these tales (such as that of the Belgian child with severed hands) have been disproved a hundred times. He hears quite as frightful reports of Russian atrocities and of French outrages. He understands that war is a gruesome business, and that it brings out some of the basest traits in human nature; but he is unwilling to heap all the abuse due to human nature at its worst on Teutonic nature. And not only does the American show a wholesome skepticism toward the atrocity yarns paraded by the Allied governments; he goes further; he feels a revulsion of disgust. He wonders why men who are gentlemen attack the reputations as well as the soldiers of their foes, and keep up a campaign of calumny which they know in part at least to be false, a campaign at once malicious and mendacious.

Still another reason why the American feels kindlier toward Germany is that he has a high respect for German civilization, in times of peace at any rate. The British upper classes seem always to have regarded Germans with the contempt that the established feel toward the *nouveau riche*. They are unappreciative of German poetry, art and literature; they speak of boors and canaille; they appear to have gathered their estimate of the German nation by watching a fat Berliner eat sauerkraut in a beer-garden. The American on the other hand gives German civilization its due, even though he be one who deplores its "militarism." He knows that German music and German science lead the world; he admires the Germans for their educational system, for their municipalities, for their social insurance. Englishmen have often commented on the paucity of learning in America, and compared our culture unfavorably with their own; and perhaps in general the boast is justified. But in their ignorance of the real Germany and of German cultural attainments the English upper classes have shown them-

selves to be precisely what Matthew Arnold called them— "barbarians."

Our British critics should remember that Americans are fully competent to judge for themselves what the effect of a German victory would be on the United States. We are not affrighted over hypothetical German schemes. We know perfectly well that a German victory would not lead to the "enslavement" of either England or of France, and we are not worried about the fate of Suez or of India. We do not forget, again, that a German defeat means not only the triumph of British imperialism, but the triumph of Russia and Japan. We would rather see the Balkan peoples, or the races of the Near East, Prussianized than Russianized. And most vividly of all, Americans realize that the trend of world politics after the war is a matter of sheer speculation. It is all guesswork; no one knows. The dread designs which the British attribute to the German government are deduced from enmity and malice, not from reason or clearheaded calculation. America's answer to all this alarmist talk is military and naval preparedness; we shall be ready to meet aggression, from whatever quarter! So far as South America is concerned, Englishmen would do well to ponder a bit the pregnant remark of Israel Zangwill: "But the Monroe Doctrine would lose its last vestige of meaning if America intervened in a European war."

The American people have come to the conclusion that peace is their duty. This is not from fear, greed or sluggishness. We are not ultra-pacifists in this country; we do not want peace at any price, especially at the price of honor. But that is just the point: we are not convinced that any great moral principle, or even any fundamental issue of nationality, is at stake in this conflict. As the strife in Europe grows more desperate, as the non-combatant populations show a more revengeful and hateful temper, the war seems more and more remote (except to the Anglomaniacs) from American interests. After all, why should America feed her sons to this carnage by the thousands, or the hundreds of thousands? Why should boys from the farms of Ohio, Kansas and Texas die to help France take Alsace-Lorraine, or the Romanoffs to victimize more peoples? What have we to gain by becoming, for the first time in our history, entangled in murderous European rivalries? Why should we abandon our one opportunity of service, that, as President Wilson has expressed it, of keeping the "processes of peace alive, if only to prevent collective economic ruin"?

At the start the mass of Americans felt both an intense loyalty

to the cause of the Allies, and a gripping horror at the catastrophe to Europe. Both of these feelings have to some extent weakened. The intellectual classes are not now so much concerned over the military outcome as over the prospective terms of settlement. They hope that both sides will act with a measure of magnanimity and restraint which will give some basis for a permanent peace. By the common man, by the man in the street, the war is now regarded with indifference, indeed with boredom. Our vast American irreverence has asserted itself, even in the face of the most awful battle of history. In many places "war talk" is tabooed, considered bad form. The majority of Americans, probably, still hope to see the Allies win; but their interest is sentimental rather than vital. It is not the breathless solicitude of one who watches his champion do battle to save him; it is rather the enthusiasm of the baseball "fan" who cheers for the home team. At the beginning of the war the favorite American quip was: "I'm neutral; I don't care who beats Germany." At present Americans are so neutral they are reconciled to the prospect of seeing Germany win, if she can muster the strength. This growth of indifference may gall Englishmen, Frenchmen and American Tories. But it is, I submit, a patent fact.

#### THE ANGLOMANIACS.

There is a conspicuous element in America which has persistently refused to see this war through American eyes. When these persons look at contemporary history they look at it from the point of view of Englishmen and Frenchmen; when they urge action they urge it in the interest of the European coalition to which England and France belong. They are our pro-Ally fanatics, our Anglomaniacs, our American Tories. By whatever name they may be called, they have one distinguishing mark: they make mock of our neutrality.

August 18, 1914, before the war was a month old, President Wilson issued an appeal for restraint in discussing the conflict. The President said in part:

"The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say or do. Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned.

"The people of the United States are drawn from many nations, and chiefly from the nations now at war. It is natural and inevitable that there should be the utmost variety of sympathy and desire

among them with regard to the issues and circumstances of the conflict. Some will wish one nation, others another, to succeed in this momentous struggle. It will be easy to excite passion and difficult to allay it. Those responsible for exciting it will assume a heavy responsibility.

"I venture, therefore, my countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partisanship, out of passionately taking sides.

"I am speaking, I feel sure, the earnest wish and purpose of every thoughtful American that this great country of ours, which is, of course, the first in our thoughts and hearts, should show herself in this time of peculiar trial a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action, a nation which neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world."

From the beginning pro-Ally sympathizers have spit upon the President's words. They have passionately taken sides. They have put no bridle on their tongues; they have poured out the vilest vituperation on Germany. With asinine self-complacency they have "sat in judgment" on the nations at war, and delivered the "American verdict." Although finding themselves largely in control of the press, they have never tried to speak impartially, never attempted to allay passion. On the contrary, they have done their embittered best to lash America to intolerance and hysteria.

Since the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* this unneutral element has tried to rush us into war over our "rights." And this despite the fact that there never has been the slightest excuse for going to war over that issue. On the whole neither side has offered us direct offense. We have simply been caught between the firing lines. It is impossible to vindicate neutral rights by fighting one side, for both sides have infringed those rights. Should we war on Germany we should fight by the side of allies whose interpretation of sea law is no more acceptable to us than that of our foes. Indeed a sea monopolized and fortified by Great Britain may in the end prove more disturbing to us than the submarine indiscretions of Germany and Austria.

Of course pro-Ally sympathizers insist that Germany's invasions of neutral rights have cost American lives, whereas England's violations result in merely commercial and economic damage. The

distinction is hypocritical. The persons who work themselves into a rage over Germany's "slaughter of innocent women and children" are not in the least annoyed because German babies are going to die for lack of milk. England's violations of our rights have been less spectacular than Germany's; but they are far more insolent. And it is well to remember that the Fathers fought the Revolution over a stamp-tax. The present administration has vindicated the right of Americans to sail through war zones on ships of belligerent nations (although in Mexico it warned Americans to leave or remain at their own risk). But it has not vindicated the right of Americans to use the high seas for legitimate commerce. Senator Gore summed up the matter in a sentence: "It is quite as important to protect the right of Americans to ship innocent goods as it is to protect their right to risk involving this country in a carnival of slaughter."

The submarine controversy has dragged itself out month after month. At each halt in the negotiations our traitorous Anglo-maniacs have rejoiced. They have implored the President to stickle for every little point in international law. They have insisted on a policy designed, not to vindicate our rights, but to sever relations. They are insatiate; no concession satisfies them. Germany declares that she has no intention of molesting neutral ships and neutral commerce; then she yields unconditionally to the demand that unarmed merchantmen, under hostile flag, must not be torpedoed without warning and without adequate provision for the safety of passengers and crew. Does this impairment of the submarine weapon placate the Anglomaniacs? Not at all; they now insist that Germany and Austria must forbear to treat *armed* merchantmen as auxiliary cruisers. It is not enough that Americans may travel safely on American, Dutch and Scandinavian ships; not enough that they may travel without fear on unarmed British, French, Italian and Japanese ships. They must also be granted the right to travel without danger on belligerent vessels carrying armament hypocritically called "defensive." Sensible Americans, in and out of Congress, rightly urge that American citizens be warned to stay off armed belligerent vessels. But our frenzied Tories scream that American honor is at stake. Honor? Great Britain during the Russo-Japanese war, and Sweden during the present war, warned their citizens not to travel on armed belligerent ships save at their own risk. Did England and Sweden thereby lose their national honor? In her attitude toward so-called defensive armament Germany has the equity on her side, whatever the letter of the law may be. This is a trifling "right" for us to cherish, and to endanger

our peace for it would be childish. Its defense can seem important only to those whose minds hold a hinterland of anti-German hate.

