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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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THE New Republic is frankly an experiment. It is an attempt to find national audience for a journal of interpretation and opinion. Many people believe that such a journal is out of place in America; that if a periodical is to be popular, it must first of all be entertaining, or that if it is to be serious, it must be detached and select. Yet when the plan of The New Republic was being discussed it received spontaneous welcome from people in all parts of the country. They differed in theories and programmes; but they agreed that if The New Republic could bring sufficient enlightenment to the problems of the nation and sufficient sympathy to its complexities, it would serve all those who feel the challenge of our time. On the conviction that this is possible The New Republic is founded. Its success inevitably depends on public support, but if we are unable to achieve that success under the conditions essential to sound and disinterested thinking, we shall discontinue our experiment and make way for better men. Meanwhile, we set out with faith.

APART from the narrow margin whereby the Democrats retained control of the House of Representatives, the salient feature of the election is the apparently reactionary revulsion of popular opinion. Progressivism of all kinds has fared badly. The Progressive Party has been reduced to an insignificant remnant. The unprogressive members of the older parties are much more conspicuous on the face of the returns than are their progressive brethren. If we may judge by the fate of the proposed woman's suffrage amendments, progressive legislation has fared as ill as progressive candidates. The revulsion appears to be complete. No explanation can explain it away, but how is it to be explained?

In all probability it is more than anything else an exhibition of fatigue. Popular interest has been strained by a political agitation which has lasted too long and has made a too continuous demand upon its attention. It is tired of Congresses which do not adjourn, of questions which are always being discussed and never being settled, of supposed settlements which fail to produce the promised results, and of a ferment which yields such a small net return of good white bread. The voter whose interest is flagging reverts to his habits. He had been accustomed to vote as a member of one party when business was good, and sometimes to change over to the other party when business was bad. Business has been undeniably bad. His attention was not diverted from the business depression by the impulse of new and attractive political objects. On the contrary, progressive politics and economics had ceased to be either new or attractive. So the good voter cast his ballot as one or the other kind of a partisan, and the bi-partisan system has regained some of its old vitality. Neither should the substantial contribution which President Wilson has made to this result be overlooked. His scrupulous loyalty to his own party, and his determination to govern by means of a partisan machine and the use of partisan discipline, has resulted in the recrudescence of merely partisan Republicanism, and the increased political importance to the individual voter of a close connection with one of the two dominant parties.

THE severest blow which non-partisan progressivism received at the elections came from the apparently successful Senatorial candidacies of Sherman in Illinois, Gallinger in New Hampshire, and Penrose in Pennsylvania. These three gentlemen are all of them machine politicians with unsavory records, who represent everything most obnoxious to an American progressive. They were to a considerable extent opposed by the progressive elements in their own parties. Yet they were all nominated and elected by popular vote, and no adherent of popular government can question their title to their offices. The meaning of the lesson is unmistakable. Direct primaries and the direct popular election of Senators will not contribute much to the triumph of genuine political and social democracy so long as partisan allegiance remains the dominant fact in the voter's mind. Bi-partisanship will con-

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tinue until the end of time to produce its crop of Penroses and Gallingers. Nor can the bi-partisan system be broken down by occasional outbreaks of non-partisanship. That was the delusion of the former Mugwumps. The average American voter will cease to be partisan only in so far as political and social agitation uncover for him positive objects of political action which retain his interest and command his allegiance. For the time being, his interest is relaxed and he is drifting back to his former habits, but he is as certain to recover his interest as the grass is to grow after rain. It is only the old and the sick and the feeble who do not recover from fatigue and yield once again to the temptation and stimulus of positive political and social effort.

A RECORD of more than fifty volumes having already been produced under the bored attention of a Referee, the government dissolution suit against the U. S. Steel Corporation has at last straggled into the United States Circuit Court. Argument was begun a fortnight ago. Judges and counsel; clerks and secretaries; and stenographers who have grown up, married and settled down on the job; plaintiff, defendant and newspaper readers, all know that the decision, whatever it is, will no sooner be announced than preparations will begin for carrying the case to the Supreme Court. There the same record, built upon still more vertiginously, will appear again; the same counsel will present the same arguments; the same clerks, the same secretaries, the same stenographers, their progeny increased, will transcribe the same testimony; and Bill the Lizard, writing with his finger on the slate, may be expected to go on writing the evidence quite in the manner of the famous case of the Queen's tarts.

IT is rumored that a certain number of American statesmen are acquainted with the fact that the war was certain to produce severe unemployment this winter. You might think this knowledge would have cast a slight shadow over the congratulation which the Democratic Congress bestowed upon itself, that it might have received at least a little comment from the candidates, and some concerted thought from the states. Yet instead of adequate provision, what we seem to be witnessing is the usual drift into the suffering of the winter, amidst the appointment of hasty commissions to investigate, and the threats and shouts of the I. W. W. Public officials will feel themselves abused for not being able to do what they don't know how to do; there will be a scurry to provide beds and food; a few anemic employment bureaus will lift their timid heads.

And all the while the damning fact will remain that the problem could have been foreseen, that the first steps in its treatment are known. How then shall we explain to the men who are out of work why no adequate labor exchanges exist, why no form of insurance has ever been publicly discussed? What answer shall we make to their own simple diagnosis, which says that mayors and governors and legislatures are afraid to attack the private employment agencies or that the great mass of people are too preoccupied to care? They will point out that the cotton planters of the South were interesting to the whole nation; they will wonder why they, sitting dejectedly on park benches, are so little thought about. When their fighting blood stirs, and they say that they will be heard and felt, that they propose to sting us into recognition, shall we simply ask them to be quiet, to slink into corners, and to pardon us if we have failed to provide for what we could so easily have foreseen?

IT is fervently to be hoped that Switzerland will give credence to Minister Ritter's denial of attacks upon that country by the American press because it did not officially protest against the violation of Belgian territory. Whatever indiscretions may have been committed by irresponsible journals, we can assure Switzerland that there has been no organized attempt to inflame the minds of our people against that tall but thin republic. While as a nation we do not admit that Switzerland is in advance of the United States in any respect except alphabetically, we have only friendly feelings toward her, if any. We do not desire a war with Switzerland, especially at this time, when communications are so shattered that war could not be carried on with any degree of comfort. Lest this be thought national cowardice, let us hasten to add that if Switzerland invades our shores she will find us ready to a man to defend our hearthstones.

NEXT Thursday in the Southern city of Nashville the women suffragists of America meet in national convention. In view of recent political events, this may well prove to be the most momentous deliberation in the history of their cause. Up to the present the mission of the national body has been primarily educational. It is now inevitably political as well, and in this forthcoming convention it is called on to affirm its nation-wide political policy. The National Association must face the issue precipitated by the adventurous group which, adapting English tactics, attacks the Democratic party as a whole. This group frankly regards the Democratic party as "the government of the day," and seeks to drive it out of power in punishment for its failure to amend the constitution. Whether this policy is

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good or not, it is opposed to the strong non-partisan tradition of the National Association, and it is a question on which the parent body should clear its own mind. Then, again, the rival constitutional amendments need to be discussed on their merits. One, as is well known, is the straight amendment decreeing national suffrage. The other, devised last year, provides for submitting the question to the voters of each state by initiative petition. The supporters of the second amendment have national suffrage in view, but they believe the longest way round is the shortest way home. It is healthy that there should be rivalry on this question. On the question of party tactics, however, rivalry is a politer name for dissension. And if the suffrage agitation is to be anything more than political gymnastics, the less dissension and the more candid understanding, the better.

THOUGH events of historic importance are happening in Mexico to-day, it is almost impossible to find out anything about them. From the meager news which trickles into the newspapers we catch glimpses of revolutionary programs, of moving armies, of a country so profoundly disorganized that civil law has practically disappeared and all security laid at the mercy of military chiefs. We see "generals" in a convention founded on no expressed popular assent making decisions for Mexico which may at any moment provoke widespread violence and entail unforeseen international consequences. But the facts as they come through the newspapers are so bare, the interpretations are so haphazard and inadequate, that no one outside of official circles in Washington can secure any sort of consecutive impression of what is happening. We know that Huerta is gone, we gather that the Constitutionalists are divided; and there the average man's knowledge stops. He is still vaguely aware that American troops occupy Vera Cruz, but over the question of their withdrawal he has not sufficient facts to make up his mind. Yet when we remember that conditions in Mexico have several times within the last years brought us to the verge of war, that within a few months the United States has actually seized a Mexican port, the failure of the press to keep us informed seems like a wanton neglect of duty.

It is all very well to fill newspapers and magazines with denunciations of the secret and undemocratic diplomacy of Europe. So long as our own foreign relations are left in darkness Europe might well retort that it is not for us to throw stones. In regard to Mexico the newspapers have an opportunity of showing that popular diplomacy in possession of the facts is more hopeful than the European entanglements they denounce. It is no answer to say that the people are not interested in Mexico. It is the business of journalism to make important events interesting by making them intelligible, and in Mexico the possibilities are always so explosive that easy-going ignorance is out of the question. Moreover, when it is claimed that the sensations of the war in Europe make everything else dull, it would be well to remember that our greatest contribution to the world just now would be an example of how a thoroughly informed and powerful democracy can promote the national interests of a weak and struggling neighbor.

WHEN President Jackson first laid down the proposition that the President is the direct representative of the people, there was a furious outcry from Congress, and Jackson's claim was denounced as an arrogant usurpation of the constitutional prerogative of Congress. The present attitude of Congress appears to be one of acquiescence. In a recent debate Senator Thomas, of Colorado, referred to the President as one "whom the people regarded, and constantly regard more and more, as their representative, as the protector of their interests, as contradistinguished from members of Congress, who, of course, represented only states and districts in states." Nobody had a word of objection to make to this statement, although it was enough to make Clay and Webster turn over in their graves. Quite in line with the doctrine of the President as the only representative of the nation is the President's letter reviewing and commending the work of Congress, which was printed in the Record with Representative Underwood's grateful acknowledgments. It comes to this, that Congress no longer pretends to represent the general welfare, but simply local and particular interests. That being the case, there is manifest need for the adjustment of political structure to the representative function of the President. To discharge that function properly the President should have the right to introduce bills and bring them to vote. National interest should at least have as fair an opportunity of obtaining consideration as district interests.

THE opposition to a minimum wage law for women is curiously compounded of interested employers, abstract theorists and conservative and radical unionists. It presents a picture of the I. W. W., department store managers, Samuel Gompers, and a half dozen professional economists fighting side by side. The relation between republican France and autocratic Russia is a simple harmony compared to this group of allies so single-minded for such various reasons. We do not pretend to have fathomed the reasons, for they range all the way from the reasons of employers who like sweating, through those of thinkers who believe in laissez-faire, to

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those of labor unionists who wish to monopolize the interests of the workers. In this network of confused opposition the New York State Factory Investigation Commission is now hesitating. The Commission is to report to the Legislature in January, but its decision is now in the making, and there is danger that the strength of the opposition may balk its recommendations.

Against every form of opposition must be weighed the supreme fact that there are industries in this State which do not pay enough wages to support life. Even if the minimum wage did not have behind it a long record of fairly successful practice, any proposal to end such a condition would be an experiment which New York State could afford to try, and should. No other agency has yet been suggested which reaches the most deeply exploited groups of women workers, and none which proposes in direct and dignified fashion to place within the state bulwarks below which American civilization shall not sink.

To those who complain that the sweated industries could not survive, the obvious and irrefutable answer is that industries which can't support themselves are uneconomic and should not be subsidized out of the health and sanity of their employees. If any subsidy is necessary, if the real cause of bad conditions isn't an intolerable inefficiency, then the subsidy should be public and frank. To those who fear State interference the reply is that voluntary action has failed. To those who point out that much of this sweated labor is incompetent the reply is that it must either be made competent or treated openly as a public charge. To those who realize the administrative difficulties of minimum wage legislation the reply is that wisdom and skill are made by experience.

ALTHOUGH Americans have responded with splendid generosity to the appeal of the starving Belgians, it becomes daily more apparent that no merely private philanthropy will suffice to meet this stupendous relief problem. Even in times of peace, millions of Belgians, because of their poverty, are chronically underfed; to-day starvation threatens to become universal. Year by year, despite a marvelously intensive cultivation of the soil, Belgium has become increasingly dependent upon foreign nations for her food. With the nation's ports now sealed by war, its railroads wrecked, its farm-horses killed or commandeered, its cattle gone, its harvest ungathered or confiscated, there is today no food for the six or seven millions of people still huddled in the little kingdom. The cost of feeding a whole nation should not be borne entirely by philanthropic individuals.

What we propose is that Belgium's allies, England and France, deposit each month with the American government the sum of five or six million dollars, necessary for the most inadequate and partial relief of Belgian distress. Food could be shipped from this country, and by arrangement with Germany could be distributed that none of it would pass into the hands of Germans. The cost of such relief, even if it went further than mere food and amounted to one or two hundred million dollars during the year, could in the end be met by Belgium itself, or be paid for by the vanquished, and in any case it would be an inconsiderable item in the war budgets of the allied nations. The problem, however, is immediate. Unless something upon a national scale is done soon and is planned immediately, we shall witness the slow catastrophe of a whole people.

STUDENTS of financial phenomena are hard pressed for a satisfactory explanation of the increase of $111,000,000 in the gold holdings of the Imperial German Bank since the war began. Those of the Bank of England have increased even more ($162,000,000 since the low point in August), but that is different. London, though its stock exchange is closed and notwithstanding the English moratorium, is still the money center of the world, and has the power to command gold from other countries. Germany is financially and commercially isolated from all the rest of the world, save, of course, Austria, which in this matter does not count. The Imperial Bank could have built up its gold holdings only out of the national resources. What were they? It is supposed that the Kaiser's famous war chest was emptied into the Bank, but that would account for only $60,000,000, so that $50,000,000 would still remain to be accounted for. Where did that come from? One theory is that it has been "gained from the circulating medium," which is to suppose that people, instead of hoarding gold privately, have actually been surrendering it for banknotes. That is a wholly unsatisfactory explanation, one financial writer declares, "unless all previous principles of political economy have been turned upside down." And why not? One weakness of political economy has been to disregard human emotion of the sort that does not turn its principle upside down. That could easily happen, for instance, in a country where the brides prefer iron rings to gold ones, and married women send their gold bands to be melted up for the war fund, replacing them with iron, as they are doing now and as they did one hundred years ago, giving the Emperor his inspiration for that wholesale and inexhaustible symbol of distinction, the Order of the Iron Cross.

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Force and Ideas

EVERY sane person knows that it is a greater thing to build a city than to bombard it, to plough a field than to trample it, to serve mankind than to conquer it. And yet once the armies get loose, the terrific noise and shock of war make all that was valuable seem pale and dull and sentimental. Trenches and shrapnel, howitzers and forts, marching and charging and seizing—these seem real, these seem to be men's work. But subtle calculations in a laboratory, or the careful planning of streets and sanitation and schools, things which constitute the great peaceful adventure of democracy, seem to sink to so much whimpering futility.

Who cares to paint a picture now, or to write any poetry but war poetry, or to search the meaning of language, or speculate about the constitution of matter? It seems like fiddling when Rome burns. Or to edit a magazine—to cover paper with ink, to care about hopes that have gone stale, to launch phrases that are lost in the uproar? What is the good now of thinking? What is a critic compared to a battalion of infantry? This, men say, is a time for action, any kind of action. So, without a murmur, the laboratories of Europe are commandeered as hospitals, a thousand half-finished experiments abandoned. There was more for the future of the world in those experiments than we dare to calculate. They are tossed aside. The best scholarship has turned press agent to the General Staff. The hope of labor is absorbed, the great plans built on the surplus of wealth are dropped, for the armies have to be financed. Merely to exist has become a problem, to live finely seems to many a derelict hope.

Yet the fact remains that the final argument against cannon is ideas. The thoughts of men which seem so feeble are the only weapons they have against overwhelming force. It was a brain that conceived the gun, it was brains that organized the armies, it was the triumph of physics and chemistry that made possible the dreadnought. Men organized this superb destruction; they created this force, thought it, dreamed it, planned it. It has got beyond their control. It has got into the service of hidden forces they do not understand. Men can master it only by clarifying their own will to end it, and making a civilization so thoroughly under their control that no machine can turn traitor to it. For while it takes as much skill to make a sword as a ploughshare, it takes a critical understanding of human values to prefer the ploughshare.

That is why civilization seems dull and war romantic to unimaginative people. It requires a trained intelligence to realize that the building of the Panama Canal by the American Army is perhaps the greatest victory an army ever won. Yet the victories of peace are less renowned than those of war. For every hundred people who can feel the horrors of the battlefield, how many are there who feel the horror of the slum? For every hundred people who admire the organization of war, how many are there who recognize the wasteful helter-skelter of peace?

It is no wonder, then, that war, once started, sweeps everything before it, that it seizes all loyalties and subjugates all intelligence. War is the one activity that men really plan for passionately on a national scale, the only organization which is thoroughly conceived. Men prepare themselves for campaigns they may never wage, but for peace, even when they meet the most acute social crisis, they will not prepare themselves. They set their armies on a hair-trigger of preparation. They leave their diplomacy archaic. They have their troops ready to put down labor disputes; they will not think out the problems of labor. They turn men into military automata, stamp upon every personal feeling for what they call the national defence; they are too timid to discipline business. They spend years learning to make war; they do not learn to govern themselves. They ask men to die for their country; they think it a stupid strain to give time to living for it.

Knowing this, we cannot abandon the labor of thought. However crude and weak it may be, it is the only force that can pierce the agglomerated passion and wrong-headedness of this disaster. We have learnt a lesson. We know how insecurely we have been living, how grudging, poor, mean, careless has been what we call civilization. We have not known how to forestall the great calamity. We have not known enough, we have not been trained enough, ready enough, nor radical enough to make our will effective. We have taken the ideas that were thrust upon us, we have believed what we were told to believe. We have got into habits of thought when unnecessary things seemed inevitable, in panic and haste we stumbled into what we did not want.

We shall not do better in the future by more stumbling and more panic. If our thought has been ineffective we shall not save ourselves by not thinking at all, for there is only one way to break the vicious circle of action, and that is by subjecting it endlessly to the most ruthless criticism of which we are capable. It is not enough to hate war and waste, to launch one unanalyzed passion against another, to make the world a vast debating ground in which tremendous accusations are directed against the Kaiser and the financiers, the diplomatists and the gun manufacturers. The guilt is wider and deeper than that. It comes home finally to all those who live carelessly, too lazy to think,

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too preoccupied to care, afraid to move, afraid to change, eager for a false peace, unwilling to pay the daily costs of sanity.

We in America are not immune to what some people imagine to be the diseases of Europe. Nothing would be easier for us than to drift into an impossible situation, our life racked and torn within and without. We, too, have our place in the world. We have our obligations, our aggressions, our social chasms, our internal diseases. We are unready to deal with them. We are committed to responsibilities we do not understand, we are the victims of interests and deceptive ideas, and nothing but our own clarified effort can protect us from the consequences. We, too, can blunder into horror.

A Narrow Escape for the Democrats

THE returns of the election on Tuesday indicate that the Democrats have retained by a narrow margin their hold on the confidence of the country. Their majority in the House of Representatives has been cut down to the barely necessary figure. Their majority in the Senate will remain about stationary. But the loss, severe as it is, has stopped short of being disastrous. The Democrats remain in responsible and effective control of all the departments of the national government. They have managed to keep this control, as they gained it, not because anything like a majority of the voters are Democrats, but because of division among their opponents. In 1912 the larger proportion of the divided opposition were Progressives. In 1914 a vastly larger proportion are Republicans. Although the change is enormously significant, it does not affect the central fact, which is the continued ascendancy of the Democrats for at least two years more.

The Democrats deserved more success than they have obtained. The administration of President Wilson and its supporting majority in Congress have made a surprisingly good record. Their defeat at the polls would not have been a well-merited condemnation; it would have been due to a meaningless and purposeless fluctuation of popular opinion. The American people are to be congratulated on the fact that the reaction stopped short of being decisive, and that we are to be spared the spectacle of futile partisan squabbling which is the inevitable result of divided governmental control.

The Democrats came into power pledged to accomplish a tolerably progressive economic program by means of the traditional partisan political machinery. They were to be progressive, in the sense that American public opinion understands progressivism; but they were not to allow their progressivism to make them any less loyally partisan. Under the relentless yet adroit leadership of President Wilson they succeeded in reconciling their apparently incompatible objects much better than had the Republicans. Their success in satisfying the progressive element in public opinion was sufficiently indicated by the embarrassment of their opponents. In order to justify their own party progressivism, the Progressives needed to fasten upon the Democracy the stigma of being reactionary; and this they were totally unable to do. Their campaign did not rise above an unsuccessful attempt to defeat certain local "bosses," who were more generally Republican than Democratic, and whose candidacy had in every case been endorsed at a direct primary election. The Republican vote benefited from the weakness of the Progressives and the consequently renewed vitality of the bipartisan system; but as an alternative to the Democrats they certainly cut, in reference to the merits of the discussion, a sorry figure. The best they could do was to raise the old and meretricious cry of business depression, and thus to betray how completely they were still living in the past. Under the circumstances the Democrats were fairly entitled to a longer lease of power.

During this campaign the Democrats made much of their legislative record, of which they could be justifiably proud. They had been courageous enough to eradicate the worst abuses of the protectionist system, and by so doing to incur a real risk of unpopularity in many farming and industrial districts. Their Federal Reserve Act brought about a desirable centralization of the banking resources of the country, while at the same time it satisfied the demands of local centers of business for a larger measure of financial independence of New York. The reorganization of the national banking system is the more remarkable, because it is the only example of constructive economic legislation ever passed by the Democratic party during almost four generations of continuous existence. It deserves to be considered as the most promising single achievement of President Wilson's administration. The anti-trust legislation also proved to be better than the preliminary advertisements prophesied. The Trade Commission Act has fastened upon an administrative body an immediate responsibility for preventing unfair competitive methods. The Clayton Bill will probably do more harm than good, but the final draft constituted such a marked improvement upon the earlier versions that in its capacity as substitute it can at least be considered an example of successful destructive legislation. Finally, the Alaskan Railway Bill and the other measures for making the natural resources in the public domain available for development were drawn in the interest of genuine conservation. Such

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a uniformly good record must have been the result of an honest, intelligent, and insistent endeavor to legislate in the public interest.

Yet while the Democrats have remained ascendant, their ascendancy has become much more precarious and exacting. They have become more than ever a governing minority. Their very success in reconciling progressivism with Democracy has been slowly tending to consolidate the opposition. The influence of the progressive element within their own ranks will be weakened just in so far as the Progressive party falls to pieces and its members revert to Republicanism. Public opinion is acquiescent, but dangerously apathetic. The administration has enlisted a sufficient measure of popular respect, but it has not kindled popular enthusiasm or touched the popular imagination. The association of progressivism with partisan Democracy has made it more efficient for certain limited purposes, but less interesting and significant. The progressive movement has lost thereby singleness of purpose, alertness of intelligence, intensity of conviction, and a seductive vista of future achievement.

The work of a sincerely progressive democracy has only begun. The legislation passed by the Democratic party has not made any impression upon the more serious and difficult social and industrial problems of contemporary America. The consumer's need for a lower cost of living has been left unsatisfied; the business organization of the country continues to be wasteful and inefficient; the financial system of the Federal Government remains no less extravagant and irresponsible; nothing has been done to diminish unemployment, to improve the general standard of living, to remove the causes of increasing unrest among wage-earners. The President has sometimes talked as if his program of tariff revision, banking reorganization and anti-trust legislation contained a complete and final solution of the problems of modern American democracy. These measures are to provide for a new constitution of freedom, which is also a constitution of peace. If the President and his party are actually deceived by such phrases, they will pay dearly for their unintelligence. Nothing of any importance has as yet been accomplished to bestow freedom and peace on the American nation. The new Democratic Congress will be confronted with legislative responsibilities even graver than those which have already been met, and these new responsibilities will put their combination of partisanship with progressivism to a still severer test. The combination may survive, but if so, the Democracy will have to pay for the privilege of keeping such good company by abandoning many of their traditional shibboleths and by seeking an access of inward light and grace.

The End of American Isolation

THE self-complacent isolation of a great people has never received a ruder shock than that which was dealt to the American nation by the outbreak of the European war. We have long been congratulating ourselves on something more than an official independence of Europe. We considered ourselves free in a finer and a deeper sense—free from the poison of inherited national antipathies, free from costly and distracting international entanglements, free from a more than incidental reliance on foreign markets for the sale of our products, free to make mistakes with impunity and to gather fruits by merely shaking the tree. We were more nearly self-contained, more completely the master of our own destiny, than any other nation of history. Yet this consummate example of political independence has been subjected to a visitation of fate almost as disconcerting as those which beset wandering Indian tribes. There broke over the country a European war which the American people individually and collectively were powerless to prevent or to mitigate, yet which may have consequences upon the future and policy of the country as profound and far-reaching as our self-made Civil War. Independence in the sense of isolation has proved to be a delusion. It was born of the same conditions and the same misunderstandings as our traditional optimistic fatalism; and it must be thrown into the same accumulating scrapheap of patriotic misconceptions.

The American nation was wholly unprepared to cope with such a serious political and economic emergency. It possessed no organization and no equipment with which to protect its citizens against the loss and the suffering caused by the war. It was equally unprepared to take advantage of the opportunities for an increase in foreign trade which the sudden belligerency of the European powers thrust into its hands. No disposition was shown to sit down patiently under the affliction. The industries and interests whose prosperity was affected jumped swiftly to the conclusion that a loss which was the result of an international crisis, and which was serious enough to threaten their own subsequent economic efficiency, should not fall upon themselves alone, but should be redistributed. They all promptly appealed to the government for assistance either in carrying the burden or in taking advantage of the unexpected opportunities. The railroads demanded an increase in rates as compensation for diminution in business. The cotton-growers tried to draw an additional five cents a pound for their cotton out of the United States Treasury. Congress was asked to provide the ships which were needed to transport American

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products to foreign countries; and it actually consented to place upon the nation the extraordinary risks of marine insurance. In every direction the need of more flexible and responsible national business organization was apparent, yet everywhere the country was obliged to put up with unsatisfactory makeshifts. There was no adequate political and business machinery for dealing with an essentially collective business emergency. Winter will soon set in without the making of a proper provision for the relief of the greatest sufferers from the war, who are not railroads or cotton-growers or brokers, but the increasing body of unemployed wage-earners. The national economic system has been wholly unable to meet the obligations, which in the opinion of the great majority of American citizens the war had imposed upon it.

The American people were as ill-prepared to meet the spiritual challenge of the war as they were to protect themselves against its distressing economic effects. Their sense of international isolation has bred in them a combination of crude colonialism with crude nationalism. In the beginning they constituted themselves into a supreme court, whose affair it was to sit in judgment on the sins of Europe. They passed the day in objurgating the war, in abusing Europe for bringing it to pass, and in crying for peace at a moment when there could and should be no peace. But their protests against the war did not prevent them from taking sides violently for or against the Allies, and from giving expression to latently bellicose sympathies and antipathies. They traveled so far along this road that President Wilson felt obliged to read them a lecture on the expediency and the moral grandeur of being neutral.

The instinctive colonialism of American public opinion was balanced by a similarly inconsiderate expression of national self-assertion. The United States was going to penalize Europe for engaging in the war by snatching away many of its existing superiorities. American manufacturers proposed to capture European trade in South America and the Orient. The profits of financing international commerce were to be transferred from London to New York. Fashions for women would be designed on Fifth Avenue rather than the Rue de la Paix. A great national revival in the fine arts would follow a cessation of the importation of painting, sculpture and music. The United States would be thrown back upon its own resources, and then it would show to Europe a full measure of national accomplishment.

When Americans indulge in these expectations they are merely being pursued by the evil spirit of their traditional national delusion—the delusion of isolated newer worldliness. The European war has done nothing except in certain fugitive respects to make them independent of Europe, or to give them an advantage over Europe. Less than ever before will their geographical isolation result in genuine independence. No matter who is victorious, the United States will be indirectly compromised by the treaty of peace. If the treaty is one which makes for international stability and justice, this country will have an interest in maintaining it. If the treaty is one which makes militarism even more ominously threatening, this country will have an interest in seeking a better substitute. Neither will our merchants derive permanent advantages in their own or foreign markets as a result of the war. When it is over, European nations will immediately become both more efficient and more insistent competitors for foreign trade than they were before it began. They will be obliged as a matter of popular subsistence to reconquer and extend their markets. and they will therefore be better organized and equipped for the work. Thus the war has brought with it increasingly numerous and increasingly onerous American national and international obligations.

In its deepest aspect, then, the European war is a challenge to the United States to justify its independence. The nation can not be independent in the sense of being isolated. It can be independent in the sense of being still more completely the master of its own destiny. The control of its own destiny will not mean, as it has done in the past, merely the renunciation of European entanglements, because entanglements will inevitably ensue from the adoption of the positive and necessary policy of making American influence in Europe count in favor of international peace. Neither will the control of its own destiny by the American nation mean, as it has done in the past, its own control by a triumphant prophecy of prosperity. What it will mean is a clearer understanding of the relation between our democratic national ideal and our international obligations, and such an understanding should bring with it a political and economic organization better able to redeem its obligations both to its own citizens and to a regenerate European system.

The Land Question at Aguascalientes

THE action of the Aguascalientes convention in ordering the confiscation of the great Mexican estates and the redistribution of these lands among the peons seems for the moment to introduce a real issue into the conflict in Mexico and to raise that conflict above the plane of a mere jealous strife between rival leaders. It is at least a recognition of the fact that the Mexican malady is economic even more than political. To the average peon it matters little whether the ruler in far-

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away Mexico City is a Villa, a Carranza, or a Zapata; it is of the utmost importance to him, on the other hand, whether he owns a bit of land or is a semi-servile laborer on an immense estate.

These vast estates constitute an economic problem both grave and difficult. It is difficult because agrarian conditions in Mexico vary from state to state and from district to district. They are not the same in the arid lands of the northern plateau and in the *tierras calientes;* in Chihuahua and in Chiapas; in the stock-raising belt and in the sugar, cacao and indigo districts. In many places there are small agrarian properties. But while the statement so often repeated that less than five hundred persons own all the land in Mexico is grotesquely false, still there exists the crassest inequality in land ownership. There are *haciendas* the size of grand duchies, and there are hundreds of thousands of men landless and without prospect of acquiring land. If ever there is to be the beginning of a hope of an enlightened, progressive, democratic Mexico, this vast disproportion between *hacendados* and peons, between land-owners and land-workers, must be destroyed.

Even though it be not destroyed immediately, the mere fact that this disproportion is being discussed by the assembled generals as Aguascalientes is decidedly significant. It suggests that there is a popular factor in the revolution, even though it be latent. It would be easy to exaggerate this factor. The military leaders are in the main not inspiring or disinterested men, however much they declaim of honor or patriotism. For the most part they seem like posturing dwarfs, strutting over the body of a sleeping giant. The masses of the people, on the other hand, are too lethargic to move or be moved. The majority is illiterate, and a minority consists of roving, naked Indians, ignorant even of Spanish. Much of Mexico is what it was in the days of Humboldt, and much is what it was in the days of Montezuma and Guatemotzin. And yet, as these deliberations at Aguascalientes indicate, a certain ferment is present. New wants, new dissatisfactions, new ideas seep in from beyond the Rio Grande, and where wages rise discontent spreads. The peon who earns thirty cents or twenty or nothing a day is wretched and content; the man in the north who earns his sixty or eighty cents in the mines or on the plantations is open to all sorts of revolutionary propaganda.

To this stirring of a popular imagination, to this rise of a popular interest, as yet in its beginnings, the revolution itself has perhaps contributed. In the main all this fighting is a regression, a reversion to an earlier routine, a backsliding to Bustamante, Santa Anna, and all the inglorious traditions of the heroic age of Mexican brigandage. None the less, for thousands of obscure men the revolution breaks the chain of an ancient submission. By bringing together men from different villages and different states, it helps to destroy ignorance, lethargy and the narrowest localism. It is a hideous tragedy, but it is a way of "seeing Mexico."

If there were no such popular interest, there would be no such discussions as those at Aguascalientes. We should not have Zapata's "plan of Ayala" or Carranza's "plan of Guadalupe." Even were the deliberations a blind, a mere bid for popularity, covering a secret design to transfer estates from rich *Cientificos* to rich Villistas and Zapatistas, still the mere bid for popular support would be the sign of at least some faint popular interest. Even those who selfishly exploit a general discontent become the agents and servants of that discontent.

It is well to listen attentively to whatever is proposed towards the solution of Mexico's gravest economic problem. At the same time it would be absurd to hope too much from these deliberations. The problem is not merely one of subtraction and division. It is far more complex. It is rather the problem of completely altering the economic bases of society, a task comparable in intricacy with that which faced our Southern States after the emancipation of the slaves. In time of peace the mere administrative difficulties of any attempted solution might frustrate the best intentions; in war the obstacles are unsurmountable. And for the moment war seems likely if not inevitable. Even while non-combatant generals debate at Aguascalientes, fighting generals are preparing their soldiers for battle. It is Carranza against the field. Until that issue is decided, until this campaign and perhaps many other campaigns are ended, until some one dominating man or some one coherent group comes to power, it is idle to expect much from any plan of economic reorganization, however well-intentioned.

The Tolerated Unions

WHEN Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., steps forward as a defender of his employees against the union of their trade, and at the same time begins investigations looking to the betterment of general labor conditions, we wonder if there is not danger that the much championed and much investigated wage-earner will not in the end be killed with kindness. The workingman is to be given, not what he wants, but what is good for him. In a period of swift industrial regeneration he himself is to remain inactive and unheard, a mere grateful beneficiary. We note a similar development elsewhere. Factory laws, child labor laws, minimum wage laws, workmen's compensation acts, are

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hastily inscribed upon the statute book, and philanthropists and politicians lie awake nights contriving new plans of industrial amelioration. But all this goes hand in hand with a more grudging attitude towards trade-unionism, and a keener impatience with what is called the blundering and obstinacy of labor's representatives. Many well-intentioned people come to regard the trade union as obstructive and reactionary, a rigid and therefore dead part of a plastic industrial organism. In short, the union is played out. The labor problem is the first concern of the whole people, but is none of the laborer's business.

The danger of this attitude lies in the tendency to shove the union to one side, to substitute industrial betterment for industrial democracy, and thus to make the good the enemy of the better. The issue is not one between progress and stagnation, for practically all groups desire progress. It is rather the issue of the choice of agents by whom progress is to be made. Behind the conflict of interests there emerges a no less embittered conflict of clashing temperaments. You need only look at the scientific manager and at the trade-union leader to see that these men will not easily mix. The one is objective, quantitative, unemotionally exact, analyzing, stop-watch in hand, the minutest motions of a "personally conducted" day-laborer, as an entomologist studies a bug; the other is laxer, more voluble, more open to emotions that escape stop-watch and measuring rod, less logical, perhaps more real. These two men view the labor world from different vantage-grounds. It is not easy for them to establish a community of sentiment and outlook.

The social reformer frequently displays a similar antagonism to the union. It seems to him selfish, ignorant, inconsistent, harsh. The reformer may not understand the heavy emphasis laid by the union upon the closed shop, upon its own recognition, upon its right to boycott and to strike. He feels that shadowy abstractions are being opposed to solid advantages. He resents the suspicious attitude of labor organizations. Nor does he always understand the union philosophy. The trade unionist is not a college graduate. He does not explain clearly what he feels intensely. He speaks a language different from that of the social reformer. And yet in the course of the years it often happens that the wisdom of the reformer is turned into nonsense and the workman's obscure prejudice is vindicated. Why should a wage-earner object to receiving bonuses and premiums, which are a something added? Why should he oppose piece-rates, which reward each worker according to his ability? Yet decades of pace-setting and price-cutting have conclusively demonstrated the wisdom of trade-union opposition to all such devices. Similarly the trade-union attitude towards compulsory arbitration, the legal incorporation of trade unions, and other plans for industrial lubrication has not seldom been vindicated. What seemed a mere prejudice reveals itself later as a healthy instinct of self-preservation.

It is not that the unions are always right, still less always wise. There are trade union leaders who are only indifferently honest and others who, though incorruptible, are fanatical and formalistic, at once too inexperienced and too narrow-viewed to handle with tactful courage the delicate problems which arise daily. The trade union is a crude young democracy, with the failings and disappointments of a crude young democracy. It also suffers from the evils which inhere in all fighting organizations. It must constantly hold its own. It is, therefore, too slow to see good in the unaccustomed, too prone to view reforms as lures to the unwary. It suffers equally from the fact that it needs stability, and at the same time must adjust itself to an industrial environment constantly changing. It therefore shows strain and cleavage. Jurisdictional conflicts arise, and acrid disputes divide the movement into conservatives and radicals, into "pure and simple" trade unions asking only a fair day's wage, and flaming revolutionary organizations demanding the immediate abolition of the whole capitalist system.

But in truth, despite these internal conflicts, there is both unity and a principle in the movement. Whether the organization be a conservative railroad brotherhood, an industrial union like the coal miners, or a revolutionary industrial union like the Industrial Workers of the World, it is still a union. The varying philosophies are not so significant as the fact that wage-earners stand united for common purposes, for common defense, for common aggression. Whatever their philosophies, their principle is one. And that principle is intensely realistic. The union stands for power, for self-direction, for self-expression in industry, politics and affairs. No specific gain is nearly so important as the power that encompasses it. The unions are seeking to attain to this power through discipline and concert.

It is this very ambition of the union, half conscious and but half realized by its opponents, that gives rise to the opposition and ultimately renders it futile. It is easier to concede favors than to divest one's self of power, easier to increase wages than to surrender control of the shop. Yet in industry as in politics there must come such devolution of authority. Welfare work and all reform from above are valuable, but they are valuable only in so far as they aid and do not obstruct or divert the uneven progress of the wage-earner towards industrial democracy.