In the name of honesty what more can these American Tories demand of the United States? Has our neutrality been interpreted in any way which has given aid or succor to the Teutonic Powers? Have we not by our huge shipments of arms virtually constituted ourselves an ally of the Entente? The unvarnished truth is this: the pro-Ally fanatics in this country are not thinking of American interests at all; they are thinking of British and French interests. They ask us to intervene in a European struggle because of their opinion of the European right and wrong of it. They want us to go to war despite the fact that our youth would be killed and our wealth destroyed in a quarrel which is no concern of the American people. They demand war notwithstanding that it would imperil our international relations for a century. They urge us to fight, knowing full well that in our opinions we are a divided people, and that war would blast our national unity and run a cleavage of rancor and hatred through our cosmopolitan population.

These Anglomaniacs usually disguise their intentions in a fog of fine words about American rights. Sometimes they are more candid. In New York City there is an organization denominating itself The American Rights Committee. This committee has issued a statement which reads:

"Seventeen months of the European war have passed. During this period events of profound significance have occurred and issues formerly obscure have become clearly defined. The brutal violation of Belgian neutrality has been followed by the bombardment of unfortified places, the deliberate killing of non-combatants, the murder of women and children on land and sea, the wholesale massacre of the Armenian people, the disclosure of gigantic purposes of world-conquest, and a general defense of these unspeakable deeds by the Teutonic peoples.

"Our eyes have been opened to facts which were not fully revealed when we adopted a policy of neutrality, and the situation which confronts us to-day is not that which confronted us in August, 1914. Then we were admonished to remain neutral toward the European crisis: to-day we are involved in a world-crisis. Then we followed the traditional American policy of non-interference in European political struggles: to-day we are called upon to champion the immutable and universal rights of man. Then we tried to maintain neutrality of thought as well as of word and deed: to-day the Teutonic Allies have forced upon us issues which render neutrality



not merely impossible but utterly repugnant to the moral conscience of the nation. Through our fuller knowledge of the events which precipitated the war, of the manner in which it has been prosecuted by the Teutonic Allies, and of the enormous schemes for Teutonic aggrandizement, we have come to understand that a theory and method of government which we abhor is being forced upon the world by military might, and that all those human liberties which our nation was founded to maintain are to-day imperiled by the possibility of a Teutonic triumph."

This bombast is followed by a "declaration of principles":

"1. We believe that there is a morality of nations which requires every government to observe its treaty-obligations and to order its conduct with a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.

"2. We believe that the Teutonic Powers have repudiated the obligations of civilized nations and have raised issues which lift the present struggle from the sphere of European political disputes to a crisis involving all humanity.

"3. We believe that in the face of such a world-crisis our people cannot remain neutral and our government should not remain silent.

"4. We condemn the aims of the Teutonic Powers, and we denounce as barbarous their methods of warfare.

"5. We believe that the Entente Allies are engaged in a struggle to prevent the domination of the world by armed force and are striving to guarantee to the smallest nation its rights to an independent and peaceful existence.

"6. We believe that the progress of civilization and the free development of the principles of democratic government depend upon the success of the Entente Allies.

"7. We believe that our duty to humanity and respect for our national honor demand that our government take appropriate action to place the nation on record as deeply in sympathy with the efforts of the Entente Allies to remove the menace of Prussian militarism."

It would be a waste of time to refute these statements. They obviously are inspired by prejudice and ill-will; they obviously treat the crassest assumptions as matters of fact; they obviously reveal a sophomoric conception of international politics. Nevertheless these agitators and their ilk constitute a menace to the peace and security of the United States. Preposterous as their utterances are, they foster malevolence, for in times of passion declamation passes for reason. These Anglomaniacs are turning their backs on America; they have their eyes fastened on England, Belgium and France. They do not heed American opinion; they listen to the advice of

Englishmen. They are our true hyphenates. They are the real traitors within our borders. They are the unloyal element that has introduced "corrupt distempers" into our national life.

For these American Tories there is only one adequate piece of advice: Let them get out! Let them enlist and take their places in the English trenches. Let them remember that the seas are open to them; Britannia rules the waves! Their hearts are in France and England; they are free to prove their sincerity by risking their lives there. We do not want them in America, fighting the war with their mouths, seeking to embroil the whole nation. I am aware that this advice cannot be followed by many of our most violent pro-Ally fanatics, because they are past military age. It is a remarkable fact that our bitterest defamers of Germany are old men. I shall not be invidious enough to mention names; but just recall to mind the leading American Tories! There is no more shameful spectacle in America than these malignant old men, waving their fists at the Kaiser, mouthing the garbage thrown to them from Fleet Street, hounding us on, shrilling for a sacrifice of American blood.

#### CONCLUSION.

Most thinking men and women agree that this is a time for America to keep her head and watch her step. Should the Teutonic armies continue their victories, and approach to a triumph, the efforts of hyphenated Anglo- and Franco-Americans to involve us will become more frantic. But that collective insanity we shall probably avoid, despite their fomentations. We shall do the world the negative service of standing aloof. But it seems doubtful that America will be able to accomplish anything positive for world peace, anything constructive for the future security of mankind.

And the reason?

Simply this: that bigotry cannot reform bigots; that prejudice and hatred and intolerance cannot heal a world gone mad with hatred and intolerance. America cannot effectively fight militarism so long as she thinks injustice to Germany. And let there be no mistake about that: American opinion is monstrously unjust. It is as unjust to Germany now as was British opinion to the North during our Civil War. America cannot suggest sensible remedies for war so long as she holds to the childish notion that the blood-guilt of this greatest of all wars is a personal guilt of the German military caste or of the German people.

Fundamentally, of course, none of the great governments at

war is blameless. We do not have here white angels fighting black fiends, but human beings all smeared with the same scarlet. The only question open to debate is, who is smeared the less? This question finds its answer in the recent politics of Europe, the history, say, of the ten years preceding the war. To me it seems that any philosophical examination of this recent history gives Germany a *shade* of advantage, a slightly superior claim on our moral sympathy, both for the character of her aims, and her honesty in avowing them.

American comment on the war appears either to have over-shot the mark, or undershot it. It has been either too naive or too subtle. First of all, Americans made up their minds that Germany commenced the war; that she was the "disturber of the world's peace." It was a snap judgment, for it was based almost exclusively upon the events of the twelve days of the crisis. The diplomatic documents of the European governments were said to embody the "evidence in the case." Never was evidence flimsier. The different governments wrote, selected and printed what they wanted the world to read. The dispatches are all scissors and paste, and sometimes not even that, but plain fabrication, as in the instance of the notorious No. 2 in the French Yellow Book. The worthlessness of such "evidence" for unbiased judgment is shown by the fact that men come to exactly opposite conclusions in reading it. Judgment depends not on what the dispatches say, but on which of them one believes true, and which one rejects as false. From a thorough perusal of the White, Yellow, Orange, Gray, Blue, Red and Green Books, every person emerges with precisely that *mental* color-blindness with which he started.

Americans condemned Germany at the beginning mainly from newspaper accounts of the crisis. That snap judgment has never been revised. The scholarly portion of American opinion has busied itself chiefly in explaining what it assumed to be true. It has started from the premise that the Teutons precipitated a world war, and were bitten with militarism. So it has attempted to give reasons for that militarism. It has sought to trace the influence of Nietzsche and Treitschke on the Teutonic consciousness; it has attempted to derive German psychology from Kant; it has made elaborate and academic contrasts between the Latin and Teutonic civilizations,—and so on through fine-spun dialectics. All of this discussion is but window-dressing for a theory and a prejudice.