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Has German Strategy Failed?

AT the close of the third month of the Great War, a month in which all things considered German fortunes have perceptibly waned, it is natural that the question should be raised: Has German strategy failed? Has the strategy of the Allies proved superior?

In the examination of this question it is necessary first of all to indicate that since German armies are still in France, Belgium and Poland, the failure has at most been relative, not absolute, conceivably temporary, certainly not yet to be reckoned permanent. But accepting this qualification, what is to be said of the methods of the great opponents, measured by present achievement?

First of all it is necessary to lay down the conditions of the colossal war game. Bernhardi himself has done this. Thus he wrote: "If Germany is involved in war, she need not recoil before the numerical superiority of her enemies. But so far as human nature is able to tell, she can only rely on being successful if she is absolutely determined to break the superiority of her enemies by a victory over one or the other of them before their total strength can come into action."

In other words, the German problem was to crush France before Russia could come up, or Russia before both France and England had their full strength in the field. Conversely, France, Russia and England were bound to strive to escape defeat in detail, until all three were in full strength.

There is a temptation now to argue that since Germany failed in both her great offensive thrusts, one at Paris, the other at Warsaw, while she has been inexpugnable on the defensive, it would have been wiser to assume the defensive at the outset. On this point Bernhardi is again illuminating. He said: "The defense as a form of fighting is stronger than the attack, but in the conduct of war as a whole, the offensive is by far superior to the defensive, especially in modern warfare." He meant, of course, that Germany, to win the war, must defeat her foes in detail, otherwise industrial paralysis might compel surrender while her frontiers were still unforced, since with England against her, the control of the sea would be lost, and with Russia and France standing with England the ultimate advantage of numbers would also be against her.

Germany was then bound to undertake the offensive. It remained for her general staff to select a method of crushing France before Russia came up. They chose the drive through Belgium. This brought both the British and Belgian armies into the field. Both contributed to German defeat. It may then be argued that it was a mistaken course to follow. But three months after the opening of the war, despite great effort, the Germans have not made a breach in the barrier forts of France.

It seems fair to say, then, that in deciding to go through Belgium, German strategy chose wisely, always viewing the question from the military, not the moral aspect. But having passed through Belgium and penetrated deeply into France, the Germans detached several army corps and sent them to the east before the decisive battle. In something the same situation Frederick the Great sacrificed Berlin and won a great battle which regained his capital. Would William II. have been wiser to have followed the example of his great predecessor?

This point is debatable. British and French commentators insist that the Germans made a grave mistake. But it would be more conclusive to hear what the Russians have to say. Bear in mind that in the last week in August Russian armies were rushing on toward the Vistula, having beaten German armies in East Prussia, and were on the point of routing the whole Austrian military power in Galicia and Poland. Had they been permitted to continue their advance, they were bound to be in Silesia and Posen shortly. Already it was doubtful whether any success then possible in France could counterbalance the great disaster impending in the east.

Accordingly Hindenburg was sent east, where he promptly won the greatest German victory of the war, destroyed one Russian army, and checked the advance to Berlin for two months and more. Again German strategy seems to be beyond just criticism on any available evidence.

Defeated at the Marne and compelled to retire to the Aisne, the Germans promptly changed their plans and endeavored to do in Poland what they had attempted in France. Was this a sound strategical undertaking? Again Bernhardi's declaration stands. It was no longer possible to crush France, but England's million was not yet available, the Allies in the west were not yet in the field in full strength, Russia might conceivably be crushed. Indeed, Hindenburg's great victory held out glowing promise of such a triumph. Were it achieved, German position in France still made a resumption of the advance to Paris almost certainly possible. Meanwhile there was every present indication that if Austria were not promptly relieved, her whole field armies would be destroyed.

In this case, too, then, Germany strategy seems to have taken the wisest course. So far as it is now possible to judge, it failed at least as completely as in France. Was this the final evidence of the superiority of allied strategy? The question is plainly debatable, but it hardly seems conclusive to dispose of it thus.

Is it not fairer to say that German strategy made the best of the conditions imposed upon it by German diplomacy? Thanks to German diplomacy, the German General Staff was compelled to face France, Russia and England in arms. Belgian participation was perhaps the consequence of military

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action. Given this condition, it did its best, did all and the only things possible.

On the other hand, the Allies, once they were all in the campaign, were bound to have the advantage if they could escape immediate ruin. Their strategy was just as logically imposed upon them as the German upon the Kaiser. All things considered, they played it, if not so brilliantly, with sufficient skill. Looking back now it is possible to see real and remarkable coordination. When Germany struck at France, the French and British retired, but the Russians drove over into East Prussia and compelled the Germans to weaken their offensive in France. When the Germans invaded Poland, it was the Russians who retired, the French and British who stormed up into Flanders.

In sum, looking back over three months of war, what seems impressive is not any real or apparent failure of German strategy, but the unexpected adequacy of Allied strategy. Given the advantage of time, the eventual superiority of numbers, the immediate control of the sea, the Allies could only be defeated decisively in the opening weeks of the war, if they could be brought to battle under exactly the conditions the Germans desired. But German strategy could not impose these conditions upon the Allies, because German resources were not large enough; the statesman had set a task for the soldier beyond his strength. Napoleon with supreme genius failed at the same task in 1814 in his most splendid campaign. Again Bernhardi has the final word. He wrote: "When Napoleon, who so often and so brilliantly had beaten superior numbers with weaker bodies, wanted to enforce victory with an army so much weaker than those of his enemies that even the most famous local victories could no longer change their proportionate numbers, he succumbed, and he was bound to succumb."

Napoleon's failure was absolute, Germany's remains relative. But to argue from failure that the attempt was foolish, even to ascribe superior genius to Allied strategy, is to go beyond the evidence. In 1914 the problem of the Kaiser's generals was that of Napoleon in 1814. In the earlier instance the nearness of success has for all time justified the strategy. The same is fairly to be said of the later experiment, and in neither case was there any conceivable alternative. FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The Empire of the East

THE war in Europe has lasted three months, and it is too soon to say what it is all about. The issues at stake in any war rarely emerge quite clearly until the settlement is in sight. Before the war began, it looked like a madman's dream to make a hecatomb of all the armies of Europe over the grave of the Austrian archduke, very much as the Scythians sacrificed slaves over the dead bodies of their chiefs. In its early weeks it took the dramatic form of a struggle to avenge the violation of Belgian neutrality. It may become, before it is ended, a battle for world empire in which the chief stakes will be distant colonies and "places in the sun."

But one issue behind all these phases will certainly persist. It is a war for the empire of the East. From the Continental standpoint, this struggle is really the postponed sequel of the two Balkan wars. The inner meaning of the original Balkan League has hardly yet been grasped by public opinion in western Europe. When Servia and Bulgaria concluded a secret treaty of alliance in the spring of 1912, under Russian auspices, they had two objects in view. One of these was the liberation of Macedonia from Turkey, primarily for Bulgaria's benefit. The other, which Russia regarded as the chief object, was an attack upon Austria, and the creation of a great Servia at her expense.

I have been told by Balkan diplomatists who had themselves seen the treaty that it provided clearly and precisely for Bulgarian cooperation in such a war. That was not generally known in England and France, but it was well known to the German government. It led to the last menacing increase in the peace effectives of the German army, which were defended at the time as the answer of the German powers to the menace of Pan-Slavism. There followed by way of reply reorganization of the Russian armies, and the return in France to three years' service.

This colossal struggle for the hegemony of the East has been the volcanic foundation of European politics ever since Russia and Austria quarreled over Bosnia in 1909. It has been imminent ever since the Balkan League was founded in 1912. If the war is fought to a clear decision, if either group of powers can master the other, the destinies of the East are sealed. In the one event the German Powers will dominate the Balkans, Turkey and the eastern Mediterranean; in the other it will be a Slavonic hegemony which will stretch from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf.

It is something of a paradox that with this momentous issue hanging over it, the Balkan Peninsula, outside Servia, is only just beginning to be involved in war. Too many old resentments have stood in the way of a straight pursuit of national interests. Take, for example, the case of Roumania. She has much to gain from the defeat of Austria, for three million Roumanians await impatiently their liberation from the onerous Magyar yoke. It is customary to explain the early inaction of Roumania by the fact that the late King Carol was a Hohenzollern. In vain would he have been born a Hohenzollern had not Russia alienated the

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sympathies of his subjects. When she rewarded the valor of the Roumanian troops at Plevna by seizing the Roumanian province of Bessarabia, she made of this vigorous little state an almost irreconcilable enemy. She kept the resentment alive by subjecting the Roumanians of Bessarabia to a process of forcible denationalization more ruthless than the Magyars have ever attempted. The reason why Bulgaria has so long held aloof is familiar and recent history. Russia, partly because she has never found in the Bulgarians docile satellites, and partly because her court detests King Ferdinand, allowed and even encouraged the spoliation of Bulgaria in the Treaty of Bucharest. The idea was, of course, to teach the Bulgarians a lesson, and to render King Ferdinand's position intolerable.

It was a rash experiment to play upon a stubborn people. The result is that Servia has had to fight the first round of her hard battle against Austria alone, and that such deep resentment divided Bulgaria and Roumania that it was difficult to conceive any feat of diplomatic finesse which now would avail to bring them together as allies. They have none the less one fundamental instinct in common—the dread of finding their independence overshadowed by the extension of Russian power. It is this dread which has so far kept them neutral. Clearer thinking and a sharper insight into the future might have led them to a somewhat different conclusion. For the one hope of real independence for the Balkan States lies in the prompt and solid reconstitution of the Balkan League, with Roumania as one of its partners.

The hesitation which Turkey has at last overcome needs no interpreter. Of all the many resentments which she cherishes against Christian Powers, the deepest and most permanent is that which she feels against Russia. The sentiment has this justification in calculation, that the gravest menace to her territorial integrity comes from Russian designs upon Armenia. These ambitions, since Russia began to treat her own Armenians well, have now the support of some Armenians and of some influential friends of the Eastern Christians in England. If Turkey could hope to win a success as Germany's ally in some corner of the vast battlefield, she has also before her the alluring prospect of winning Egypt from England.

But there are other considerations which ought to have inspired her with caution. She owed her preservation twice in the last century to Anglo-Russian jealousies. She is probably astute enough to understand that these jealousies, though they may one day revive, have for the moment utterly vanished under the stress of a graver peril. Turkey has been bluntly told that if she goes to war at Germany's bidding, it will be her ruin. What that means in plain words is probably understood at the Porte. It means, as I hear on good authority, that England would no longer oppose or even deprecate the seizure by Russia of Constantinople. She would even assist it. Turkey would not have risked a catastrophe so final as that unless events had suggested to her that Germany is really able to protect her. While she hesitated, she had quite adroitly chosen a partial satisfaction for herself by repudiating the capitulations.

My views on that subject will probably be regarded as heretical by American readers, but I have held them for many years. Some transitional system ought to be arranged; but with this reserve, it seems to me, every instinct of tolerance and liberalism pleads for the abolition of the capitulations. They were a device for stamping a whole race with a sort of legal inferiority. While they lasted, every consulate was an organized insult, every foreign resident a reminder of Christian contempt for Islam. The capitulations have done ten times more evil by fostering Turkish resentment and fanaticism than they have done good by protecting foreign rights. One cannot lift a race by a code of systematic humiliation.

The war will certainly end, if it has any decisive result, in settling the hegemony of the East. The mischief of the modern system of alliances is that it is commonly made workable by a partition of spheres of interest. It is doubtful whether, in the event of a victory for the Triple Entente, the Liberal Powers will exert or seek to exert any great influence on the settlement of the near East. They will incline to respect Russia's province. If English opinion had its way, the iniquitous Treaty of Bucharest would be subjected to drastic revision. Englishmen would welcome the creation of a great Servia and a great Roumania.

But the more one emphasizes the principle of nationality, the more intolerable is it that those who profit by it should themselves defy it. Servia and Roumania both hold, the one in Macedonia and the other at the mouth of the Danube, territory inhabited by Bulgarian people. They hold it, moreover, with a harshness and a disregard of common human rights which overshadows anything in the records of Prussia or of Russia. The Bulgarian church and the Bulgarian language are utterly suppressed, and this Macedonian population, better educated and more advanced than the village population of Servia proper, is held down under martial law, without a pretence of home rule, or so much as an illusory concession of electoral rights. Bulgaria, on the other hand, at once enfranchised even the Turks in her new territories, and has already allowed them to vote.

It is pleasant to express a facile enthusiasm for small nationalities, but for my part I feel that emotion chilled when I reflect that some of these small nationalities are themselves behaving like the largest and oldest of empires. The identity of Albania will probably be preserved by the ambitions of Italy. But one of two things must happen before Macedonia is liberated—either Bulgaria will make her peace with Russia by substituting Prince Boris for King Ferdinand, or else British statesmen must make up their minds to exact some small concession to principle from their Russian ally.

H. N. Brailsford.

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The Spirit of Stockholm

SOMEWHERE in Stockholm there is a little park, rather deserted, with some white statues, a fountain and a kiosk. I discovered it first, I remember, two years ago on a hot August day, and I sank then into its green, comforting, silence with a happy sigh of gratitude.

With that same sigh I sink into it again now, here in this city of blue rippling water and green forest. There is a peace here that cannot, I verily believe, be found just now in any other town in Europe. To-morrow I must go on again, but for twenty-four hours at least there will be at my side the spirit of this place, assuring me that the world is just as it used to be—how many ages ago?

On the afternoon that I left Hull the rain came down, a hissing torrent. On the boat we were a cosmopolitan company, two Russians, three Swedes, five Englishmen and a German. We all of us tried to forget that a week earlier the "Runo" had been sunk by a mine, and the captain told us that it would be four days at least before we reached Christiania. We did our best, I am sure, to be pleasant to one another, but we were suspicious and detestably conscious of our German companion. Mines, Louvain, Belgian refugees, Dinant—and here he was, stout, with large spectacles, mild blue eyes, the mouth of a sentimental child, eyeing us now apologetically, now almost fiercely, responding suddenly to some little courtesy on our part, remembering that we were his enemies, and might, had things been otherwise ordered, be at this moment engaged in splitting open his head with a shell. No, it was not pleasant.

On the third day our ship was whirled into a storm, and we were all of us, I think, very ill. I know that Herr S. was horribly indisposed, because I could hear him, from my cabin, calling loudly upon his Fatherland. Rolling upon my own berth, sympathizing daily with him, I knew that in seasickness, at any rate, there are no nationalities.

Then, approaching Christiania, we slipped suddenly into a gray mirror of a sea, above it a sky of smoking, flaming scarlet. Herr S. appreciated deeply its splendour, sighing, wiping his spectacles, seeing in it who knows what "daemmerung" of hopes and placidities and pleasures, all the tranquillity of a contented life, flung at one man's call into limbo. I know that he would have turned and demanded my admiration had we not, of course, been enemies.

In Christiania one was still pursued. The hotel was littered with German newspapers. On every side there are huge headlines, "90,000 Russian Prisoners," "Rising of Natives in India," "Socialist Disaffection in England." The world is thundering at one, "Defeat, defeat, defeat." Seasickness and mines are a poor prelude just now to German newspapers. During my night journey to Stockholm my carriage was invaded by two German gentlemen, who, seeing that I was English, turned on the electric light and discussed German victories with pointed and over-eager volubility. Sleep was nothing to them. They sang their war song until seven of the morning. As the train slipped into the Stockholm station they turned to me, and with an exaggerated bow wished me good-morning.

And here, suddenly, the plague is stayed. I know, sitting in my little green park, that Stockholm has preserved its soul in peace, and is telling me that so I must preserve mine. That is not to say that Stockholm is not interested in the war. Its papers have huge headlines, in many windows there are maps with coloured flags, there are military photographs in the bookshops, and little eager groups of argument at the street corners. Moreover, Sweden is pro-German. Russia, with Finland in its grasp, is too near at home; the Baltic is too narrow. Stockholm is conscious of the war, but the war has not touched its spirit, that remote, beautiful, plangent tranquillity born of the thick forests and the myriad islands and the lakes that are about it.

Between the dark, cool trees of my little park there is a break, and against the blue evening sky a white curving bridge runs. Up and down this bridge little toy figures, moving swiftly, but to me, so far from them, with a remote silence, like coloured marionettes, pass and repass. Those moving figures are all of the living world that I can see, and the evening peace finds its voice in the measured note of a church bell.

To-morrow I cross the Baltic. Already two Swedish steamers have been stopped in their crossing and searched for Englishmen; from one of them thirty Englishmen were politely handed over to the courtesy of German detention. By this time to-morrow I may be a German prisoner, and in any case, if I escape that fate, I shall, in Petrograd, be once more plunged into the whirlpool of the war. Here, for a day, I have been encouraged to believe that the time will surely come when once again the old values, the old friendships, the old sympathies and understandings will assert themselves, that flaming, angry sky above Christiania giving no more the true colours of the picture than the sacking of Louvain represents the normal character of mankind.

Beyond my park there is one of Stockholm's many quays. I cannot see it from where I am sitting, but I can fancy its colours, the piled wooden green trees reflected in the waters of the opposite shore, the blue ferry-boats, the red and black funnels of the steamers. To-morrow once again I shall search the papers for news of the war, shall be alarmed at this rumour and rejoice at that, shall see in the streets of Petrograd the mourning that the women of Russia are wearing for their sons. To-night the little coloured figures dance across the fairy-bridge, the gold of a splendid sunset steals into the dark chequer-board of the trees. . . . They are playing, I see, "Rigoletto" at the Opera House.

HUGH WALPOLE.

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The Cotton Crisis

WHEN we denounced the Brazil coffee valorization scheme as an extortionate monopoly, we did not dream that we should within less than three years give serious consideration to a similar scheme for sustaining cotton prices. Still further were we from dreaming that out of the non-interventionist South would arise a movement for the introduction of a method of economic control that may be of more varied and far-reaching possibilities than any now regularly employed by the government. Yet such has been one of the results of the crisis in the cotton trade. Our cotton growers and all the miscellaneous interests based upon cotton production have been placed in a situation analogous with that of the Brazilian coffee producers at the opening of this century. And, political traditions to the contrary notwithstanding, the South is ready to demand governmental intervention of a nature very similar to that which has been employed in Brazil.

Four-fifths of the coffee of the world comes from Brazil; not far from three-fourths of the cotton comes from the United States. In the single Brazilian state of Sao Paolo is produced one-half of the world's supply of coffee; in our own state of Texas, between one-sixth and one-fifth of the world's supply of cotton. The whole economic life of Sao Paolo is bound up with the price of coffee. In the years 1897 and 1898, when coffee sold at an average of sixteen cents, existing plantations prospered and new plantations were laid out at an astonishing rate. In the evil years of the opening century, when coffee dropped as low as 3.55 cents (August, 1903) mortgaged plantations in great numbers fell under the hammer, merchants were ruined and banks failed. No part of our own country, it is true, is specialized to cotton production to the extent that Sao Paolo is specialized to coffee. Nevertheless, twelve-cent cotton means prosperity throughout the South, and six-cent cotton would mean widespread distress, especially in the state of Texas.

The huge coffee crop of 1906-1907 (twenty million bags, as compared with an average crop of twelve millions) forced upon the attention of the Brazilian mercantile community and the state government, the inadequacy of a *laissez-faire* policy in the matter of this chief staple. The present European war, with its attendant disorganization of markets consuming one-third of the world's cotton supply, is producing a similar effect upon American opinion. As was the case in Brazil, it is assumed here that the emergency to be met is temporary, that a restoration of normal conditions cannot be long delayed. The experience of Brazil has proved, however, that such an assumption is fallacious. We might corner the existing supply of cotton and force prices to a high level; but if production goes on unchecked we shall find that the impounding of supplies is a disastrous policy. If the government enters upon a policy of supporting the cotton market with its credit, it will never be able to withdraw without loss unless, like Brazil, it resorts to methods of controlling production.

The Brazilian method of control of the coffee market consists, in the first place, in the warehousing of the existing supply, and the limitation of shipments from the government warehouses to such amounts as will not depress prices unduly. In the second place, shipments on private account are checked by a heavy export duty. By its control of the conditions under which coffee is accepted at the warehouses, the State is able to keep production within bounds. Those who are urging the Federal and State governments to "valorize" cotton overlook the fact that existing constitutional restrictions make it impossible for us to control production through direct State action. It may be constitutional to warehouse the existing supply, and thus postpone the final slump in prices or distribute the loss over several years. But we cannot restrict production through export duties nor, probably, through excises. Accordingly, in so far as the cotton depression is likely to prove chronic unless production is readjusted, we appear to be quite without effective lawful remedies for the evils of the situation. Whatever palliative measures we may adopt, it seems that we must endure the slow and painful process of adjustment through the action of individual producers under the crushing weight of ruinous prices.

Certainly such would be the course of events if we possessed no other means of industrial control than the repressive or the subsidizing activities of the traditional organs of government. But we have in our banking system an unacknowledged governmental organ, perhaps the more potent because it is developing spontaneously to meet the public need. In recent years there have been occasions when banking associations, believing that crops were being held off the market unwisely, have forced more rapid movement through limitations upon credit. The great financial houses have frequently exerted a steadying influence upon industry through restraint upon projects that were designed to inject a cut-throat competition into a situation otherwise satisfactory.

The banks hold the key to the cotton situation. If the banks choose, the area planted to cotton next year can be reduced in such proportion as they may deem wise. The suggestion that they should thus assume control of the industry has already been made in unexpected quarters. Secretary of Agriculture Houston is credited with the proposal that the merchants should lay down the rule that they will not extend advances to any farmer who does not

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reduce the acreage devoted to cotton, and that the bankers should refuse to lend to merchants who do not impose such restrictions on the farmers.

At first sight it may appear that control of an industry by the banks has absolutely nothing to do with government control. And this is, of course, true in so far as the banks exert control solely with a view to their own private interest. What is proposed by Secretary Houston is that the bankers should go beyond their own interest, and assume control for the good of the cotton growers themselves and of the general community. This would clearly be to assume a governmental function. It is worth noting that it is precisely by this process of assumption of public functions by private interests that new governmental organs are created.

The banker's interest is closely bound up with the general interest of the community, and there is probably no class better fitted than the bankers to undertake the control of industry. Yet the irresponsible exercise of governmental functions by any class, however enlightened and public-spirited, cannot be tolerated by the modern state. Are the bankers, however, in such a position that they may take action without the support of the regularly constituted authorities?

The history of every modern state shows that the higher the degree of banking development, the closer the relation with government. The banks of England, France and Germany are frequently forced by the government to subordinate their private interests to the public welfare. Our own banking system is less highly developed, yet instances of public control are occurring with increasing frequency. We may recall the measures recently employed by the Secretary of the Treasury to check the "hoarding" of money by the banks, and to secure the flotation of the Tennessee loan. If the banks should undertake to regulate the production of such a staple as cotton, we may be sure that the Treasury would proceed to increase correspondingly its control over the banks.

At present the chief source of the influence that the Treasury can exert upon the banks is the discretionary power of deposit of surplus public funds. Such funds fluctuate constantly in volume, and at best are a relatively small item in the accounts of our banking system. But if the government should undertake in earnest to sustain the price of cotton, it would be forced to raise funds to the extent of several hundred millions wherewith to advance credit upon warehoused cotton. The operations thus begun could hardly be closed out without loss, short of several years' time; the sales of cotton from warehouses in the winter and spring would set free public funds that would not be required for sustaining the market until the following season. Such funds in the meantime would be deposited in banks, and by their manipulation the Treasury would be able to dictate to the banks a loan policy in the general interest.

But if the Treasury should thus come to the relief of the cotton growers, and impose regulations upon the industry, may it not at some later time be called upon to "valorize" wheat or fruit or tobacco? Why indeed should it not do this? The alternation of underproduction and overproduction is generally admitted to be an unmitigated evil. In the industrial field it has largely been done away with through consolidation. In the field of staple production, efforts to stabilize the market through mutual agreement between producers have been numerous but unavailing. If stability is desired in this field, there is no simpler method of attaining it than through the control of credit funds by the government, acting through the banks.

Such control would not be confined to repression alone. It would refuse credit for the expansion of an overdeveloped branch of production, but it would also extend credit for the introduction of new branches and for the expansion of those unduly neglected. Its influence would indeed be confined to those producers who depend upon borrowed capital; but these, as the weakest producers, are the ones most likely to follow slavishly the branch of production to which they are accustomed. They are also the ones who suffer most severely from the consequences of overproduction, and would therefore most properly be subjected to control.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Duty of Harsh Criticism

TO-DAY in England we think as little of art as though we had been caught up from earth and set in some windy side street of the universe among the stars. Disgust at the daily deathbed which is Europe has made us hunger and thirst for the kindly ways of righteousness, and we want to save our souls. And the immediate result of this desire will probably be a devastating reaction towards conservatism of thought and intellectual stagnation. Not unnaturally we shall scuttle for safety towards militarism and orthodoxy. Life will be lived as it might be in some white village among English elms; while the boys are drilling on the green we shall look up at the church spire and take it as proven that it is pointing to God with final accuracy.

And so we might go on very placidly, just as we were doing three months ago, until the undrained marshes of human thought stirred again and emitted some other monstrous beast, ugly with primal slime and belligerent with obscene greeds. Decidedly we shall not be safe if we forget the things of the mind. Indeed, if we want to save our souls, the mind must lead a more athletic life than it has ever done before, and must more passionately than ever practise and rejoice in art. For only through art can we cultivate annoyance with inessentials, powerful and exasperated reactions against ugliness, a ravenous appetite for beauty; and these are the true guardians of the soul.

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So it is the duty of writers to deliberate in this hour of enforced silence how they can make art a more effective and obviously unnecessary thing than it has been of late years. A little grave reflection shows us that our first duty is to establish a new and abusive school of criticism. There is now no criticism in England. There is merely a chorus of weak cheers, a piping note of appreciation that is not stilled unless a book is suppressed by the police, a mild kindliness that neither heats to enthusiasm nor reverses to anger. We reviewers combine the gentleness of early Christians with a promiscuous polytheism; we reject not even the most barbarous or most fatuous gods. So great is our amiability that it might proceed from the weakness of malnutrition, were it not that it is almost impossible not to make a living as a journalist. Nor is it due to compulsion from above, for it is not worth an editor's while to veil the bright rage of an entertaining writer for the sake of publishers' advertisements. No economic force compels this vice of amiability. It springs from a faintness of the spirit, from a convention of pleasantness, which, when attacked for the monstrous things it permits to enter the mind of the world, excuses itself by protesting that it is a pity to waste fierceness on things that do not matter.

But they do matter. The mind can think of a hundred twisted traditions and ignorances that lie across the path of letters like a barbed wire entanglement and bar the mind from an important advance. For instance, there is the tradition of unreadability which the governing classes have imposed on the more learned departments of literature, such as biography and history. We must rebel against the formidable army of Englishmen who have achieved the difficult task of becoming men of letters without having written anything. They throw up platitudinous inaugural addresses like wormcasts, they edit the letters of the unprotected dead, and chew once more the more masticated portions of history; and every line they write perpetuates the pompous tradition of eighteenth century "book English" and dissociates more thoroughly the ideas of history and originality of thought. We must dispel this unlawful assembly of peers and privy councillors round the wellhead of scholarship with kindly but abusive, and, in cases of extreme academic refinement, coarse criticism.

That is one duty which lies before us. Others will be plain to any active mind; for instance, the settlement of our uncertainty as to what it is permissible to write about. One hoped, when all the literary world of London gave a dinner to M. Anatole France last year, that some writer would rise to his feet and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here in honor of an author who has delighted us with a series of works which, had he been an Englishman, would have landed him in gaol for the term of his natural life." That would have shown that the fetters of the English artist are not light and may weigh down the gestures of genius. It is not liberty to describe love that he needs, for he has as much of that as any reasonable person could want, so much as the liberty to describe this and any other passion with laughter and irony.

This enfranchisement must be won partly by criticism. We must ridicule those writers who supply the wadding of the mattress of solemnity on which the British governing classes take their repose. We must overcome our natural reverence for Mrs. Humphry Ward, that grave lady who would have made so excellent a helpmate for Marcus Aurelius, and mock at her succession of rectory Cleopatras of unblemished character, womanly women who, without education and without the discipline of participation in public affairs, are yet capable of influencing politicians with wisdom. When Mr. A. C. Benson presents the world with the unprovoked exudations of his temperament, we may rejoice over the Hindu-like series of acquiescences which take the place of religion in donnish circles. The whole of modern England is busily unveiling itself to the satirist and giving him an opportunity to dispute the reverences and reticence it has ordained.

But there is a more serious duty than these before us, the duty of listening to our geniuses in a disrespectful manner. Criticism matters as it never did in the past, because of the present pride of great writers. They take all life as their province to-day. Formerly they sat in their studies, and thinking only of the emotional life of mankind—thinking therefore with comparative ease, of the color of life and not of its form—devised a score or so of stories before death came. Now, their pride telling them that if time would but stand still they could explain all life, they start on a breakneck journey across the world. They are tormented by the thought of time; they halt by no event, but look down upon it as they pass, cry out their impressions, and gallop on. Often it happens that because of their haste they receive a blurred impression or transmit it to their readers roughly and without precision. And just as it was the duty of the students of Kelvin the mathematician to correct his errors in arithmetic, so it is the duty of critics to rebuke these hastinesses of great writers, lest the blurred impressions weaken the surrounding mental fabric and their rough transmissions frustrate the mission of genius on earth.

There are two great writers of to-day who greatly need correction. Both are misleading in external things. When Mr. Shaw advances, rattling his long lance to wit, and Mr. Wells follows, plump and oiled with the fun of things, they seem Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Not till one has read much does one discover that Mr. Shaw loves the world as tenderly as Sancho Panza loved his ass, and that Mr. Wells wants to drive false knights from the earth and cut the stupidity and injustice out of the spiritual stuff of mankind. And both have to struggle with their temperaments. Mr. Shaw believes too blindly in his own mental activity; he imagines that if he continues to secrete thought he must be getting on. Mr. Wells dreams into the

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extravagant ecstasies of the fanatic, and broods over old hated things or the future peace and wisdom of the world, while his story falls in ruins about his ears.

Yet no effective criticism has come to help them. Although in the pages of Mr. Shaw enthusiasm glows like sunsets and the heart of man is seen flowering in a hundred generous and lovely passions, no one has ever insisted that he was a poet. We have even killed his poetry with silence. A year ago he lightened the English stage, which has been permanently fogged by Mr. Pinero's gloomy anecdotes about stockbrokers' wives and their passions, with "Androcles and the Lion," which was a miracle play and an exposition of the Christian mysteries. It taught that the simple man is the son of God, and that if men love the world it will be kind to them. Because this message was delivered with laughter, as became its optimism, English criticism accused Mr. Shaw of pertness and irreverence, and never permitted the nation to know that a spiritual teacher had addressed it. Instead, it advised Mr. Shaw to return to the discussion of social and philosophical problems, in which his talent could perhaps hope to be funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Wells' mind works more steadily than Mr. Shaw's, but it suffers from an unawareness of the reader; an unawareness, too, of his material; an unawareness of everything except the problem on which it happens to be brooding. His stories become more and more absent-minded. From "The Passionate Friends" we deduced that Mr. Wells lived on the branch line of a not too well organized railway system and wrote his books while waiting for trains at the main line junction. The novel appeared to be a year book of Indian affairs; but there were also some interesting hints on the publishing business, and once or twice one came on sections of a sympathetic study of moral imbecility in the person of a lady called Mary, who married for money and impudently deceived her owner. And what was even more amazing than its inchoateness was Mr. Wells' announcement on the last page that the book had been a discussion of jealousy. That was tragic, for it is possible that he had something to say on the subject, and what it was no one will ever know. Yet this boat of wisdom which had sprung so disastrous a leak received not one word of abuse from English criticism. No one lamented over the waste of the mind, the spilling of the idea.

That is what we must prevent. Now, when every day the souls of men go up from France like smoke, we feel that humanity is the flimsiest thing, easily divided into nothingness and rotting flesh. We must lash down humanity to the world with thongs of wisdom. We must give her an unsurprisable mind. And that will never be done while affairs of art and learning are decided without passion, and individual dulnesses allowed to dim the brightness of the collective mind. We must weepingly leave the library if we are stupid, just as in the middle ages we left the home if we were lepers. If we can offer the mind of the world nothing else we can offer it our silence. REBECCA WEST.

Panic In Art

ONCE a year for the last six years art has been reborn and named successively: Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Orphism, Synchromism and Vorticism. And each conception is assumed to have the finality of a miracle. In the uproar of rival christenings the accredited Cubist pamphleteer announces "Cubism is painting itself." The Futurist manifesto proclaims, "We inaugurate a new epoch of painting." A Synchromist confided to me, "Ours is the last painters' movement; there can be no other." One conviction, however, they hold in common: art, which has been the courtesan of princes and the holiday playmate of republics, is dead. Painting, which began with Giotto, has completed its cycle, and a new art made possible by a new freedom is to begin.

We are faced with it, the freedom to paint hair green, thighs blue, and tables out of perspective; the further freedom to dismember any object and scatter its parts in dynamic rhythm; the ultimate right to evolve whirlpools of color splashed by flaming pinwheels in which the last traces of the object is inundated. The critic attempts to bully the painter by declaring this stuff is not worth understanding. The painter promptly intimidates the critic by declaring that this is beauty too new and too strange for him to see.

Now it is essential to realize that not even the maddest of modern canvasses is a hoax nor the strangest a mystery. For in this new movement there is nothing mysterious we need approach with awe. Nothing is hidden except its motives. It is not primarily a revolt against the realism of Courbet or the impressionism of Monet. The energy that animates it is nothing so trivial as a desire to scandalize the pontiffs of academic art. The new in recent art is the expression of two impulses, the first a panic-stricken attempt (Post-Impressionism) to recover our lost innocence of the eye, the second (Cubism, Futurism, etc.) a frantic endeavor to achieve forms so pure and beauty so abstract that they would be a new absolute. Both are ineffectual and both are significant because they are phases of an inevitable revolt against an unavoidable criticism growing every year more intolerable to the artist.

For the compilation of art history has grown so complete that no one can escape it. The process

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of enthusiastic allegiance to some historic type of beauty by which the artist educates his sense of design and form becomes an immense critical labor. Instead of an immediate native tradition there is a bewildering array of historic tradition to choose from. The sculptor, for instance, not only compares Greek statues with Egyptian, Hindu bronzes with Chinese monuments, but he must compare Phidian marbles with archaic Attic bas-reliefs, and later Egyptian monoliths with examples of the first dynasties. He cannot take Greek art in general, or any other art, as his model; his knowledge of it is already too complete. Forty years ago the mere sight of the first Japanese prints to reach Europe determined Whistler's sense of composition, Van Gogh's draughtsmanship, Monet's secession from the Barbizon School. But already the painter knows that Hokusai and Hiroshighe are decadent and merely popular illustrators to the Japanese themselves, and that if he wishes to school himself in Oriental art he had better learn to appreciate Harunobu or the Chinese landscape paintings of the Sung period, unless he finds that the Orient after all reached a more complete expression in Persian miniatures. The creative energy of our time is not only exhausted by enthusiastic erudition, but our power of appreciation is itself drained by incessant criticism, the necessity for a continual revaluation of all aesthetic values before we can achieve any aesthetic criterion whatsoever.

Is it surprising that painters and sculptors ended with a forlorn sense of the wisdom of ignorance, that, utterly weary of the burden of sophistication, their only ultimate enthusiasm should be for every primitive period of art in which they could regain a sense of seeing with the uneducated gaze of the savage and the childlike eye? There followed ten or fifteen years in which every type of primitive simplicity was revived: the simplification of drawing, the distortion of the nude, the color schemes of pure reds, blues and yellows which raised shrieks of protest. The sculptor discovered negro wood-carvings of the African coast and "went in" for a barbaric feeling for form. Portraits were painted which had the ponderous strength of Byzantine mosaics, every feature heavily outlined in black. Landscapes became patterns as simple and direct as Persian tiles.

As in all revivals, much was recovered that was permanently valuable. Color achieved a new splendor. Painting acquired an intrinsic beauty of material, a sheer loveliness of texture, as of lustreless enamel or Italian majolica. Our sense of decoration was reborn. For any canvas of Matisse more genuinely ornaments a wall than a mural painting by Chavannes. All the elements for the making of a great tradition of mural painting were resurrected, but painting was too irretrievably obsessed with its search for salvation to use them. The nostalgia of eclecticism remained, while the conviction grew more and more irresistible that everything had been done and there was no use doing it over again. The ingenuity of the artist was finally browbeaten. The visible world was no longer real to him. Significantly enough, Picasso, collector of death-masks and totem-poles, was the first to emancipate himself from the object.

So we have had the rise of five or six "Damn-the-Object" schools. The cubists proclaim, "The mission of the artist is to divest objects of their banal appearance and to fashion the real image of the spirit." The painter is to search for "the plastic essence of the world," tending to express itself as "a colored mathematics of things." Observe the absolutist's contempt for the merely phenomenal world. Objects are appearances, thin and unreal things. Vision is only a form of illusion; reality is elsewhere. The artist pondering on the nature of his art begins to reflect on the nature of reality. And with phenomenal ingenuity he creates fantastic systems of graphic symbols to express naive systems of metaphysics. The cubists are particularly preoccupied with the nature of space and volume, and though they insist that "pictorial space" is "non-euclidian," they express their conviction in canvasses full of cones, cylinders and cubes. The futurist parodies Democritus: "Our bodies enter into the canopies on which we sit, the couches enter into our bodies, the autobus hurls itself into the houses it passes, the houses hurl themselves upon the autobus and merge with it."