Some thoughtful Americans, who see the war as a logical result of the silent, alert struggle in Europe between rival alliances for a balance of power, covering many years, state a conclusion unfavor-

able to Germany in restrained language. They would agree with Prof. Ellery C. Stowell: "I do not wish to be understood as thinking that Germany really wished for war; but by her conduct she gave evidence that she intended to back up her ally to secure a diplomatic triumph and the subjugation of her neighbor, which would have greatly strengthened Teutonic influence in the Balkans. She risked the peace of Europe in a campaign after prestige." With such moderation it is hard to quarrel. But most pro-Ally Americans are not content to maintain that Germany was sixty percent wrong in the diplomacy directly preceding the war; they assert she was ninety-eight percent wrong, or one hundred percent wrong. According to these uncompromising partisans she plotted a war, conspired for it, deliberately provoked it.

To support the charge of conspiracy the pro-Ally fanatics surely cite the well-known facts. They undoubtedly point out that at the end of July, 1914, Germany had not recalled her reserves from any part of the world, that the Kaiser was yachting in the North Sea, that the harvests were not in, that the German fleet was scattered in small units on all the oceans. To demonstrate that the Entente Allies were innocently ignorant of the impending crash they probably call attention to the mobilization measures taken in Russia as early as June, to the timely review of the English fleet in the early summer, to the transportation of colonial troops to France several weeks before the ultimatums. They unquestionably go further. They show that England was unprepared for the conflict because she had been maintaining the two-power naval standard; France because she practised conscription and had recently passed the Three Year Law; Russia because the number of her armies and reserves was equal to those of Germany and Austria combined. Germany, they say, has been pursuing for a long time a selfish imperialistic policy; she has been seeking colonies and trying to guarantee markets for her export products. But the Allies on the other hand have pursued a relatively altruistic policy; they have stood for the *status quo*; they guard the rights of small nations. This disinterestedness of the Allies is demonstrated by their acquiring, previous to war, several times as much territory as Germany; by their treatment of Morocco, Finland and Persia; by their penetrations of Arabia and China. All of these arguments lead up to the conclusion that Germany is the one militaristic nation, and that her ambitions plunged a guileless world in strife. Exactly what we started out to prove!

But after all the warm partisan of the Allies does not reason about causes,—he feels. His emotions are dominant. Having deter-

mined that Germany is to blame for the war, he judges every subsequent issue unfairly. Atrocity tales from the Entente side stir his anger, whereas atrocity tales from the German side, even when better bolstered by proof, fail to move his imagination. He would demand that the United States protest the violation of Belgium's neutrality; but he would consider it silly to protest the violation of Greece's neutrality. It should be apparent to every thinking man that the Belgian affair must of necessity seem more reprehensible to the pro-Ally sympathizer than to the sympathizer with the Teutonic Powers. The latter cannot help but feel that Germany's extreme peril justified the passage of troops across neutral territory, and that Belgium, by her secret agreements with France and England, by her French sympathies, and by the fact and character of her resistance, constituted herself virtually one of the Allies. Whether this view is right or wrong, the fact remains that had the United States protested the invasion of Belgium she would not have been acting merely in the interests of international law; she would have been "sitting in judgment" on the war, she would have been taking sides. In any event it is not the business of the United States, where American rights are not invaded, to play the part of international Pharisee and send out protests every time any one does anything we deem "lawless" or "unrighteous." If we adopted that policy we should be shooting out protests every week. What tribunal appointed us the Judge of nations and their acts?

This is a time preeminently for charity, forbearance, friendliness to all. It is not a time for imputing bad motives, for recriminations. The war is the logical result of imperialism, of rival military alliances, of the doctrine of the balance of power. The dominant cliques of Europe thought a war inevitable. It has for decades been the business of these cliques to plot, not for war, not for peace, but for *successful* war. Possibly both sides thought the hour had struck in 1914, the Germans for strategic reasons, the Entente for political reasons. Unquestionably the statesmen of the Entente believed at the beginning they would soon crush Germany and Austria, that the 300,000,000 would soon overwhelm the 130,000,000. Their coalition once set in motion, they predicted a short victorious war. In this they simply misjudged, they underestimated Germany's strength and resources. I cannot believe there was much sinister calculation for the precise event on either side, except possibly by the autocracy and military caste of Russia. On the whole, Europe simply tumbled into war. The nations had erected rivalries and enmities which could not stand the strain of a real crisis.

If America wishes to accomplish aught for peace within the next year, the next decade or next quarter century, it must face the real situation. It must grapple, intellectually, with an evil system, with an international problem. Surely Europe is not training itself to solve the problem. So far as causes are concerned, this war was not a people's war. But to-day it has become precisely that. Hate has eaten into the vitals of every nation. To each people the wickedness of their foe seems the one great curse upon mankind. Blood-lust and revenge are reenforced by moral purposes. The spirit of the Inquisition is being revived. It hardly seemed possible; but one can see the re-creation of that hell of human motives in England and France—the idea of saving the soul by torturing the body,—of redeeming a nation by killing its citizens. Possibly Europe will recover from that insanity. Certainly America cannot help Europe by capitulating to the same madness. Only by the exercise of dispassionate judgment and an infinite compassion can we offer the world a new horizon and a hope.

## THE MONEY MARKET OF TO-MORROW.

BY LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.

OVER the prospects of planting arts and learning in America, Bishop Berkeley became poetically inspired. Probably because these prospects are so pleasing, his poem is become popular in this country, especially these oft-quoted lines:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

It’s theatrical at all events, this drama of western civilization in five acts! At the end of the fourth act the European old-folks retire; at the beginning of the fifth time’s noblest offspring enters, thereupon the action quickens toward its climax,—the apotheosis of America! There is breadth of vision also on the urbane bishop’s part, extending, you will find on further inquiry, from the course of empire in the center, to psycho-physiological investigations on the one side, and to the efficacy of tar-water on the other. Concerning his technique however there is not so much to be said. Bishop Berkeley was an idealistic philosopher, not a practical economist. But in determining the course of empire, economic elements must of necessity be taken into account. Because, as another English philosopher, James Harrington, a predecessor of Bishop Berkeley, put it: “Empire follows the balance of property.”

And the balance of property is in its turn determined by the balance of trade. So, in order to understand the situation, you will have to descend from the heights of philosophical speculation to the depths of economic analysis. Ever since the exchange system was established, and buying and selling began, property of all kinds has become more and more mobilized in money. Money you should think of in this connection as a fluid fund of purchasing power, embodied in coin and credit instruments. In obe-

dience to the law of gravity, this fluid fund of purchasing power seeks its level, like other fluid funds. The only difference is, in this case the level is determined by the balance of trade. What regulates and adjusts the balance of trade I expect to show you in the course of this story; suffice it at this juncture to say: As the balance of trade tips in favor of any country, money flows in from all sides, and coin and credit accumulate in this so-called center of exchange. Such accumulation stimulates economic enterprises, and these are followed by financial operations, which proceed outward in all directions from the center of exchange. These operations in their turn accord financial control, whence in last analysis political power is derived. Thus Harrington hit it off accurately enough in his single statement: Empire follows the balance of property. Still, to follow the course of his shot, you should think first of property as mobilized in money, and then determine the balance of trade. This point reached, you will arrive at the center of exchange, whence financial control and political power proceed. There is nothing in the least poetical, or even idealistic, in all this; nevertheless it is just these prosaic factors—the altering balance of trade, the shifting center of exchange, and the extension of financial control—that account for the accumulation of property and determine the course of empire withal.

Thus both Berkeley and Harrington appear to be correct. As the accumulation of property has proceeded, so also has the course of empire taken its way toward the west. Why? Because the balance of trade has been preponderantly in this direction. Therefore you can follow the shifting center of exchange, and likewise the corresponding extension of financial control, from Babylon to Tyre and Sidon, Corinth and Athens, Alexandria, and westward across the Mediterranean to Rome. Whereupon you arrive at an exception. At this juncture the balance of trade turned against the Occident and dipped toward the Orient again. Constantinople became accordingly the center of exchange, and for several centuries financial control and political power proceeded from the Eastern Empire. Is this such an exception as to prove the rule? It seems to me so, for I foresee just such another reversal of the established procedure before us to-day, accompanied by a corresponding shifting of the center of exchange. But this is anticipating.