The second revolution, like the first, ends in the past. The revolutionary painter, seeking the most uniquely modern goal he can imagine, has fallen victim to an ancient hunger—a poetic impatience to rend the veil of appearance, a poignant eagerness to be one with the hidden essence of being. He has expressed again his own weariness, a desire to lose himself in a world his eye can no longer dominate or understand. The latest pamphlet calls this "The Art of Spiritual Harmony." Well, it is an essentially mediaeval conception of the relation of man to his universe. It is a scholastic's answer to the problem, though the middle ages did not attempt to delineate it in paint. The cubist and the futurist are at best modern monks illuminating with fantastic grotesques the margin of an esoteric manuscript. And if certain of their canvasses of triangles and circles seem like cabalistic signs, it is because, like Faust, they are calling up the Earth-Spirit.

Yet there is no need of echoing Kenyon Cox that painting is going to the dogs, or of whimpering with all the instructors that art is dead. Whatever you may mean by death, be certain of one thing: Art may die innumerable deaths, if that is the metaphor you choose to adopt. It will not stop. The twin impulse to ornament and to play is an eternal passion. This kneading, thumping, hammering, cutting and smearing of materials into shapes and patterns is an incessant energy, and the habit of making easel pictures is only one of its phases. For the moment, painting is sealed in a test-tube of aesthetic experiments where form and color gleam and float in fiery disintegration. L. S.

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The War and the Future of Civilization

THE defense alleged by all the nations at present involved in the European war hinges upon the necessity of their continued existence to insure the future of civilization. Nor can we claim with a shadow of truth that the insistence upon this point is more vigorous at Berlin than it is in London or in Paris. We shall surely be lacking in fairness if we question the sincerity with which all these European nations tenaciously cling to the notion that they are indispensable to the happiness of future generations. We shall, however, be quite as lacking in candor and intelligence if we fail to see that each of these nations assumes a knowledge of the ultimate end and aim of civilization, coupled to a clear insight into the process by which that ultimate aim must be attained, to an ability to see the chain of connection binding the present to this dim and ultimate future, and, of course, to an analysis of the present situation so complete and accurate as to distinguish the elements necessary to insure the future.

We find it personally a little difficult to concede to any of the nations the gift of prophecy and an ability to read the writing in the stars. Can we be absolutely positive that the future of the human race, let us say, depends upon the ruling of Asia, Africa, or South America by any European nation? In the face of the fact that every religious creed which has shown any strength in history has come out of Asia, can we believe that upon the direction of the occidental nations depends the spiritual progress of the human race? We find in Europe at present two different notions of administration; one called parliamentary government, and the other bureaucratic government. The one works admirably in England, and rather badly elsewhere; the other is astonishingly efficient in Germany, and less conspicuously useful in other countries. Shall we not really need the powers of a seventh son to tell which of these is more essential to the world at large? We find in England a notion of individual liberty which, on the whole, allows the individual to do pretty much anything he wants to until some other individual sues him in court. The government is to arbitrate between the two, but is to direct neither. In Germany the government promulgates sets of rules regarding the conduct of individuals toward each other, and compels individuals to observe them. The citizens of both nations claim that the results are as nearly ideal as anything is likely to be in this imperfect world.

If we look into the past, we shall find it difficult to concede to any generation the ability to tell in advance what will benefit or will injure civilization. The downfall of political Greece, which seemed to many contemporaries certain to destroy Greek culture forever, was in fact the instrumentality by which Greek culture was spread throughout the civilized world and made almost universal. Scarcely a Roman citizen could have been found in the fourth century, A.D., who would not have bewailed the invasions of the "barbarous" Germans as the death of civilization. Indeed, educated men were pretty positive for nearly a thousand years that the Barbarians had destroyed civilization. Of this the Renaissance had no doubt whatever, and named the centuries subsequent to the fall of Rome and previous to their own time as the dark ages, when the light of civilization had been quenched. It is an astonishingly different notion of the Barbarian invasions which we find in the pages of ardent Teutonists like Lamprecht or Chamberlain. They are quite convinced that those centuries saw the dawn of civilization. In 1630 Gustavus Adolphus arrived in Germany for the purpose of saving civilization, which he identified with Protestantism, yet he succeeded (as most authorities are now agreed) in wrecking and desolating Germany, and he was certainly one of the chief authors of her poverty and weakness in the two succeeding centuries. Nor do we see at present eye to eye with the savior of civilization in 1815. Louis XVIII and the Duke of Wellington now occupy quite unenviable positions as blind reactionaries in the path of progress, while for those masters of foreign politics, George Canning and Metternich, whose policies and speeches impressed their contemporaries as utterances divinely inspired, we have scarcely a respectful word. Yet in 1815 there was probably no individual whom his contemporaries would have considered sane who did not breathe fervent prayers of thanks in the belief that the future of civilization was now assured, having passed into the hands of its saviors.

Do we not also learn from the history of the past that it is almost impossible for contemporaries to judge correctly in deciding whether resistance to aggression is really a safeguard for the future or merely an attempt of the obsolete and the outworn to retard progress? Few men would now shed tears upon the remains of political Athens; still fewer bemoan the sowing of salt upon the ruins of Carthage. A cold and unsympathetic reception awaits the advocate of the usefulness of imperial Rome of the fourth century A.D. There can be absolutely no doubt that the monasteries rendered indispensable service to the cause of civilization in the early middle ages, not only by the preservation of art and letters, but by the preservation of technical skill in many mechanical trades. But in the sixteenth century the monastic orders had no friends sufficiently ardent and powerful to ward off destruc-

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tion, and there are not many students to-day who are inclined to question the general gain for civilization by the breaking of their power.

Surely, if in the whole range of history we come upon a country which believed its own efforts indispensable for the progress of the race, it was Renaissance Italy, and it was more nearly right than contemporaries usually have been; but the political power of Italy was then, and remained until the nineteenth century, a shadow. Few countries in the whole history of the race have achieved such wholehearted and unanimous admiration as France possessed in the eighteenth century. Its very name was synonymous with what was to contemporaries civilization itself; its loss or destruction would have seemed irreparable. Yet in 1815 practically the whole civilized world congratulated itself upon the downfall, nay, upon the practical destruction of France, and upon the consequent saving of civilization.

If there is anything in the tenet of the relativity of truth, we have not now and are not likely to have any notion of what is really indispensable to the future of civilization, because we have not and cannot have a definite notion of what the future of civilization is. It ought to be sufficient for us to remember that northwestern Europe, which we now look upon as the seat of civilization, was, at the birth of Christ, scarcely known to be upon the globe, and was in all honesty believed by scientists to be the place where the world came to an end and space began. And in the history of the race and of the world two thousand years are but a moment. In reality we are dealing to-day with essentially different notions of civilization, of its object, of the methods necessary to attain it, of the hands which will perform the work. It is the difference of opinion about the future which lies at the root of the present difficulty, and in that opinion we shall find, as in a looking-glass, the images of the nations as they successively step forward. They differ in their national character, their ideas of morality, their ideas of the future because of their past. Their national aims and ambitions are the result of the history of Europe, the result of their deep hatreds, antagonisms, and rivalries during the fifteen hundred years since their ancestors poured down from the forests of the North upon the provinces of decadent Rome. From such a long and tangled past have come deep-rooted ideas, intense passions, strong beliefs, determinations to prevail. It is with these we have to deal.

Somehow, in some way of which we know nothing, the future civilization will emerge, as in the past, from the clash of these ideals and ambitions. The past makes it clear that civilization will be safeguarded, whatever happens. The future no more depends upon a single race or a single nation than a nation depends upon a single individual. When we talk of worlds, of aeons of time, of the human race itself and the future of its civilization, nations, like individuals, become pygmies and almost disappear from sight. We cannot tell in advance what the future is going to be, we cannot tell in advance which of us will render the service which will be seen a thousand years hence to have been important; but surely we can all be pardoned for believing that we have some part to play in it. The real problem with which we have to deal is not that of providing for civilization's future, but that of providing for the immediate future of those of us who are now alive. ROLAND G. USHER.

In a Schoolroom

THE other day I amused myself by slipping into a recitation at the suburban high school where I had once studied as a boy. The teacher let me sit, like one of the pupils, at an empty desk in the back of the room, and for an hour I had before my eyes the interesting drama of the American school as it unfolds itself day after day in how many thousands of classrooms throughout the land. I had gone primarily to study the teacher, but I soon found that the pupils, after they had forgotten my presence, demanded most of my attention.

Their attitude towards the teacher, a young man just out of college and amazingly conscientious and persevering, was that good-humored tolerance which has to take the place of enthusiastic interest in our American school. They seemed to like the teacher and recognize fully his good intentions, but their attitude was a delightful one of all making the best of a bad bargain, and co-operating loyally with him in slowly putting the hour out of its agony. This good-natured acceptance of the inevitable, this perfunctory going through by its devotees of the ritual of education, was my first striking impression, and the key to the reflections that I began to weave.

As I sank down to my seat I felt all that queer sense of depression, still familiar after ten years, that sensation, in coming into the schoolroom, of suddenly passing into a helpless, impersonal world, where expression could be achieved and curiosity asserted only in the most formal and difficult way. And the class began immediately to divide itself for me, as I looked around it, into the artificially depressed like myself, commonly called the "good" children, and the artificially stimulated, commonly known as the "bad," and the envy and despair of every "good" child. For to these "bad" children, who are, of course, simply those with more self-assertion and initiative than the rest, all the careful network of discipline and order is simply a direct and irresistible challenge. I remembered the fearful awe with which I used to watch the exhaustless ingenuity of the "bad" boys of my class to disrupt the peacefully dragging recitation; and behold, I found myself watching intently, along with all the children in my immediate neighborhood, the patient activity of a boy who spent his entire hour in so completely sharpening a lead-pencil that there was nothing left at the end but the lead. Now what normal boy would do so silly a thing or who would look at him in real life? But here, in this artificial

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atmosphere, his action had a sort of symbolic quality; it was assertion against a stupid authority, a sort of blind resistance against the attempt of the schoolroom to impersonalize him. The most trivial incident assumed importance; the chiming of the town-clock, the passing automobile, a slip of the tongue, a passing footstep in the hall, would polarize the wandering attention of the entire class like an electric shock. Indeed, a large part of the teacher's business seemed to be to demagnetize, by some little ingenious touch, his little flock into their original inert and static elements.

For the whole machinery of the classroom was dependent evidently upon this segregation. Here were these thirty children, all more or less acquainted, and so congenial and sympathetic that the slightest touch threw them all together into a solid mass of attention and feeling. Yet they were forced, in accordance with some principle of order, to sit at these stiff little desks, equidistantly apart, and prevented under penalty from communicating with each other. All the lines between them were supposed to be broken. Each existed for the teacher alone. In this incorrigibly social atmosphere, with all the personal influences playing around, they were supposed to be, not a network or a group, but a collection of things, in relation only with the teacher.

These children were spending the sunniest hours of their whole lives, five days a week, in preparing themselves, I assume by the acquisition of knowledge, to take their places in a modern world of industry, ideas and business. What institution, I asked myself, in this grown-up world bore resemblance to this so carefully segregated classroom? I smiled, indeed, when it occurred to me that the only possible thing I could think of was a State Legislature. Was not the teacher a sort of Speaker putting through the business of the session, enforcing a sublimated parliamentary order, forcing his members to address only the chair and avoid any but a formal recognition of their colleagues? How amused, I thought, would Socrates have been to come upon these thousands of little training-schools for incipient legislators! He might have recognized what admirably experienced and docile Congressmen such a discipline as this would make, if there were the least chance of any of these pupils ever reaching the House, but he might have wondered what earthly connection it had with the atmosphere and business of workshop and factory and office and store and home into which all these children would so obviously be going. He might almost have convinced himself that the business of adult American life was actually run according to the rules of parliamentary order, instead of on the plane of personal intercourse, of quick interchange of ideas, the understanding and the grasping of concrete social situations.

It is the merest platitude, of course, that those people succeed who can best manipulate personal intercourse, who can best express themselves, whose minds are most flexible and most responsive to others, and that those people would deserve to succeed in any form of society. But has there ever been devised a more ingenious enemy of personal intercourse than the modern classroom, catching, as it does, the child in his most impressionable years? The two great enemies of intercourse are bumptiousness and diffidence, and the classroom is perhaps the most successful instrument yet devised for cultivating both of them.

As I sat and watched these interesting children struggling with these enemies, I reflected that even with the best of people, thinking cannot be done without talking. For thinking is primarily a social faculty; it requires the stimulus of other minds to excite curiosity, to arouse some emotion. Even private thinking is only a conversation with one's self. Yet in the classroom the child is evidently expected to think without being able to talk. In such a rigid and silent atmosphere, how could any thinking be done, where there is no stimulus, no personal expression?

While these reflections were running through my head, the hour dragged to its close. As the bell rang for dismissal, a sort of thrill of rejuvenation ran through the building. The "good" children straightened up, threw off their depression and took back their self-respect, the "bad" sobered up, threw off their swollen egotism, and prepared to leave behind them their mischievousness in the room that had created it. Everything suddenly became human again. The brakes were off, and life, with all its fascinations of intrigue and amusement, was flowing once more. The school streamed away in personal and intensely interested little groups. The real world of business and stimulations and rebounds was thick again here.

If I had been a teacher and watched my children going away, arms around each other, all aglow with talk, I should have been very wistful for the injection of a little of that animation into the dull and halting lessons of the classroom. Was I a horrible "intellectual," to feel sorry that all this animation and verve of life should be perpetually poured out upon the ephemeral, while thinking is made as difficult as possible, and the expressive and intellectual child made to seem a sort of monstrous pariah?

Now I know all about the logic of the classroom, the economies of time, money, and management that have to be met. I recognize that in the cities the masses that come to the schools require some sort of rigid machinery for their governance. Hand-educated children have had to go the way of hand-made buttons. Children have had to be massed together into a schoolroom, just as cotton looms have had to be massed together into a factory. The difficulty is that, unlike cotton looms, massed children make a social group, and that the mind and personality can only be developed by the freely inter-stimulating play of minds in a group. Is it not very curious that we spend so much time on the practice and methods of teaching, and never criticise the very framework itself? Call this thing that goes on in the modern schoolroom schooling, if you like. Only don't call it education. RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

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A Change in Shaw

Pygmalion, a romance in five acts, by G. Bernard Shaw. Presented at the Park Theatre, New York, Oct. 12, 1914.

IF a play has breath in its body, it lives outside as well as inside the theatre. Tragedy or fantasy, comedy or farce, it goes with us from the footlights to the street. It may fade, like a glance of understanding. It may be forgotten, like a sympathy outlived. But however fleeting its impression, it must, if it is to withstand criticism, persuade us that its allegiance is to life. It must, that is to say, survive the mere galvanic hour. Like true eloquence in the orator, it must abide the morning after, in a world without glamor or enthrallment. And it will abide if it has awakened within ourselves that sanction to which dramatic method is simply the vivid aid.

Bernard Shaw has, of course, been singularly a dramatist of life. He has been blamed for using his characters as mouthpieces, and for decoying them merely to surprise or amuse us. The criticism is fair, in so far as he has served his purpose at the expense of his characters' individuality. People in real life are never entirely like people in Shavian plays. Their motives are not so exact. Their emotions are not so amusingly meretricious. Their language is not so pellucidly logical. But where Shaw touches reality is in his dramatization of conventions and codes. It is easy for us now to believe that we came honestly by our own mental receptivity, but a whole theatric generation has had the benefit of the sharpest critical intelligence of his age. Shaw received English-speaking audiences into a theatre cloyed with sentiment and muffled in tradition. He found them full of precious assumptions about character and circumstance to which it was the constant habit to defer. He sent people home with a new sense of their own principles and prejudices, as if they had endured a healthy though uninvited dispute. He gave to current morals a different and vastly more intelligible meaning, and did it through the challenged mind rather than through the mobile heart. He has, at any rate, up to the present, always raised expectancies as to social intention and perception which, despite any flippancy of situation, he has never failed exuberantly to fulfil.

Up to the present, however; for "Pygmalion" marks a sharp and vital change. A thing to see, it is also a thing to laugh with and enjoy, a comedy of quite diverting skill. Coming from success in Germany and England, it is already established here as one of our most inviting plays. But, facile in the theatre, laying springes for our laughter, it expires with the tenancy of one's chair.

Consider, first, the slightness of "Pygmalion." The scene is darkest London. At its center, huddled in a rainstorm under the gaunt portico of St. Paul's in Covent Garden, sits a flower-girl, the trampled lily of Cockaigne. To this guttersnipe, in the midnight shower, comes a brusque, fraternal gentleman, the man of hard words and gentle deeds. But, unlike his counterpart in "The Unsocial Socialist," this is a practical reformer, a phonetic expert, a wizard in vocables. In a few months, he muses loudly, he could give the guttersnipe the articulation and the soul of a duchess. Convert her speech, convert her manners—she'll be a lady as good as any in the land. He surveys her broodingly, thrusts a banknote on her, scowls at thanks, and disappears.

Something in this girl answers the clarion of Henry Higgins. She arrives next day to hire, with his own bounty, his magic aid. He accepts her, but with consequences. Her father pursues, a crafty, jocular soul, minstrel of "the undeserving poor." For another banknote, however, he leaves his plastic girl to Henry Higgins, departing with a frank, unchristian wink. Eliza is thereupon washed, scrubbed and put in the forcing-bed, to be gingerly transplanted, after three months, for the social scrutiny of a Chelsea flat. Eliza acts the human pianola to her master's anguish and delight. He next ordains a garden party, a Gethsemane, and here Eliza triumphs. The trick is accomplished, she's a lady, a penniless, beautiful woman on the professor's bachelor hands. He storms at the problem Eliza now presents, and she, passionately human, hates him for loving him. They exchange "brute" and "liar," create a situation, fly asunder, and later, after a burlesque frenzied chase, unite. The union is deferred for the reappearance of Eliza's father, now endowed by a funny-column American millionaire, and converted into a funny-column social reformer. The father departs, to point a skit on the ascent to marriage via property, leaving Henry Higgins to expound Shaw's favorite crux, "I can't live with her, and I can't live without her."

Here, then, is a fantasy of gossamer texture, requiring for its reality a wealth of humor, of sympathy, of art. It is almost as if Shaw had been allured by the winsome muse of J. M. Barrie, only to be deserted, poor victim of inveterate intelligence, the moment that Eliza left her slum. It is not Eliza that is at fault, but the arid sympathy of Shaw. Forced, for lack of realizing her warm and touching possibilities, to see her as purely comic, Shaw had to make people respond by methods invented for the stage. She is bribed with chocolates and silks, and her bribery makes us laugh. She bewilders the stage housekeeper, and we smile. She upsets the "silly ass" at a British afternoon tea, and we grin. She ejects "bloody," and we roar. We are then prepared for excruciating references to the "pre-digested cheese trust," speeches on "middle class morality" and fortunes juggled to suit theatric needs. But all the time we imagine a real Eliza, unlike this comic butt, who would have justified a very different mirth.

Farce, perhaps, is also worth our while. But one judges this is accidental farce. As comedy, at any rate, it is spurious. Shaw has stooped to fabricate a play. It is only fair, however, to ascribe some of this delinquency to the cast. It is hard to believe that any part could have survived the conscientious over-acting of Mr. Merivale as the professor. He kept jumping on imagination's toes. Mr. Edmund Gurney, on the other hand, awakened delighted appreciation as Eliza's father. If he captivated every soul in the theatre, it was by richest reference to life. I felt sorry when Mr. Gurney returned in the last act. He was set to spur a very jaded muse.

But if Mr. Gurney was the gem, Mrs. Campbell was the high and radiant star. Of autumn—if stars are seasonal—there was no more than the faintest sigh in her performance. Forbidden by the dramatist any excursion into her own opulent and seductive regions, she exquisitely declined to adapt Eliza Doolittle to her personal proclivities. Without verve, but with enveloping skill, she attained utter fidelity to the Cockney wench. As the flower-girl, the bullied pupil, the phonetic doll, the eventual woman—from seed to bud and bud to flower—she was fully and beautifully resourceful. In that part one might yearn to see a young creature of such pulsing humanity that one would turn to her for the poignancy of her springtime and the wonder of awakening sex. Yet here is a triumph without a single adventitious aid. Incidentally, Mrs. Campbell's voice was memorably lovely. There is for everyone a cadence in words like "moon" and "swoon," but never, never was any phrase so cadent as her Galatea's fluted "drop of booze."

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

ALL writers, according to Anàtole France, are condemned to solitary confinement. I quote from the English edition of "La Vie Litteraire": "We are shut up in our own personality as if in a perpetual prison. The best thing for us, it seems to me, is to admit this frightful condition with a good grace, and to confess that we speak of ourselves every time we have no strength to remain silent." A friend of mine, a rival of Mr. A. B. Walkley in his devotion to these words, has embroidered upon them after this fashion, which he calls "Magnum Opus":

> My book is of the past. A shadow falls,
> Blue, Greek, serene, across this Attic page.
> In this, a murmur of the Middle Age
> Echoes and dies along Italian walls.
>
> My book is of the present. Young Love's wings.
> He loves, she loves. "O, let him marry her!"
> Softly, I pray. The wedding will occur
> After he's busted a few trusts and things.
>
> My book is of the future. Here on earth
> Both sexes travel their eugenic way
> To Heaven, and sex war has its day.
> The story closes with my hero's birth.
>
> All these my subject. On an upper shelf
> It hides, my dusty duodecimo.
> I never read it. It contains, you know,
> A hundred thousand words about—myself.

A good war poem, whenever anybody writes one, will be welcome, but I can't understand disdain of the war poetry that has already found its way to the United States. Most of it is merely claret on the tablecloth and the kindest criticism is a pinch of salt. Many of the poets are now in the trenches. Neither they nor the stay-at-homes have had time to shape imaginatively such material as the war has brought them. Conceive, if you please, some planet where disobedient water flowed uphill, where the goodness of God was apprehended by the devout as flushing the universe at certain seasons only, where the flesh of men fell off their bones in autumn, and skeletons walked the winter until spring. I should hardly expect my favorite poet, if transported thither, to supply me at once with an imaginative reaction upon a planet so peculiar. At first he could not listen to the music of the sphere on which he was marooned. He would be too intent upon making sense out of the libretto. Let us, therefore, deal gently with poets whom patriotic impulse or a noble, unintelligent aspiration to be worthy of a great moment, has too early set to work. The war is not yet a subject, except for the rhetoricians. Some day it will find its great poet. I am content to wait for this day, unless the great poet, by not being born yet, keep me waiting too long.

I trust I haven't implied that taking his time insures a writer against the rhetorical danger. Paul Hervieu, you may remember, was profoundly disorganized by the Dreyfus case. For two years he could do no work. The idea of guilt haunted him. A crime of one kind or another had been committed and the guilt had not been fixed. He was cured of his distraction at last by writing "L'Enigme," one of the Dreyfus case's queerest by-products. In its first form the play ended without giving up its secret. It did not tell us which of the two wives, *Giselle* or *Leonore*, had been guilty of adultery. We found this out in the second version of the play before the first act was over. Two years plus the months needed to make three versions of "L'Enigme." Time enough, you might think, for M. Hervieu to have conceived and been delivered of a thoroughly unrhetorical play. Such was not his good fortune. But the time did prove long enough for him to get clean away from all temptation to dramatize the Dreyfus case, with which the play has nothing whatever to do. "L'Enigme" serves as a measure of the distance which may separate the impression which causes a work of art from the impression it leaves, a record of how far from his springboard the diver may come up.

You lift your eyebrows, do you, at my calling "L'Enigme" a work of art? Would have lifted them, you say, even if you had not read the sincere destructive pages in which M. Romain Rolland attends to M. Hervieu's case? I don't mind. While I yield to many, to very many, in my liking for "L'Enigme," it spoke to me, in spite of the mechanism so laboriously and naively installed in its first act, with singular directness. There is much in it that repels me. Even for such a short and violent story it is too loud, too bare, too obviously a strict follower of its constructor's blue-print. The characters seem always to be self-consciously thinking, "We mustn't say or do anything irrelevant. M. Hervieu will scold us if we're in the least irrelevant." They are ever in their great taskmaster's eye. Yet the play did make me feel what at the hour of starting for the theater I had only known, that death is a barbarous, anachronistic punishment of adultery, that an adultery which ends in murder or suicide ends badly.

I remember being on a glacier once, with two other men. We had lost our way, we were cold and hungry, darkness was coming on. Professed lovers of the open air for about a month every year, professed scorners of cities for exactly the same period, we should have welcomed, on that August night, even a city to dwell in. We were in no danger so long as we did not move, for an ample moon was scheduled and would, in a few hours, be lighting us off the ice, but we were temporarily wretched. Nothing to eat, nothing but glacier water to drink, nothing to smoke. One of my friends, searching his rucksack more profoundly, made a noise of discovery—cigars! He produced them one by one. One, two—only two in all, and three smokers. In a flash a truth I had long known came all the way home to me. One and one do not make three. Since that moment I have seen points of resemblance between life and Paul Hervieu. An evening with him, like that evening on the glacier, turns old knowledge into feeling.

Only two or three of his *tragedies bourgeoises* have been given in this country. I wonder why all of them, except the earlier criticisms of French law, have not been translated and published. Something would be lost, of course. English cannot be coaxed or bullied into that modern equivalent of French alexandrines which M. Hervieu often intends, yet he must be less difficult, with his rather stiff declamation and his want of grace, than his lighter-handed contemporaries. Speeches are more easily translated than talk, the purple of prose than the fine linen. His plays are largely scenario, and scenarios die hard. The importance of children, the power of a child to keep the separation of its parents from becoming a perfect separation—themes like these are exportable. The most general of the impressions M. Hervieu makes on me he would still make, I am sure, through any translation. I should distinguish, above the creaking of his dramaturgy, the sound of a real mind in pain.

P. L.

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Mr. Wells Avoids Trouble

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

SOMEWHERE in "The New Machiavelli" H. G. Wells pictures himself surrounded by piles of manuscripts discarded in an effort to find a true account of his story. When I finished reading "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" I wondered whether Mr. Wells had not passed beyond the stage of rejecting any part of his own work as inadequate. For though this latest book is amusing, and perhaps useful, it is a careless book written with comfortable facility out of the upper layers of his mind. You say to yourself, Wells has turned out another book. You cannot say to yourself, as you could of his earlier work, Wells has learned from fresh experience and Wells is giving of that experience. For "Tono-Bungay" and "The New Machiavelli" were wrung with tortured sincerity out of a man's own life, and they were scarred and shapeless with the effort; they seemed to stammer inevitably into Wells's famous suspension points, with their own inner need for the elusive fringes of the truth.

Since he wrote "The New Machiavelli" Wells seems like a man who has retired to live in the country on the proceeds of his accumulated spiritual capital. Where formerly each book had been a fresh adventure and a new conquest, these later ones seem like creations from an armchair which cost little and give little. No doubt it is understandable that men should grow weary of danger, that arctic explorers should become lecturers and that old soldiers should write their memoirs, that Wells should plagiarize Wells. Few men who write have driven themselves as he has driven himself. The old Wells seemed to be living in a chronic crisis, in which there were immense visions and shattering disappointments, a gorgeous socialism breaking its heart over the actual facts. In the characters he created love was a pursuit in which the woman his hero desired was always just beyond the one he possessed. He was forever adjusting his hope to reality, trying almost in agony to find in England a home for his dreams. And because that struggle was relentless, Wells has come to typify the modern man, his weakness and his constant relapses, his tentative hope and his overwhelming tasks.

For what distinguished Wells among the Utopians is the fact that his Utopia was never finished and that every new experience amended it radically. He was not content to indulge his fancy or to clamor for freedom. He seemed to live in that dangerous region where freedom is being tried and vision embodied. He seemed to be buffeted from both sides, challenged by his dreams which revolted at the compromises of reality, and assaulted by reality which denounced the emptiness of all dreams. He seemed to spend himself in that struggle—the severest that a man can face; and he seemed to win by a constant renewal of effort in which he refused to sink either into placid acceptance of the world, or into self-contained satisfaction with his vision.

But in his later books there has been an evident slackening of effort, betrayed at first by a too great fluency of style, an increase of mannerism, a tendency to large rhetoric, and to plots which creak along by accident. Worse than that, his heroines have become distant and beautiful, they have moved up in society as heroines do, so that of late a Wells heroine to have a soul and to suffer must also have a title. Moreover, the villain has appeared, as the husband in "The Passionate Friends," as Sir Isaac in this book. Now a villain is a device for shirking the issue; you ascribe all the difficulties to him, and your story can proceed. But he is fatal to the truth, as the earlier Wells would have proclaimed on every page.

Yet here is the villain drawn as an uncannily malignant figure who is responsible for modern commercialism and for the suffering of generous souls like the wife, Lady Harman. "Poor Sir Isaac had lived like a blind thing in the sunlight, gathering and gathering, when the pride and pleasure of life is to administer and spend . . . ." And you take it from this book that only when he dies is freedom possible. At any rate, Lady Harman kisses the other man and the final note is a happy one. The earlier Wells, I think, would have begun the book there; he would have written the history of the marriage of well-meaning Lady Harman and well-meaning and inadequate Mr. Brumley. He would, in short, have faced the real problem of love and business and politics, which is not of black villains and of white heroines, but of maundering and confused human beings.

Wells has tried to write that book several times, but of late the effort seems too great for him, and so he writes instead these hasty, imitative, and somewhat querulous additions to the stock of the popular novel. There has perhaps always been in him a tendency to run away from his problem. His distressed heroes and heroines have fled to laboratories or gone up in balloons or committed suicide. He himself has fled recently from the business of reconstruction to a very thin picture of "The World Set Free." Generally he has conquered this weakness or compensated it by a great mass of honest speculation and vivid experience, but in this latest book the flight has become precipitate amidst a wreckage of abstract nouns in the plural and absurdly simplified accounts of human motive. For the mere fact that Wells has written about marriage as if the wife were all innocence and the husband all villainy is in itself the most distressing commentary on this book.

W. L.

The Right to Believe

The Mob, a play in four acts, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

MANY gallant creations have come from Mr. Galsworthy, but none deeper or more poignant than "The Mob." For a time Mr. Galsworthy seemed diverted. "The Pigeon" and "The Eldest Son" were characteristic, but they were slighter than seemed warranted by his powers. In this recent drama, however, (produced on the English stage last March and now published for the habituated reader of plays), he returns to a larger, more inclusive world. There is, moreover a change in mental temper. No longer does he blindfold himself and his reader to hold his scales impartially. He stands squarely before a common moral issue, and, while still reticent, commits himself as never before.

The beauty of courage has always stirred the soul of Mr. Galsworthy. This is a drama of the beauty of courage. By accident it relates to war, and since war is uppermost in people's minds perhaps the accident is happy. Mr. Galsworthy could not, in point of time, have calculated to help our groping sympathies, but because he adverts to the sharp problem of public action and private conscience his drama responds to the cue of the hour.

A British imperial exigency creates the situation in "The Mob." Several British subjects have been murdered by the natives of a powerful country, presumably in Africa. Feeling runs high in England and the idea of a war is popular. The government of the day is impressed with this feeling. It is ready to accede to the newspapers and the

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belligerent patriots, and to send its soldiers to the front. One member of the government, however, Stephen More, the Under Secretary of State, realizes it is the typical device of Empire, the petty war of aggression. He loves his country, but he believes the great powers have got to change their ways in dealing with weaker nations. He is unalterably convinced against the war. In the teeth of an outbreak of actual frontier fighting, he goes straight to the House, to denounce his government's action, "agreeable to the blind moment, odious to the future." Greeted with anger, he is physically assaulted before he finishes, and is left with no course but to resign.

Such moral protests are not unusual in politics. They are generally regarded as creditable, though impractical. But in More's case a flag has been not lowered but raised. He is a man of forty, "with a fine-cut face, a rather charming smile, and the eyes of an idealist." The son-in-law of an old soldier, Sir John Julian, his friends are members of the ruling caste. Yet, in spite of the misunderstanding of them all, in spite of his wife's intense and passionate patriotism, he decides to stump the country. To everyone this seems madness; practically, in his wife's words, the action of a cur. His own constituents try to bend him. He falters, weakens, yearns to yield. But, when the first British reverses are followed by a savage burst of chauvinism, he holds to his need to speak his truth.

If Mr. Galsworthy manages in the first two acts to give one an extraordinarily vivid sense of every single human being introduced, it is nothing to the skill with which his next act captures the personality of a mean and angry mob. You realize from the forerunning acts More's inexplicable cause. His father-in-law thinks him a fanatic. His sister-in-law, with her husband at the front, is inevitably embittered. The editor who comes to see him demeans him as a political imbecile. The newspapers call him a degenerate. His servants begin to leave him. His wife, repelled by his inflexibility, turns to ice. His child, fresh from her nurse, asks: "What is an anti-patriot, stop-the-war one, Mummy?" With this behind him, he attempts to get his public hearing. He is greeted with jeers and laughs, hooted, stoned, and spat on. Immovable, the crowd hates him. Unyielding, it sullenly "lets 'im be." It is a short scene, but vile, appalling and truthful. There is no mitigation in their hatred of one who speaks a new language; and he, understanding, speaks without one change.

In this hour of gall, More returns to see his wife. During his absence she has tasted the penalties of his ungrateful courage. The servants have poured in unwilling ears the verdict of the street. Much worse than this muttering of intolerance is her sister-in-law's morbid vision of the war. The girl has seen her soldier-husband dead, and More comes back to learn that "dream bad dreams, and wait, and hide oneself—there's been nothing else to do." In the pity and tenderness that surge in him at this recital, his wife attempts to make him cease his fight. "It shall be me—and everything." For a moment he takes her to him, then sees the pit beneath him, shrinks back, and stands away. "It is as if a cold and deadly shame had come to them both. Quite suddenly More turns, and, without looking back, feebly makes his way out of the room."

A less heartfelt drama might close with this enticement, but these people are human beings, interwoven by life. Before they see each other again the woman knows that, in truth, her brother is dead. When she does come, it is to part. It is then that More pays his price. "For God's sake," he begs, "put your pride away, and *see*. I'm fighting for the faith that is in me. What else can a man do? What else? Ah! Kit! Do see!" Her answer is the simplest. "I'm strangled here . . . I spent last night on the floor—thinking—and I know!"

Before the end, which comes to him as it came to Jaures, More swims for a moment in the black waters that are to engulf him. "Put up with the truth for once," he shouts to the invading mob. "You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech." Other words leap flamingly, but a swift blow stops all.

An instant later Mr. Galsworthy, in a flash of most truthful ironic vision, shows the Aftermath in tableau. A peaceful sunny square, musical with birds: and there, silhouetted against the light, a monument erected to his memory. On the pedestal, engraved with beautiful unawareness, are the solemn words "Faithful to his Ideal."

There is, in "The Mob," a suggestion of moral preciosity. But, if one is tempted to believe that More made a gratuitous sacrifice of his life, one immediately thinks: "Sacrifice to what?" The answer comes sharply, sacrifice to a brute, a beast—the brute in all of us when we join the mob. "The Mob" says that, hard as steel.

It is easy, of course, to be sentimental about martyrs. Life is pragmatic, and to achieve one must compromise. But one cannot read "The Mob" without a stabbing realization of the little infidelities of life. The mob itself, after all, is nothing. The instrument that tortured Stephen More, it is merely a symbol of our arcane friend, the World. If the navvy growled at More in the alley behind the theatre, he only rendered guttural the suave accents of the editor of the Parthenon. It may seem unreal that every creature in the play, down to the wistfully ingenuous daughter, should strip More of comforts and leave him "alone as the last man on earth." In point of fact, however, this is singularly true to life. When it comes to the trials of private conscience, every man is just as terribly alone as the soldier on the firing line, the woman in the ache of childbirth, the invalid in the icy clasp of death. Fortunate is man if, by lucky chance, his own and other consciences coincide. But there is no promise that such will be the case. "The Mob" brings no comfort to the believer in human remissions, human concessions, human tolerances. Where it brings comfort is in its mordant confidence that, without courage of one's faith, one may not mould to the heart's desire.

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Portable William James

Habit, by William James. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

AN intelligent publisher would no more think of snatching thirty or forty pages out of Spinoza's Ethics, and binding them separately than he would think of turning a few propositions from Euclid into a gift-book. Treated so, the great severe unifiers would make dreary reading. Nor as wholes do they often get their message across to the average man. Suppose he does follow them a little way. What happens? He feels as if he were being towed further and further from concrete lands, as if he were nearing no coast, not even a dangerous. In nine cases out of ten he cuts the hawser and makes for home.

But suppose he reads on to the end of some philosophic system, not without a real effort to master it? He is left dissatisfied, suspicious. He accuses philosophers of reducing all things to law by coolly overlooking large tracts of the irreducible. Would the particular philosophy he has been grappling with be very different, he asks, if its maker had spent his life shut up in a box?

William James, being in achievement and at heart no unifier, no system-maker, has written many chapters which can usefully be reprinted each by itself. Almost any chapter illustrates his insight into details. Almost any chapter persuades us that here is a philosopher who shares not only such philosophic doubts and worries as we happen to have, but also a great many of our other interests. And the more chapters we read the stronger grows this persuasion.

He did not spend his days remote in a box. All his life he lay exposed to the sights and sounds and smells of reality, sensitive to them, endlessly curious about them. His books read as if he had passed much of his time in the open, much of it in human companionship. Not only does he deliver his message like a man of this world. It was out of this world, with its strangeness and miscellaneousness, that he got the raw material of all but the supernatural bits of his message. His books are crammed with insight into the parts of this miscellaneousness.

Nobody is more alive to the value of a superlative memory, nobody more convinced that it is a necessary part of a certain kind of great man's equipage easier, who never bids us undervalue the goods we cannot hope for.

Nobody is more alive to the value of a superlative memory, nobody more convinced that it is a necessary part of a certain kind of great man's equipment. Yet he is not afraid to tell you that the natural retentiveness of your memory is something you cannot better, no matter how hard you try. He would tell you so, such is the perfection of his candor, even if the bad news made you despair.

But he does not happen to think the news very bad. Although a man's general retentiveness "is a physiological quality, given once for all with his organization, and which he can never hope to change," he can make his memory a more serviceable instrument by "elaborating the associates of each of the several things to be remembered."

Besides, William James has known efficient workers whose memories were never very good tools, just as he has known efficient workers who had little power of voluntary attention. They did not lose heart. You need not lose heart. There is something which can make you efficient in spite of your untrustworthy memory and your wandering mind, and that something is passion for your work. If you keep passionately pegging away you will wake up one morning and find yourself among the experts at your kind of job.

Be brave, he tells you, though you lack all the gifts, the desirable and admirable gifts, which flower into intellectual greatness. But what if you lack all others as well? What if you are absolutely instead of relatively a duffer? Still you need not despair. Still it pays to be brave. The whole moral world remains open, where victories are won by men and women who have no mental force worth mentioning. Into each of us each of us can put, if he chooses, an indomitable something. And most of us can choose.

Open William James almost anywhere and before long your feet will be on just such a moral trail as the one we have been following. Your guide never tries to deceive you. Here and there he stops you, bids you look at things you must renounce, never depreciates the worth or dims the glory of what you are renouncing, teaches you, on the contrary, to rate it higher than you did before, and in whatever predicament he leaves you does not leave you forlorn. Courage is in your heart, courage that grows and flourishes and puts forth fruit in due season.

Nor are you, to tell the truth, alone with courage. William James is with you. The words he chooses, and the cadence of his sentences, so like the cadence of good talk, quickly bring you into his presence and keep you there. You see and hear a real man, a real American, lucid, tolerant, eager, inventive, surprising, who dares to endure, to do and to believe. His mind is always touching the real world, and sheds light at every point of contact. The real world is penetrated at a thousand and one places by his mind, yet the perceiving and interpreting mind leaves reality undeformed and lifelike.

No more high-hearted, no more solidly nourished apology for courage has been written in our day. The virtue of William James's books is to make us brave. Their defect, in case the reader be a shade less happily suggestible than the average man, is to make us wonder. Even if the world were not what it is, but so irrationally bad that courage would be useless, would not William James have sought to make us as brave as he would still have been, in spite of everything, himself?

PHILIP LITTELL.

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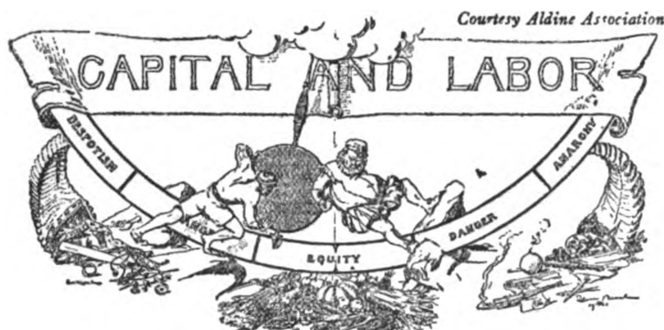

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The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I New York Saturday 14th November 1914 NUMBER 2

THE fall of Tsing-tao means that Japan holds the most important commercial center in China. It is not a mere fortress which has been taken, but the concentration point for railways which tap the richest parts of one of the great undeveloped empires of the world. The nation which controls Tsing-tao will in the end dominate the economic and consequently the political life of China. For the present, Japan holds the gateway. After the war Japan has promised to discuss with China what is to be done with it. In the meantime let there be no illusion about the nature of the conquest. By seizing not only the fortress but the railway from Tsing-tao to Tsinanfu, and, if the reports are true, the section of the Tientsin-Pukow line from Tsinanfu to Tientsin, Japan has taken possession of what is the key to China's development. The question for the future is the terms on which Japan will relinquish this gigantic prize. She has sacrificed men to get it—will she abandon it without compensation? And what compensation will she ask? Will it be a clear title to South Manchuria, or will she act on the technical point raised recently that the restoration of Tsing-tao to China was promised on the condition that Germany would not resist and sacrifice Japanese lives? When the fate of four hundred million people and an economic empire are at stake, a clear statement from Japan would seem to be required.

IN the public schools of New York City there are about 18,000 women teachers. Of these about 1,300 are married. In recent years sixteen married teachers, fourteen in the elementary and two in the high schools, have either absented themselves or applied for leave of absence because they were soon to bear children. The Board of Education has refused to grant such applications. It has virtually said that New York cannot see its way to having any of its teaching done by mothers with babies. Mayor Mitchel has just taken the first step toward getting New York out of this unhappy position. He has put this question to the president of the Board of Education: "Would not a simple rule providing for leave of absence in this case for a suitable period put an end to all this discussion, and instead of working injury to the schools, be likely to do them a great deal of good?" In a remote future the mayor of some American city will probably put these questions to its board of education: "Have we not too many childless women teachers in our schools? At what age do pupils become too old to receive with profit most of their instruction from women without children?"

IN the Franco-Prussian War, as in the war of 1866, money played a minor rôle. The Prussians won at Sadowa, the Germans won at Sedan and Metz, long before any severe strain was felt upon the national finances. What happened in 1870 might also have happened in 1914. Had France been crushed by the great German drive through Belgium, had French armies surrendered and Paris capitulated, had Germany, with her second line troops holding France, been able to carry on a successful campaign against Russia, the war might conceivably have ended before Germany had suffered financially or economically. A prostrate France would have paid for her own conquest as well as for the war against Russia. But to-day these hopes of speedy conquest are gone. The French line stiffens from Alsace to the Channel; the fighting recedes from Paris to Flanders; the German armies stand on the defensive on two fronts, and the hope of a crushing blow first at France and then at Russia becomes every day fainter. The war has become a war of endurance. A war of endurance is a war of wealth, for men hold out longer than dollars. Germany has already lost about a million trained men in killed and wounded and missing, but she has millions to spare. Even though epidemics sweep through the camps and the strain upon the individual soldier increases, still the war goes on. Nor does national bankruptcy end war. A government may lose its credit, and its paper money be worth only its weight in paper, but it can fight as long as it has within it material resources. When wealth disappears, however,

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when it is impossible to provide food and clothes, horses and fodder, cannon and copper and gasoline, then the war halts. When the industrial organization breaks down, when mechanics and clerks cannot find work to do, when a decimated population is idle, then the nation is beaten. The blockade of the German and Austrian harbors, the shutting off of the two great empires from commerce with the outer world, is thus more dangerous than the loss of a million soldiers. It is the beginning of industrial paralysis.

BRITISH writers on the war say that if the Allies win they will neutralize the Kiel Canal, probably by the annexation to Denmark of the territory which includes it. If this happens it will constitute a remarkable reversal of an historical law. Heretofore the custom has been, when concluding a war, to take something away from Denmark. A slice of Denmark or a colonial possession or two has always been awarded either to one of the belligerent powers or to some other worthy nation. At times portions of the empire not caring to wait for another war voluntarily detached themselves. As a result of this process Denmark has become a very small country indeed, particularly at high tide. The proposal to give back something might cheer the melancholy Dane, were it not for the cold-blooded condition which accompanies it. The unfortunate nation is to have its neutrality guaranteed.

A GREAT general once observed that there were a hundred ways to get an army into England, but how were you to get it out again? That very difficulty confronts us in Mexico. We went to Vera Cruz to eliminate Huerta. We did eliminate Huerta. But that did not end nor begin to end our problem. The situation which we had hoped to create through that elimination was not created; though Huerta is gone, the ghost of Huerta walks. Mexico still trembles on the verge of civil war. Villa sends ultimata and post-ultimata to Carranza, and Carranza accepts without accepting. As between these leaders we do not know whom to trust, and we do not know what responsibility we have assumed for those whom we do not trust. Our ships lie inactive in the harbor of Vera Cruz and yet we cannot leave, for to leave too soon would be dangerous for Mexico and for us. It is uncomfortable to hold the bear by the tail, but it is still worse to let go.

THERE is always a story and an "inside" story. The one is what you read, the other is what your friends whisper to you. But sometimes things get whispered into print, and then you have a commercial success. The latest is "The Secrets of the German War Office" by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, Secret Agent. From the book we gather that there are few events in modern history to which Dr. Graves did not contribute something. He was present, for example, at a secret meeting between Haldane, Churchill, Kiderlin-Waechter, General von Heeringen, Admiral von Tirpitz, and one Moritz Ritter v. Auffenberg. The book contains a facsimile of a note written by the head of the German Secret Service on which these important names appear. What surprises us is that the head of the Secret Service and the author of these startling revelations should both consistently misspell the name of the former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by making it Kinderlen-Waechter instead of Kiderlin-Waechter. It also occurs to us to wonder why Dr. Graves' secret service card should have a seal dated "1912" when so many events in which it played a part happened before 1912. It also occurs to us to wonder why this Imperial German seal should look so much like a rubbing from a two-mark piece of the coinage of 1912.

A BIG rush of immigrants is expected at the close of the war, and it is of the utmost importance that the country should prepare now to receive it intelligently. We have at the moment a breathing spell in which to calculate our policy. We have time now to lay plans by which newly arrived laborers may find it easy, or easier, to distribute themselves over the country, time to organize a system of national federated exchanges, which is the real way to begin any scientific handling of immigration, as well as unemployment. This is also the time to fortify by governmental and voluntary means the American standard of living. The chief instruments are the labor union, a legal national minimum and cooperative experiment. For the war has shown that the community in all the wider ranges of business no longer meet its needs by unorganized and haphazard individual effort.

PEOPLE living in the Fourth Congressional District of New Jersey have been receiving copies of a speech by the Hon. Allan B. Walsh, delivered at Basking Ridge, N.J., last July fourth. The speech was sent out free of postage in Mr. Walsh's congressional frank, as it was made a public document "by unanimous consent of the House of Representatives." This statement, which appears on the title page of the document, is calculated to impress the less informed among Mr. Walsh's constituents with the notion that he is considered at Washington so big a man that the House decided to republish his Fourth of July speech for free distribution. As a matter of fact this is a practice common to all members. Mr. Walsh is not a Congressman of the sort

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that franks his washing home. He makes what is only a customary use of the franking privilege, but it is that sort of thing that makes the American Congress the most costly and burdensome legislative body that ever existed in the history of the world. There is absolutely no parallel to the pay and emoluments which Congressmen vote themselves. In 1908 the cost of housing and supplying the British Parliament—with a membership about twice that of our Congress—was $1,330,000 as against $13,788,886 for the same items, at Washington. The comparison is really much more favorable to Congress than it should be, for it leaves out of account millions charged to other departments, such as the franking privilege which falls on the post-office department, and garden seed distribution which falls on the agricultural department.

GREAT events produce great ideas. The Massachusetts legislature, as a result of the Lawrence strike in 1912, was stricken with the idea that red or black flags had to be kept out of parades. especially when they bore the inscription "No God, No Master." So of course the law-makers made a law. This done, we presume the masters felt relieved; how God felt we don't know. And then came the first decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Chief Justice Rugg writes: "The words of the statute are sweeping and make no exceptions in favor of political parties, social organizations, society, or beneficiary or other associations." Indeed the words are sweeping. They have swept in Harvard crimson. Now in the home of the Pilgrims you have to content yourself with a small "H" on a large though appropriate white flag. It is stated that the Harvard Law School is preparing an amendment to exempt Harvard under the statute. If this means that Harvard is not dangerous to the existing order of society it is indeed a very discomforting reflection.

ORGANIZED Belgium relief work under the auspices of the United States Government is rapidly making progress. Funds are pouring in through various agencies, and Ambassador Page in London has now suggested to the State Department at Washington that a Central Relief Committee should be formed in the United States to coordinate the work of existing agencies and to forward and distribute all supplies. The German military commander in Belgium has given the American Minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, a written assurance that none of these supplies will be confiscated. The English people, according to the London "Nation," are willing to contribute generously if the United States becomes responsible for distribution. This is all in the right direction. If, however, as seems likely, these voluntary efforts prove inadequate to the immense task of relieving the distress of a whole nation, then Belgium's Western allies, England and France, should advance out of their treasuries the millions of dollars necessary to avert an appalling famine.

WHO writes those little introductory notes that appear at the top of stories in some of the popular magazines? Not the office boy, because he is generally too tired. Not the editor, because he is generally out to lunch. Whoever it is, he is an incorrigible enthusiast; the business in hand is invariably the most tremendous or gripping or significant thing that has ever appeared in any of the known languages. Sometimes he makes an intimate personal matter of it: "What would *you* do if *your* husband ran away with—?" Often he hints darkly at the vast sums of money that changed hands when the story did. Frequently he gives, in a few pregnant sentences, what the author requires five thousand blundering words to convey. Invariably he falls down and worships. "We think," runs a recent example, "Ring Lardner, who has made folks all over the country laugh with his 'Letters of a Bush Leaguer,' is just about the keenest writer in the United States."

EX-PRESIDENT William Howard Taft has recently suggested the application of a new test to proposed amendments to the Constitution. He is reported in the New York Tribune as saying: "I am not in favor of any amendment to the Constitution, not because it doesn't need them, for I believe that we might make some minor changes which would facilitate its operation, but I am not in favor of tinkering with that great governmental instrument at a time when there are so many cranks and so many movements looking towards its total abolition." The test is, consequently, that no amendment of the Constitution should be even considered except when advocated by a group of men from which all impure members have been purged. Cranks and abolitionists must not presume to lay profane hands on the sacred instrument. It is true that this test, if successfully applied, will make the needed amendment almost an impossibility, because the organs of our national life cannot be worked without cranks, and because abolitionism has become almost a popular tradition. But Mr. Taft can certainly return a valid retort to this objection. Ever since he ceased to be President he has been imperturbably seeking to expose the cranks and abolish the abolitionists, and if they will only yield accommodatingly to the effect of this patriotic purge, there will then be no reason why the Constitution should not be amended with impunity.

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HUGO MUNSTERBERG pronounces upon Russia and Germany in 1914: "The German culture is active and productive; the Russian is at its best passive and uncreative. The German soul is full of sunshine; there is something gloomy and oppressive about the Russian soul." As psychologist he finds in "this inner deadness, this lack of productive energy in Russia," the mark of its backwardness in culture, and proof of a danger to European civilization. But Madame de Stael was also a psychologist who did not hesitate to generalize about races. Just one hundred years ago she wrote of the people from whom Prof. Münsterberg comes: "An indescribable silence in nature and in the people at first oppresses the heart. It seems as if time moved more slowly there than elsewhere, as if vegetation made not a more rapid progress in the earth than ideas in the heads of men. . . . The Germans have too much respect for foreigners and too few national prejudices. . . . In leaving France, it is difficult to grow accustomed to the slowness and inertness of the German people. . . . When action is necessary, the Germans know not how to struggle with difficulties. . . . The Germans with some exceptions are hardly capable of succeeding in anything which requires address and dexterity. . . . They have as much need of method in action as of independence in ideas."

ON Tuesday came the latest of all reports upon the demolition of Louvain. It is the work of a commission appointed by the Kaiser. It says there is little hope that any of the books in the library are unharmed. It places the blame for the loss of the books upon the library attendants, "who could have drawn attention to the rescue of the endangered treasures," but who "were not on the spot at the time of the burning of the houses on either side of the hall." This sounds like a reproach well deserved. It was very wrong of the attendants not to be where they could remind the burners of the library that there were books inside.

IT is a queer state of affairs when workingmen have to implore the Federal government to protect them from the state militia. Yet that is just where the Colorado situation has brought us, for the miners say that there will be another Ludlow massacre if the President withdraws the troops. This cannot mean that the strikers are looking for a chance to start a riot. It does mean that the state of Colorado has completely destroyed all faith in its good intentions. For it is clear that the strikers are convinced that law and order will not be preserved by the militia, and so they, the "anarchistic" workingmen, have come to rely on Federal troops. To anyone who knows the views of labor this is a complete reversal of the usual attitude toward the employment of soldiers during strikes. It suggests that men like Mr. Rockefeller may have pursued the "principle" of anti-unionism to a point where every other principle, including the sovereignty of the state, is wrecked. This is, to say the least, a stupid piece of fanaticism, an extravagant indulgence of what these absentee capitalists regard as righteousness. But to the American people it may soon present itself that the mine operators are not so absolutely essential to the mining of coal that they can act on the notion that our only choice is between their rule and our ruin.

TWELVE years ago a New Jersey judge ruled that a baby was a liability, not an asset, and awarded damages of only one dollar for the death of a child in a street railway accident. The other day the same judge, in an almost identical case, held that $1,500 was not an excessive award. Apparently there has been either a phenomenal increase in the market value of babies, or an unbelievable increase in the wisdom and enlightenment of a New Jersey judge.

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI, in a cheap paper edition, is to be found at every railway newsstand and in every hotel. He will soon appear in the anterooms of eminent dentists. Before long you will have a chance to study him while you wait at the barber's. For many an American reader Bernhardi is the only expositor of German thought. And of the extreme left wing of Pan-German thought he does give a fairly accurate likeness. But not all Germans are extreme Pan-Germans. The American reader gets from Bernhardi about as adequate an idea of Germany as—well, as a German, intent upon studying American thought, would get of us by reading Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

BOSTON has been snatched from the abyss. In the name of decency, modesty, propriety and dignity, Mayor Curley has ordered classic Greek dancers to clothe themselves in stockings or tights. Harry Lauder may still disport himself in kilts before the demure maidens of Massachusetts, not even mosquito netting wrapt about those red and naked knees; but the classic dancers must cease "offending the sensibilities of fair-minded individuals." It is a perilous age. We praise a mayor who hates to see his citizenry grovel in classic dancing like pigs in a flower garden. But we hope for the day when some public official will cease to apologize for the nude.

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Timid Neutrality

The attitude of our own government during the last three months shows how worthless the present treaties, unbacked by force, are, and how utterly ineffective mere passive neutrality is to secure even the smallest advance in world morality.—*Theodore Roosevelt in The New York Times, November 8, 1914.*

WHENEVER a man like Theodore Roosevelt suggests that the disarmament of peaceful nations will not produce peace on earth, a cry goes up that he is spoiling for a fight. It is assumed at once that if only he had had the chance, we should by this time have overrun Mexico, gotten ourselves embroiled with Japan, and have sent an army to the battlefield of Flanders. And so we say: "Thank God for Bryan, for the peace treaties, for a small navy and a small army."

Well, you may be thankful for them if you like. You may be glad that you have managed to avoid the risks of living on this planet; but don't talk about the need for world coöperation, the sanctity of treaties, an international court and an international police. Don't assume that the world will heed you, don't mistake your private good-will for the universal morality of nations. For if you do you make yourself the victim of your naïvete, and your dreams will turn to despair. Though the world may love you as it loves St. Francis, the world will ignore you as it ignores him.

We were all surprised at the war, stunned at the idea that such things could happen. And then we took to reading Bernhardi, Cramb, Bülow, Fullerton, and we discovered that this war had been a long time in the minds of the men who know Europe. Their speculations seem to us unbelievably cynical and cold-blooded. We learn with astonishment that the strategists of Europe had military plans drawn, that every well-informed person in England, France, Germany, and Belgium knew that Germany would probably strike through Belgium, that the Germans had built railways from Aix-la-Chapelle, that England knew where she would land her expeditionary force. We discovered, in short, that our surprise was due to our ignorance and to our miscalculation of motives. And yet, in the face of this, it is assumed that security and peace in the future can be guaranteed by more ignorance and more miscalculation. It is assumed that by not doing anything, by pretending that peace is the reward of the peace-loving, neutrality will be assured and treaties made invincible.

Chiefly because Colonel Roosevelt is free from that delusion, we believe that of all Americans commenting on the war his judgment is the ripest. We reject as the idlest superstition the idea that he enjoys war and despises peace. We honor him and respect him for his courage in shouldering the inevitable risk of misunderstanding which is the portion of anyone who faces a brutal situation with intellectual integrity.

The situation which Colonel Roosevelt has faced is this: How is it possible to create the beginnings of international order out of the nations of this world? Not out of a world of pacificists, not out of a world of Quakers, but out of this world, which contains only a small minority of pacifists and Quakers. For it is peace on earth that men need, not peace in heaven, and unless you build from the brutalities of earth, you step out into empty space.

The first question that arises is the maintenance of treaties. We have seen them violated not only in Belgium but in Manchuria and China. We have seen the Hague conventions, to which our signature is attached, torn up and thrown to the winds. Undefended towns have been bombarded, exorbitant levies made, hostages taken. We have not even protested. We have watched the paper structure of good-will collapse. And yet when a man like Roosevelt insists that we must create no more valueless paper, he is denounced as an American Bernhardi and the twin of the Kaiser. On this same score THE NEW REPUBLIC will no doubt be accused as a militarist organ, hostile to the good faith of the world.

If we range ourselves with Roosevelt on this question, it is because we believe that treaties will never acquire sanctity until nations are ready to seal them with their blood. England may not have been too scrupulous about treaties in the past, but to-day she stands irrevocably committed. If she makes treaties now they may mean something, and that is an incalculable advance for the human race. So with us. It is our business to make no treaties which we are not ready to maintain with all our resources, for every scrap of paper is like a forged check, an assault on our credit in the world. We must not permit ourselves to fall into the plight of Germany, where our word is distrusted by the nations. For there can be no morality of nations so long as promises are idly given and idly broken. So long as that condition prevails, distrust and suspicion will rack the world, and behind a facade of delusive promises the nations will continue to arm.

So when Colonel Roosevelt says that our neutrality does not carry with it the obligation to be silent when our own Hague conventions are destroyed, he is taking an active step towards ultimate peace. Had we protested against the assault on international morality when Belgium was invaded, our faith in public law would have been made somewhat real. For unless someone some time is ready to take some chance for the sake of internationalism, it will remain what it is to-day, an object of derision to aggressive nations. Had the United States, as the courted neutral, stood out for the neutrality

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of Belgium and the rules of the Hague, ruthlessness would have received the severest jolt it ever imagined. We do not think the United States should have gone to war. We alone cannot undertake to police the world. But we might alone, or with the help of the other neutral nations, have used the pressure of our diplomacy, and so laid the foundations of effective world opinion against international cynicism. A precedent would have been established which could react on all the future. The beginnings of world organization would have been tested in fire, and the hope of peace would have taken on at least the shadow of reality.

Against all this it may be said that because we acted so as to preserve the good-will of Europe, we shall be able to exercise a guiding influence in the settlement of the war. It is an idea which gratifies not only our desire to keep out of trouble, but our vanity and our hope that we shall do great things with small difficulty. The nation is doomed to disappointment. For while the settlement may be made by a peace congress held under the presidency of the United States, the decisions will be determined by the balance of power in which the war results. The nations of Europe will have sacrificed so much that they will settle the issues in accordance with their own strength and position. And when we enter the congress with nothing but a record of comfortable neutrality, an acquiescence in the violated Hague conventions, and an array of vague treaties for a half-conceived future, our voice may well be disregarded. We shall be treated as we deserve to be treated, as a nation of well-meaning people who run no risks, and build their faith upon their simple and uncritical desires.

The Republican Dilemma

THE revulsion of popular opinion expressed in the fall elections has landed the Republican party in an anomalous situation. In spite of the preservation by the Democrats of undivided control of the government, the Republicans have won a really substantial victory. Assuming the extinction of the Progressives as an organized political group, the Republicans have only to retain their present strength and add to it a few more of the errant brethren in order to elect their nominee to the Presidency in 1916. A party which can in two years jump from eight votes in the electoral college to the possibility of a majority at the next election has "come back" with an astonishingly complete recoil, and its members cannot be blamed for loud rejoicing at their victory, and for casting once again covetous eyes on the green and fruitful valley of the Washington departments.

But Republicans would do well to mix their satisfaction with some grains of circumspection. The really extraordinary aspect of their recovery is not its completeness but the fact that it is wholly undeserved. Can our candid Republican friends point to anything which the Republicans have done during the past two years to earn popular confidence? They have shown themselves weak in organization, poor in spirit, feeble in resources, and deficient in self-assurance. They have been wholly lacking in energetic and effective leadership. The resistance which they have made to Democrats has not attracted popular attention or won popular respect. They have not fought the aggressive tactics of President Wilson by the promulgation of an available and consistent alternative policy. All that they have done to deserve their recovery is to survive.

The Republican newspapers very generally interpret the success of their party as a repetition of the victory of 1894. The Democrats have once again proved to be unsafe custodians of American business interests. The voters have returned the Republicans to power in order to revive business and stimulate business enterprise. Their victory foreshadows increasing earnings for the railroads, an abundance of orders for the factories, protection for the farmers against Canadian and Argentine competition and a full dinner-pail for the thrifty laborer. It is a seductive programme. If some Republican leader will only announce himself as the "advance agent" of a new era of good times the cycle will be complete. The American people can then return contentedly to a worship of the idol of prosperity under the ministry of some eligible imitator of William McKinley and Mark Hanna.

We wonder how the Republicans, and particularly Republicans who have called themselves progressive, relish the prospect. Are they prepared to enlist during the next two years under the banner of some new advance agent of prosperity? Are they willing to reopen the tariff question, to call back to Washington the lobby of the protected industries, and to take the chance of increasing the prices of merchandise and commodities? What other legislation of the Democrats will they repeal in order that the existing depression may be cured? Are they going to reorganize the Interstate Commerce Commission in the interests of an increase in railroad rates? Will they amend the Federal Reserve Act and substitute as members of the Reserve Board men elected by the banks instead of appointed by the President? Will they seek popularity in various parts of the country by diminishing the number of local Reserve Banks? Will they modify the Clayton law so as to bring farmers' associations and trade unions unmistakably within the prohibition of the Sherman Act? And if there are practical political objections to the adoption of such measures as these, what alternative means will

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they adopt in order to restore to the American business man, farmer and laborer the abundance of good things which they did not enjoy during the benevolent dominion of William Howard Taft?

In short, the Republicans had better look sharp before they announce "prosperity" for the American people as the result of the election of another Republican to the Presidency. It was all very well to make promises of this kind at a time when "prosperity" was supposed to be the inevitable result of an indiscriminate stimulation of business activity; but of late public opinion has become extremely inquisitive as to the actual results of such stimulation. If tariff schedules are advanced, searching inquiry will be made as to the reasons which determined any particular duty, and equally searching questions will be asked about the effect of an increase upon wages in the industry. If railway rates are increased it will only be as the result of a full assurance that the increase in revenue will be used to make the carriers more efficient agencies of transportation.

These examples indicate how much more difficult and exacting the task of promoting "prosperity" has become. It can no longer be measured in terms of the gross or net earnings of railways, or the output of factories, or the export of commodities, or the increase in business enterprises. "Prosperity" is coming to mean an economic condition which really makes for popular material welfare. A party which proposes to make itself the custodian of the economic well-being of the American people cannot redeem its promises without undertaking a frankly socialistic programme of industrial reorganization.

Such in its bare outlines is the Republican dilemma. The Republican party has since its foundation assumed a paternal attitude towards American business. In seeking the support of the voters on the ground of its being the one safe guardian of the national economic interests, it has only been reiterating its historic pretensions. But the mere activity of business is no longer supposed to result in the prosperity of all classes in the community. The national economic interest must be promoted, not by granting to private business an abundance of opportunity and privilege, but by adopting effective administrative means of converting existing privileges into sources of popular economic well-being. The Republican programme will have to contain proposals, as concrete as those of President Wilson, which will look as if they were intended to accomplish really effective results. The promises made in a moment of reaction on the strength of past achievement cannot be redeemed by anything but very progressive economic legislation. For a serious attack upon the work of bringing about popular economic prosperity can result only in a social policy more radical than that of the Democrats.

Sessions in Texas

SOMETHING like a legislative strike is reported from Texas, where the members are paid five dollars a day for sixty days, and only two dollars a day if the session is extended. That arrangement is of course meant to discourage long sessions, but it has also the effect of causing members to quit work and go home. Just now, when the cotton crisis confronts the state, the tendency is found very inconvenient, and the Texas newspapers are railing at the constitutional provision.

As a means of damming that torrent of legislation which is the great American nuisance, the provision is a sorry failure. At the recent meeting of the National Bar Association it was stated that our national and state legislatures passed 62,014 statutes during the five years from 1909 to 1913. Constitutional restraints upon legislative deliberation have not seemed to diminish the output, but have rather caused it to be hasty, ill-considered, and inadequately framed.

The evil is not to be reached by such mechanical means as limitation of length of sessions. Troubles of this sort are not experienced by Swiss or English legislative bodies. Indeed, Swiss experience has shown that very brief sessions are sufficient for all practical purposes. The reason is that the thoroughly democratic organization of Swiss government has long since discarded such medieval devices as the speech from the throne, presidential messages, gubernatorial messages, etc. Swiss legislative bodies expect from the administation not windy recommendations of subjects for legislation, but the legislative projects themselves. Custom requires that bills whose passage is recommended by the administration shall be published in the official gazettes, well in advance of the legislative session. Under these circumstances public opinion is intelligently developed before the legislature meets, and sessions are brief because they get right to business. The ordinary session of the Swiss congress does not extend over three weeks, but the congress always meets twice a year and generally three times, and the sessions involve no more strain and anxiety than the meeting of a board of directors. If the administration should fail to submit a bill on a subject which in the judgment of the legislature requires attention, the regular procedure is for the legislature to pass a resolution instructing the administration to prepare the bill. Members have the right to introduce bills, but the Swiss are too sensible to hamper themselves in that way. They prefer to make the administration their agent.

The cure for such troubles as Texas complains of is to adopt modern democratic methods, despite the desperate resistance of the professional lobbyists whom it would relentlessly displace.

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The Future of the Two-Party System

THE enemies of the Progressive party declare that it has been practically exterminated by the election of last week. Its candid friends cannot make a successful protest against this verdict. In certain states, such as Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kansas and California, its vote did indeed attain respectable dimensions. If it could count upon keeping the allegiance of its recent adherents, and of winning that of a similar proportion of the electorate in the other northern states, it would continue to be a formidable political power. It would still have a fighting chance of exercising a decisive influence on the Presidential election of 1916. But the degree of its collapse is not measured by the diminution of its proportion of the total vote. It is measured rather by its own impotence in the face of what was, on the whole, a not unfavorable political situation.

Neither the Democratic nor the Republican parties occupied at the recent election a really strong position. The Democrats could make out a perfectly good case for the obligation of supporting the Wilson administration, but excellent as their record was, it failed really to interest and convince the electorate. They barely pulled through alive. The Republicans, on the other hand, had literally no case at all. The large increase in their voting strength did not indicate any corresponding increase of Republican popular political conviction. It was the expression of a depressed inertia of opinion. The voters drifted towards Republicanism because business was bad, and because neither the candidates nor the issues offered to them an object of positive political enthusiasm. A Progressive party which was equal to its opportunity would have been able to take advantage of the prevailing apathy and offer to the voter a sufficiently attractive and compelling alternative. It failed to do so; and the failure is likely to be decisive and irreparable.

The collapse of the Progressive party does not mean, however, that any final verdict has been pronounced on the attempt to create, outside of the old parties, some kind of an effective progressive political organization. No doubt the election has bestowed a renewed strength upon the two-party system; but it is the kind of strength which an old man might derive from a day of sunshine. A large proportion of the American voters have ceased to attach much importance to partisan ties. The very election that has superficially revived the two-party system furnished an unprecedented number of states which chose one kind of a partisan for governor and another for senator. The voters are becoming something more than politically independent. They are becoming exacting, discriminate, alert and aggressive. They resent the necessity of approving unworthy candidates for the benefit of partisan success. They are acquiring an increasing interest in particular plans of social and political improvement, and are ready to bolt in case their favorite ideas are repudiated or neglected. More than ever before they want a vote to mean something positive and definite—to count in favor of some beneficial social policy.

Two years ago the Progressives were incautiously comparing the birth of the Progressive party to that of its Republican predecessor. The event has apparently falsified the analogy, yet something may be said in its favor. While the Progressive party has collapsed, the older parties have not as yet shown any sufficient ability to adapt themselves to the new political demands. The anti-slavery agitation previous to the war raised an issue with which both the Whigs and the Democrats were unable to cope, because it was an issue which in the minds of the voters became too important to be compromised in the interest of partisan harmony. The progressive movement has gradually been bestowing a similar importance upon various parts of a social and labor programme. It may be some years before the issues become sufficiently definite and controversial wholly to destroy partisan allegiance and discipline, but a strong tendency in that direction can be plainly traced.

The really important question is, however, not whether an uncompromising progressivism will ultimately alienate the voters from Democracy and Republicanism, because if Democracy and Republicanism were succeeded by some new development of the two-party system the voters would only be changing their masters. The really important question is whether progressivism in its political aspect will not destroy the two-party system itself, and substitute for it a more satisfactory method of organizing majority rule and representing the opinions of groups of American voters.

In our opinion progressivism is having and will continue to have a tendency to undermine the traditional two-party system. That system was created to meet the needs of a democracy whose conditions and ideals differed radically from the conditions and ideals of a modern democracy, and which had no social aspirations that were not sufficiently expressed in an individualistic bill of rights. It wanted to be protected against the government rather than to use the government as an instrument for the attainment of positive public ends. Moreover, the government itself as constituted was a clumsy, unruly and undemocratic piece of political machinery. The Democratic party was in the beginning an extraordinarily effective attempt to organize an extra-official democracy for the purpose of placing the undemocratic political machinery under control. Together with

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the opposing party, which its organization necessitated, it constituted a state within a state. The two parties became the real government of the country and were obliged practically to identify partisan loyalty with public service.

But the parties which were organized to subjugate the popular will are no longer representative of the vital impulses in popular opinion. Their relation to the state has become completely reversed. A partisan system which was constituted for the purpose of democratizing an undemocratic government is now being forcibly democratized by its former dependent. The attempt will fail. Direct primaries will not convert the two-party system into a sensitive and effective instrument of the American democracy. The government itself has become the necessary agent of the democratic programme, because the programme itself has become essentially social. The American democracy will not continue to need the two-party system to intermediate between the popular will and the governmental machinery. By means of executive leadership, expert administrative independence and direct legislation, it will gradually create a new governmental machinery which will be born with the impulse to destroy the two-party system, and will itself be thoroughly and flexibly representative of the underlying purposes and needs of a more social democracy.

Politics and Banking

THE new banking law now about to come into operation through the opening of the Reserve Banks will not result in an abdication by the bankers. They are still largely represented in the system. That system consists of a great number of member banks united in twelve Reserve Banks situated in twelve cities, and federated and ultimately controlled by the one supreme body, the Federal Reserve Board. This Federal Reserve Board, which in final analysis is the director of the whole system, is entirely composed of representatives of the Federal government, two of its seven members being the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, while the other five are appointed at intervals of two years for a period of ten years by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate. But the power left in the hands of the Reserve Banks themselves is great though indeterminate. It is probable that for many years the overwhelming majority of decisions rendered by the Reserve Banks will not in actual practice be reviewed or be seriously influenced by the Federal Reserve Board sitting at Washington. What the discount rate in New York is to be will probably be determined not by Washington but by New York.

None the less the direct power and the indirect influence of government over the entire financial and even the entire industrial system of the country is bound to be large and is likely to increase. The grant of powers to the Reserve Board is so wide as to constitute it one of the greatest administrative bodies in the world. Not only is it granted the supervision over the Reserve Banks and over the member banks, but it also has the power of regulating the rate of re-discount, as well as the power to permit or compel one Reserve Bank to lend to another. In other words, the discretion of the Reserve Bank is immensely wide. It is able to stimulate industry generally or in a particular district, as it is able also to limit credit where there is an appearance of inflation or over-production.

It is difficult to visualize the immensity of the power and influence to which this newly created body may ultimately attain. The stupendous banking system of the United States, with deposits vastly superior to those of England and Germany, becomes increasingly dependent upon one central administrative board whose decisions affect the welfare of a hundred million people. It is a commonplace to say that credit is control, yet in saying it we do not begin to realize all that it signifies. All industries require credit. Without credit the railroads cannot build their bridges, the steamship companies cannot sail their ships, the factories cannot turn their wheels. Credit is granted or withheld on terms fixed by the lender. In America, as in all countries, though less in America than elsewhere, this credit becomes concentrated and centralized. The question is not whether a certain amount of control over industry shall be exercised by the body granting credit facilities, but whether that body shall be a purely private concern, animated primarily by considerations of profit, or whether a large element of public control and public interest shall enter through the intervention of a governmental administrative body like the Federal Reserve Board.

The power of the Federal Reserve Board so to intervene in industry in the interest of national coordination and a national policy is likely to increase. The mere right to fix the discount rate, though limited necessarily by the prevailing economic conditions, is a potent regulative force. It is certain to be a factor in setting certain limits to over-speculation and to inflated business. There have been many times in American history when a body with the wide powers of the Reserve Board might have been able to avoid a financial crisis by taking the trouble in time. To a certain extent large bankers have at times sought to act in the same manner, but they have not had the prestige of that supreme impartiality and disinterestedness which we may not unreasonably expect from the members of the Reserve

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Board. But the powers of the Board are still wider. Not only may it raise or lower the discount rate, either generally or in a single district, but it may even use its influence to attach special conditions under which re-discounting will take place, with the result that these conditions will be imposed by the Reserve Banks upon the member banks and by these upon the ultimate borrower. If, for example, it were found to be desirable to prevent an over-production of cotton upon a falling market, or to encourage the production of secondary crops, or to stimulate or repress any wide industrial activity which was to the advantage or disadvantage of the whole nation, the means might be found in this lowering or raising of the discount rate, and in the fixing of conditions under which the marginal borrowing might take place. In such a way the basic conditions of large industries may be determined by general conditions of credit, which in turn may be fixed with that definite object in view by the great Reserve Banks acting in cooperation with or under the guidance of the Federal Reserve Board.