Let us leave the ancient world and start afresh from the Middle Ages. The crusades had the effect of turning the balance of trade once more toward the west, with the result that the center of exchange shifted in the selfsame direction,—from Constantinople



to Venice and Genoa, up the Danube and down the Rhine, to Hamburg and to Antwerp and Amsterdam on the North Sea shores. In accordance with the aforesaid procedure, financial control and political power followed suit. Then came the voyages of the fifteenth century and the subsequent oversea conquests. These had the effect of tipping the balance of trade still further toward the west,—in favor of England finally. Purchasing power accumulated accordingly in the British Isles, and from England as the center of exchange financial control extended outward in all directions across the seas. The course of empire kept pace with this procedure, so such is the state and extent of British imperialism to-day.

And yet, if I read aright some recent statistical handwriting on the ancient historical wall, in a few short months striking changes are destined to occur. There are indications of another alteration in the balance of trade, not in favor of the Occident as heretofore, but in favor of the Orient again. If so, the center of exchange should shift, not from London across the Atlantic, as is so confidently expected, but from London across the Channel to Berlin, I suppose. Should such a shifting occur, financial control and political power would follow suit as of old; whereupon British imperialism would decline and German imperialism approach the apogee of its career. All of this is out of focus with Bishop Berkeley's philosophical vision, but quite in accordance with the economic factors involved. Furthermore, these changes that I foresee can be predicted with considerable accuracy, I believe, by the use of an economic key which explains the complexity of the commercial code. History has handed us this key: *That which is recently written is a continuation of, and consequently in accordance with, that which is already recorded.* The code thus explained is not so complicated, consisting simply of three interconnected terms: *the balance of trade, the center of exchange, and the age-old antithesis between exploitation and production.*

By either of these means—exploitation or production—a favorable balance of trade can be acquired; but not by either of these means—exploitation or production—can such favorable balance be secured. Think first of exploitation and its several sorts,—forceful, feudal, and financial, the exploitation of natural resources and the exploitation of inferior folk; it is easy to see how a favorable balance can be acquired by such exploitative means. But in order to secure such favorable balance, productive activities are required, along the lines of intensive agriculture, the arts and crafts, and industry and commerce besides; for such activities produce an ex-

portable surplus, in the form of fine products and finished goods; and it is chiefly through the exportation of these small and expensive commodities, in exchange for food-stuffs and raw materials which are both bulky and cheap, that a favorable balance of trade is secured. To be convinced of this you have only to consider some significant examples in the order of their historical development.

Babylon not only acquired but also secured her favorable balance by productive means, so also Tyre and Sidon, and Corinth and Athens. These ancient centers of civilization undertook intensive agriculture and developed the arts and crafts. The surplus derived from these activities they exported in their own ships to the Indian and Mediterranean markets. Through such productive procedure these classic city states secured for themselves a favorable balance of trade, and each in its historical turn came to constitute in consequence one of the westerly-shifting centers of exchange. Like the British empire of our day, the Alexandrine empire of old endeavored to combine both exploitative and productive means, with just about the same success to start with and similar disaster in the end; whereas Rome, like the Spanish empire of the seventeenth century, confined herself from the first, and continued to confine herself, exclusively to exploitation both of natural resources and of inferior folk—which exploitation was in first instance forceful, and finally financial in character. With what result? The inevitable when an economic system is out of accord with the commercial code. In the end Rome lost the favorable balance she had acquired by exploitation, but failed through production to secure. If, instead of persisting in their policy of exploitation, the Romans had gone over into production, undertaken intensive agriculture, and manufactured finished products for export sale, they would then undoubtedly have secured for many more centuries their extraordinarily favorable balance of trade. As it was, the huge sums of gold and silver, accumulated in Rome through forceful and financial exploitation, flowed out along the Mediterranean trade routes toward the productive areas of the East, in an ever-swelling stream, to pay for the finely finished products exploitative imperialism was unable to provide. Rather than read the handwriting on the wall, Constantine saw a sign in the sky, *in hoc signo vinces*, which economically, if somewhat facetiously, interpreted would seem to signify: "Emperor, pack your political kit and trek for the center of exchange." This, at any rate, is precisely what the emperor did, because the balance of trade was then about

the Bosphorus. And after this, for centuries, the emperor's eponymic city continued to constitute the center of finance and exchange. All of which is extremely significant to those of us who are endeavoring to decipher the recent handwriting on the ancient historical wall.

While the East was thus engaged in productive activities centering around Constantinople, the West was given over again to exploitation, on the part of European barbarians, which exploitation was first forceful, then feudal in character. During all these dark ages in Europe the only productive activities of any consequence were those carried on by the church. Then came the crusades, which extended Western exploitation over the East again, to include all the Levant, and ultimately Constantinople itself. Thus the exploitative West found itself once more in contact with the productive activities of the East and with the center of exchange. At this favorable juncture the Renaissance Italians showed themselves wiser than their Roman predecessors; for, instead of pursuing the exploitative policy of the West, they imitated the productive activities of the East. The example thus set by the Italian cities was followed by their Teutonic successors, the Swabian and Rhenish Confederacies, the Hanseatic League, and finally the United Netherlands. Thus, through the productive activities of these Italian and Teutonic peoples, intensive agriculture, the arts and crafts, industry and commerce were extended from the eastern to the western Mediterranean, up the Danube and down the Rhine, and along the Baltic coast lines to the North Sea shores. In this way the balance of trade which the crusaders had acquired by exploitation was secured through production, and the center of exchange shifted accordingly, from Constantinople to Venice and Genoa, thence to Hamburg and Lübeck, and finally to Antwerp and Amsterdam.

Nevertheless, and all the while, exploitation proceeded as before; only in altogether different directions, and on a very much larger scale,—this because of the voyages of discovery and the subsequent oversea conquests, which opened up for European exploitation the Far West on the one side and the Far East on the other. Owing to their geographical position the Spaniards were the first to enter these immensely enlarged fields. Like their Roman predecessors, who were warriors at the outset and usurers in the end, the Spanish conquerors and inquisitors confined themselves exclusively to exploitation. Beginning with the productive activities of the Moors in the Iberian peninsula, such exploitation on the Spaniards' part extended over the Atlantic to include the natural

resources and accumulated treasure of the Aztecs and Incas of ancient America, and reached its relentless extreme over the agriculture and industry of the United Netherlands. It was through such forceful exploitation that Spain acquired temporarily her favorable balance of trade, and for a short space of time Cadiz competed with Amsterdam as the center of finance and exchange.

At this historical stage in the age-old antithesis England entered in, as an exploiter to begin with, but as a producer by the way. In which respect the British empire of our day is like the Alexandrine empire of old,—based upon exploitation but built up by production, built up however only to a limited extent, and in such a restricted way, that production is confined to the tight little island, whereas exploitation is extended across all the seas.

Considering such exploitation on Great Britain's part, you will find it has proceeded along the same old lines, extending from forceful, through feudal, to financial exploitation, and including not only the exploitation of natural resources but also the exploitation of inferior folk. Natural resources are unable to resist, they can only revenge themselves through diminishing returns; however there are inferior folk to be reckoned with, and opposing powers besides. In this case inferior folk resisted British exploitation to the best of their ability, witness at home the Irish, and the Indians and others abroad. Opposing powers also presented such obstacles as they were able to on all sides,—Russia on the east, the United States on the west, the African republics on the south, to say nothing of smaller states here and there. Nevertheless, in spite of internal resistance and external opposition, British exploitative imperialism prevailed from the sixteenth century on, and with such success that by the beginning of the nineteenth century exploitation had extended itself from the British Isles outward in every direction to the uttermost parts of the earth. It was through such exploitative procedure—by carrying further forward the exploitative policy inaugurated by Rome and continued so successfully by Spain—that Great Britain acquired her favorable balance of trade.

The balance thus acquired by exploitation Great Britain endeavored through production to secure, though not, be it said, with the same success, owing to inefficiency and diminishing returns. But before taking account of these restricting factors we should retrace our steps and pick up the course of Great Britain's productive career. Originating in intensive agriculture and the arts and crafts, productive activities develop along industrial lines and culminate, as I have shown, in commercial expansion. The geograph-

ical axis of these activities is from southeast to northwest; their historical course in this direction we have already traced, from Mesopotamia and Asia Minor in the southeast, northwestward across the Mediterranean to Southern Europe, thence up the Danube and down the Rhine, to the Baltic coast lands and the shores of the North Sea. Therewith we arrive at the starting-point of Great Britain's productive career. From these northwesterly outposts of agriculture, industry and commerce productive activities were carried over into England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by Hanseatic merchants and Flemish manufacturers proceeding from the Baltic coast lands and the North Sea shores. Finding a congenial climate across the Channel, and a soil richly replenished from year to year by oversea exploitation, productive activities took root in England and thrived to such an extent that they were soon able to hold their own against their continental competitors. First the Dutch were defeated, then the French were forced to succumb. In short, such was the success of this so-called "nation of shop-keepers" that by the beginning of the nineteenth century British productive activities stood unquestionably supreme. From this time forth England produced an increasing exportable surplus, consisting for the most part of manufactured goods, which she continued to send abroad to the colonial and foreign markets of the world, in her own ships, across seas which she had succeeded in reducing to her exclusive control. It was in this way, by continually extending her productive activities, along the lines laid down by the city states of the ancient and medieval worlds, that Great Britain has been able to secure thus far her favorable balance of trade.

However, had it been simply a question of England's productive activities over against those of the European continent, I doubt very much whether Great Britain would ever have secured such a commanding position in the commercial world. Certainly the productive activities established on either side of the Rhine were more advisedly conceived and far better organized than those that developed in the British Isles. On the other hand, insular England possessed the advantage of an exploitative base abroad, whence she was able to derive, not only foodstuffs and raw materials in unlimited quantities, but also a considerable portion of the capital required to carry on her productive activities at home. Thus if I am right in my conjecture—and it seems verisimilar—the secret of Great Britain's success is to be sought not so much in her insular productive activities as in her exploitative base abroad. Whence I would con-

clude: Not altogether through exploitation, nor yet by production alone, but rather by a judicious combination of the two, has Great Britain been able to acquire, and thus far to secure, her favorable balance of trade. With the results already stated: England has come in our day to constitute the center of exchange; from Lombard Street, London, financial control at present proceeds.

There are evidences however of an impending change; if you can not read the writing on the wall, surely you can see the signs in the sky! As I foresee them, these changes are the inevitable outcome of another alteration in the age-old antithesis between exploitation and production, and in accordance with the operation of an inexorable law: *Exploitation allows inefficiency and leads to diminishing returns; whereas production requires efficiency and tends toward increasing returns.*

To acquire the proper perspective, look back along the historical line. Having unduly extended her exploitative base and unwisely restricted her productive activities, Great Britain is facing just such a disaster as confronted the Alexandrine empire of old. Diminishing returns have long since set in from abroad; inefficiency is becoming increasingly evident at home; and, naturally enough, these two factors,—diminishing returns on the one hand, and inefficiency on the other,—have already begun to affect Great Britain's favorable balance of trade. Formerly preponderant, this balance is no longer so large and is rapidly becoming less; to be convinced of this you have only to observe the declining tendency of sterling exchange. And what is the result? The inevitable when an economic system is out of accordance with the commercial code. As Roman gold flowed out in ancient times, even so is British gold flowing out in our day, along the trade routes, in an ever-swelling stream. Before the European conflict the outflow was smaller, and chiefly toward the east, in payment for such productive peace-goods as English industrialism was unable to supply; since the European conflict the outflow is larger, and chiefly toward the west, in payment for such destructive war-goods as British imperialism is unable to provide. These disturbances in the balance of trade have begun to produce their effects. One of these effects is to re-arouse the resistance of inferior folk both at home and abroad. So it was with Rome of old, so it is with England to-day. On the verge of revolt are the Irish and the laboring classes of the British Isles, and also the Indians, the Egyptians, and others across the seas; the colonials are still loyal, to be sure, but the disaster is only imminent as yet. Another of these effects is to stimulate the opposition of competing powers,

and here again Rome serves as an enlightening example. In Great Britain's case such opposition proceeds, as of old, from the European continent. Only, in this twentieth century such opposition is represented, no longer by the Dutch and the French, but by the two Teutonic powers established upon the banks of the Danube and the Rhine.

As I take it, these Teutonic powers are the legitimate successors, and therewith also the modern representatives, of the productive activities of the ancient and medieval worlds. Consider with me a moment the elements that go to establish such a claim. Geographically speaking, the Teutonic allies are even now in practical control, after the war is ended they will probably be in complete control, of all that productive territory extending in a southeasterly-northwesterly direction from the mouth of the Persian Gulf to the shores of the North Sea, and this in spite of exploitation on both sides! Ethnically speaking, the Teutonic people appear to have inherited the homely virtues and to have acquired the cosmopolitan; in consequence whereof they are not only frugal and industrious but ambitious and expansive to boot. Then again they are both imitative and ingenious, apt at education, prone to cooperation, and imbued with the spirit of patriotism besides. Geographic and ethnic antecedents induce economic and political consequences. Thus in an economic sense the Germans have shown themselves to be thoroughly efficient along agricultural, industrial, and commercial lines; to say anything of their artistic ability and scientific capacity would be superfluous in this connection. And finally, from the political point of view, the royal and imperial governments of these Teutonic powers have proved themselves competent not only to encourage and direct but also to advance and uphold the productive activities of their peoples.

I am not in the least prejudiced in behalf of the Teutons; the facts themselves establish my claim that Austria and Germany are the legitimate successors and modern representatives of the productive activities of the ancient and medieval worlds. Nor need I speak of them any longer in the plural. Germans and Austrians have a common language and literature, a common consciousness of rights and wrongs; therefore they should be considered as a single people; and as a unified power withal, inasmuch as the old antagonism between Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns is a thing of the past, and the two powers are now in the closest sort of economic and political accord. Therefore such expressions as "the Germans" and

"the German empire" comprise both the Teutonic peoples and both the Teutonic powers. And so to proceed.

Excluded from exploitation by opposing powers, the Germans have confined themselves from the first, and continue to confine themselves, exclusively to production. Production requires efficiency and tends toward increasing returns; you have only to apply the test. For so efficient have the Germans become in their productive activities that, from a comparatively restricted and relatively unfavorable environment, they have succeeded in extracting progressively increasing returns; this you will see by consulting their statistics of wealth and population. Whereas diminishing returns and inefficiency arouse resistance from inferior folk, increasing returns and efficiency encourage cooperation among equals. So it has always been among productive peoples of the past, so it is among the German producers to-day. Working all together, with comparatively little friction or internal dissension, these Germans have succeeded in producing a large and diversified exportable surplus, consisting of fine products and finished goods, containing relatively high value in comparatively small compass, and this, be it said in passing, in spite of the fact that, for the lack of an exploitative base, or even colonial possessions, they have been compelled to import a considerable portion of their foodstuffs and raw materials from alien lands. The surplus thus derived from their productive activities, up to the outbreak of the European war, the Germans exported, not only to the continental markets but also over the seas, in their own ships, to the colonial and foreign markets of the world. Successful in their competition with other commerical countries, they were just about to acquire, and to secure by the way, their favorable balance of trade, when the jealousy of productive rivals was aroused and the opposition of exploitative powers appeared. I use the plural in this instance because, besides the British, the French should be considered as a competing productive people, and the Russians as an opposing exploitative power. But France and Russia are England's allies in this struggle, and, when all is said, Great Britain really represents all that now remains of productive competition and exploitative opposition to Germany's imperial designs. In the way of productive competition England was already worsted when the war broke out, owing, as I have said, to inefficiency and diminishing returns. Thus the issue seems to have resolved itself at last into a colossal struggle between British exploitative imperialism on the one side and German productive imperialism on the other.

Having already regarded the declining state of British exploita-



tive imperialism, let us now consider the promising condition of German productive imperialism, in order to effect some sort of a comparison between these colossal opponents. In spite of their successes on land, the Germans have suffered excessively from their enemy's continued control of the seas. With their ships interned and their carrying trade destroyed, with their imports and exports shut off by the British blockade, confined to their own country and ringed around by enemies on all sides, it seemed indeed impossible for the Germans to forestall disaster, much less secure success. That they have more than maintained their position so far, goes to show the possibilities of productive procedure, the power of efficiency, and the resource of increasing returns. Instead of exploiting, Germany has conserved and developed her natural resources, with the result that she became practically self-sufficing before the war, and since the war she has shown herself to be completely self-sufficing. Instead of exploiting, Germany has educated and organized her increasing population (she does not regard her subjects as inferior folk either at home or abroad), with the result that all classes of society proved themselves competent, and showed themselves willing to cooperate toward the imperial ideal. To be sure, there was some internal dissension, and considerable discontent, on the part of the Social Democrats particularly, before the war; but since the war internal differences appear to be obliterated, and all factions seem to be consistently supporting the imperial cause.