It will be urged by many conservatives that all such intervention will be dangerous and should be avoided. It will be argued that politicians are proverbially ignorant of finance, and that our banking policy, if it is to be largely influenced by public officials, will follow the election returns, and arbitrariness and vacillation will disgust foreigners and discourage Americans. All this, however, is a far-flung hypothesis. There is bound to be a certain stability and continuity in the work of the Reserve Board. The long tenure of office of the majority of its members will make for the growth of a tradition of fixed national policies, and will render it immune from the instant pressure of a merely impulsive and wrong-headed President. On the other hand the Board is not likely to escape so far from popular control as to become bureaucratic and grow a queue. Each President in the course of his one term is entitled to appoint two ex-officio members and two other members, and thus to secure a majority. It is an ideal arrangement, in which Presidential influence and the individual initiative of the members of the Federal Reserve Board are nicely balanced, and time is afforded in the case of a conflict of policies for a wide popular discussion.

The greatest check upon the Federal Reserve Board is likely to come not from the bankers nor from the President, but from the members of the Board themselves. It will require courage as well as deep conviction to try out their new powers and to seek to bring a little order into our national industry through the exercise of an authority specifically conferred. The whole weight of the bankers' tradition is against governmental interference, and the easiest thing to do, and often the most dangerous, in a difficult situation is to do nothing. But little by little the Federal Reserve Board, however cautious, will be forced to intervene in times of grave crisis, and thus will tend to establish precedents for future intervention. Such an intervention will not be a mere meddling with the affairs of John Doe or a favor granted to Richard Roe. It will be rather a fixing of basic conditions in the interest of a large policy. The ideal of the Board must be to refrain from mere officiousness but not to shirk the labor of establishing a fixed and aggressive policy, and not to refrain from exercising in the interests of a regularization of business all the powers conferred upon the Board by the law and all the influence which inheres in its commanding position.

If this development takes place, if, as is probable, the Federal Reserve Board grows steadily in influence, we shall witness a revolution in the relations of government to industry as significant as that which marked the rise of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Compared with this great development towards an increasing governmental control over industry, all the more technical problems involved in the new banking law will sink to minor significance. The gradual retirement of national bank-notes and their replacement by notes of the Reserve Banks, the complete change in the reserve requirements of subscribing banks, the new provisions for the re-discounting of commercial paper, the permission granted to the banks to lend on improved and unencumbered farm lands, the power to do a business in foreign acceptances—all these, though important in themselves, will become mere elements in a new financial system, the crux of which will be the conscious and increasing direction of a nation-wide industry from the national capital.

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The Balkan Fifth Act

THE entrance of Turkey into the Great War, the extension of the flames of the European conflict from the Straits of Dover to the Golden Horn, naturally and inevitably provoke retrospect. There is in the arrival of Turkey on the battle line something so logical as to suggest the fifth act of a drama immeasurably grand and technically perfect.

For at bottom it was the decision of European statecraft a generation ago with respect to Turkey that explains the fact that men and women are today dying in Flanders and in Champagne. The ruins of Louvain, the fire-stricken fields of France, the still unreckoned sacrifice of the seed corn of Germany, are but contemporary tributes to the humanity, wisdom and genius of the nineteenth century, incarnated by men of state.

A generation ago the great powers of Europe sat about the table of the Berlin Congress and willed certain things. Their main purpose, the main purpose of all statesmen, was to protect their own peoples from war, to prevent their rivals from bringing home disproportionate profit. To accomplish this, the statesmen assembled in Berlin turned back two million Bulgarians in Thrace and Macedonia to the gentle mercies of the Turk. Similarly the Serbs of Bosnia were transferred to the actual but not the titular sovereignty of Austria. The Greeks of Epirus, Macedonia and the Aegean Islands were left beneath the Osmanli yoke. Russia was placated by leave to rob her ally Roumania of Bessarabia, inhabited by Roumanians. Roumania was quieted by a permit to seize the Bulgar land of Dobrudja.

Now consider the consequences. For a generation, each succeeding spring saw men in revolt, women dishonored, children murdered, anarchy and human agony extended over the whole region of Macedonia. In Armenia there were massacres of Christians by Kurds almost too terrible to be ignored by European statesmen. In Bosnia Servian national and racial ambitions were crushed by Austrian bayonets, and the southern Slavs entered a purgatory wholly comparable with that of Italy half a century before. From the Danube to the Aegean Islands some millions of men and women lived in agony and died in misery and shame that there might be peace in Champagne and the Rhineland, prosperity in London and Berlin.

When this condition had endured for a quarter of a century there suddenly shone forth a new phenomenon, the Young Turkish revolution. Seen now in retrospect, it was rather a tawdry thing, the feeblest of imaginable imitations of 1789. Yet it had its great moment when Albanian, Slav, Osmanli, Christian, Jew and Mohammedan struck hands and proclaimed a perpetual peace, a coming of justice, liberty and progress. In this spirit they marched to Stamboul, overset the throne of Abdul the Damned, adopted a constitution of freedom.

How did the great states of Europe receive this new Balkan revolution? First, since the cardinal purpose of the Young Turkish movement was to redeem Turkish provinces, Austria hastily annexed Bosnia. Then Italy, having for half a century looked enviously out upon Tripoli, an ancient Roman province assigned to her when the "Sick Man of Europe" should die, beheld the "Sick Man" simulating health. At once Italy took an inordinate interest in the African estate, and annexed Tripoli. Finally Russia, enraged by Austrian advance in the Balkans, prevented from effective protest by Germany's appearance in "shining armor," set skilfully to work to create a Balkan alliance which should aim at the definite extinction of Osmanli power in Europe, and the creation on the ruins of a Slav confederacy obedient to Russian will and threatening Austria on the Danube as Sardinia had threatened her on the Po.

Before the first sounds of this Balkan Confederacy the feeble Turkish echo of 1789 went silent. It was a poor imitation, it was perhaps predestined to extinction; but it was the remote chance that it might succeed which stirred Europe to action; it was the prospect that there might be a Young Turkey, a Turkey strong because its citizens were free, happy, loyal, which precipitated the ruin.

Once Turkey was crushed in the first Balkan War there was a brief promise of happiness for the liberated millions. There was a chance that Bulgaria, Servia and Greece, having sunk ancient rivalries in common action, might now divide the Balkans and extend with their new boundaries the blessings which they had known in the narrower territories already theirs.

But such a possibility was fatal to Austrian ambition. Hence Austria decreed that Servia should have no "window on the sea." Holding the natural window, Bosnia, she acquired sudden interest in the Albanians who occupied the other window. Wherefore Servia must give up her Adriatic conquest. But must she then resign Macedonia, conquered by her, held by her, and promised to Bulgaria in the belief that Durazzo was to be hers?

Servia believed not; and in an instant the whole Balkan Confederacy was gone to ruin as complete as that of the Young Turkish revolution. That the inestimable blessings of peace might continue to prevail north of the Danube, Europe accepted the Austrian policy, which condemned the millions south of that stream to new horrors, atrocities, campaigns. So the Turk came back to Adrianople, the Serb, Bulgar, Greek and Roumanian joined in the second Balkan War. This was, in fact, the fourth act. But when it ended, of a sudden all men perceived the inevitable, ineluctable fifth.

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For this time the Balkan peoples did not sink back obediently into suffering. On the contrary there now stood forth a new, strong Servia, looking hopefully across the narrow Save to the Serbs of Bosnia, a new Slavic Sardinia, victorious and confident. There was, too, another Roumania, no longer held by Hohenzollern leading-strings, gazing with unmistakable intent upon Bukovina, Transylvania. Finally, a greater Greece, still denied Epirus to satisfy Italian apprehensions, affirmed herself an advance post of the Triple Entente.

In sum, the great idol of Europe had suddenly fallen to dust and its temple was vacant. The idol was the balance of power, the temple, the empty structure on the dunes of The Hague. Henceforth the superiority of the Triple Entente over the Triple Alliance promised to grow with each year. More than that, the ruin of Austria seemed assured, and the Slavs within and without the Hapsburg empire were dreaming of a new *risorgimento*, while Italy, committed to Mediterranean colonial aims, was fast and deliberately turning her back upon Berlin and Vienna.

So to-day we have the fifth act, the world war. The men, women and children of Macedonia, Thrace and Armenia, who were sacrificed that there might be peace north of the Danube, have died in vain, but not unavenged. Champagne and Picardy, Brabant and Flanders, East and West Prussia, Galicia and Poland, now know the horror that was the share of Macedonia for a generation.

As this terrific conflagration mounts higher and higher, the pacifists perceive in it the negation of all things sound and best in human life, extol the peace that was before, and pray that it may speedily return. Yet granting all that is said of the horror of all wars, of this war beyond all others, is there not discoverable in it proof that the inexorable antecedent condition to peace is that it shall prevail south of the Danube as well as north?

That the men and women of Flanders and Picardy should prosper, those of the Balkans have perished for a generation. That there might be peace for England, Germany, Austria, Italy and France, these nations consented to the torture of those in Macedonia. Looking backward, then, is it not possible to perceive that the thing some men called peace was, in fact, a sham, an inveracity now fallen to the estate which is the final phase of all inveracities in a world in which the truth does most remorselessly prevail?

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Foreword on Cooperation

FROM an admirable scholar and teacher just now back from Europe, I hear these words: "I thought I knew something of my world and my race. This war shows me that I didn't. My little life philosophy has to be made all over again." There are precious few of us who do not feel this need of restatement and revaluation. Not one of the larger social problems looks the same to us. Some really great achievements had been reached, as in workmen's insurance and in preventive medicine. Other great proposals had passed the speculative stage. In England we had the beginnings of a minimum wage and a new and fairer incidence in taxation.

Upon no one of these new hopes can we now surely count. All that can be seen is that when the madness has spent itself, the need of these and kindred social measures will be more imperiously necessary than ever.

It is the writer's belief that among other greater agencies to which we must look, the movement of "cooperation" is to have new life. Out of this very desolation and impoverishment, industrial cooperation, more accurately defined, will have its own renaissance. Far beyond the territory on which this war is waged, millions are to feel a new peril to their life-standards, when the final bills come in for settlement.

One form of self-protection will be cooperation. In later articles wider grounds for this belief in a cooperative revival will be given, but in this foreword, one prerequisite is to be noted, namely, a new temper and a new sobriety in stating these problems which have been put before us under the unhappy name of "solutions."

We have a popular terminology which first misconceives the nature of our industrial and political friction, and then arouses absurd over-expectation as to what can be done to lessen it.

Not only is this true of the more impassioned proposals of those who look with contempt on "mere reform," but it is true in mischievous degree of those who move with more measured steps.

In cooperative history, the language is more temperate and subdued than that of most socialists or single taxers, yet cooperation as a "solution" is still omnipresent in the propaganda. A man as great in practical business achievement as Godin published in 1888 a fat volume, "The Social Solution." Our libraries have long lists of pamphlets in which "solution" is the conspicuous word, although tests of kindergarten simplicity would show how inappropriate the word is. It not only starts the mind on the wrong track, but keeps it there.

I have read an address from a summer school, "How Society may be Reformed," in which "Society" is treated as if it were a baby with something wrong with its gums or little insides. But "Society" is some millions of times more complex than this. It is not one thing, but a thousand. At one

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point the growths are far advanced, at others they lag as far behind as the spinning-wheel (which my farm neighbor still uses) lags behind the latest textile mill. This world-tangle of habits, customs, institutions, is full of taints, survivals, atrophies, and all manner of imperfections. Behind us is a vast dateless body of traditions, all created by those who now are dead. Upon this jagged and uneven mass the present generation lives. With much uneasiness it quivers on this last outer edge during what we call a "generation," and then, with its little deposit, drops back into that overpowering majority which rules and subdues us far more than the rule of living persons. All these unfathomed depths of human usage are such a part of the present society we seek to change that we cannot stir hand or foot without measuring our little strength against it.

Much of this past is integrally a part of the "social question" and of the narrower "labor question." We may select any tiny, recent fragment of this total—let us say, the trade union. We cannot touch it with hostile or friendly hand without touching a full century of tragic human experience. The problems of those early American printers, ship-calkers, and carpenters are as passionately alive as ever; overtime, apprentices, fines, hours, wages, conditions, and, most fateful of all, the seat of power. What part of it shall be held collectively by labor and what part by the employer? Not a strike of yesterday or to-day in which these older memories are not still alive. Yet in the Senate a grave man warns us that "trade-unionism will never be *solved* until we compel them by law to be incorporated." What this gentleman means is probably this, that if labor organizations were made legally accountable, they would behave better. Such better behavior is extremely doubtful, but I do not here press that point. If "incorporation" did improve behavior, that increment of better conduct is precisely what we should get, and in no sense should we get a "solution."

Our politics are as confused and imperfect as are our industrial relations, but we do not ask, "What is the solution of politics?" In depths of perplexity beyond anything which "capital and labor" presents to our time is the question of race adjustment, yet ever and again we hear it, "the solution of the race question." So far as the inhabitants of the globe in the coming centuries can learn to live together with decency and self-respect, so far as they come to practice with each other the most elemental virtues in our religious and moral codes, so far especially as the strong learn to respect property and persons among weaker peoples, to that extent only can "solution" or "remedy" have intelligible meaning.

To ask for a "solution of human nature" is a fairly exact equivalent of these other "solutions," even as applied to the lesser term, "labor question." It is seen that something very closely resembling war, with abundant war terminology, exists among those who carry on our industries. The dispute over the distribution of what is produced has become so charged with hostilities that the legal and police system in most countries is put to the greatest strain.

Without much doubt this strain is increasing, if we mean by that a growing determination on the part of labor to break down the kind of authority which ownership and management have assumed to be theirs. The strain means more than this, because that part of our wage-earners, bent either upon the destruction of the wage system or upon very radical changes, is a growing and more determined proportion of our population. It is our peculiarity in the United States that we have added so much to the purely impulsive and irrational character of labor's protest by the unweeded total of our immigration. In no country will the strain put every protective agency to a severer test.

Now it is this strain, this struggle over the division of the product, that we ask to have "solved." We will have a "remedy" for it. I say again it is like asking for a solution of human nature. We cannot stop this strain, and even more, we do not want to stop it. We hope to guide it. It is part of economic and political readjustment, as essential to growth as it is unavoidable.

Our cry for solutions has, however, an intelligible meaning. We wish to make the struggle over the respective shares as fair and rational as we can. We wish to check the waste and savagery of a conflict that is inevitable. Terms like "relieving the friction," "civilizing the struggle," "raising the plane of competition," are all terms accurately describing such possibilities as are before us. We have been misled by "solutions" in single establishments. No country is without shining illustrations of what can be done in removing friction between "capital and labor." They are usually very successful businesses in dainties like chocolate, specialties like soap, profit-sharing in privately owned but strictly regulated city gas-works, as in English cities. A high class corporation like the Ivory Soap makers in Ohio may be said to have "solved" their labor question. So may hundreds of others, the character of whose work gives them great power of selecting their men and profits enough to be generous.

But between these individual cases and the whole national or world problem in industry, there is scarcely an item in common. A very simple word like improvement sets us right before our problem. Education, politics, the child, race contact, are open to improvement. Both within and without ourselves certain changes of temper and external regulation are possible. These may lessen antagonisms, undermine economic privileges, and widen opportunity. It is these rather humble betterments that will concern us.

It will be asked, why this pedantic fidgeting over a few innocent words? My excuse is that the subject here presented has had no such unconscious enemies as those who expected and who promised what cooperation can never perform. It is an error

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fatal in this, that it calls off the attention from other changes indispensable for every onward step that cooperation itself has to take. These super-claims are an error, not only because they breed chagrin and reaction, but because they misstate the nature of such reforms as lie within our influence.

So far as the case for cooperation is stated without romance or overheated hopes, it gains in persuasiveness as it gains in strength.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Intellectual Leadership in America

A SOMEWHAT sour-tempered philosophic friend tells me that mankind has in its successive stages been governed by soldiers, priests, and lawyers, and has now degenerated so far as to submit to the dictates of the tired business man. Philosophers do not like to give us the source of their information, and we may suspect that the facts of history are too numerous and obstinate to allow themselves to be too readily mustered into universal "stages" of development. If we confine ourselves, however, to the question of intellectual leadership in this country, it does seem that it rested at first with the clergy, then passed to the legal profession, and that it has now definitely passed from the lawyers.

That the clergy has lost its claim to intellectual leadership will hardly be questioned even by its friends. Moreover, the intellectual tone of the profession, as reflected in its standard books, has increasingly softened. There may be more of what passes as the milk of human kindness in Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question" than in old Jonathan Edward's "Treatise on the Will"; but as a steady diet for a full-grown adult intellect, the fall is unmistakable. There are doubtless many highly intellectual men in the clergy. But no class can contribute much to the intellectual life unless it has the courage to face its own problems, and press the terms of its own solutions upon the general public.

America has for a long time presented the spectacle of a country not only politically but intellectually governed by lawyers. Lawyers, until recently, fashioned all the political and social ideas which the rest of the population were using. This is an anomaly in the world's history. For while the legal profession is one that is constantly making intellectual demands upon its members, its activity is on the whole conditioned by certain practical and technical demands that separate it from the common intellectual life of a nation. The view that the legal profession ought to keep up with the progress of the social sciences, at least to the extent that the medical profession has to keep in touch with the progress of the natural sciences, is vehemently denied by our legalist's view that law is law, and has nothing to do with economics, politics or ethics.

In our country the education of the lawyer has been based on the model of apprenticeship or trade-school training, rather than on the liberal studies of the university. Our law-schools, almost a century older than our real universities, offer a curriculum calculated in the main to train one in the useful art of winning cases. There are no courses to teach the student to reflect on the relation of the law to the general life of the community. Nor are the social conditions peculiar to the bar conducive of free intellectual life. The tone is set by judges who are necessarily older and more immune to new ideas, and by the more prominent practitioners whose commercial success is not necessarily the result of intellectual culture. The reading of the presidential addresses delivered before the American Bar Association or of the arguments of such legal luminaries as Senator Root leaves one with a depressed feeling of the intellectual poverty and monotony of it all. Hardly a new argument or idea since those of Marshall or Story. Always the same obsolete learning about Anglo-Saxon liberties and Magna-Charta, the same *a priori* eighteenth century speculation about liberty, natural rights, and the eternal necessity of constitutional restraints on the legislative power, and the like. Sober history may show trial by jury and other "inalienable" rights are not of Anglo-Saxon origin, or that Magna-Charta was a somewhat reactionary document of little use to the great mass of the common people, but the historical misinformation of Blackstone is good enough for chief justices of state courts.

The legal and political theories maintained by the American bench and bar are still those which were held in Europe in the eighteenth century; but the reasons that have led all European thinkers to give up these theories, and, indeed, the very fact that there are other civilized peoples who have thought about these matters, seems entirely unknown to our intellectually provincial bar. A recent attempt by a number of university teachers of law to familiarize Americans with European thought and experience in these matters finds little favor with those who, from the impregnable heights of ignorance, denounce, as does Surrogate Fowler, all European thinkers as socialists. Is it not generally considered unpatriotic to doubt that the framers of our national constitution have said the final word in political science?

Under the circumstances the wonder is, not that the legal profession has lost its claim to leadership, but that it has so long been able to maintain it. The latter is to be explained by the fact that the work of the legal profession keeps its members in contact with affairs, and life offers some resistance to

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false theories no matter how powerful they may be. But surely there can be no denying that the lawyers no longer lead, or at least, that the people no longer follow. As one token of this, we need only remember the unanimous enthusiasm with which ex-President Taft was elected president of the American Bar Association, and contrast it with the almost equal unanimity with which he was defeated by the people's representatives in the Electoral College. There can be little doubt that the enthusiasm in both cases was due to the same trait of our genial ex-president, his lack of sympathy with the somewhat inchoate popular effort to cut loose from traditional dogmas on government and introduce some democracy in our antiquated political machinery.

Many observers of America have remarked on the growing influence of the university professor in our national life, and the advent of a former college professor to the chief magistracy of the nation has visibly strengthened this impression. But before we can confidently predict the intellectual hegemony of our university professors we ought to make sure that we have the conditions here under which university teaching can develop into a truly liberal profession. There are many indications that the public at large, and even the university professors themselves, have not as yet fully realized these conditions. Unlike any other, the American university is organized on the model of the factory. The Board of Trustees or Regents correspond to the Board of Directors, the president is the factory superintendent or manager, and the professors are the hired men or help. But as in this case the hired help do not belong to any union, they have to be more docile in their relation to their employers. Unkind critics have referred to the American professor as a member of the third sex; but Mr. John Jay Chapman puts the case more fairly when he says: "The average professor in an American College will look on at an act of injustice done a brother professor by their college president with the same unconcern as the rabbit who is not attacked watches the ferret pursue his brother up and down through the warren . . . We know, of course, that it would cost the non-attacked rabbit his place to express sympathy for the martyr; and the non-attacked is poor, and has offspring, and hopes of advancement."

It is easy enough to explain all this when we remember that our oldest genuine university is less than forty years old, and that previously our colleges were nearly all, as most of them still are, under denominational control and little above the standard of the European secondary school. The teachers were, as a rule, men who could not be placed as clergymen, or, as Professor Gildersleeve puts it, men who, having failed to make good in foreign missions, were permitted to try their hand on the young barbarians at home. From these conditions the progress in the last generation has been wonderful; even in the law departments of our universities there are now men who regard teaching as their vocation and not as a mere addition to their practice. But when we contrast the salary, the number of required teaching hours, and the general status of the American professor with those of his European confrère, the outlook is not very rosy. In 1908 one-third of our degree-giving institutions paid their full professors an average salary of less than a thousand dollars per annum. How much opportunity for intellectual culture has a man under such conditions? Even worse in the petty surveillance in private and public life to which a professor must submit. Harvard is, I suppose, the most liberal of our universities, and President Eliot is strong for freedom in all its forms. Yet one of the most fruitful-minded men that America has produced, a man whom James and Royce have repeatedly acknowledged as the source of their inspiration, was not, because of some overt infraction of the Puritanic code, allowed to lecture in any of the buildings centrolled by Harvard University. Truly the dead hand of the theologic seminary rests heavily on the American college.

A university professor is a person whose business is to discover or verify truth in a given field and teach or publish it. This obviously carries with it the right to give utterance to that which may disturb established prejudice in the field of religion, economics and politics. So long, therefore, as the professor is not completely free to teach his subject, so long as he can be intimidated by a promoting president, he will be sadly handicapped in his efforts to lead in our intellectual life.

Prediction is always a perilous business, and who can weigh the shifting social factors which determine the intellectual status of any social class? Only a few years ago the ignorance of our newspaper men on questions of art, world-literature, science and philosophy seemed hopelessly abysmal. Yet may not one hope to-day that writers like Ray Stannard Baker are blazing the way for a liberal profession that will combine the painstaking care of science with the graces of literary expression? The idea of a trained class of expert public administrators in our democracy may seem to many a misplaced dream. Yet there are many indications that the frightful waste of our natural and cultural resources resulting from the absence of trained intelligence in the management of our public affairs, is slowly but surely bringing forward well-trained men who are devoting themselves to the public business in the spirit of a truly liberal profession. And, finally, must we forever dismiss the ordinary business man, the bourgeois or Philistine, in the revilement of whom the superior culture of the Bohemian so essentially consists? When we consider that the problems of modern business are essentially those of the statesman, such as the domestic and foreign markets, the progress of technology, the subtle problems of individual and mass psychology, can we deny that there is here a field that must contribute as well as demand genuine intellectual culture?

PHILONOUS.

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Jefferson and the New Freedom

NOT long ago a very eminent member of the present administration at Washington, in speaking to the students of the University of Virginia, declared with evident candor and some fervor that all he knew about the science of government he had learned from Thomas Jefferson who, by the way, so highly prized things academic that he omitted from his chosen epitaph all mention of his service as President of the United States, and in its place recorded his labors in the foundation of the honorable university that bears the name of the Old Dominion.

We have no reason to believe that the distinguished Secretary who thus acknowledged his debt to Jefferson was speaking without due deliberation. He was not just seeking to stir the enthusiasm of his youthful auditors. On the contrary, his public policies and those of the important section of his party which has long followed his leadership bear eloquent testimony to the accuracy of his declaration. If so influential a statesman and his supporters look to Jefferson for their guidance in political science, it may behoove us to reexamine in the light of the twentieth century the civilization Jefferson had in mind. What might otherwise be a pleasing historical excursion becomes a civic duty.

Unfortunately for us, Jefferson never wrote a treatise on politics such as we have from the pen of his great rival John Adams, and it is necessary to discover his system by piecing together scattered documents written for varying purposes and circumstances. In this undertaking we discover many contradictions, real and apparent.

Jefferson had a good word to say for John Adams' defence of government by aristocracies, and an equally good word for John Taylor's relentless and exhaustive attack on the system of the New England philosopher. He declared in a private letter that he was in favor of "a general suffrage" and yet when he sketched a constitution for his native state he provided property qualifications for voters. On more than one occasion he expressed views favorable to the doctrine that courts should enjoy the power to nullify acts of legislatures, and yet he smote John Marshall hip and thigh for "judicial usurpation." Like all men of a speculative turn of mind he doubtless hoped for a system too ideal for the world of fact, and like all practical men he did not allow theoretical consideration to interfere with exigent political duties.

Nevertheless, Jefferson acted in the main on a fairly consistent theory which has a meaning for us to-day, and is the more interesting in that it has descended to the political party which claims to face the problems of modern industrialism. For the creed of Jeffersonian "Republicanism," as his followers first named their faith, is the "New Freedom" of Wilson Democrats.

It would be an error to assume that the capitalistic swing of human activities which has given rise to the new creed was not observed by so keen a man as Jefferson. Factories were driven by water power, and steam engines were running in England when the Declaration of Independence was flung out to the world. In his notes on Virginia, written five years later, Jefferson shrewdly remarked upon the tendencies of European states to foster manufacturing, and after making a careful analysis of the rising capitalistic system he came to several fundamental conclusions as to its meaning for the United States. Agrarian democracy was the goal of Jefferson's analysis, just as the equally unreal and unattainable democracy of small business is Wilson's goal.

After some startling reflections on the relation of economic independence to civil liberty and republican institutions, Jefferson arrived at the principle that only farmers, owning their own land, tilling it with their own hands, looking to nature and to labor for their sustenance, could possess that independence of character which is the basis of democracy. Whoever depends upon the "casualities and caprices of customers" has set upon him the mark of corruption and subservience. Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, while those who higgle in the market place and those who labor for others in factories are on the highway to that moral decay and servility which marks the end of republics of free peoples.

Lest there be some mistake, let Jefferson take the floor himself: "Generally speaking, the proportion which the aggregate of other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts and is a good enough barometer whereby to measure its degree of corruption." And of wage workers: "Let our workshops remain in Europe . . . The mobs of the great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the human body." Again: "I consider the class of artificers [artisans] as the panders of vice, and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned."

These were no temporary outbursts, but the deep convictions of a determined man. They were at the basis of Jefferson's political science. He believed that the farmers, like Wilson's independent men of small affairs, should rule the country. The whole capitalistic edifice reared by the Federalists, the bank, the funded debt, protective tariff, and the promotion of industries, were odious to him because they augmented the class thriving upon the arts and chicane of trade, and the dependent class, the artisans, mobs of the great cities. Jefferson went so far as to declare that good would arise from the destruction of the public credit; the bank he declared unconstitutional as well as unsound; the fund-

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ing system he looked upon as a devilish device for corruption; and the whole Federalist program he viewed as a scheme to assimilate the United States to the "rotten parts" of the British constitution. The United States Senate, which was the political stronghold of these capitalistic interests, he described as "an Augean herd."

The battle which Jefferson waged in 1800 he frankly announced to be a war of the agrarian and petty trading interests against the larger capitalistic interests. As early as April 24, 1796, he declared that on his side was "the whole landed interest," and that on the other side were "British merchants and Americans trading on British capitals, speculators and holders in the bank and public funds." And a year later he said that the issue depended upon the election of "farmers whose interests are entirely agricultural. Such men are the true representatives of the great American interest." Even his antipathy toward the British was largely based upon their affiliations with American capitalistic interests. On this line the battle of 1780 was fought, and when it was won, Jefferson directed his first message through Congress to the "agricultural part of our citizens," not overlooking the capitalistic interests yet too strong to be ignored.

The conflict of classes which Jefferson distinctly recognized came out clearly in the alignments of the campaign of 1800. From the commercial and financial centers came the plaintive plea of the holders of bank stock, public securities, and industrials, for the "widows and orphans" whose invested savings were endangered by the Virginia planter. In the upstate agrarian regions of New York, the Republicans accepted Jefferson's analysis of the conflict, and avowed themselves to be the party of the farmer battling to wrest the government from those who made money without labor. New Jersey Republicans, to be sure that no capitalistic sympathizer could slip into Congress by their route, named farmers for the House of Representatives. The rural regions of Pennsylvania did likewise, and represented their nominees to the voters to be endorsed by Jefferson as of the class which Providence had made the peculiar deposit of Republican virtue. In Virginia, the Republican Dawson found only "pestilential air" in the towns, while the spirit of '76 and Republican liberty reigned among the farmers. The upland regions of South Carolina swamped the "corrupt squadron of stock jobbers" in Charleston. The Wall Street ward of New York City went Federalist; the "clodhoppers" up the Hudson valley voted for Jefferson.

But in spite of the "glorious revolution," the tide of capitalism and industrialism swept resistlessly onward. To-day nearly half of us belong to the "mobs of the great cities"—sores on the body politic. What message has the sage of Monticello for us? What message have the statesmen and their followers whose political science is derived from Jefferson for a society founded upon "the casualties and caprices" of trade?

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Our Undemocratic National Budget

REPRESENTATIVE Fitzgerald had a mortifying experience when as chairman of the Appropriations Committee he delivered the customary annual statement of the appropriations. For years the Democratic party had been contending that the appropriations were excessive and that extravagance pervaded the government service. The facts abundantly supported that contention. While Mr. Cortelyou was Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt, he pointed out that in the period 1878-1908 the net disbursements of the government had increased 400 per cent. while the population had increased less than 84 per cent. In a speech on April 10, 1909, Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Committee on Finance, made the admission, "I am myself satisfied that the appropriations made last year could have been reduced at least $5,000,000 without impairing the efficiency of the public service."

On March 4, 1909, Mr. Tawney, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, made an equally frank speech upon "the necessity of checking this growing tendency towards excess." Thus Republican party leaders admitted that the accusation of their budget management by the Democratic party was well-founded. Since then the Democratic party has succeeded to the management, but apparently the only practical result has been a fresh set of players at the same old game. Mr. Fitzgerald, while claiming that some economies had been accomplished, had to admit general failure.

The hopeful feature of his statement is the candor with which he admits that improvement may be expected only through a change of system. The evil cannot be reached and cured merely by change of party control. In that case the result will exemplify the French proverb, "The more it changes the more it remains the same thing." To the mass of the people it does not really matter whether the Treasury raiders are Republicans or Democrats. The evil results of the system—extravagance, waste and inefficiency—go on just the same. It is impossible to shame the mass of the membership, as their subserviency to their local political interests destroys their sense of public obligation and weakens their sense of party responsibility. At one time Mr. Fitzgerald tried to strike down one particularly shady practice—the sending of private telegrams at the expense of the government. There is no law authorizing that practice, and Mr. Fitzgerald characterized it as graft. But, law or no law, members consider it one of their perquisites, and when they send a telegram, charge it to the contingent fund of Congress as a matter of course. Mr. Fitzgerald mentioned one case wherein a member sent his sweetheart a telegraphic letter that cost the government sixty dollars. Such opportunities of Congressional graft still exist, for the House voted down by 140 to 102 Mr. Fitzgerald's motion prohibiting

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members from charging private telegrams to the account of the government.

Moreover, Congress actually forces unnecessary expenditure upon the executive departments. Mr. Fitzgerald in his budget reviews gave a remarkable instance. He pointed out that the appropriations were $6,411,550 in excess of the estimates submitted by the Post Office Department, and he went on to say that "a system which permits the grants from the Treasury for the support of any service to be 2 per cent. in excess of the sum requested or desired by those administering the service cannot be defended." It is obvious that such a system is destructive of administrative responsibility.

It is the opinion of those with opportunities of investigation that our postal service is much inferior to that of other civilized countries both in extent and in quality of service, but the men administering cannot be held responsible, for not they but Congressmen run the service. The Post Office Department is charged with the cost and maintenance of numerous buildings for which Congress makes appropriations, but the department is not even consulted about the matter. Postmaster-General Meyer, in a statement made on February 26, 1909, said that "at the last session of Congress more than twenty millions of dollars were appropriated for the construction of public buildings, for the exclusive use of post offices in the smaller cities and towns, where the department had made no recommendation for new buildings." He also said that the cost of the accommodations thus provided was much in excess of the needs of the department.

Congressional extravagance still goes on unchecked. What is to be the remedy? It is at least a great step in advance that it is now admitted that the disease is constitutional and can be reached only by constitutional treatment. The old political claptrap of "turn the rascals out" will serve no longer. It is now admitted by party leaders on both sides that conditions must be changed.

Mr. Fitzgerald's own plan of reform is in the main the same as that of his predecessors in the Chairmanship of Appropriations Committee—the concentration of appropriations in the hands of one committee. At present there are eight committees framing and reporting the regular appropriation bills. This arrangement is comparatively new in our history. Previous to the year 1865 all revenue and appropriation bills were in charge of the Ways and Means Committee. All the great revenue measures and all the vast appropriations required by the Civil War were prepared and reported by that one committee. The Committee on Appropriations was first established in 1865. The work of that committee was split up and distributed among a number of committees in 1885 as an incident of the faction war in the Democratic party.

But institutions once brought into being have a way of perpetuating themselves, even when their inconvenience is generally admitted. The proposition to abolish the jurisdiction of seven of the present appropriation committees has against it the combined influence of the membership of those committees, and, although often mooted, has never taken practical shape. Even if it were feasible it would only palliate the situation; it would not introduce true constitutional order, or establish democratic government in the full integrity of its functions. That can be accomplished only by regarding Congress as altogether disinterested in the expenditures. The proper function of the representative body is to confine the government to actual requirements and to hold the administration responsible for results. No appropriation should be made unless the administration applies for it, and no more should be granted than is asked. This is the fundamental budget rule of every English commonwealth, and is one explanation of the democratic character of English government. This was our own practice in Washington's time, and the framers of the constitution of the Confederate States revived and safeguarded that practice when they adopted a provision prohibiting Congress from making any appropriation "unless it be asked by the head of a department and submitted by the President."

Nothing less than a budget rule of this character will suffice and nothing more is necessary. Simple as such a reform would be, its influence upon the character of Congress would be profound, rescuing it from its debased condition as a scuffle of local agency, and transforming it into a dignified and efficient system of control in behalf of the people.

Two Impressions

Thoughts on the Sea

THE boat makes her way between the islands; the sea is so calm that it scarcely seems to exist. Eleven o'clock in the morning, and it is hard to tell whether or not it is raining.

The thoughts of the voyager turn to the past year. He sees again his trip across the ocean in the stormy night, the ports, the stations, the arrival on Shrove Sunday, the trip to the house when, with a cold eye, he scanned the sordid festivities of the crowd through the mud-spattered windows of his carriage. His thoughts show him again his parents, his friends, old scenes, and then the new departure. Unhappy retrospect! As if it were possible for anyone to retrieve his past.

It is this that makes the return sadder than the departure. The voyager re-enters his home as a guest. He is a stranger to all, and all is strange to him. (Servant, hang up the traveling cloak and do not carry it away! Soon it will be necessary to depart once more.) Seated at the family table he is a suspected guest, ill at east. No, parents, it is never the same! This is a passer-by whom you have received, his ears filled with the fracas of trains and the clamor of the sea, like a man who imagines that he still feels beneath his feet the profound movement that lures him away. He is not the same man whom you conducted to the fateful

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wharf. The separation has taken place, and he has entered upon the exile that follows it.

The Pig

I SHALL paint here the pig's portrait. He is a solid beast, made all in one piece, without joints and without a neck; and he sinks in front like a sack, jolting along on four squat hams. He is a trumpet on the march, ever seeking, and to every odor that he scents he applies his pump-like body. He sucks it in. When he has found the necessary hole, he wallows enormously. This is not the wriggling of a duck who enters the water. It is not the sociable happiness of the dog. It is a deep, solitary, conscientious, integral enjoyment. He sniffs, he sips, he tastes, and you cannot say whether he eats or drinks. Perfectly round, with a little quiver, he advances and buries himself in the unctuous center of the fresh filth. He grunts, he sports in the recesses of his tripery. He winks an eye. Consummate amateur, although his ever-active smelling apparatus lets nothing escape, his tastes do not run to the transient perfumes of flowers or of frivolous fruits. In everything he searches for nourishment. He loves it rich and strong and ripe, and his instinct attaches him to these two fundamental things, earth and ordure.

Glutton, wanton, though I present you with this model, admit this—that something is lacking to your satisfaction. The body is not sufficient to itself, but the doctrine that you teach us is not in vain. "Do not apply the eye alone to truth, but all that is thyself, without reserve." Happiness is our duty and our inheritance, a certain perfect possession is intended.

But like the sow which furnished the oracles to Æneas, the meeting with one always seems to me an augury, a social symbol. Her flank is more vague than hills seen through the rain, and when she litters, giving drink to a battalion of young boars who march between her legs, she seems to me the very image of those mountains which suckle the clusters of villages attached to their torrents, no less massive and no less misshapen.

I must not omit to say that the blood of the pig serves to fix gold. PAUL CLAUDEL.

A COMMUNICATION

Responsibility for the War

SIR: The sudden breaking of the war clouds that have hung over Europe still needs an explanation. At first glance Germany appears as the aggressor, but this view leaves out of consideration the underlying causes that have made the conflict inevitable. From any other than a conventional view it must be recognized that Germany stands for the rising economic interests of Central Europe, while the Allies arrayed against her represent the various forms of race feeling dominant in the smaller states. Each national aspiration is local, and so interwoven with interests other than economic that it blocks the social progress of the continent. One way out of the turmoil is to reduce this mass of rabid race antagonisms and unite people of similar culture into super-racial units. This is the German plan. Culture would then be put above race aspiration, and social bonds created that give to Europe the unity that America enjoys. We in America have as many races with as deep antagonisms. We overcome these differences by upholding ideals of social progress that make an appeal to all the people.

Yet as the facts are faced in the concrete, they are so colored by national prejudice that their true bearings are not perceived. Men easily degenerate into race antagonism because race traits are a vital part of their heredity. Even America has witnessed a recrudescence of national feeling during the last few months. The public, and especially the newspapers, have been carried away by a race prejudice that has long been submerged. This prejudice hides the real basis of the struggle, and makes us side with lost causes instead of sympathizing with the standard bearers of progress.

The reader should get a physical map of Europe and draw two lines across it, one from Brussels to the Adriatic, and one from Koenigsberg to Odessa. These lines divide continental Europe into its three natural divisions. The southwestern part, occupied by the Latin races, is high and mountainous. It has a thin upland soil which is constantly being lost through the wash of torrents. The economic resources of this region are failing, and each decade makes it harder for the overworked peasants to earn a living, to say nothing of their heavy tax burden. As a consequence of these conditions, and of the isolation due to mountain ranges, race hatred and group antagonism assume a hideous form. A race appeal can start a local war which soon extends to the more prosperous regions, or leads to internal strife, as in the Balkan struggle. Eastern Europe, now under the dominion of Russia, is in the main a semi-arid upland with limited resources. The struggle with nature is here not so severe as in Southwestern Europe, but the persistence of traditional prejudices and race hatreds is even more marked. In contrast with these two outlying portions of Europe, Central Europe contains vast fertile plains; to the west it forms the Rhine and adjacent valleys, while to the east is the rich Danube valley. It is a moderate statement to say that three-fifths of the resources of continental Europe are in these central valleys dominated by Germany and Austria. It is here that rapid progress is being made, and here the hope of the continent lies. If this region were to become united it would control Europe.

The best way for an American to visualize the European problem is to compare it with our own situation. France and Italy may be likened to New York and New England. The upland west of the Missouri is similar to Russia; the correspondence would be close if Mexico controlled this region and threatened to submerge the industrial centers to the east. The South and Central West would then correspond to Germany and Austria, which should dominate Europe as the West and the South do this country. We all see why South Carolina had to be repressed in the in-

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terest of the larger union, and no one regrets the blood and treasure that brought the repression. We fail to see that the problem of Servia and Belgium are the same as of Carolina, and that their repression would be as advantageous to Europe as the preservation of the Union was to us.

This is the physical background of the problem. The cultural setting is equally plain. The race appeal is to hatred and dissension. It would cut Europe up into minute bits, each with overlapping borders to perpetuate conflict. An alliance of diverse groups, like the present one opposing Germany, will be formed to dispute centralization as economic progress becomes threatening, but no enduring unity of such a combination is possible. Crush culture, and the old relapse into crude discordant elements will occur. In contrast, Germany appeals to culture instead of race. It would bind discordant races in a common unit with super-racial bonds. In this union that man is brother who has the same cultural standards, and not alone he who has the same color of skin or the same shaped nose.

I well remember how, as a student in Germany, this doctrine was poured into me in my first course of lectures. It transformed my viewpoint, and has since been the center of all my aspirations. Between a cultural civilization and the race idolatry in which I, like others, was bred, there is but one choice. The race patriot is a nuisance, a menace, a bar to progress. The true patriot is he who claims as his brother the man of similar interests, not he who proclaims his racial antagonisms from the hilltop. The melting-pot of civilization is gradually refining this crude patriotism, and creating new bonds that cement all races, creeds, and tongues into one harmonious whole. For this higher ideal the Germans stand, and against them are the passion, turbulence, and malice of a hundred discordant factions, united only in a common hatred of the changes that swamp their petty idols and undermine the ancient regime to which their traditional homage is paid.

To offset these well-known facts, much has been made of the difference between the Kaiser and the German people. The cry of "Warlord" has been raised to further the contention that the present struggle has been forced on the German people against their inclinations and desires. Those who make these allegations evince a crude ignorance of German public opinion. It is the professor, not the Kaiser, who forms and controls German thought. We have heard much in this country of the "Wisconsin idea," which involves the control of the State by its university. The "Wisconsin idea," however, is but a belated adoption of German methods in general use for a century. German spirit arose in the universities, throve in them, and still finds in them its best expression. The telling contrast of "the German vs. the Slav" is of university origin, and has among the professors its leading exponents. The professor rules Germany; if he has gone wrong this time, he has been right so often that he has the full confidence of the German public. His idealism has gone to the schools, and is firmly implanted in every boy's heart. The German peasant knows what his country stands for, and has a keen, intelligent devotion to its interests. Never has a nation gone into a war with so much unity, nor with so much enthusiasm. In our Civil War it took two years for the North to reach the point of determination and sacrifice that the German people have already attained.

The struggle between economic interests and race idealism has continued for centuries without decisive results. Every nation in periods of growth has disregarded the rights of its weaker neighbors. When on the defensive, it has been equally ardent to uphold them. No nation has had its policy more controlled by economic interests than England, and none has trampled more ruthlessly on the helpless. The settlements she has made with France and Russia disregarded treaties and national rights. The action of Germany in Belgium is but a repetition of what England did in Morocco and Persia. Our own policy has been equally inconsistent. We have been indifferent to the rights of Indians, negroes, and of the regions we have annexed. The South was brutally coerced. In spite of this record, we never have ceased to extol local rights, and to emphasize race ascendency as opposed to economic interests.

Progress has ever been a ruthless crushing, whether we regard it as industrial or view it in its political aspects. Growth has meant a centralization which eliminates the weak to the advantage of the strong. Belgium and Servia are to-day where hundreds of small nations have found themselves in the past. Belgium is racially and socially a part of France. Economically she is a part of Germany. One or the other fate she must in the end meet. Servia must also be either Russian or Austrian.

In deciding the issue of responsibility it must also be remembered that Germany is blocked in its cultural advance by the fact that its organization has taken place only recently. A generation ago it was but a federation of discordant elements. This means that other nations have control of regions that naturally belong to Germany and these districts can rise in civilization only as they become integral parts of the empire. With Austria the difficulties are even more severe. Not only are the races more discordant, but also the territory that naturally belongs to the nation is less under her control. The Danube valley is a great economic unit like the Mississippi valley. United in one nation, it would become the greatest industrial center in Europe. This union has been blocked first by the Turks, and later by Russian aspirations. It is the mission of Austria to overcome these obstacles and to make economic interests dominate over race hatred. A state like Switzerland must be formed on a grander scale, where race differences fade as culture gains a firmer hold upon the people.

This Austrian problem is now the focus of the European struggle. The desires of Russia and Austria cannot both be satisfied. The long-anticipated war between the German and the Slav has begun, and nations range themselves in the contest as race sympathy or economic interest dictates. In this crisis Russia is easily recognized as the aggressor. For decades her intrigue has been directed against the Turk; in aid of the suppressed Slavs a turbulent, vindictive agitation was kept up. Now that the Turk is vanquished, all this terrorism has been turned against Austria. Assassination and bomb-throwing are zealously promoted by Servian hatred and Russian gold. Austria has no middle course to pursue. She must either fight or be disrupted by racial discord. The good work of the past generation in securing economic unity would be undone, and all social advance would be retarded if Servia is not controlled. The decision for repression forced Russia's hand and we know the result.

SIMON N. PATTEN.

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"Typically American"

The Miracle Man, a four-act play by George M. Cohan, from the story by Frank L. Packard. Presented at the Astor Theatre, New York, October, 1914.

WHAT foreigners think of America is a matter of slight importance. So long as foreigners begin by drinking ice-water the minute they land, they will continue to suffer dire results and form equally dire impressions. But what Americans think of themselves, and especially of things said to be "typically American," is a matter of considerable importance. Who will be right about America if Americans are wrong?

Mr. George M. Cohan, the gifted adapter of "The Miracle Man," is supposed to be "typically American." When one contrasts the Chicago stockbroker with the Kentucky mountaineer, the buoyant daughter of Oregon with the wizened great-granddaughter of Vermont, this phrase seems slightly vague. What, after all, is "typically American"? It is true that Mr. Cohan is as familiar as currency. One associates him with every blinking electric sign in the country, with hustlers and drummers, girls who are perfect peaches and men who are princes, bell-hops and night-letters, the cannon-ball express and The Saturday Evening Post. All these things, pushed into the shop-window of American life, are undoubtedly indigenous and typical. But are they really American? They come with Trade, and their homogeneity is the homogeneity of the business world. In so far as Americans are spiritually commercialized, these things are psychologically national. But where commerce stops, they stop; and the woods know them not, nor the sun on the prairie.

In its clever and definite organization, its swift maneuvers, sharp contrasts, quick changes, sprints, slides, dives, Mr. Cohan's drama affords the same excitement as the "national" game. Abasing myself before all the fans in the nation, I suggest that the reason is simple. The spirit of star baseball, like the spirit of Mr. Cohan's drama, is the spirit of the business world. It is not possible, in passing, to prove that commercialism has given the game of baseball its character. I am content to venture the suggestion that it is business enterprise which is the source of these supposed Americanisms, and not Americans who are the source of business enterprise. Popular taste in games, in the theatre, in literature, even in politics, is modified by the general business preoccupation. As Mr. Cohan himself says, busy people want succinct plays and stories—"small but complete and electric doses," just as they want a Religion Movement with a high-speed motor. It is an inevitable development, and just because Mr. Cohan is imbued with the same spirit, and is one of its really great exponents, he rivals baseball in popularity and appeal.

What sort of drama comes from the disciple of business enterprise? Mr. Cohan compares the production of plays with that of garters or canned asparagus. His lingo is subservient to the patrons who hustle and drum. But, disregarding this rather refreshing difference in idiom, where does Mr. Cohan "get off"? Assuming that he has a right to can asparagus, what sort of asparagus does he can?

Judging by "The Miracle Man" there is a great deal to be said for the business ideology in drama. This play is derived from a story which "got" Mr. Cohan by the way it introduced "crooks with a sense of humor into the novel atmosphere of religion." Adapted from fiction, the play proves its adapter to have a superb nose for situation. It was a departure for Mr. Cohan, but just as P. D. Armour progressed from hams to soaps and perfumes, so Mr. Cohan, equally fertile and adventurous, could move from musical comedy to a drama of religion. The asparagus might be religious asparagus, but he canned it just the same.

Where "The Miracle Man" shows the benefits of its author's commercial psychology is in its astonishing clarity and intelligence. Setting out to tell a given story, it tells that story without superfluity or waste. It seeks to show how a band of crooked New Yorkers tried to turn a remote New England Patriarch's religious miracles to their own profit, and how in doing so the crooked ones went straight. To tell such a story for a national audience, to relate it to national institutions and national ideologies, to give it the same credibility as a two-cent stamp—that was Mr. Cohan's ambition, backed by the belief that the idea was big enough to "get across." And get across it does, where many greater ideas have incontinently failed.

In spite of his own repudiation, Mr. Cohan is a genuine artist. The Patriarch in this play is a little conventionalized, but not a bit more than Walt Whitman or John Alexander Dowie. He is an impressive Patriarch, and Mr. Thompson intones him like a psalm. The cocaine fiend, also, is slightly conventionalized, and could hardly have fooled the inhabitants of Needley, Me. The girl who falls in love with the cocaine fiend is, also, not sufficiently hand-made. One would prefer a little more violet and a little less shrink. But with these objections registered, there is much in which to rejoice. As the Flopper, Mr. James C. Marlowe was quite human, funny and American. The fake cripple introduced to the shrine of the Patriarch, he revealed not only Mr. Cohan's excellent sense of humor, but also his imagination and his taste. The real cripple, acted by Mr. Percy Helton, was also admirably conceived—pallid, venomous, intense. And when the dumbfounding real miracle takes place, just after the fakers had "worked" the Patriarch for the sake of manufacturing publicity, the whole cast is maneuvred for a "curtain" of the highest emotional effect.

But in spite of the homely touches so cleverly observed, and so well conveyed by Mr. Frank Bacon as the Yankee hotel proprietor; in spite of the spacious dignity and impressiveness of the Patriarch; in spite of the Flopper's conviction that "Napoleon's noodle was a billiard ball" compared to the chief crook's; in spite of the shrewdness with which this gentleman makes good his boast that "he'd have sick millionaires throwing certified checks through the windows of the Shrine"; there is, in the denouement of "The Miracle Man," a proportion of buncombe almost too great to be borne. At no point was the tool of the crooks, passed off as the Patriarch's long-lost grand-niece, quite in the picture as real. But as time went on, and as Miss Gail Kane kept asservating that her heart had changed after five years' wicked life, and that she could not deceive the kind old man, one parted company from Mr. George M. Cohan. Miss Gail Kane undulates in voice and figure, but she is only verbally "tough." As an actress she rises, or stoops, neither to the possibilities nor probabilities of her part, so that while one is reluctantly willing to believe in sudden conversions in real life, one is quite incapable of accepting this one in "The Miracle Man." As for the men's conversions they are dreadfully reinforced by love affairs straight from the warehouse. As for the chief crook, Mr. George Nash made him too true ever to be turned good.

In piling up sentimentality Mr. Cohan is faithful to the psychology of commercialism. But some day, being full of real artistic perception, Mr. Cohan may see the truth. On that day he will see why fresh asparagus is better than canned.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

PROFESSOR BLISS PERRY has been giving American literary criticism a piece of advice which looks good and is bad. "Let it now serve the public without fear or favor," he says in the Yale Review, "and it will make sooner or later the astounding discovery that the public is on its side." This advice looks good because it is an exhortation to stop serving that which ought not to be served. It is bad because it is perplexing. Until Professor Perry has done some elaborating and expounding, his advice cannot easily be taken. How early in the game would he have us begin to consider the public? While we are deciding what book to read and review? While we are reading? When we are trying to define our impressions of the book, if we had the luck to be impressed? When we are trying to compose our impressions into a picture or a judgment or an explanation or what not? Who would read at all if he had to stop and consider the public before picking a book off its shelf? Who could read at ease if tormented by fear that the book might do harm to Dr. Henry van Dyke?

But suppose these questions attacked and sent to the bottom. A more distant difficulty pokes its masts above the horizon. If I try to think of the public as a herd of reading animals, the first thing I see is a crowd on Michigan Avenue. Involuntarily my imagination chooses a Chicago crowd. Perhaps because I wrongly or rightly deem a Chicago crowd likely to contain more readers, what you would really call readers, than the same number of men and women in Denver or New York. Next, descrying face after individual face, I come at last upon a mask I recognize, the mask of a distinguished visitor to Chicago, of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. To me, as to many other Americans, the word "literature" is apt to suggest Mr. Carnegie. He likes Shakespeare well enough to do duty as a specimen of the reading public.

Having found Mr. Carnegie, and fixed his image, my task would be clear if only my subject were Shakespeare. All I should have to do would be to mediate between the Shakespeare-mind and the Carnegie-mind. Unluckily my subject is not Shakespeare but August Strindberg. What shall I tell Mr. Carnegie about Strindberg? Shall I do my utmost to bring these disparate minds within signaling distance? By remarking, perhaps, that they are in non-competing groups, that their minds are complementary, that each, if Strindberg were living, might learn from the other? Or would it be more useful, while admitting that Strindberg may serve as a corrective of our American sentimentalized view of women, frankly to throw him overboard, to inform Mr. Carnegie that he can do as well or better by patronizing American authors? Shall I repeat for Mr. Carnegie's benefit this acute remark from "Impressions and Comments," Havelock Ellis's new book: "And one wonders why Americans, anyway, should go to this distinguished Swede for such a 'corrective,' when in their own country, to mention but a single name, they have a writer like Robert Herrick, whose novels are surely so admirably subtle and profound an analysis of the position of womanhood in America," and—unlike Strindberg's books—"quite reasonably sane."

And here a suspicion, long creeping nearer and nearer, pounces. When I am writing about August Strindberg or Robert Herrick, the public I must try to serve is not expressible in terms of Mr. Carnegie. His is not the exasperated sensitiveness of either. Somewhere in one of his houses there is an unique Carnegie library, his own, consisting of books that have helped him. Let me enter, in deferential fancy, this place of helpful books. Let me find, after the shortest of searches, the table where those volumes are which friends who know what he likes have given him. My expectation is not disappointed. Here they lie—"From a College Window," "The Upton Letters," "Beside Still Waters," "Culture and Meekness," this last in page proofs, still unpublished. Now my task is over. I have gained the knowledge I sought. If I yearn to serve the public, conceived as Mr. Carnegie, I must write about the books he has read, is reading, or might conceivably like to read. Unless I see my duty thus, no attempt to do it will pay.

Is this task all? No, there is more. For what should I say of the books on this table if I said what I felt? I should burst into a subdued song of changing fashions, of waxing and waning popularities, of gift-books that flourish and die and make room for their successors. And after this manner would I end my song:

> There, where our mothers gave away "Lucille"
> Bulbously bound in alligator skin,
> Our wives and sisters give the still small voice
> Of blameless Benson, Arthur Christopher;
> Christopher to discover blameless truths,
> And Arthur to proclaim them blamelessly.
> Between the truths, almost as meek as they,
> Lie tracts of lowliest self-portraiture,
> Glimpses of Arthur's fluent ordered life,
> The running pen and sedentary mind,
> Tea and Te Deums, evensong and walks,
> With many a distant prospect of a duke.

Not that Mr. Benson, so far as I remember, ever talks about dukes. Yet subtly he persuades me, without mentioning them, that dukes are. Were I designing arms for his universe I should draw a duke, immanent. Even if I left out my last line, however, my remarks would not interest Mr. Benson's admirers. What can the matter be? What is the rest of the truth that Professor Perry started me in chase of? Am I ready to formulate it? I am. The literary critic who wishes to serve the public will be most likely to succeed when he writes about books that he likes. No gift is more useless to one's readers than second-hand disdain. Here is the kind of truth that makes us free—free to talk about what interests us, though nobody listen.

So I am at liberty, now, to serve the public by writing about books I like. Not forgetting meanwhile, but sedulously sidetracking that other truth, earlier discovered, according to which the public and I ought to have the same tastes. Well, we have. The public is capacious enough to hold many readers, thousands of them, who like what I like, in the same way, for the same reasons, for the same lack of reason. Thus have I won another freedom, freedom not to think of the public at all. If I care to criticize impressionistically, I shall put down whatever occurs to me while I am actually reading. Do I wish to test a book by universal standards? I have only to wait until the beat of recollection has grown fainter, until the book I've lately read is no fresher in my mind than the great, unforgettable books I forgot years ago. That is the formula, is it not, for authoritative criticism? And the reward? What did Professor Perry promise? That literary criticism, if it served the public without fear or favor, would "make sooner or later the astounding discovery that the public is on its side." A high promise, a valiant hope, although fulfilment depends a little on who does the criticism. P. L.

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Holy Poverty

The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists, by Robert Wessall. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

A BOOK like "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists" reveals rather startlingly the class-bound nature of our English literature. We have no Zola, and we have practically nothing similar to that interesting autobiographical proletarian literature which one finds in France and Germany. It needs the strong, rank odor of a book like this to show us how incorrigibly "genteel" our fictional writing is, and how impossible it is for an Englishman, except at the risk of vitiating sentimentality, to interpret the life of other social classes than his own.

This book, written with the bitterness of relentless realism by a socialist house-painter in an English city, who himself struggled to the inevitable bitter end, bears in every line the stamp of autobiographical exactness. It is a little history of a short campaign in the eternal conflict between needy labor and shoddy capitalism. The wolfish competition of the workmen, the constant terror of unemployment, the petty tyranny of the foreman, the cringing servility to the employers, the secret betrayals, the speeding-up, the mean little frauds, the skimping of work —all are pictured with a remorseless veracity that is actually appalling.

The bitterness of mood in which such a book must have been written by a man who saw so intelligently the stupidities of the life around him and yet was completely unable to find any other milieu, produces fierce touches of satire. But like all good satire, its exaggerations are really searing truths. Neither his irony, nor his bitterness blinded the writer to seeing the world as it really was. That the book is veracious in atmosphere and expression, no one who has seen the deplorable frowziness of English proletarian life, or tasted that peculiar quality which makes British squalor the filthiest in the world, can doubt. This is no book for the squeamish. And yet the coarseness of British working-class life is sketched in broad strokes and outlines, rather than plastered on the canvas in the manner of a Zola; and there is a British silence as to sexuality.

If the book is not for the squeamish, it is not for the tender-hearted either. From an artistic standpoint or view, the absence of sentimentality is one of the most admirable features, but those who are accustomed to have their literature of poverty and misfortune sugared with pity and sentiment will find this unadorned veracity repulsive. The book must therefore depress and then outrage our comfortable classes. We are not accustomed to see the life of the workingman from his own point of view. Our literature is carefully insulated from the economic interpretation of life, with its sense of the bestial struggle for existence and its slow and interminable fight against filth and disease. It must make our comfortable class uneasy to see the whole remorseless mechanism of shoddy capitalism so unsparingly revealed, and to see men so palpably the victims of economic forces. Even the most woolen-headed of our reactionaries can hardly fail to feel the ironic sting of the phrase, "ragged-trousered philanthropists."

Such a story is a scathing critique of the whole of British civilization, and incidentally of our own individualistic and plutocratic democracy. He must indeed be a tough Englishman who can eat a good dinner after finishing it. For the insistent fact remains that England, in spite of her incomparable industrial wealth, the intelligence and personal idealism of her directing classes, her free government and humanitarian religion, has failed to secure for more than a minority of her people anything more than a filthy caricature of human life. Up through the beauty of park and palace rises the stench of proletarian poverty.

It is a very good thing for the world to smell that stench. For if our directing classes and our democracy can only once feel that evilness strongly enough, they will begin to find it intolerable, as they have found it in Germany, that classes should exist below a minimum standard of life. And if we once find it intolerable we shall set to work to make it unnecessary. R. S. B.

Self-Defense and Self-Delusion

Des Deutschen Reiches Schicksalsstunde, by H. Frobenius, Berlin: Karl Curtius.

FROBENIUS'S little book, "The Illusion of Self-Defense," published many months before the outbreak of war, reveals that curious and terrible state of mind of Europe, and especially of Germany, which made war and will again make war inevitable. It is not a great book nor even a good book. It is not original, nor brilliant, nor profound. It is not in the fullest sense even truthful. But it does portray, without, perhaps, intending it, the convictions, sentiments and ideas which were last year in the minds of Europe's ruling classes and are this year in the minds of the peoples of all the belligerent nations. The book is an appeal to fear. And fear, as has been said, is an endemic latent in every heart, which sometimes rises to an epidemic. It is fear more than any other passion which drives peoples into war.

It was long believed that our great modern democratic peoples could not desire war. Emperors and financiers might be ever so belligerent, since whichever way the battle went their skins remained whole. But the ordinary run of people, the men who starved and froze in the trenches, the women who bore the undistinguished millions, and were bereft and beggared by war, what were glory and conquest to these? How much fighting was Morocco worth to the Paris cabby, or Servia to the Silesian peasant? What interest had the Leipzig bricklayer in German acquisitions in Europe or Africa? Yet if anything is certain about the war of 1914, it is that the impulse came from the peoples. Each nation was willing to fight because it believed that it fought in self-defense.

It is this persistent illusion that people are fighting only for their hearth which converts peace-loving populations to the most aggressive campaigns. Even pacifists usually believe in a man's protecting his own home. So vague, however, is the boundary between defense and aggression, so subtle and unconscious are our national preconceptions and prejudices, that the plea of self-defense is stretched until it covers the most trivial pretexts and justifies punitive expeditions and the sending of armies to conquer distant lands. The Germans honestly believed that to defend their own German homes they had to lay waste Belgium. The English believed that a war against Germany was necessary to the defense of British villages and homes. Self-defense becomes constructive self-defense, and between this and naked aggression it is difficult to draw a line.

A part of this universal illusion of self-defense is the belief that the nation is surrounded by envious and treacherous enemies. Servia fears that Austria will swallow her whole; Austria believes that Servian intrigues mean death to the Dual Monarchy. France has no doubt that an am-

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bitious Germany is encompassing her ruin, while the Germans, not merely the Bernhardis and the Moltkes and the Falkenheyns, but quiet, industrious, amiable Germans over their morning coffee, are entirely convinced that all nations are plotting against the Fatherland. Even the four and a half million Germans who vote the Socialist ticket —quite unrevolutionary Germans, be it said, at once disputatious and law-abiding—are easy converts to this belief of a peaceful nation in a world of enemies.

How could it be otherwise so long as our customary modes of patriotism are so inveterately reactionary? We believe everything good of our own nation and everything evil of other nations. We are all taught that our special people is the chosen people, that we are superior to all other breeds. Our men are more valiant, our women more beautiful, our morals more pure, our wit more trenchant. One Yankee is equal to a thousand "greasers"; one beef-fed Britisher to ten Frenchies; one Frenchman to a dozen Prussians; one German to a hundred Cockneys. In all stupid sincerity we believe that other nations envy us because of our superiority.

No nation is free from this national obsession. Yet I believe it is more general in Germany than elsewhere. This whole book of Frobenius is based on the thesis that Germany's neighbors hate her and plot her destruction. No one, thinks Frobenius, was pleased when in 1871 Germany emerged full-armed among the nations. The sword of the German Siegfried clove the anvil, while the envious dwarfs of Europe gnashed their teeth. Inevitably this alien hatred grew, for Germany in achieving success had committed the unforgivable sin. Petulant France forgot Waterloo and Fashoda to revenge Sedan and Metz; the chaffering trader, England, withdrew her fleets from the Mediterranean to strike a stealthy blow at German warships in the North Sea; Russia, the lumbering bear of the North, coveted the Balkans and Constantinople, and planned to destroy Germany, the guardian of those treasures. Nor did the Triple Entente include all of Germany's enemies. Brutal Servia was willing to wound and not afraid to strike; Belgium also was a treacherous foe, ready to open her door to France and close it to Germany. Finally there was Denmark, sullen because of Schleswig-Holstein, waiting for the day when she could safely lend her ports to an English attack. All the world was in league against Germany.

I can well understand how a patriotic Germany, reading this book of Frobenius, might be stampeded by the fear of Europe into a war against Europe. Nothing is so ruthless as fear, and all the stories, true and false, distilled into German ears for months past had been exactly calculated to produce this result—fear, and a war to avert a war. The German was asked why France was reintroducing her three years' service; why Russia was enormously increasing her military and naval budgets; why Servia and other Balkan nations were carrying on a campaign for the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, the only loyal ally of Germany. The aggressive plans of the Allies, the German was told, would be completed by 1916. Is it a wonder that the thought occurred, "Let us meet this danger by striking the first blow. Attack is the only true defense."

There are, of course, men like Frobenius who belong to other nations, and in England, France and America also the cry is "Arm! The enemy is at our gates." But it is of the essence of this illusion of self-defense that by its own action it ceases to be an illusion, and the cry of danger adds to danger. To defend herself against France, Germany must raise armies which menace France, with the result that France in her turn must increase her own military forces on the German frontier. Fear leads to force and force to fear.

It has been maintained that no melodrama could outlast the first act if the hero would but write a postal-card to the heroine explaining his real situation and his real motives. And one is forced to the conclusion that a little more frankness, a little more downrightness, and a great deal more publicity in our diplomatic exchanges might do away with at least a part of the mutual fear which runs through the European populations. How much of the irreconcilable race purposes that we read about, how much of the lust of dominion, manifest destiny, Pan-Germanism, Pan-Slavism and what not—how much of all this is but the result of pretentious stupidities and the super-solemn discretions of the ignorant men who rule the world? Might it not be possible to make all diplomacy public, and for that matter even mobilization plans and cannon designs? Would not a little mutual confidence, even between enemies, relieve fear and therefore enmity?

It would be well if in each country books could be written advising the nation against its own aggressiveness, teaching the simple truth that the enemy of peace lies always this side of the frontier. For all these books of warning are false. Even were Frobenius's book true in what it states, it would still be abysmally false in what it suppresses. Did Germany fear France, and France not fear Germany? Did not England dread a German invasion as much as Germany dreaded a British attack in the North Sea? Until the balance is held even between the home and the foreign state, all books written to warn one nation against the other are evil. Such books create a state of mind which, given an incident like the murder of an archduke, sets a continent in flames. It is not, however, the fault of authors alone. So long as our patriotism remains crude, provincial and intolerant, so long as nations meet each other in the dark, where every half-discerned figure is a deadly foe, so long shall we have our Frobeniuses, honest and dishonest, and nations, believing that they live in a world of enemies, will be stampeded this way.

W. E. W.

Peace Through Insurance

War and Insurance, by Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

IF Professor Royce had known as little about anything else as he knows about insurance, would he have used that object of non-knowledge as a panacea for war? Probably not. And yet, such is the luck of philosophers, he has contributed a general scheme of ideas more fruitful to the pacifist than we are likely to get from the most specialized student of war.

It is proposed in "War and Insurance" to create a system of international mutual insurance against calamities afflicting whole nations, like pestilence and earthquakes; against certain of the incidents of war; and, ultimately, against war itself. In such a project, objections crowd upon the mind. How could we secure stability, with so large a proportion of the risks concentrated within the narrow territories of Europe, where war at one point is always likely to grow into a general conflagration? How could premiums be kept at an endurable level in the case of such notoriously bad risks as Servia and Belgium, and how could we induce such good risks as Norway and Switzerland to enter the scheme at all? How prevent a conquering nation from exacting exaggerated indemnity in view of an expected insurance payment?

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Some of these objections Professor Royce anticipates; in this sketch of his project it is impossible to meet them fully, if indeed they can be met. But we must remember that the insurance project is only the concrete material in which Professor Royce clothes the philosophy behind it. Let us, therefore, address ourselves to his general formula.

Certain human relations tend to produce dissension and hate, as certain other relations tend to produce love and concord. By acting nationally we can substitute, in ever greater measure, the concordant relation for the discordant. It is possible by this method to put an end to strife, civil and international. Such is the formula in its most general terms. The strife-producing relations are those that develop when two persons or social groups or nations deal directly with each other. Sooner or later divergence of interests, moral or material, is manifested, with resultant jealousy and division. Many a man has set out upon a long tramp with a bosom friend, to return with a new insight into the question of what Cain may have had to say in his own defense. The bickerings between England and Ireland, Austria and Hungary, Norway and Sweden, sufficiently prove that this face-to-face, or "dyadic" relation is as disastrous to the harmony of nations as to that of individuals.

The relations creating harmony are usually susceptible of a simple formulation. A, in his dealings with B, employs the services of an agent C. It is the business of C to create a harmony of interests between A and B. If you have a house to sell and try to negotiate directly with a prospective buyer, you will almost inevitably fall into conflict. Your asking price will seem excessive to the buyer, and the buyer's offer will seem derisive to you. Place your house in the hands of a trustworthy agent and this possibility is reduced to a minimum. It is the agent's business to get you to put a price on the house that will make a sale possible; it is also his business to induce the buyer to pay as much as he will.

This triangular, or "triadic," relation finds manifold expression in civil life. It is, in Professor Royce's opinion, the essential basis of civil harmony. Now, the relations between states are practically all of the dangerous "dyadic" type. Hence diplomatic crises and wars. The problem is to create new "triadic" relations between states, to serve as a basis for universal harmony.

In international finance and arbitration we have, to be sure, "triadic" relations, but these are not in themselves powerful enough to maintain peace. Accordingly Professor Royce suggests that they be supplemented by what he considers the most potent of all "triadic" relations, mutual insurance. Let a body of international trustees be established, with whom the nations may insure themselves against specified national calamities. Through such a body the several nations would be cooperating to a common end, through an agency whose business it would be to advance the welfare of each of the states insured. Assume that the calamity insured against is war; the existence of such insurance would make war in any quarter of the world a matter of direct practical concern to every nation. May it not be supposed that this would tend to concentrate the attention of the world upon means for preventing war? Insurance against fire has taught us more than all other agencies combined of the dangers of faulty construction and of inadequate protection.

What determined the selection by Professor Royce of the method of insurance, instead of some other form of cooperation, was his belief that insurance has been a chief force in eliminating discord from civil life. To the reviewer this belief appears ill founded. Insurance has indeed provided a means whereby we may free ourselves from many hardships, but not, as a rule, from strife-breeding hardships. My house burns down, uninsured. It is a heavy blow, but certainly not one that causes me to raise my hand against my fellow man. It may be said that insurance is based upon mutuality, an insurance company is a community working together for the common good. This mutuality has a logical existence, but psychologically it is inert. I look upon the payment on a policy, not as a fraternal gift by my fellow policy-holders, but as a commodity fairly purchased by my premium payments. Insurance writers are disposed to confuse the logical aspect of mutuality with the psychological, and in this Professor Royce appears to follow them.

Again, Professor Royce apparently attaches too great weight to the technical superiority of international over national insurance. This he surely does in the case of workingmen's insurance. On the assumption that the slow progress of workingmen's insurance in this country is due to constitutional restrictions, he suggests that the difficulties would be obviated if the United States insured its workingmen in an international fund. But the crux of the workingmen's insurance problem is the division of the burden between the workers, the employers, and the state. If it were generally agreed that the state should assume the whole burden, there would not now be any constitutional restrictions in the way of national workingmen's insurance. As to insurance against earthquakes and pestilences, non-quakable and non-pestilential countries would of course not take out policies. Countries exposed to such risks might make small gains through joining in a mutual insurance alliance, but scarcely enough to lead to such action. It may be assumed that states will not associate themselves solely for the purpose of creating "triadic" relations. Buyer and seller do not quarrel if they are brought into relation through an agent, but the agent is not interpolated merely for the sake of harmony.

Granting as we must the superiority of the "triadic" relation to the "dyadic," we may question whether the antithesis between the two relations constitutes a sufficient basis for determining the forces making for concord or hostility. The "dyadic" relation is not uniformly provocative of strife. The huckster and householder may each seek to overreach the other, a pernicious "dyadic" relation. The "dyadic" relation of buyer and seller in an open market, under the ægis of the price current, provokes no personal antagonisms. The "dyadic" relation between the nation exporting staples and the nation importing them is usually productive of harmony; the relation between the nation exporting luxuries and the importing nation has usually ended in mutual hostility. Moreover, "triadic" relations are not uniformly conducive to good will. The "triadic" relation of respectable capitalist, merciless loan-shark and miserable borrower is hardly to be counted among the peacemakers. It thus appears that besides the forces set forth in Professor Royce's acute analysis, other forces deserve consideration.

Whatever exceptions we may take to the concrete content of Professor Royce's project, or to the analysis on which it proximately depends, it remains true that he has contributed an idea of extreme importance to the cause of peace. Find an object commanding the continuous cooperation of all nations and requiring the creation of an international organ whose activities shall be a significant part in the life of all peoples, and the regular conduct of such an enterprise will contribute notably to that loyalty to the world community without which a stable international peace is impossible.

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A Report on Best Selling

The Eyes of the World, by Harold Bell Wright, Chicago: The Book Supply Company. $1.35 net.

I

TYPE: Best seller, equipped with wholesome love story, melodrama, one violent death, one frustrated attempt at rape, three victims of their baser passions.

II

Variations from type, the 1884 model being arbitrarily chosen as a standard: A free use in 1914 of certain words which would have been taboo in 1884.

Example A: Lust, lustfulness, lust-worn. Between pages 330 and 336, both included, there are two lusts and one lustful. This is an extreme case. The rest of the book is less thickly settled.

Example B: Sex. Mrs. Edward J. Taine, the wicked married lady, 1914 model, has a "beautifully groomed and voluptuous body, instinct with the lure of her sex." The same lady's "full rounded, splendidly developed body was gowned to accentuate the alluring curves of her sex."

III

Variations from type, continued: The introduction of two scenes technically known as alcove passages.

Example A: Afternoon scene between Mr. Edward J. Taine, lust-worn victim of his baser passions, and his second wife, still young: "With tottering step and feeble, shaking limbs, Edward Taine entered the apartment. As he stood, silently looking at his young wife, his glazed, red-rimmed eyes fed upon her voluptuous beauty with a look of sullen, impotent lustfulness that was near insanity." In 1884 the possibility of lust in wedlock was not admitted.

Example B: Evening scene between Mr. and Mrs. Taine in "her own luxuriously appointed apartments." He has been accusing her of improper relations with Aaron King, a young man, a painter, a genius. She replies: "'If it were worth while to tell you the truth, I would say that my conduct when alone with Mr. King has been as proper as—as when I am alone with you.' The taunt maddened him."

IV

Variations, continued: The mysteries of sex are more mentionable and holier in 1914 than they were in 1884. Example: "Should the development, the blossoming, and the fruiting of human lives, that the race may flower and fruit, be held less a work of divinity than the plants that mature and blossom and reproduce themselves in their children?"

The implied answer is no. In 1884 the question would not have been asked.

V

Variations, continued: The introduction of environment and heredity. Human beings are regarded as resultants, even when they are victims of their baser passions.