Let us see then what such patriotic cooperation has already accomplished, first on the field of arms. For one thing, Russia, Great Britain's exploitative ally, has been driven back beyond her borders, and to all intents and purposes eliminated from the struggle. This relieves Germany from further exploitative pressure on the east. Then again, considerable territory has been added by the force of arms to Germany's productive base, to wit, productive Belgium, productive Poland, the most productive portion of France, and the potential Balkan peninsula also, even to Constantinople, the ancient center of exchange. Now pass over to the agricultural and industrial domains. Practically self-sufficing before the war, Germany has apparently become completely self-sufficing since the war. At any rate, in spite of embargoes and blockades, she seems to be able not only to provide for her armies on the frontiers but also to support her non-combatants within the country. It is a question in this case of the foodstuffs, the raw materials, and the capital required to carry on her productive activities at home and continue

her military campaigns abroad; all these Germany appears to possess in sufficiency, even after a year and a half of destructive and expensive warfare. In evidence of all this you have only to consider the existing situation, and examine particularly the financial condition of the Reichsbank, together with the comparative rate of Berlin exchange. Over against the condition of the Bank of England and the state of sterling exchange, the comparison is significant and practically tells the entire tale. In short, so far as I can see, German productive imperialism appears to be in a surprisingly favorable position and apparently well able to hold its own, in war times now as in peace times before, against its arch-antagonist, British exploitative imperialism. Such is the existing stage of the age-old antithesis between exploitation and production.

I have consumed more space than I intended in tracing the historical course of this antithesis,—from Babylon and Assyria of the ancients to Germany and Great Britain to-day,—but even with the use of the economic key it takes some time to explain the complexities of the commercial code. And now by way of reiteration I may repeat that *that which is recently written is a continuation of, and consequently in accordance with, that which is already recorded.* Having run over that which is already recorded, you should be able to read that which is recently written, in the light of the inexorable law: *Exploitation allows inefficiency and leads to diminishing returns; whereas production requires efficiency and tends toward increasing returns.* By the use of this economic key the commercial situation becomes clearly defined. British exploitative imperialism has long since reached its apogee and is already on its downward course; whereas German productive imperialism is steadily rising and about to approach the climax of its career. Such is the alteration in the age-old antithesis which is soon to show its effects. Even before the war the comparative position of the two powers was evident enough in commercial competition; so far as the war has proceeded you can see the same situation in the shock of arms; after the war is ended the future relation between British exploitative and German productive imperialism will be definitely established. The economic elements are all in order, the commercial change is soon to occur. Already the balance of trade has commenced to tip, not, as was normally to be expected, toward the west, because of exploitation, but, somewhat exceptionally, toward the east, on account of production. This tipping of the balance of trade presages a further shifting of the center of exchange, not however from England across the Atlantic to America, but from England

across the Channel to the continent of Europe again. This is out of focus, of course, with Bishop Berkeley's philosophical vision, but in accordance, it seems to me, with the economic factors involved. Then too, and for the self-same reasons, such a reversal of the established procedure has already occurred once before, when the balance of trade turned against the western Mediterranean, and the center of exchange shifted accordingly from Rome to Constantinople. And therewith went also financial control and political power to boot.

What then are we to expect of financial control in this present case, and the political power to be derived therefrom? This depends primarily upon the future policy of the United States.

In the past we Americans have been complacently satisfied with exploitation, the exploitation of the natural resources and also the inferior folk of our country. So far, to be sure, we have succeeded in extracting increasing returns, and have become fairly efficient withal. But before long, diminishing returns are sure to set in, and already our inefficiency is becoming apparent along several lines. Then again our exploitative dependence upon Great Britain is a thing to be deplored; perhaps in the future we shall undertake to compete with productive Germany. We could do so on even terms, under free trade, by abandoning exploitation for all time. Thus by imitating and carrying still further forward the productive activities of continental Europe we should be able to tip the balance of trade in our favor at last and finally become the center of exchange. In which case financial control would extend in the future from the Mississippi valley, and political power proceed over all the New World and out across the Pacific. Such was Bishop Berkeley's prophecy. Not by exploitation, however, but only through production shall this prophecy be fulfilled, and Time's noblest offspring finally accomplish the apotheosis of America. But the details of all this would require more space than I have at my disposal.

## MR. GORHAM REPLIES TO MR. MATTERN.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

Presuming upon your willingness to give an opponent a hearing, I beg you to allow me a few lines of reply to Mr. Johannes Mattern's article in *The Open Court* for December.

To rebut the charges of German atrocities by the evidence of people who did not happen to see them is a cheap and easy way of getting rid of unpleasant accusations. Why Mr. Mattern should accept German evidence against Belgians while rejecting Belgian evidence against Germans I fail to understand. After making every possible allowance for exaggeration, falsehood, and hysteria in the atrocity stories, the balance against Germany remains terribly heavy. For what were the Germans doing in Belgium at all? Mr. Mattern looks with equanimity upon their insolent and treacherous invasion of a weak state whose integrity they were pledged to defend, and he thus assumes resistance to crime to be itself a crime. But the inhabitants of an invaded country have a natural right to resist by every means in their power, and this right has been more or less clearly recognized by all civilized nations. No nation has recognized it so explicitly as Germany. In April 1813 the *Landsturm* law was passed by Prussia as a measure of defense against the French under Napoleon. Article 1 of this law, which has never been repealed, runs thus: "Every citizen is required to oppose the invader with *all the arms* at his disposal, and to prejudice him *by all available means.*"<sup>1</sup> And article 39 says: "The *Landsturm* will not wear uniforms, in order that it may not be recognizable."

Is it not evident that in this war Germany is disregarding her own military laws whenever she thinks proper to do so; that in fact she has one law for herself and another for her adversaries? Germany may strike as hard as she pleases, but the enemy is a criminal if he strikes back.

Civilians who take part in war do so, of course, at their own risk, but they have a right to expect that repressive measures will be adopted with some regard to justice. No reasonable person can see any approximation to justice in wholesale destruction and slaughter because of a few random shots without the least attempt

<sup>1</sup> This disposes of the admissions by Belgian newspapers which a superfluous industry has collected.

to ascertain whether they were fired by civilians or soldiers, or in the various abuses of the white flag, the employment of women and children as "shields" to avert hostile fire, in the shelling of defenseless watering-places, in the torpedoing of passenger vessels, and other well-known German devices which Mr. Mattern discreetly passes over in silence.

Mr. Mattern also ignores the fact that the present-day German conception of war involves and excuses the outrages which he discredits. These outrages are so much the more reprehensible that they are part of a system; they have been committed in cold blood and by the orders of superior officers. The Kaiser's exhortations to "frightfulness," the order of General Stenger that prisoners were to be put to death, the innumerable demands of German publicists for relentless punishment of all who dare to resist Germany, cannot be supposed to have had no effect upon the German armies.

It is quite true that I attach to the Bryce report a credence which I should not give to pro-German assertions. Let it be assumed, however, that the whole of the Belgian and British evidence in the report is a malicious concoction. How does Mr. Mattern explain away the evidence of the German diaries, photographs of which are given? One of these diaries mentions three instances of German troops firing at one another. Here is an extract from the note-book of a Saxon officer: "A cyclist fell off his machine, and his rifle went off. He immediately said he had been shot at. *All the inhabitants were burnt in the houses.*" Another officer remarks: "Our men had behaved like regular Vandals." Some firing having come from a convent, all the women and children found there were shot. The writer in the one case says: "In future we shall have to hold an inquiry as to their guilt instead of shooting them." (!) Does any military law authorize such crimes?

A peculiar frame of mind appears to be revealed in Mr. Mattern's suggestion that a sentence of mine should be amended to read that the German troops left their own country provided with the means of "relentless retribution for unlawful attacks" by civilians. Not *just* retribution, be it observed, but *relentless* retribution. I do not accept the amendment, nor can I understand why the need for "retribution" should have been foreseen, except on the supposition that outrages by the troops were contemplated and encouraged. And "unlawful attacks"! Who says it was unlawful for the Belgians to defend their homes and families? Unlawful in what sense? It was no violation of mutually understood rights, but it

was (if it occurred) a violation of an unwritten military usage which has not even the sanction of German military law.

Mr. Mattern considers that a quotation from the *New Statesman* (dating prior to the publication of the Bryce report) in which a general scepticism as to atrocity stories is recommended "disposes of the myth" of certain incidents detailed in the report. It is indeed an "intelligent anticipation" which is able in January to refute statements that were published only in the following May. The *New Statesman* was, of course, right in deprecating belief in stories and rumors which had no evidence behind them, and some of which proved to be untrue. But when the matter had been investigated by a thoroughly competent and trustworthy commission, and an immense body of evidence proved that shocking excesses had been committed, the case assumed a different complexion. Mr. Mattern must know that a general warning against credulity cannot possibly "dispose of" specific charges formulated some months later. Without reflecting upon his honesty, however, I will remind him that the fact of some stories being found false is no disproof of other stories which have been found true by the evidence of eye-witnesses and by the admissions of Germans themselves. To insinuate any comparison between the incident related by Mr. Powell, in which no lives were lost, with the excesses actually admitted by the German diaries and note-books, shows that strange perversion of the reasoning faculty exhibited by so many German apologists.

Mr. Mattern's concluding sentence further illustrates his mentality. It is an implication that extreme severity in war is the speediest method of abolishing war. Experience proves the direct contrary; it proves that cruelty arouses a bitter spirit of revenge, and leads inevitably to terrible reprisals. When the Allies have it in their power they will be within their rights if they inflict upon Germany the severities which she is prompt to inflict upon others. How will the Germans like their own medicine?

LONDON, E. C., Jan. 8, 1916.

CHAS. T. GORHAM.

P. S. As the quotation from the *New Statesman* is somewhat misleading I add a passage from a recent issue of that paper: "Then came the horrors of Belgium—perhaps the most cold-blooded and disciplined savageries in the history of modern civilization. What made them uniquely horrible, according to the greater part of the English press, was that, so far from being the work of an undisciplined horde, they were perpetrated by a disciplined army at the command of its superior officers."

*Reprinted from The Dial, April 16, 1916*

# Inter Arma Caritas<sup>\*</sup>

By WALDO R. BROWNE

*Editor of The Dial*

If any remnants of human wisdom survive the era of murder and hysteria through which the world is now passing, it will be universally recognized that one great task must take precedence over all others,—the task of internationalism. Somehow, and soon, the ideal of human fraternity must be brought to prevail over the outworn creeds of nationalism and individualism. In that remote past of less than a score of months ago, we prided ourselves that progress had been made on that road, and that certain seemingly powerful influences—Christianity, Socialism, the comity of literature and art and science—were working on our side. What a ghastly jest now seems that belief! Almost with the first call to battle, we saw all the basic tenets of Christianity flouted and denied by the great majority of its followers,—its Master degraded to the office of a regimental chaplain, blessing the men and weapons that went forth to violate His injunction, "Thou shalt not kill!" We saw international Socialism, founded in the faith that the workers of all nations are comrades in a common cause, go down like a house of

cards, its adherents as ferocious as any in the work of mutual extermination. We saw the intellectuals of every country,—poets, novelists, philosophers, scientists, all who labor to keep alive those impartial fires that light and warm the spirit of man in its upward struggle,—we saw these consecrating their gifts to the fostering of hatred and bitterness, selling their intellectual birthright for the pottage of a recruiting sergeant. And for those who still hold faithful to the vision of human brotherhood, it is these things—no less than the bloody interminable harvest of the machine gun, the broken hearts and ruined lives, the desolated towns, the starving millions—that over-run the cup of tragedy in these black days.

But the cause of internationalism, though for the moment defeated, is far from being crushed. The very disaster which seems to overwhelm it will yet prove its mightiest ally, for it will unseal the sight of even the dullest-witted to the utter impossibility of going on with the old system of sectional rancours and jealousies and misunderstandings which has resulted in this cataclysm. From every corner of Europe are beginning to be heard the voices of those who believe with Jaurés that "the need of unity is the profound-

<sup>\*</sup>ABOVE THE BATTLE. Translated from the French of Romain Rolland. With an Introduction by C. K. Ogden. Chicago: \$1.00 net. The Open Court Publishing Co.

est and noblest of the human mind,"—those who will not be swept off their feet by the whirlwind of popular passions, who will not hate their fellows at the command of government or press, who will not turn traitor to their own ideals in the hour when those ideals are in direst peril.

Of these free and firm spirits of Europe, the foremost is Romain Rolland, whose scattered writings on the war are now brought together and published, in adequate translation, under the title, "Above the Battle." Readers of "Jean-Christophe" will recall the prophecy in that book of the present *débâcle*, and know with what earnestness M. Rolland has striven to rouse the young men of Europe to a realization of their danger. Aware of the gathering tempest, he prepared himself to meet it; and while it has raged, almost alone among the intellectual leaders of the day, he has kept his moral integrity without taint of compromise, in the face of calumny and insult unstinted. From the neutral ground of Switzerland, where he gives the greater part of his time to the beneficent work of the *Agence internationale des prisonniers de guerre*, he looks down upon the battle with spirit purged of hatred, endeavoring to understand and to make his fellows understand its significance and its lessons.

We have said that M. Rolland has suffered insult and calumny at the hands of his countrymen. Worst of all, he has been condemned without a hearing. For

nearly a year, as he tells us, "no one in France could know my writings except through scraps or phrases arbitrarily extracted and mutilated by my enemies." But these scraps and phrases were sufficient to show that he had not surrendered his ideals and his intelligence, that he refused to be blindly implacable toward the enemy, and so the hue and cry was roused against him. The time is surely coming when every generous Frenchman will blush with shame at the memory of such treatment accorded to the man whom France should most honor. No indictment of German militarism could be less compromising, no praise of the noblest French traditions more just, than M. Rolland's; his crime, in the eyes of his countrymen, is that he refuses to hate wholeheartedly, and to renounce all allegiance save that to the French cause. But to M. Rolland, the tragedy of this war is the tragedy of humanity as a whole. He believes that "each of the nations is being menaced in its dearest possessions—in its honor, its independence, its life." His heart goes out to the young men, not of his own country only, but of all countries, who immolate themselves upon a common altar.

"O young men that shed your blood with so generous a joy for the starving earth! O heroism of the world! What a harvest for destruction to reap under this splendid summer sun! Young men of all nations, brought into conflict by a common ideal, making enemies of those who should be brothers; all of you, marching to your death, are dear to me. Slavs, hastening to the aid of your race; Englishmen fighting for honor and right; intrepid Belgians who dared to oppose the Teutonic colossus, and defend against him the Thermopylæ of the



West; Germans fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche; and you, above all, my young compatriots, in whom the generation of heroes of the Revolution lives again; you, who for years have confided your dreams to me, and now, on the verge of battle, bid me a sublime farewell."

And as a complement to this, let us quote one more passage, which we of this country now need to take to heart even more than those for whom the words were written:

"While the war tempest rages, uprooting the strongest souls and dragging them along in its furious cyclone, I continue my humble pilgrimage, trying to discover beneath the ruins the rare hearts who have remained faithful to the old ideal of human fraternity. What a sad joy I have in collecting and helping them!

"I know that each of their efforts—like mine—that each of their words of love, rouses and turns against them the hostility of the two hostile camps. The combatants, pitted against each other, agree in hating those who refuse to hate. Europe is like a besieged town. Fever is raging. Whoever will not rave like the rest is suspected. And in these hurried times when justice cannot wait to study evidence, every suspect is a traitor. Whoever insists, in the midst of war, on defending peace among men knows that he risks his own peace, his reputation, his friends, for his belief. But of what value is a belief for which no risks are run?

"Certainly it is put to the test in these days, when every day brings the echo of violence, injustice, and new cruelties. But was it not still more tried when it was entrusted to the fishermen of Judea by him whom humanity pretends to honor still—with its lips more than with its heart? The rivers of blood, the burnt towns, all the atrocities of thought and action, will never efface in our tortured souls the luminous track of the Galilean barque, nor the deep vibrations of the great voices which from across the centuries proclaim reason as man's true home. You choose to forget them, and to say (like many writers of today) that this war will begin a new era in the history of mankind, a reversal of former values, and that from it alone will future progress be dated. That is always the language of passion. Passion passes away. Reason remains—reason and love. Let us continue to search for their young shoots amidst the bloody ruins.