Example A: Mr. Taine, a "wretched victim of his own unbridled sensuality," soon to become "an unclean heap of all but decaying flesh," is "that poor product of our age." Note the word product. It recurs.

Example B: "A character that is the product of certain years of schooling in the thought and spirit of the class in which Mrs. Taine belonged, is not transformed by a single exhibition of painted truth."

Example C: Mr. James Rutlidge, victim of his baser passions and art critic. He inherited from his father tendencies which gave these baser passions rather an easy victory. "His character was . . . the product of the age, the social environment, and of the thought which accepts such characters."

VI

Variations, continued: Criticism of the existing social order. In 1884 such criticism did not abound. It amounted to hardly more than a juxtaposition of the vicious rich and the virtuous poor. In 1914 social criticism is less general and more abundant.

Example A: The choice to which the 1914 author shuts up his hero. Mrs. Taine has commissioned Aaron King to paint her portrait. This is his first commission. Shall he paint her unchaste, as he sees her, or shall he give her an innocent look? If he paints her innocent, thus being false to his vision of her, she will set in motion for his benefit a complicated mechanism of pulls, influence, cliques, clans, advertising. His future will thus be assured. He will grow rich and famous. If he paints her unchaste she will try to ruin him, and she will not try in vain.

The author believes that in the United States, at the present time, an American painter, even if he have genius, cannot succeed without the help of clans and cliques. The young American painter's predicament, as the author sees it, is a thing to be deplored. He deplores it. This is social criticism.

Example B: The American novelist's predicament, equally deplorable, is otherwise different. The painter is tempted to seek money and fame by making his sitters look pure. The novelist's temptation is to "arouse the basest passions of which the human being is capable." See the passage in which Conrad Lagrange, a repentant best seller, talks about himself:

> "I am a literary scavenger. I haunt the intellectual slaughter-pens, and live by the putrid offal that self-respecting authors reject. I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers and cesspools of life. For the dollars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. I am a procurer for the purposes of mental prostitution. My books breed moral pestilence and spiritual disease. The unholy filth I write fouls the minds and pollutes the imaginations of my readers. I am instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes. *Work!* No, young man, I don't work. Just now, I'm doing penance in this damned town. My rotten imaginings have proved too much—even for me—and the doctors sent me West to recuperate."

This pornographic activity, carefully pursued, brought Conrad Lagrange "millions of readers." Among American novelists he was "easily the most famous of his day."

The author believes that one way to write best sellers is to write filth. This is not as it should be. These two propositions, taken together, are social criticism.

VII

Idiosyncratic, not classifiable as variation from type: The author has a genuine love of mountains. This feeling informed an earlier book, "The Shepherd of the Hills." In "The Eyes of the World" it is equally pervasive. To this feeling he owes his purest thoughts and his best writing.

VIII

Signs of progress: In this book the use of coincidence is appreciably less monstrous than in "The Shepherd of the Hills," for example, or "That Printer of Udell's."

IX

Inference: Millions of American readers are so fond of social criticism that the non-existence of the conditions criticized leaves them undisturbed.

X

Prognosis: The best seller, 1944 model, will contain traces of Bergson and Freud.

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CORRESPONDENCE

SIR: The editorial note in your first issue does well to deplore the lack of authentic information about Mexican matters, for that lack alone has prevented an effective popular demand for different procedure by the United States. But the mystery surrounding affairs south of the Rio Bravo and our national relation to them is not wholly due to the shortcomings of the newspapers, and THE NEW REPUBLIC can not be so ill informed as to believe that it is. I must suppose, therefore, that in holding them responsible you take the role of a just prosecutor who invites a strong defense because his aim is to educe the truth.

I am not retained for that defence, but I am familiar with some of the obstacles in the way of gathering reliable and interesting Mexican news, and getting it through for publication, and I think it fair that mention should be made of them. These obstacles have been official, mainly, at the various ends and offshoots of the line.

From Mexico City, in normal times, there are two ways of telegraphic communication with this country. One is by overland government wire to Laredo. The other is by the lines of the Mexican Telegraph Company which has its main office in New York and operates its Mexican business on a partnership basis with the government of Mexico. The company wires go overland from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, where they plunge beneath the Gulf to emerge at Galveston. For many months the only line open for transmission of messages has been this cable and its overland connection with the Mexican capital.

On April twenty-first of this year, when our troops occupied Vera Cruz, the Mexico City office of the cable company was seized by Huerta, and it was not turned back to the company till Carranza entered the capital on August fifteenth. During all that time no messages were forwarded of which the de facto government did not approve, excepting those which were sent as cable dispatches to or through the State Department at Washington. These latter were therefore sent by, or with the consent of, the rump of the American Embassy. For a long time the only press messages which were permitted to be forwarded in this way, or to be delivered at their intended destination in the United States, were those written by Henry Allen Tupper or his daughter, who were in Mexico City on a special mission from President Wilson.

When Carranza released the office of the cable company to its owners, the censorship he set up was scarcely less rigorous than that which had preceded it. His domination of the cable was so complete that he caused the local manager—who had held the post for fifteen years under four governmental changes in Mexico—to be relieved of duty at that point and he was recalled to the United States. No news was transmitted thereafter which did not please the First Chief.

The other filing point in the south is Vera Cruz, where our army censorship has been in effect. In the north of Mexico Villa's interests have governed press dispatches for nearly a year. No correspondent who was not in harmony with him or with George C. Carothers, the State Department's agent, could remain in that field. It must not be supposed that I am representing that these arrangements were perfect or that they accomplished all the results hoped for; but very little information of real value has leaked through from northern Mexico. That which has come from El Paso has won renown as "Pasograms."

There has always been the mail, but in no live newspaper office can mailed correspondence be forced to equal prominence with telegraphed matter. Mailed articles dealing with the vitals of the situation have been looked upon by editors with suspicion, and if printed they have so sharply contradicted official utterances at Washington that they have been believed by only the few persons who were already informed upon Mexican affairs. So insistently optimistic have been the official statements that newspapers have drawn back from investigation which seemed always to challenge official veracity in a field where every effort to find out the truth was bitterly, even violently, obstructed, and where no American could entertain the least hope of protection by his home government.

Under these conditions, and having in mind that lack of popular interest to which you refer, it is not strange that the newspapers have been neither able nor willing to diffuse light upon the sorrows of our devastated neighbor, the veritable happenings on her blood-drenched soil. The intricate complexity of the task would make it difficult in the best of circumstances. The attitude of the United States Government makes it virtually impossible.

EDWARD I. BELL.

SIR: The State of New York is to vote on woman suffrage in 1915. The gain of a community of the rank, the geographical position, and social type of New York would mean the end of the struggle, and not in this country alone. The loss of New York would mean an incalculable loss to the cause. New York will not be gained if the Democrats are in solid opposition. But solid in opposition they are likely to be if the anti-Democratic policy of the Congressional Union is not repudiated by the present National Suffrage Convention.

The leaders of these young women were trained in England in the Pankhurst school of publicity and pugnacity. Their method of fierce opposition to the party in power which does not accede to their demand, although it includes long-tried friends of suffrage, is precisely hers. But Mrs. Pankhurst could at least point to a long history of ingratitude and broken promises on the part of the Liberals. These young women have no such justification; their fury is meaningless. Its effect on the American voter is worse than suicidal—it is absurd.

If the Forty-sixth National Suffrage Convention does not succeed in absolutely severing in the eyes of the general public, these blundering policies and tactics from its own solid and effective work, the fate of New York and the progress of woman suffrage in this country for years to come, will be in jeopardy. E. P. H.

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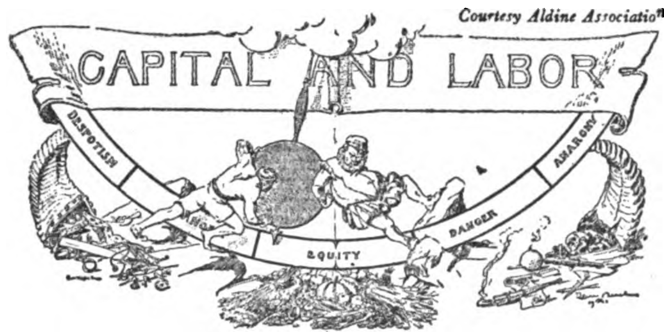

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I New York Saturday 21st November 1914 NUMBER 3

NOW that the American troops are to evacuate Vera Cruz, it is fair to ask why they were sent there and what they have accomplished. If we remember correctly, it was said at the time that the flag had been insulted by a Huertista, and American dignity required an act of reprisal. We presume that this comic-opera reason was not the one which actually inspired the President. For it was clear that the Administration favored the Constitutionalists, and that after the fall of Torreon the darling idea of destroying Huerta seemed about to be realized. There was a chance, however, that a new shipment of arms would help the Federals. By seizing Vera Cruz we could prevent the "Ypiranga" from landing her cargo, and so deprive Huerta of the weapons he needed. We seized Vera Cruz, but the arms were landed at Puerta Mexico. Nevertheless Huerta fell, and the President's policy was called a success. There was just one rift in the lute. When Huerta fell, no one else arose. And at this moment conditions in Mexico are said to be worse than at any time within the memory of man. Constitutional government is as far off as it ever was. The needed land reforms are not in the least likely to be carried out, foreigners are not safe in Mexico, and the country is prostrate. What have we accomplished? For what purpose did American and Mexican soldiers die at Vera Cruz? To what end did we intervene?

THE President is a silent and secretive man, and he has the air of profound intentions. His hand has been free because the news was constantly suppressed, because Europe was unable to interfere, and because this country shared his dislike of Huerta and his genuine desire for peace. Moreover, there never was any question that Mr. Wilson was eager to serve the Mexican people, and to prevent any aggression by the United States. Because Americans admired his idealism, they resolved to trust his methods. It seemed inconceivable that he should be without definite policy, that the action at Vera Cruz was merely feeble and impulsive reprisal, and that behind the brooding and the watching and the waiting and the impressive silence there was not some large and well-defined idea. Yet when the troops leave Vera Cruz on Monday they will leave the Mexican problem completely unsolved. A good intention does not constitute a good policy. The President is, if anything, further from a solution than he was when Mr. Taft so genially bequeathed the difficulty to him. Mr. Wilson has no Mexican policy, yet Mr. Wilson has interfered in Mexico. Mr. Wilson wished to establish self-government in Mexico; he leaves it in chaos. Mr. Wilson wishes peace and deplores aggression, Mr. Wilson seized a paltry excuse for aggression, and then shrank feebly from the consequences. He has blown hot and cold, has favored different factions, has put embargoes on arms and allowed arms to go in.

WE find it hard to understand why we should evacuate Vera Cruz when more trouble is just about to begin. Perhaps Mr. Wilson has given up all hope of doing more than to allow Mexico to work out her own agony. For whatever influence he may have had will be lessened by this empty rattling of the sword and hasty retreat. From Vera Cruz he had at least a tangible leverage on Mexico. It might have been possible to justify the taking of Vera Cruz if Mr. Wilson had used it as a base from which to exert pressure in the direction of some definite policy. Vera Cruz in American hands was a big, impressive physical fact. Vera Cruz evacuated now is an object lesson to Mexico that our attitude is capricious and without underlying plan. The latest dispatches say that while we are withdrawing the army, we shall not restore the customs money until order is restored. In other words we are to weaken our hold, but we are not to let go. We are still intervening. But it is a serious business to interfere in another country, and only the most genuine reasons can ever justify it. By withdrawing now we show that our intervention was unjustified, for we leave with nothing essential accomplished. Mr. Wilson is abandoning the instrument through which his

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opinions could be given some weight in Mexico. From Washington his words will beat the air. And if foreigners are killed or plundered now, what will he do? Will he be ready to admit that he has failed, that he can do nothing about Mexico, that our intervention has achieved nothing? Or will he, with great determination, seize Vera Cruz again?

IN presenting his estimates to the House of Commons on Tuesday, Lloyd George estimated that one year of war would cost Great Britain no less than £450,000,000 or, roughly, two and a quarter billion dollars. The Chancellor reminded the Commons that this sum was greater than the entire cost of any war waged by England, and was over twice the sum spent during the whole four years of the South African contest. The expense is to be met by a great loan, by increased taxes on beer, and by a tax on tea, in order to reach "the elusive teetotallers" who, according to George, are "as difficult to catch as the Emden." But the most significant financial expedient is the doubling of the income tax, to be levied at first on part of the income and later on the whole income. The effect will be to set a new standard of heavy taxation on earned and unearned incomes, and it is not probable that these increased rates will ever be greatly reduced. The shifting of the burden of taxation from those who are less to those who are more able to stand it goes on rapidly in peace and still more rapidly in war.

WHEN reform once starts, you never can tell where it will stop. A university president has come out against militarism, a conspicuous number of editors are against the Kaiser, several ladies have bought a bale of cotton, a large number of socks are being knitted. But the tide can be stemmed. Though in New Jersey a bill has been introduced making it illegal for an organ-grinder to employ a monkey, it may still be legal to employ a child.

FOR the complete stultification of the human mind there is nothing like a reference to a corporate body. To speak of the American National Woman Suffrage Association is alone enough to stifle thought. It is a formidable and overwhelming title, staggering to read or to articulate. But apart from the duty of repeating this leaden title, there is nothing formal to be said about the annual convention of this extremely important organization which concluded last Monday at Nashville. No haze hangs over the vital decisions at which this convention arrived. It was called upon to clear its own mind on two fundamental issues. It had to take its stand on the partisan tactics of the Congressional Union, and it had to clarify the moot question of constitutional amendment. Both these questions it faced, it debated, it voted upon and it decided. The Congressional Union is the body that two years ago expressed the necessity for political activity on the part of woman suffragists in America. Flung out as an advance guard, it undoubtedly showed a healthy reaction from the political passivity of the National Association. But when the National Association attempted last year at Washington to regularize the activities of the Union, the women who composed that body gave signs of recalcitrance, and eventually of positive disagreement. During 1913-1914 there were numerous clashes between the Union on one hand, and the Congressional Committee of the National Association on the other, and all through the country there were evidences of the heat and confusion engendered by outspoken antagonism. Against the candidacy of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National, and Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago, chairman of the Congressional Committee, these recalcitrant forces were marshalled in the convention last week. By a vote of more than 2 to 1 Dr. Shaw was reelected president, and two uncompromising resolutions were carried, settling the political policy of the National Association. The convention declared itself, in the first place, "absolutely opposed to holding any political party responsible for the opinions and acts of its individual members, or holding any individual public official or candidate responsible for the actions of his party majority," and in the second place it announced itself ready to support such substitute amendment to the constitution as the board of directors might authorize. The good sense of the large minority in the convention was shown by its acquiescence in the decisions. These make perfectly clear the non-partisan character of the Association, and they keep the issue of woman suffrage where it belongs, before the entire male electorate of this country, to be passed upon, not as a party measure, entailing opposition to the party in power, but as a measure fundamentally democratic, to be decided on its own merits, by communities educated to the importance to women of all that suffrage means.

TO the people who are sure that nations must be all of one race we suggest this question. Austria-Hungary consists of many races, and you say it ought to be dismembered on racial lines; the United States consists of still more races, and you say it ought to be united. Austria is the "whirlpool of Europe," and we are the "melting-pot" of the world. Wherein is the difference?

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THIS is the time not to grow excited about flags and etiquette and the punctilios of international affairs. For this reason no one will dispute the wisdom of Secretary Daniels' order to the captains of the Tennessee and the North Carolina that they are to take no action which would involve this government. Undoubtedly the President and his Cabinet have a very sharp recollection of the Tampico incident, and there is great comfort in the thought that they will not wish to repeat it. The reports of what happened in the Bay of Smyrna do not justify a scarehead agitation in the newspapers. That official Turkey was responsible for the shooting is unthinkable. It was probably either a mistake for which there will be apologies, or it was the result of a local outburst beyond the control of the Turkish government. In neither case is there reason for a stampede.

WHILE minor poetry is enveloping the "brilliant exploits" of the cruiser Emden, word reaches us about one of these brilliant exploits. There was a ship on its way to Madras carrying the city and town-planning exhibition devised by Professor Patrick Geddes. The ship was sunk by the Emden, and so India and the world will have to do without the inspiration of that cargo. For the moment, perhaps, the world will not notice the loss; it will pour out its admiration of the Emden, and waste no pity on the men whose life work is so incidentally destroyed. We hear that most of the exhibition cannot be replaced, yet this may be the wrong time to lament that these plans for noble cities fit for mankind are lost. Civilization is cheap just now, for the world is busy defending it.

BERNARD SHAW'S comments on the war may be wrong, his proposals unworkable, his judgments inadequate, but their value is unimpeachable. They are full of that rarest kind of courage which enables a man to maintain his self-respect against the intoxication of a crowd. Europe to-day is overrun with men who are ready to face guns; it is depressingly empty of men who are ready to be snubbed, to be slandered, to be called coward. It has shown us few men who were ready to yield so readily as Shaw has done the good-will of their own people. Few understand what it means to write as he has written. After years of ridicule and abuse he has won a real popularity; he is middle-aged now, and had peace prevailed he might have looked forward to a quiet enjoyment of his success. The author of "Fanny's First Play" was obviously quite able to amuse the ordinary Londoner, to grow rich and be admired. It would have been easy for Shaw to do what Wells and Bennett and Chesterton have done, accept the English case as a good one, and mount to greater fame as a scathing satirist of the Kaiser. No man in Europe could have blown Bernhardi into smaller fragments. It would have been the easy choice, but he has not made it. He has instead done the difficult thing at the most difficult time, and whether he is right or wrong in what he says is a small matter when the right is as murky as it is in Europe. But the fighting candor and the integrity of his soul blow like a cleansing gale upon the feverish hate of that continent.

PRESIDENT WILSON did not appear at his best in his recent conference with the delegation which appealed to him in behalf of the negroes in the Government service. If, as is alleged, Mr. William Monroe Trotter of Boston, the spokesman of the committee, was guilty of an impropriety in making a reply to the President, then the President might well have used his discretion as to whether a rebuke was in order. But it does not seem obviously appropriate for the President of the United States to complain of the "intolerable burden" of his own office to negroes who daily suffer burdens more intolerable, who come to the President with real grievances due to the President's own inaction in a moral crisis. The President waives aside all references to considerations of political support by negroes as "blackmail," but the President before his election sought that support, and sought it with explicit promises which negroes and others believe have not been kept. "Should I become President of the United States," he said during the campaign of 1912, "they [the colored people] may count upon me for absolute fair dealing and for everything by which I could assist in advancing the interest of their race in the United States." What the President has as yet done in advancing this interest he does not state; what he intends to do in the future he does not state. But he does express his unwillingness to interfere with Southern members of his Cabinet, who are segregating colored employees, setting apart Federal civil servants with negro blood in them as though they were lepers, a humiliation which is bitterly resented by colored people throughout the country and deplored by thousands of high-minded white people, yet one which the President finds words to condone. The President used fair words in 1912 in his appeal to the negroes for votes. We know now that those words meant nothing.

WE live these days in an atmosphere of large words. Militarism, aggression, freedom, peace, national survival, destiny, race, we speak of them glibly as if we knew just what they meant.

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But where, for example, in the gradation from Tolstoi to Bernhardi does a man become a militarist? What constitutes aggression? Was it aggressive for Germany to send the gunboat Panther to Agadir, or for France to seize Morocco? Was England aggressive or defensive in South Africa, in Persia? It is aggressive to try to monopolize the trade of backward countries? Are protective tariffs aggressive? Was Austria aggressive when it set up a tariff against Servia's commerce in pigs? Would it be aggressive for Italy to "redeem" Trieste? Were we aggressive when we took the Philippines? Is the Monroe Doctrine aggressive? And what is a war for freedom? Would the crushing of the Hohenzollerns by the Allies be a liberation of the German people? Was our refusal to recognize Huerta an act to further self-government in Mexico? What is peace? Are tariff wars, concession wars, labor wars, diplomatic wars, armaments races, all aspects of peace? What is national survival? Do nations die? Can nations be destroyed by the enemy? Is national destiny written in the stars or in the newspapers? When national destiny tells Greece, Servia and Bulgaria in turn that its destiny is to control the Balkan peninsula to the exclusion of the others, what about the destinies that can't be satisfied? Above all, what about race? Who are the chosen people? When German Emperors have English mothers and Russian cousins, how do they know which race they belong to? When Englishmen sweat Englishmen in nasty slums, who are the chosen people then?

VERY often the same people who talk in favor of developing "our" trade, talk against allowing workingmen and the public to share in the management of industry. They say they do not wish "outsiders" to "interfere" in "their business," yet they are surprised when employees and consumers do not grow enthusiastic about "our" trade. But we cannot have the thing both ways. We cannot call business a national interest, and at the same time treat it as the exclusive private interest of the employer. Either business is run by business men for themselves alone, and the rest of us have nothing to say, or business is a national service in which workingmen, consumers, investors, and managers are all represented. Talk to-day to an enlightened workingman or an intelligent consumer, and he will smile when you mention "our" industries. He knows they are not his industries.

THE Federal Reserve Board has already attacked the problem of reorganizing the vast and diffused business of cotton-growing in the United States. In connection with the new cotton loan administration, Secretary McAdoo is sending out a circular to bankers throughout the cotton-growing states, urging them to advise planters to change their methods of farming during the coming year. If the present acreage devoted to cotton is maintained, prices are bound to remain low owing to the disorganization of the textile industries of Europe. If, on the other hand, one-quarter of that acreage can be devoted to the raising of beef-cattle, if farming in the South can become diversified, not only will there be a foreign as well as a home market for Southern beef, pork and other products, but the price of cotton, even of the present year's crop, will inevitably rise. The recommendation of the Federal Reserve Board can hardly be disregarded in view of its control of the fundamental conditions of credit. If, as seems not at all unlikely, the Board is successful in carrying out its policy of placing cotton-growing upon a more stable basis, the way will be opened for other attempts to reorganize and solidify our American industries.

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD New Jersey boy was sentenced to 120 days in jail for shooting out of season a rabbit which had been devastating his mother's vegetable garden. Citizens offered to pay the fine of $124, but the youth preferred to serve his term rather than let half of the fine go to the informer. The mother, of whom he was the sole support, was compelled to seek employment. In the end the young man was released on appeal, and the case seems likely to be dropped. This unimportant instance of "Jersey justice" is worthy of attention because every step in it illustrates the weakness of our criminal law; the heavy penalty for a trivial offense and the statute's failure to take account of intention; the alternative of fine and imprisonment, a device for softening the rigors of the law for people of means; the antiquated custom of making procedure a personal quarrel between accused and accuser; the hardship inflicted upon innocent, dependent persons. To make the blundering record complete, when influential people interested themselves in the affair, all the immutable principles involved in this rabbit's untimely demise were forgotten, and then it was that the case was appealed.

PROMINENT Washington women in a box at the Columbia Theatre brought forth knitting material during the intermissions. The things they make are to be sent to Belgium for the relief of the suffering people. One pair of socks = twenty cents. One box at the Columbia Theatre = twenty dollars. The impulse is unimpeachable, but the arithmetic is bad.

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Presidential Complacency

THE real interest of the letter which President Wilson wrote to Secretary McAdoo on Tuesday is psychological rather than political. How can a man of his shrewd and masculine intelligence possibly delude himself into believing the extravagant claims which he makes on behalf of the Democratic legislative achievement? His letter reads like one of the dithyrambs which used to be delivered by Mark Hanna upon the abounding benefits which the administration of Mr. McKinley had bestowed upon the American people. The Democratic legislation "has done away with agitation and suspicion because it has done away with certain fundamental wrongs." "New things have been put into action, which are sure to prove the instruments of a new life." "The future is clear and bright with the promise of the best things." "Fundamental wrongs once righted, *as they may easily and quickly be* [our italics], all the differences will clear away." "The future will be very different from the past, which we shall presently look back upon, I venture to say, as if upon a bad dream"; and all these wonderful results have been accomplished in part as a result of tariff revision and anti-trust legislation, but chiefly because the Federal Reserve Act has supplied "means of accommodation in the business world, and an instrumentality by which the interests of all, without regard to class, may readily be served." We must repeat: How can a man of President Wilson's intelligence see in tinkering with the tariff and anti-trust laws, and in a reorganization of the banking system of the country, the causes of a better social order? How many sincere progressives follow him in believing that this legislation has made the future clear and bright with the promise of best things? Where will such leadership finally land the Democratic party and the progressive movement?

President Wilson could not have written his letter unless he had utterly misconceived the meaning and the task of American progressivism. After every allowance has been made for his justifiable pride at the excellent legislative record of the Democrats and for the natural exaggerations of the oratorical temperament, there remains an ominous residue of sheer misunderstanding. Any man of President Wilson's intellectual equipment who seriously asserts that the fundamental wrongs of a modern society can be easily and quickly righted as a consequence of a few laws passed between the birth and death of a single Congress, casts suspicion either upon his own sincerity or upon his grasp of the realities of modern social and industrial life. Mr. Wilson's sincerity is above suspicion, but he is a dangerous and unsound thinker upon contemporary political and social problems. He has not only, as he himself has said, "a single-track mind," but a mind which is fully convinced of the everlasting righteousness of its own performances and which surrounds this conviction with a halo of shimmering rhetoric. He deceives himself with these phrases, but he should not be allowed to deceive progressive popular opinion. If the "New Freedom," after less than two years of actual operation, has done away with the causes of agitation and suspicion, and promises to the country an era of good feeling and social benefaction which will make the past few years look like a bad dream, then the New Freedom is an essentially mechanical and an essentially conservative doctrine. It is mechanical because it claims to accomplish as the result of a few changes in legal mechanism so much too much. It is conservative because it becomes so fatuously complacent about its own achievements, and it makes the exorcism of a few "bad dreams" an excuse for taking refuge in a sound but stupefying slumber.

Education With a Bias

UNTIL recent years the attitude of business toward the economic doctrines taught in school and college was prevailingly one of indulgent contempt. The old-time tariff beneficiary could afford to smile at the free-trade teachings of the college which he was helping to support. Experience had taught him that a few years of struggle in the hard conditions of practical life would transform the college free trader into an ardent protectionist. Protectionism, after all, is in the blood of most of us. Whatever economic logic may pretend to establish, we cannot get it entirely out of our minds that we can build up domestic prosperity through handicaps upon foreign trade.

We have, however, passed beyond the stage in which the chief political interest of business centers in the tariff. Not much less than one-fifth of all the private capital of the country is now invested in railways and other forms of public service enterprises. These vast interests are, in last analysis, dependent upon the popular will; they will thrive or languish according to the course of legislative action and judicial interpretation. The protected interests can rely upon a deep-seated popular prejudice in their favor. Not so with the public service enterprises. In every part of the country there exists a smoldering popular distrust of the public service corporation, likely at any time to be fanned into a flame of hostile legislation.

Accordingly it is not surprising that practical business men are now looking upon public opinion as a natural force to be conserved and put to financial use; a force which, if neglected, may work widespread havoc. The laconic railway magnate of a

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past generation has given way to one who talks incessantly and engagingly about the community-building activities of his company. Publicity, which once the reformer vainly demanded of the public service companies, is now proclaimed by the corporate managements themselves to be the breath of their life. But it must be the right kind of publicity. What is, from the point of view of the interests, a wrong kind of publicity must be checked at its source. Hence the new profession of the publicity agent, whose function it is to call the attention of the representatives of the press to careless and prejudicial statements. Hence, too, a new solicitude about the financial doctrines of our colleges.

The American Electric Railway Association is a powerful organization including in its membership some four hundred of the electric railway companies of the United States. The association has a committee on public relations which takes account of the attitude of the governmental bodies, and of the public opinion as well, toward the electric railway interests. A sub-committee, under the chairmanship of James H. McGraw, was appointed to draft a "code of principles" setting forth what should be the relations between the electric railway interests and the state. This code of principles was submitted to the association on October fourteenth, and appears in the Electric Railway Journal of October fifteenth. It is an able, and, on the whole, a moderate document, as the following summary indicates:

(1) Quality is the chief consideration in transportation service, and "quality of service must primarily depend upon the money received in fares." (2) Regulated private ownership and operation are superior to public ownership and operation. (3) In the interests of the public, local transportation should be a monopoly, subjected to state rather than local control. (4) Short term franchises are detrimental to civic welfare. (5) Electric railways must be allowed to earn a fair return on a fair capitalization. (6) "Securities which have been issued in accordance with the law as it has been interpreted in the past should be valid obligations on which an electric railway is entitled to a fair return." (7) Adequate wages are essential to good service, but electric railways "should be protected against excessive demands of labor and strikes." (8) "The principle of ownership of securities of local companies by centralized holding companies is economically sound." (9) "In the appraisal of an electric railway for the purpose of determining reasonable rates, all methods of valuation should have due consideration." (10) Full and frank publicity should be the policy of all transportation companies.

The sub-committee further recommended the creation of a financed bureau of public relations which is to have among its various functions that of—"Influencing the sources of public education, particularly by (a) lectures on the Chautauqua circuits, and (b) formation of a committee of prominent technical educators to promote the formulation and teaching of correct principles on public service questions in technical and economic departments of American colleges, through courses of lectures and otherwise."

We are safe in assuming that the "correct principles" to be taught in the technical and economic departments of the American colleges are none other than those outlined in the code above summarized. This leads one to a closer examination of the code than would be warranted if it were to be regarded merely as an expression of aspirations on the part of a special interest.

We note that principle number six inculcates the doctrine that a fair return on capitalization must be permitted, no matter how extravagantly it may have been watered. Number eight commits us to approval of the holding company; number three, to the principle that a city like New York must forever look to Albany for the regulation of its transportation system; number four, to the long-term franchise. Indeed, there is only one of the ten—the desirability of publicity—that is not in some measure debatable. No conclave of disinterested political scientists would presume to formulate a canon of "correct principles" on the relations of public utility corporations to the state. What is the likelihood that a canon formulated by a special interest will be subscribed to either by political scientists or by the general public?

It is not here disputed that public opinion is a proper object of solicitude on the part of the public service interests. It is possible, indeed probable, that the character of many of their financial operations is generally misunderstood, and hence that they frequently suffer under unjust popular censure. Teachers of economics are no doubt occasionally unduly harsh in their condemnation of various practices of the public service corporations. It has not been very long that the policy of publicity has been followed by such corporations, and there are still a number of corners not adequately illuminated; more light should remove whatever unwarranted suspicion now falls upon the corporations.

We are therefore much in need of a far more thorough exposition of the practices and purposes of the public service companies—an honestly partisan exposition of their side, with no pretence to a monopoly of "correct principles." But a deliberate policy of "influencing public education at its source" is sure to prove worse than futile. Nothing is easier than to start a well-poisoning scare; and while such a scare reigns it is unsafe for those suspected of hostile intent to be found near the wells at all. There is scarcely a college

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in the country that does not now welcome to its lecture rooms any man of affairs who, in his capacity of public-spirited citizen, is willing to enlighten the student body upon the principles of his business. Such cooperation between the colleges and practical life is becoming increasingly common. But let it once be understood that an organized effort is being made by private interests to shape the doctrines taught in these schools, and this form of cooperation becomes useless. The college is no more a field for business propaganda than for the propaganda of anarchism.

Restraint of Trade

THOUGH we know fairly well what acts are forbidden by the Sherman Anti-trust Law, we do not know to what extent that statute permits combination or cooperation. Upon this vitally significant question we shall probably be enlightened when the Supreme Court renders its judgment upon the appeals in the Steamship Pool case, decided last month by the Federal District Court in New York, and in the Harvester case, decided in August by the Federal District Court in Minnesota. These two cases present the same fundamental question, but the two decisions answer the question quite differently.

What the Supreme Court will tell us is the test of the validity of a combination. Does that validity depend upon the resulting injury or benefit to the public, as shown by the facts in the particular case, or is it dependent upon the observance of certain positive rules against the restriction of competition? A clear answer to this question will be the only way of settling the widespread difference of opinion as to whether the mere power to crush competition renders a combination unlawful, without regard to whether the combination has actually exerted that power.

In the Steamship Pool case it appeared that nearly all of the transatlantic steamship lines had entered into an agreement, known as the North Atlantic Conference, to apportion among themselves the traffic in steerage passengers and to fix the fares to be charged. Each line was free to secure such share of the traffic as it could, but a line obtaining more than its agreed quota was bound to compensate other lines which failed to get their share. The agreement was subject to revision from time to time, and this furnished an incentive for competition, since a line which did not prove its capacity to hold its share of the business was liable to have this share reduced at the next apportionment.

Here was a combination to prevent free competition and to regulate the charges for transportation on the ocean, with sufficient power besides to crush outside competition. While the Court restrained the abuse of power by prohibiting the operation of "fighting ships," it unanimously refused to dissolve the combination itself, on the broad ground that the evidence proved no injury to the public, but rather a benefit. The Court found that there was no evidence that the rates fixed were unreasonably high. It examined the peculiar circumstances affecting carriage by sea, which makes the problem of conducting it altogether different from the problem of conducting railroad transportation. The history of ocean transportation convinced the Court that without some method of regulating competition there would be a succession of rate wars which would put the weaker lines out of business, prevent the improvement of service, and probably result in the establishment of an effective monopoly. So the Court concluded that instead of restraining trade, the conference agreement really fostered and protected trade by giving to it a stability which insured a more satisfactory public service.

In the Harvester case, on the other hand, the Court decided that there was a violation of the Anti-trust Act, because the International Harvester Company, by combining five competing companies, had acquired control of about eighty-five per cent of the trade in necessary farm implements. This fact was the sole ground for the decision. The majority of the Court—for there is a vigorous dissenting opinion by Judge Sanborn—gave no consideration to the effect of the combination upon the trade and the public. The evidence, as is conceded by the judges, showed that there was no over-capitalization; that the Government's charges of the use of unfair methods to crush competitors were unfounded; that while harvesting machines had improved in quality, prices had advanced but little, and such advance was much smaller than in the case of other agricultural machinery in regard to which there was no claim of restraint of trade. The evidence also showed that though the foreign business of the combined companies had increased immensely, their proportionate share of the domestic trade had considerably decreased, and that outside competition had grown and flourished.

The opposition between the two decisions is thus manifest. Which view of the law will be taken by the Supreme Court?

In its later opinions, beginning with the Standard Oil case, the Supreme Court has tended very distinctly towards the adoption of injury to the public as the test of violation of the Sherman Act. It has repeatedly declared that the words "restraint of trade," at common law and in the law of this country at the time of the adoption of the Anti-trust Act, embraced those acts only which operated to the prejudice of the public interest, and that these

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words in the statute have the same meaning as at common law. The common law as to restraint of trade was declared last winter by the House of Lords, the highest court of Great Britain, in Northwestern Salt Co. vs. Electrolytic Alkali Co., a case which cannot fail to have great weight with our Supreme Court. The question before the English Court was whether a combination of salt manufacturers for the purpose of limiting the production of salt and of maintaining the price was invalid at common law because in restraint of trade. The House of Lords held that the question could not be determined upon a mere inspection of the terms of the agreement by the application of a general rule, but that the decision must depend upon the injury or benefit to the public resulting from the combination, as disclosed by the evidence. Lord Chancellor Haldane said: "Unquestionably the combination in question was one the purpose of which was to regulate supply and keep up prices. But an ill-regulated supply and unremunerative prices may, in point of fact, be disadvantageous to the public. Such a state of things may, if it is not controlled, drive manufacturers out of business or lower wages, and so cause unemployment or labor disturbance. It must always be a question of circumstances whether a combination of manufacturers in a particular trade is an evil from a public point of view."

If the test to be applied in the pending cases is injury to the public, one would expect that the Supreme Court, unless it finds that the evidence does not sustain the conclusions of the lower courts, will affirm the decision in the Steamship Pool case, and will reverse the decision in the Harvester case. One result would be to make clear to the country that in cases under the Anti-trust Act, courts do not actually decide questions of law by the application of definite legal rules, but decide economic questions depending for their wise solution upon a thorough understanding of the facts and the needs of business in relation to the welfare of the people as a whole.

The problem would then have been faced squarely. It would be understood that the legal conditions under which business shall grow cannot be derived from legal precedent, but must be determined with a great deal of flexibility in accordance with a social policy.

Probably the country would applaud the common sense of such an interpretation of the statute. But there might well be doubt as to the wisdom of leaving the determination of such questions to judges who are busy with other matters, have no facilities for investigation, and are not specially qualified for the task either by training or experience. Perhaps, if the new Federal Trade Commission wins public confidence, it may in time be thought best to confide to it in the first instance the administration of the Anti-trust Act.

Our Literary Poverty

FOR some years in this country there have been signs, in drama and literature as well as architecture and painting, of a conscious national impulse. Critical people have become weary of the time-worn excuse that America is young. Even the young, these people feel, do eventually leave the perambulator and learn the trick of walking by themselves. American cultural development is the concern of many far from chauvinistic persons to whom nationalism is not the synonym for group-selfishness, but the synonym for individualization. Conscious nationalism is healthy, and in the plastic arts, at any rate, capable of being cultivated without unnatural strain. In drama and literature, however, the process of individualization is especially difficult, and the difficulty has received too little thought.

America more than once has been termed the literary vassal of England. The phrase is crude and provocative, but there is in it a great element of truth. Where America has been penalized, in a way far too little considered, is in having had a differentiated experience without having had a differentiated language. One national language is probably as good as another, but behind all language movements there is a sound popular instinct, an instinct of self-preservation. In differentiated language there is, without any doubt, a cultural resource. For a people advancing in civility and wealth a national language provides a normal protection to literature. Placing a guard around the nation in its formative years, it induces the native to give expression to his own motives and experiences in the tongue of his hearthstone and his craft. Even if the ruling classes employ a formal medium, the other language is fostered and mellowed, and in course of time becomes the natural medium for story-teller, poet and seer. It registers the characteristics and intimacies of the people, and as nature inflects their lives, so their speech becomes expressive and idiomatic. When the artist arrives to give form to what has been enjoyed and endured, he employs a language creatively evolved.