"I feel the same joy when I find the fragile and valiant flowers of human pity piercing the icy crust of hatred that covers Europe, as we feel in these chilly March days when we see the first flowers appear above the soil. They show that the warmth of life persists below the surface of the earth, that fraternal love persists below the surface of the nations, and that soon nothing will prevent it rising again."

There is little in all this which a recruiting sergeant or a leader-writer would find to his purpose; but the spirit embodied in these lines is one that shall yet redeem mankind, and make of the earth something nobler than an abattoir.

Those who read about the war for the purpose of feeding their prejudices and nourishing their hatreds will find small sustenance in M. Rolland's pages. Their spirit is as remote from the great mass of war literature as a star is remote from the sputtering gaslights of a city. No saner counsel has yet been heard above the turmoil of the conflict. Here is a book which proves that the tradition of Goethe and Carlyle is not yet dead,—that at least one man lives in the world who can speak out with something of their eloquence and their wisdom in behalf of the eternal claims of humanity.

"For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling-places: our earthly fatherland, and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend, nor fatherland, nor aught that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is the light. It is our duty to lift it above tempest, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

WALDO R. BROWNE.

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### **"Deception Is Legitimate, but It Leads to Moral Disease"**

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"The failure of the church is that it clings to archaic metaphysics and morbid poetic imaginings. It inclines to take refuge in decorums, poms, costumes and observances."

The great Zola somewhere says:

"Religions grow up because humanity thirsts after illusions."

Reference is made to Benvenuto Cellini, "whose atrocious crimes alternated with ecstasies of rapturous and triumphant piety."

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# SOCRATES

By William Ellery Leonard

An editorial on this book by Dr. Frank Crane

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Of all the souls that ever dwelt with human bodies, among all the billions that in the stretch of time have appeared on earth, not one, with the exception of Jesus, was greater than Socrates.

There is, therefore, O youth, no man you should more study to know. The more you make him your familiar the more successful you will be. I use the word "successful" carefully.

Read all you can about him. Read Plato, and Xenophon, who report him. You do not need to know Greek, though that helps; there are good English translations. If they do not interest you the first time, read them twice, thrice, twenty times, till you come up with them.

Here are some facts about him which it is hoped will pique your curiosity.

He was born of the common people, like Lincoln and Leonardo. He was the incarnation of humanity.

He never held office (but once, a minor one, temporarily). He did not seek preferment, or riches, or luxury, or Getting On. He was independently poor. Not caring for the world's gifts, he could not be bribed.

He was without fear, especially the worst fear of all, the fear to do right.

Like Jesus, he utterly trusted the higher laws of the universe, and hence refused to take any hand in "establishing righteousness by force," the persistent delusion of ignorant sincerity.

So he did not resist evil, and thought he could do more by dying beneath it than by contending against it. He, too, was a soldier of the cross. The loftiest souls have ever known that while the Sword triumphs for an hour, the Cross triumphs through the centuries.

Like Jesus, he constructed no system of thought, founded no cult, formed no organization, no institution. These came after him.

Life is strange, complex, contradictory, fluid. You cannot box it into a creed. He was like life. He walked and talked, with the great and the small, with philosophers, harness-makers, rich men, beggars, the refined and cultured, and the prostitutes. "The life of Socrates was one long conversation, as Mohammed's was one long harangue."

Yet he belonged to a narrow circle, though it be open to all comers, the circle of the enlightened. "Down through the years the ancestral clan of the enlightened has been the smallest organization on the planet."

He was dangerous, as all enlightenment is dangerous. "The absurdest superstitions may house the sturdiest ethics, and the destruction of the former is too likely for a time to turn the latter out of doors."

He is one of the chief figures, if not the chief figure, in the real history of the race, which is the history of intelligence, as opposed to that history which is but "a record of human vanities and insanities"—war.

He called himself a "midwife," because he went about to deliver people of their own ideas. He did not impart information, he made others think for themselves.

He defined virtue as knowledge. "To be just is to know what is due men, to be courageous is to know what is to be feared and what is not; to be temperate is to know how to use what is good."

He was not Hebrew, and hence did not teach that character is perfected by struggle; he was Greek, and held that character comes from the finely poised soul.

Knowledge to him was the essential. But not knowledge of mathematics, or languages or science; rather, knowledge of one's self and of moral values. A great life is impossible without great and truthful thought as its foundation. It is a fictitious grandeur that rests on non-facts or hocus-pocus, no matter how devotedly believed.

The virtue (Greek, arete) Socrates urged meant not the negative thing often implied by our word "goodness," it meant efficiency, . . . . . efficiency in perfecting self-expression for the individual, and full opportunity and equity for all citizens.

Xenophon says his formula of prayer was, "Give me that which is best for me." There can be no better.

Socrates is not obsolete. "The things he deemed good, we deem good; the righteousness he fulfilled is the same we seek to fulfill. He is the first incarnation in Europe of the moral law."

These notes I have set down after reading W. E. Leonard's "Socrates, Master of Life" (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago), a book you would do well to own. The quotations are from him.

You can judge any man pretty well by what he thinks of, and how much he knows about, Socrates.

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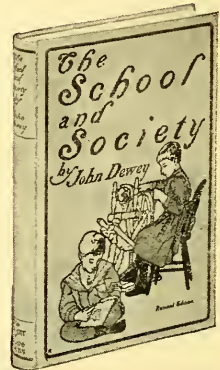
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# Carlyle and the War

By MARSHALL KELLY

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Thomas Carlyle was, without question, the greatest seer vouchsafed to the British nation during the nineteenth century. He was (perhaps for that reason) one of the few Britons who ever understood the inner Germany, who *sensed* the significance of German civilization, and who tried to interpret its moral strength and its deeper trend to his countrymen. With what ultimate abhorrence and horror he would have viewed the present war between Germany and Britain we can only guess. In "Carlyle and the War", Mr. Marshall Kelly has given us an authoritative conjecture on how Carlyle would have felt. The conjecture is authoritative because Mr. Kelly is a disciple who has steeped himself in Carlyle's spirit, has made Carlyle's points of view his own, and has so saturated himself with his master's style that his own style shows indelible traces of it.

Mr. Kelly's comments are cutting and caustic, but he speaks from the depths of a moral conviction. Carlyle's standards were, in essence, ethical. And Mr. Kelly's judgment of the war is ethical. He riddles England's sham pretense that she is the champion of small nations, and defender of civilization. He ruthlessly exposes the shuffling evasions of British statesmen. He analyzes the Ostensible Causes for which Britain fights, and finds them all compounded of deepest mendacity. He searches out the Real Causes, and names them as three in number: (1) British jealousy of Germany's increasing power, and a lust for a primitive trial of strength (when she had lined up a predominance of numbers against her foe); (2) British constitutional abhorrence of all actual sovereignty, existent in Germany alone of nations; and (3) British saturation with make-believe, and faith only in transparent humbug. The real issue of the war, as he sees it, is the Mendacity in England pitted against the Veracity in Germany.

The manner of the style, although it does not make the book easy to read, gives it a flavor of its own. All lovers of Carlyle will rejoice to see again a flash from that flaming sword which struck always for truth and right, and which carried a message to Britons which they, unfortunately for the whole world, were not wise enough to heed.

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The Reform Bill of 1832 giving universal male suffrage to Englishmen is one of the many successful measures due to his influence. He was the prime minister of England 1846-52 and 1865-66.

Bertrand Russell, author of the present book, is well known in the United States by his books and lectures on philosophy. He received the Butler medal from Columbia University last year for having done the best work in philosophy during the past five years.

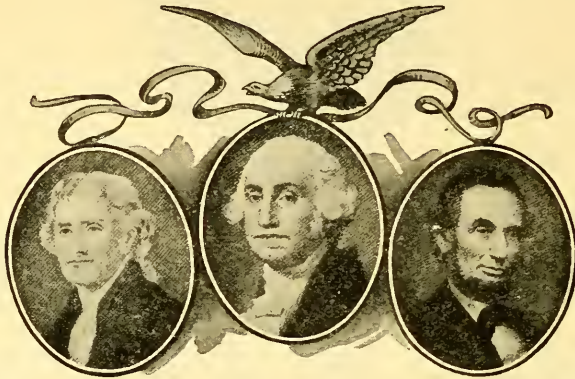
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