In England literature has followed very closely the experience of the people. In America to a surprising extent the people have been willing to subsist on English expression. It may be said that the peoples came originally from the same stock, inherited the same traditions and shared the same ideals. But it is precisely because the discrepancies were apparently so slight that American expression was so easily inhibited. To ascribe this inhibition in part to the social exigencies of our pioneer experience is fairly just, but the factor of language remains. In other countries the translators alone could introduce foreign literature through the lin-

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guistic customs; the native artist was called on to satisfy the native soul. But in America, where no customs existed, where trade was free, the wealth of British culture was drawn upon at the time when American genius most needed encouragement, and in the entire educational establishment "literature" came to mean preeminently English literature, always fully intelligible but never quite at home.

One heroic effort was made to free America from the differentiated, the feudalistic, culture of the Old World. But Walt Whitman could not by himself give literary value to neglected American life. This does not imply that American life went unexpressed. However successful were the incursions of all the Victorians—and successful they were—great Americans arose to interpret and inspire. An American literature was created which helped to answer the country's desire to see its experience mirrored. But from the first acquaintance with English masterpieces in the primary school to subsequent acquaintance with letters in college, there was always, for the majority of American youth, a certain frigidity and detachment due largely to English usurpation. Too much of literature had no associations whatever with things that were daily heard and seen and felt. And this was accentuated, as it is still accentuated, by the timid-stepchild attitude of nearly all American professors toward a culture not originated here. Literary professors in England are sufficiently hidebound, but they at least are not afraid to refer occasionally to life. In America, however, the average literary "authority" is willing, owing to remoteness, to wait until English critics have written, wherefore we have reflections on reflections. Except for a few original thinkers like Edgar Allen Poe, literary critics in America have seemed to be deferential curates in a literary country-house, afraid to have opinions that might clash with the family's. All the energy and even vehemence that belong to men who love letters is lacking in American criticism. No criticism could be more painstaking, more reasonable, more solemn, more correct. But if our literature was our own, it is not reason that would distinguish our criticism, but passionate concern.

English literature will continue to mean much to Americans. But even if we have suffered for years the immense drawback of educational and journalistic subordination, the time seems to have come when Americans realize that for our own peculiar life we need interpreters and critics who speak, if not a distinct language, at least the language of a distinct people, to whom even the most perceptive Englishmen must come a little from outside. Had we our own language, we would need far less to mention differences. As it is, we can only mend our poverty by consciously and definitely refusing to take England's achievements for our own.

The Railroads and the Nation

THE application for an increase of five per cent in railroad rates which is now being considered by the Interstate Commerce Commission involves questions much more difficult and momentous than those which appear upon the surface. It involves the whole relation between the railroads and the nation. It involves the success or failure of the policy of administrative regulation of the most important public utility in the country. It involves the policy of public ownership as an alternative to public regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission was constituted, and its powers have been gradually increased, in order to mediate between the railroads and the nation—in order to convert the privately owned railroads into a satisfactory public transportation agency. It was assumed that the conversion could be made without doing any injustice to the owners of railroad securities, and without losing any of the advantages which have resulted from private ownership and operation. After the experience of the past eight years, can this assumption continue to be accepted, and if not, what are the possible alternatives? Is regulation to be relaxed and the owners of railroad property allowed a more decisive voice in its management? Or is the division of responsibility and the conflict of interests to be wiped out by the nationalization of the railroads, and their management exclusively as a public utility?

The friends of the railroads have themselves raised these questions by the presentation of their case to the Commission. When the previous application for a five per cent increase was pending, they reiterated with the utmost emphasis the assertion that the real choice lay not between acquiescence or refusal, but between acquiescence and ultimate government ownership. They declared that unless the net return upon the capital invested in railroads was increased, they could not raise the money needed to supply the country with an adequate transportation service. Undismayed by this threat the Commission allowed the railroads only a fraction of what had been claimed as an indispensable minimum. The decision was accepted under protest, and the application renewed as soon as the war presented a plausible excuse. If it is again refused, how about the reality of the advertised alternative of an increase in rates or a collapse in credit and service—of a larger return on capital, or eventual government ownership?

Surely the alternative is coming to have an increasing amount of reality. The owners of the railroads will have to be trusted with a larger amount of discretion in the management of their

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property or the property itself will have to be purchased by the nation. Whatever the justifiability of the treatment which they are now receiving, the treatment itself is bound to injure their ability to perform their work. It is not merely that they are running a business the expenses of which are steadily increasing, without being able to exact any corresponding increase in receipts. It is not merely that since the beginning of the parcels post they have been underpaid by the government for the carriage of the mails, and left almost defenceless against the demands of their employees for higher wages. What is even more serious from the point of view of the railroad manager is the extent to which the bonds are being fastened upon him. The Interstate Commerce Commission is seeking supervision over every phase and every detail of railroad management, and these increasing powers are being granted on the assumption that private management cannot be trusted to act in the public interest except under the influence of coercion. Neither does the increasing activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission protect the railroads from the equally or more disconcerting supervision of state commissions and legislatures.

The intelligent public opinion of the country is consequently faced by the question of deciding whether administrative supervision has succeeded in converting the railroads into public servants without injustice to the owners of railroad securities, and without any sacrifice of the advantages of private management. We do not see how this question can be answered in a manner favorable to existing policy and methods. The owners of the railroads are possessed by a profound conviction that they are being unwisely and unfairly treated, and that the end of the prevailing process of regulation will be a diminution in efficiency and a confiscation of property. Yet in spite of the comprehensive and drastic nature of the regulation, the railroads remain an object of public suspicion. The Interstate Commerce Commission is convinced that the unregulated phases of their management are still characterized by grave abuses. It can advance strong arguments in favor of increasing supervision so that its authority will comprehend the causes of accidents and the issue of securities. Regulation, so far from having diminished the amount of friction has perhaps increased it.

Railroad men feel sure that as properties the railroads are being bled white. But their grievances have not disarmed public opinion. It is unwilling to return to the railroads a freer hand and to acquiesce in an increase in rates or privileges, unless some assurance is obtained that the existing privileges and revenues are being properly used; and such an assurance seems remote at a time when so many flagrant cases of railroad mismanagement continue to be uncovered. We are not able or willing to check the increasing tide of regulation. Yet we cannot accomplish by means of it what needs to be accomplished. The supervision, while it is succeeding in slowly improving the structure of railroad rates and in doing away with many abuses of management, is succeeding equally well in impairing the ability of the railroads to perform their positive and vital functions. The resulting situation combines many of the disadvantages of private and public ownership with very few of the advantages of either.

Is there any way of removing this friction and of converting the railroads into satisfactory public servants except by nationalizing them? The only sufficient excuse for the amount and kind of regulation which is being applied to the railroads is a radical divergence of interest between their proprietors and their customers. The owners of the property cannot apparently be trusted to manage it as an essentially public service. In so far as this excuse is justified, the private propertied interests should not be slowly emasculated, they should be paid off and dismissed. The country is plainly drifting towards public ownership without being sufficiently aware of the fact. It should realize the goal of its present behavior and frankly face the consequences. The nationalizing of the railroads has a chance of converting them into genuine agencies of the national economic interest, provided adequate preparations are made for the assumption of such an enormous responsibility; but unless the necessity of the course is clearly anticipated and adequate preparations are made, even the most confirmed advocate of public ownership would regard its adoption as an extremely doubtful adventure.

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The Turkish Adventure

WHEN the Goeben and the Breslau slipped through the Straits of Messina and reached the Dardanelles, we in England were chagrined at the mischance which had permitted their escape. But none of us foresaw the coming drama. It has happened before that European belligerents have schemed to win the aid of Asiatic Powers. An adventurous emissary from the exiled Charles the Second journeyed to seek the help of the Shah of Persia and the Great Mogul against Cromwell and the Parliament. But these German fugitives came armed into the sanctuary, and the chances are that they have rather compelled than persuaded the Turks to intervene in the European War.

Turkey has not rushed without resistance into this adventure. It is true that from the earliest days of the war she began, as nearly all the neutrals did, to make her preparations. She mobilized her army and prohibited the export of grain—measures, both of them, which brought fresh miseries to her sorely tried peasantry. It is true also that there never was a doubt into which scale her scimitar would be cast if it should be drawn. She has no lost provinces to recover from Germany. Russia is the traditional enemy, and on the very eve of the war she had led the Powers in pressing for Armenian reforms. The Turks suspected, as usual, that this unnatural Russian interest in reform was the prelude to an aggressive wave, and then met it, as usual, by tactics of obstruction. British policy also had caused intense irritation by reason of Mr. Churchill's perfectly regular and justifiable action in taking over the two Turkish warships which were nearing completion on the Tyne. British diplomacy, moreover, is paying for its mistakes in the early stages of the Turkish revolution. It cold-shouldered the Young Turks, who might have been guided and influenced, and reserved its favors for the rather decrepit elder generation of Turkish statesmen. Our friends, when they have not died of old age, have all been murdered or exiled.

The Germans had an easy task to win the sympathies of the dominant faction in Turkey. It was, however, one thing to sympathize with Germany, to accept her subsidies, to welcome her officers, to receive her good ships as an addition to the Turkish fleet, but to stake the fate of Turkey on a German victory was quite another matter. The Turkish Cabinet as a whole has fought a long losing battle against Enver Bey and the war party. It has some sane and cautious members, and two of its Ministers are Christians, whose natural sympathies are with the Western Powers. It struggled hard against fate, drafted admirable rules for the observance of neutrality, and, lest the German officers should rush the army into war by some violent *coup de main,* it named the Heir Apparent generalissimo of its land and sea forces. It did better. After all the loss and disturbance of mobilization, it had to show some positive result. It accordingly abolished the Capitulations by a stroke of the pen, reckoning that the diversions and preoccupations of the Great Powers would prevent any effective protest. This was a clever piece of statecraft, and the advocates of Turkish neutrality might well ask whether a costly and hazardous war could possibly win for Turkey any advantage comparable to the gain in prestige which would follow the snapping of these onerous and humiliating fetters.

But Turkish statesmen reckoned without the Goeben. Her commander was bent on involving his hosts in war. He has bombarded Russian ports, and the consequence is a demand from the Allies of the Entente for the expulsion of the German officers and crews from these nominally Turkish vessels. What answer could the unlucky Turks make? They had no naval force of their own which could disarm the Goeben. Her guns commanded their capital. They must either welcome her as an imperious auxiliary, or else admit the ships of the Allies to deal with her in their waters. They must, in short, take sides for or against the Germans. Neutrality had become the one impossible course. They have temporized, they have apologized, but they dare not dismiss the Germans. There are many ways by which a nation which desires peace may be manœuvred into war; but of all conceivable ways the adventure of the Goeben is at once the most romantic and the most haphazard.

It is for the moment in the interest of the Western Allies to manage Turkey and to minimize the conflict which has arisen. Turkey is the land of make-believe, and she lends herself readily to the easy informality of "a sort of war." There will certainly be what Mr. Gladstone used to call "warlike operations." Great Britain once expelled a Turkish army from Crete, and the French impounded the customs dues of Mytilene without formal war. The war, formal or informal, will not at this stage be pressed or extended further than the Turks themselves compel their opponents to extend it. Germany has been successful in making an embarrassing diversion, and her success began at the outset of the war. Turkey's armed neutrality cost the Allies in reality almost as much as her overt hostility. The Russians were obliged to keep in the Caucasus a large army which they required in Poland, and Great Britain was driven to send to Egypt a fine force of Territorials who might have done good service in France. It involves no new weakening of England's resources that these detached forces should now be obliged to fight.

The psychological interest lies rather in the possible effect of the new situation upon the Mohammedan world. The Germans are testing at length their cherished dream of enlisting Islam on their

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side. But Islam does not readily mobilize on behalf of any Christian Power. The saner among the Turks realize that they are being used as the tools of a European intrigue. The Syrians and the Arabs have their own dreams of local independence, which a victory for the Allies might further. The Indian Moslems will occasion no anxiety. They have been for two decades the loyalist party in the British Empire, for they long ago came to the conclusion that British rule was their best guarantee, in view of the numerical preponderance and intellectual superiority of the Hindus. Of Egypt, indeed, England cannot feel too secure. The Khedive is hostile, but he happens to be absent in Constantinople. The Nationalists, however, have never recovered from the personal feuds which followed the death, five years ago, of their one leader of genius, Mustafa Kamel. The Egyptians have no tradition of spontaneous revolution, and they have done little in history without alien leadership.

There is, after all, no reason why Islam should rally to the Kaiser. He has indeed made speeches in which he proclaimed himself its protector. The tangible result has been disappointing. He abandoned his championship of Morocco in return for economic concessions and a slice of the French Congo. He acquiesced in Russian pretensions in North Persia, after the notorious Potsdam agreement, in return for an even smaller solatium—a bargain over the Bagdad and Persian railway systems. It is not exactly a chivalrous history, and the Allies need fear nothing so much as their own recent record in Morocco and Persia.

The main battle of Armageddon will be fought in Belgium and Poland, and the Turks can do comparatively little to affect its issue. The larger consequences, and they may be immense, of this Turkish intervention will be felt only when the settlement is reached. Russia, at all events, is probably well content with the prospect of settling the Eastern question once for all. The Turks have made their empire so much raw material for the diplomatists to carve and rearrange. This war, in short, is once more what it was in its Serbian origin, a struggle for the empire of the East. During the last ten years, while the Powers fought rather by counting their armaments than by using them, the stakes in the struggle for a Balance of Power in Europe were invariably extra-European. Who should exploit the iron ore of Morocco, who lay the rails to Bagdad, who mark off the areas of monopoly and concession in the vast field of China? The English all tried to believe that they were fighting in this war for some sacred aim—for the sanctity of treaties and the rights of nationalities. With the broadening of the conflict they are back once again among the more realistic issues of Imperialism. They are fighting now to maintain their hold upon Egypt, and to keep their position on the Persian Gulf, as the Germans are fighting for all the projects which center in the Bagdad Railway.

It is easy to prophesy the end of Turkey. For my part, I have always hesitated to make that prediction since I read the very convincing forecast of her imminent downfall which the ingenious Sir Paul Rycaut published in the reign of Charles the Second. But at the least there will be a carving out of spheres of economic influence. Should Germany win, Turkey will become a gigantic German field of exploitation, to be drilled, directed, and developed by German soldiers, German capital, and German brains. A victory for the Allies will mean as inevitably the demarcation of Russian, French, British and probably Italian spheres. We may conceivably see an Arabian Caliphate, a Russian Armenia, and even a Russian Constantinople; but these more picturesque consequences will hardly conceal the fundamental struggle for railways to build, ports to control, and plains to irrigate. While they battle round their devastated homes, thinking only of their violated hearths and their murdered neighbors, the peoples of Europe are in reality settling those concrete problems of power, those rivalries for economic opportunity, which underlay the armings and the bickerings of a decade of illusive peace.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

August Forel

Men are only interested in a man when that man is interested in humanity.—*George Sand.*

ON an October day, through a gold and scarlet Switzerland, I traveled down to Yvorne, the village to which August Forel has withdrawn in his declining years. In the railway stations from Zurich to Lausanne the magazine-stands and news-carts displayed a new edition of Forel's book on "The Sexual Question," a popular and abbreviated form prepared by the democratic author and costing but two marks eighty pfennigs. At seventy cents a copy, even the workingman could own it. A Forel for the masses, thought I. Is this the millennium?

At sunset the train skimmed the northern end of Lake Geneva and entered the Rhone Valley in the twilight. The village of Aigle, where I was to spend the night, lay at the foot of the great, imperturable Dent du Midi, that zigzag Alpine height of black granite and snow which scorns the influence of seasons. Overnight the moon came out, and the snow-crags blazed more whitely by night than by day. Aigle and, a little above it on the hillside, Yvorne, lay in the heart of a region of immensities, the meeting-place of snow and sun, of mountain and lake, a landscape in which only a dauntless spirit could be truly at home. It was a unique introduction to August Forel, in whom one so acutely senses the quality of human intrepidity.

From Zurich I had corresponded with Dr. Forel, and it was his generous suggestion that I should come to him for help, and use his library for my studies. All that I had to do now was to send a telegram announcing my arrival, which I did the next morning, and to wait at the hotel for a reply. It came in the person of Dr. Forel himself. Shortly

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after nine there was a knock at the door, and the maid appeared ushering a tall, white-haired, white-bearded old man with extraordinarily young brown eyes. The maid was swept impulsively aside and the professor entered the room with a flood of French which, at a gesture of despair from myself, was promptly changed into German of the same overwhelming tempo.

He was on his way to the train, having unfortunately an appointment in Lausanne that morning, a thrice "verdammtes" circumstance which I was asked to pardon. In the meantime, if I would go at once to La Fourmilière, Madame Forel asked me to lunch, to dinner, to spend the night, to move up my bags at once, to stay at La Fourmilière so long as I should be in Aigle. Fraülein S—, his secretary, would show me his books. He would send her a hurried note of suggestions if I would be so good as to write at his dictation. It was again a thrice "verdammtes" circumstance, but he must ask for a little help—

Somewhat dazed by the swiftness of all this, I had seized my fountain-pen and begun to write at his dictation before I realized the poignant meaning of his request. The right hand of the great Forel hung helpless at his side, wounded by the same pitiless dart which struck and maimed in his latter years that other great stoic and lover of humanity and friend of women, George Meredith. Truly, as Forel himself remarked later in speaking of the cruelties and rapacities of the animal world, "The good God must have a great deal on his conscience."

Less than a mile above Aigle, on a southerly slope, stands La Fourmilière, Forel's home. A post-road runs in front of the house, and beyond the post-road a sunny garden slopes towards the Rhone. Every day at eleven o'clock a yellow post-cart from some remote mountain village passes the house, leaving a little cloud of dust and the genial tinkle of harness bells on the air. Daily at about two o'clock the so-called Rhone-wind sweeps down the valley on its way to the open lake. In the garden are two little houses, not unlike in shape though quite different in size. The one is the beehive of Mademoiselle Inez, who assists her father in his entomological work. The other is a small stone edifice destined to contain the ashes of this free-thinking family.

My first impression of La Fourmilière was that it was a haven of peace and contemplation, a "Jenseits von Gut und Boese," an ideal retreat for a retired soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity. But I had not been many hours in the house before I realized that most of the losses and victories in the world outside pulsated in the quiet library on the Rhone. From the most diverse quarters messages ran in to Yvorne, and calls for aid. In a remote Russian town a Jew by the name of Mendel Beiliss was on trial for his life on a charge of "ritual murder." Professor Forel was appealed to as a psychiatrist to help in the campaign against ignorance and superstition. In the Swiss canton of Zurich the married women teachers found their positions threatened by a reactionary school committee and appealed to Forel; it was no doubt partly due to his influence that they won their cases in the final court of appeal in Switzerland, the referendum. In our own country, in the State of Maine, when the alcohol interests opposed the prohibition law it was Professor Forel who was appealed to as the leading European authority on the biological consequences of alcohol, to help perpetuate the existing law. Such claims are constantly made on his time and energy, and the stricken savant of Yvorne never fails to give response.

The word which is oftenest on Forel's lips is "organization." Though he is not identified with the political socialism of the continent, which he criticizes for its one-sided "stomach philosophy," he declares unreservedly that humanity can only be saved by socialism. Salvation through organization was the theme of a long twilight conversation in the library. The professor's invariable blue gingham shirt and loose black tie, which only the Frenchman can wear without seeming Bohemian, his vivid phrasing and vigorous expletives, gave him, despite infirmity and gray hair, the illusion of youth.

"Man is the most terrible beast of prey in the world," he said to me. "All his instincts are predatory. One need only look at the subjection of women, the institution of human slavery, and now at the crushing power of capital. Only by the growing habit of association, organization, can this primal zest to destroy be overcome.

"I am an old man, and I can not say it too strongly—we talk too much. We intellectuals like to pay a couple of marks to a society and listen to sermons which can be re-preached to others. What we should do is to organize. I blame my fellow unbelievers because they refuse to learn from the church-spire politicians. The great need for progress is of people who are willing to work in silence. The forces of exploitation rule the world while the forces of liberation waste their time matching theories. Chatterers! *Schwaetzer!*"

There is one book which is to Forel a kind of Bible. It is a work by Richard Semon which deals with the origin of human instincts. After referring to this book several times, he finally took it from the desk and put it in my hands, open at the title-page, which read, "Die Mneme als erhaltendes Prinzip im Wechsel des organischen Lebens:" "The Mneme as a Conserving Principle in the Evolution of Organic Life."

He regarded me dubiously. "It is very difficult reading. I must myself work very hard to understand it." This sounded like permission to run out in the garden and play, so far as Semon's "Mneme" was concerned, and I must confess that I have continued to avail myself of his indulgence. But however difficult the abstractions of Semon may be, the rational system of ethics which Forel has built upon them is neither abstract nor difficult. He has proved his theories in the education of his own children and in the re-education of peasants, abandoned drinkers, whom literally by hundreds he has set

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upon their feet again. These triumphs, of course, are local. But to those who have already reached him through his work, so handicapped by official embargo in America, they are touching triumphs, and give a personal gratification.

The secret of Forel's power as an ethical teacher is not alone that some system of applied evolution has come to be the only form of ethics relevant to modern life. It is to be found in his own life history. With Forel the word and the deed are one. All his acts express himself. The higher sexual ethics which he advocates for men he has practiced in his own life. Married at thirty-five, "Bis meine Heirat hatte ich noch nie ein Weib angeruehrt," he expressed it. In the matter of alcohol, again, one cannot recommend abstinence to the working classes and society without being able to say, "Ich bin dabei:"—"I am with you." The free-thinker's philosophy which has inspired his writings and guided his life is for him not only good enough to live by but good enough to die by. Though Nature has at last got him with his back to the wall, he will still learn from her and from her only.

Perhaps the greatest victory of his militant life is that his ideas on the rational education of children have not been confuted by his own family. His sons have not revolted from his teachings; his daughters have not regressed from the sense of personal responsibility and accepted the easy assurances of orthodoxy. As a father, Forel has not, as Rousseau did, preached a rational education for children and consigned his own to the keeping of others. He has not failed, as Tolstoi failed in his tragic and lonely old age, to convince those who are nearest to him. Even his familiars believe in him, because he has that most rare form of human genius, the genius of consistency.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

Frontiers of Cooperation

NEVER was it so clear as now that we are facing a new world. Hardly had the inventor's cunning shortened and speeded up a thousand trade routes, closing up the spaces which divide one people from another; hardly had the ingenuities of modern banking and credit gathered the nations into a common fold where the spoiling of one became the spoiling of all, when the war terrors were loosened as if to teach us the meaning of a new race solidarity.

Side by side with these binding processes, and, strangely enough, side by side with a vulturous growth of militarism, had come the new forms of social and legislative amelioration which mark what is best in our time. In leading countries, organized primarily for healing, for prevention, for the saving and enriching of the common life, this new "health-tissue" was the most precious and the most hopeful of human achievements. Nothing separated us more sharply from the older world than these new solicitudes to save life rather than to maim it and devitalize it.

At the top of these latest betterments is the humanized insurance, softening the blows of misfortune as they fall with fatal rhythm on millions of the more defenceless. Inspired in Germany within the present generation and passing rapidly to other countries, it had already created hundreds of sanitary and educational centers which are now the models of life-saving in the world.

Beginning upon the sea, the principle of insurance spread from one accident to another: fire, pests, storms, burglary, and, finally, to cover an ever-increasing group of averaged misfortunes—sickness, injuries, invalidity, old age and unemployment. And now comes Professor Royce with luminous anticipation to apply the principle to the greatest of all accidents—war.

When the ruffianism of the present military orgy has spent itself and men look into the depths of desolation which it leaves behind, nothing will cause more wondering pity than the crippling effects of war upon these last best growths of man's intelligence and good-will. These new social policies had really set themselves the task of lessening at their source some of the more grotesque of our human inequalities. Until the fires broke through the thin crust of "civilization," we had come to hope that after two or three decades we might speak that word without a tongue in the cheek. There is no sound instinct in the race that did not feel the insult of burning Louvain and the shuddering shrine at Rheims, but it is the safest understatement that the damage which this war inflicts upon these fragile beginnings in constructive social welfare is incomparably more to be regretted. Intimately akin to these new standards of health, opportunity and security for the weak, cooperation is to suffer with the rest. These two movements were the fairest of all fields for democratic enlargement. In both, no upward step was possible without knitting the members of every social section into a common fellowship for benefits that no clique can corner.

As the present war has torn off the last shred of confidence in the competence of big armaments and secret diplomacies, so in industry and in social reconstruction the pitiful inadequacy of autocratic methods and secrecy of control is too evident for further discussion. Where, then, are we to look for the teaching, the discipline and ordered experience to help us through and over these stages between the veiled diplomatic and industrial absolutisms and genuine self-government among peoples?

And general habit of self-direction among the masses of men will never be politically or academically achieved. Mass-habits are not thus formed. The education necessary to this end must be carried into the main work of life. For wage earners

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in general these habits will be won by the free acceptance of industrial risk and economic responsibility by the whole body of those who do the world's work in creating and distributing wealth. It must be our first thought about cooperation that it is a part of something larger than itself. It is already a fellow worker with the growing state and municipal activities.

Nor are we to think of Cooperation as separable from the new "social politics." Cooperators are already voluntarily putting in practice many of its provisions, such as dealing with unemployment, the minimum wage and insurance. Neither are we to think, as did its dreaming pioneers, that cooperation is to have the whole field to itself. There has been a mischievous illusion that its special mastery was to be complete. It has its own splendid promise without any fanciful claims. Until struck by war, its growth was as astonishing as anything in the history of modern industry. It was already doing a yearly business of more than two thousand millions of dollars. And it was doing it at the same time that it was schooling its millions of members in the highest of all arts—self-government. Apart from formulas and mere agitation, "industrial cooperation" has become the most democratic thing in the world. As a great movement, like the new social legislation, it has won its place in the last generation. I say the "most democratic" because it has once for all proved that democracy is possible on the economic field; or, more accurately, on large portions of that field. "Democracy" is easy as lying, in a document or on the platform, but in the production and exchange of wealth it is so supremely difficult that many wise men have pronounced it impossible. Yet in more than one hundred thousand successful associations—in insurance, purchasing and selling groups, credit and banking, production and distribution—cooperation has begun its highest task of training for applied democracy by carrying its equalities into the very structure and function of business dealings among men.

Like parrots, men keep on repeating, "Oh, cooperation does good work in distribution, but in production it fails." This is an error. In its own self-created market "cooperative production" has won the most brilliant successes. It is this feature, indeed, which showed in later years some of the most amazing growths. One of the ablest of London weeklies just reports the last Cooperative Congress in these words:

"The International Cooperative Alliance, which has been holding its ninth congress this week at Glasgow, has silently grown into the most gigantic of all our non-official world federations. Its twenty-four national units now include something like 130,000 separate cooperative societies, having no fewer than twenty millions of (family) members, representing three or four times that number of persons. . . . The essential feature of the world-wide cooperative movement has become the control of 'industry,' the 'elimination of the middleman'—that is to say, of the capitalist *entrepreneur*—and the democratic organization of all branches of production and distribution directly by collectivities of citizen-consumers. In every country it is this cooperation by associations of consumers, engaging in almost every kind of productive industry, which has, during the past twenty years, been increasing by leaps and bounds."

In respect to productive cooperation, it adds: "As a matter of fact, the cooperators' success has been even more remarkable in production than in distribution. The cooperative movement runs five of the largest of our flour mills; it has, amongst others, the very largest of our boot factories; it makes cotton cloth and woolens, and all sorts of clothing; it has even a corset factory of its own; it turns out huge quantities of soap; it makes every article of household furniture; it produces cocoa and confectionery; it grows its own fruit and makes its own jams; it has one of the largest tobacco factories, and so on."

For sixty years objectors have set every sort of theoretic frontier that was to call a halt upon the movement. At first "only the English workingman had the genius for it." "It must be confined to small local trading." It could never hope to do banking or manufacturing or take the risks of insurance. In no case could it reach any considerable part of a nation's business.

These solemn incredulities now appear humorous. Within less than thirty years Denmark has become a cooperative nation. Germany is sown thick with thirty thousand societies. In at least twenty nationalities cooperation has struck such root that it can no more be stopped than popular education. The first failures in Italy were said to prove that "cooperation did not suit the Italian character." Its growth there in the last eighteen years has been in many ways more fascinating than the story of the airship. Small farmers cooperatively manufacture their own fertilizers. They run cooperative banks, farms and market gardens. The commonest sort of labor hires engineers, buys material, and pays its own bills from its own cooperative banks. It paves streets, dredges lands, builds all manner of structures, even to the Reggio-Emilia railroad. This work now runs yearly into many hundreds of millions of *lire*. The government and cities are organically committed to a working partnership with these cooperators.

James Bryce says that Switzerland has the best government among men. One in ten of its population takes part in cooperative ventures. An English visiting committee found Hungary "full of surprises," but "most of all was that of her vigorous new cooperative life." Even Austria is dotted over with these little democracies, and when the fatal note was sent to Servia, cooperators were just ready to enter, according to their report, "one of the largest boot manufactories in Europe," of their own building and of their own financing.

The whole movement was just entering into the world industry and exchange. Within ten years

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the "International" has appeared with its twenty-four "Wholesales" scattered about Europe. They were cutting out brokers, jobbers, middlemen, by doing the work with closer economies for themselves and for the consumers. There are now oversea plantations. Factories are owned from Denmark to New South Wales. There are five of these Wholesales with an annual business of over two hundred millions of dollars. Already, in a new spirit, the United States has begun to take its part in this world change. It is a change toward that democratizing of industry which alone holds the promise of freeing us at last from the proved inefficiencies of autocratic social methods, as well as from secrecy which is itself the mother of privilege. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

The Lost Balance in Eastern Asia

THE surrender of Tsingtau is significant, not because of its possible effect on the grand strategy of the war, which is negligible, but because it would seem to terminate a period characterized by the balance of power in China, and to mark the beginning of Japan's Far-Eastern supremacy.

Ever since Germany in 1897 seized Kiaochau Bay and the adjacent territory, China has been alternately battered and protected by international rivalries. The establishment of the German base in Shantung was immediately followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, from which Japan had been forced by Russian, French and German pressure after the China-Japanese War. France then seized Kwangchouwan and Great Britain Weihaiwei, and it seemed for a time that China might be partitioned in the scramble for concessions which followed. The Powers, however, while aggressively staking out their claims in China, did not apparently deem the extension of their influence in this region important enough to justify a clash which might precipitate a European war. Rival interests were balanced at China's expense; and the open door policy enunciated by Secretary Hay in 1898-9 was welcomed as a convenient formula calculated to preserve the *status quo* until such time as it might be possible or profitable to disregard it.

Great Britain, France, Russia and Germany have been forced to bear the burden of world-wide responsibilities. Japan, confining her endeavor to the establishment of political supremacy in eastern Asia, has been enabled to take advantage of each move in the game of world-empire in which the other Powers have been engaged, and her position in the East has become increasingly formidable as British, French and Russian strength has been concentrated in Europe to meet the menace of Pan-Germanism.

Up to the time of the Boer war, British diplomacy was concerned chiefly with Russian designs on India and Constantinople, and with French ambitions in northern Africa and Siam. Relations with Berlin were cordial, for the Triple Alliance served to prevent Paris and St. Petersburg from embarking on plans inimical to British interests. The Kaiser's famous telegram to President Kruger, therefore, came as a rude shock. It awakened Great Britain to the fact that Germany was determined to find "a place in the sun." To relieve pressure from her Polish frontier and to divert attention from her own designs in the Balkans, Berlin encouraged Russia in her Manchurian adventure. Great Britain countered with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. This relieved British responsibilities in Asia, and enabled Japan not only to challenge Russia, but to establish herself in Korea and to regain the control in southern Manchuria which she had been forced to surrender ten years before.

Russia was disorganized by her defeat and by the revolution which followed. This prompted Austria, in the autumn of 1908, with active German support, to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia was confronted by the necessity of safeguarding her position in the Balkans against further Teutonic aggression, and at the same time of preserving her interests in northern Manchuria and Mongolia, which she felt were threatened by the proposal to neutralize Manchurian railways advanced by Secretary Knox late in 1909. Russia, therefore, welcomed Japan's overtures to make common cause in preventing any reaffirmation of China's sovereignty in the regions where they were determined to retain their ascendancy. With a delicately suggestive humor, M. Iswolsky and Baron Motono signed an agreement on the Fourth of July, 1910; and Russia, her position in the Far East secure, proceeded with renewed vigor to bestir herself amongst the chancelleries of Europe.

In spite of increasing friction between England and France on the one hand, and Germany on the other, in northern Africa and the Near East, British and German bankers had been cooperating with French financial interests for railway construction in China. This combination was augmented in 1910 by the inclusion of the American banking group, and this so-called Quadruple Syndicate in 1911 contracted with the Chinese government to issue a loan for currency reform in China and for certain developments in Manchuria.

The plan was opposed by Japan and Russia, who feared that the creation of an international investment might weaken their position in Manchuria. The British, German and American governments, however, were not yet prepared to ac-

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cept the complete exclusion of their enterprise from this region. But the crisis brought on by the arrival of the Panther at Agadir in July, 1911, made it imperative for Great Britain to sacrifice all lesser considerations for the sake of assuring the solidarity of the Triple Entente in Europe, while the outbreak of the Chinese revolution in the following October necessitated the subordination of international differences at Peking to the effort to obtain joint action by the Powers, and thus to prevent aggressive action by any one nation at China's expense.

For almost the first time the Russian and Japanese Ministers cooperated with their British, French, German and American colleagues. China had entered upon negotiations with the Quadruple Syndicate to secure the funds required to establish the republic and to restore normal conditions throughout the country, when, at the instance of the British, French, German and American governments, it was arranged that Russian and Japanese bankers should join with the so-called Four Groups in financing the reorganization of the Chinese government.

Negotiations for this loan were still in progress when war broke out in the Balkans. The issue between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance was now clearly drawn in China. Great Britain and Japan joined France in supporting the demands made by Russia in connection with the "Six Power" loan agreement, and Germany, powerless to oppose her rivals, exacted similar concessions from the Peking government. Deprived of the support of the Administration at Washington, the American bankers withdrew from the field. International cooperation was continued, but the situation was thenceforth practically dominated by Russia and Japan.

Russia is now concentrating her efforts in Europe, and, save for the presence of a few British troops at Tsingtau, Japan represents not only her own interests but the interests of the Allies in the Far East. The United States has, it is true, an understanding with Japan regarding the preservation of the Open Door in China, but the United States is a benevolent guide, philosopher and friend, and no longer a practical political factor. China's integrity had been preserved, in so far as it may be said to have been preserved, for the last twenty years by the delicate balance between rival Powers. That balance is no more.

Germany's occupation of Tsingtau in 1897 precipitated the international scramble for spheres of influence in China. To check Germany's ambitions for world-empire a diplomatic mesh has been created—the Franco-Russian and the Anglo-Japanese alliances, the Anglo-French, the Anglo-Russian, the Franco-Japanese, and the Russo-Japanese understandings. These may bring victory to the Allies in Europe. They would seem, with the elimination of Germany to have conferred upon Japan political supremacy in eastern Asia.

Brieux

HENRY JAMES has said of George Sand that she "is too inveterately moral, too preoccupied with that need to do good which is in art often the enemy of doing well." This enmity has divided the will of many literary artists. It has never cost Brieux a moment's uneasiness. There has been no conflict in his soul between his message and his art. Brieux the dramatist thinks he has done well enough when Brieux the moralist has done good by making himself heard. The difficulties of making one's self heard on the stage, of making a thousand men and women sit still and listen and understand, of making them feel and judge for the moment as the dramatist judges and feels, these difficulties are so enormous that victory over them is apt to satisfy the victor.

That it has satisfied Brieux is a sign of his earnestness as a preacher and of his deficiency in specialized ambition. His is an abundant natural talent for writing scenes. He can make us swallow without wincing large doses of information. By putting quite commonplace sentences into the mouths of just the right person at just the right moment he can charge them with ultra-significance. His men and women, whenever he will have it so, open their mouths and characterize themselves without talking about themselves. Never do the playwright's words keep us from hearing what his characters have to say. These are all tokens of genuine vocation. A man with such an equipment would have wasted part of his talent had he chosen to set up his pulpit anywhere except on the stage.

Brieux's preaching has found its texts in the conditions, predicaments, customs and bad habits which lie apparent on the surface of French life, and a little below the surface. They have inspired him with generous indignation and generous pity, convinced him of the need of immediate change, reform, social betterment. Believing that the dramatist can talk louder and be heard farther and sooner than any other preacher, Brieux took to the stage, and no living Frenchman has done more toward turning this belief into fact. Although he talks very loud he is too robust to let his voice grow shrill or feverish. His speciality is pity without tears, homespun indignation. In our time there has been no robuster distributor of pity. He has pitied the victims of overconfident medical dogmatizers, he has pitied men and women unjustly accused and haled into court, girls without dowry, wet nurses divided from their babies, persons afflicted with syphilis, the slaves of "collage," women who struggle to earn their own living.

It is through other human beings, never through monsters, that the world brings its everyday injustice to bear on these victims. Brieux understands the average man's temptations, understands how being a doctor may turn an average egotist into a dangerous maleficent egotist, how the will-to-succeed must asert itself in a badly paid prosecuting attorney, how this normal will-to-succeed

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may be coarsened and hardened, how easily it may become a resolve to obtain convictions at the expense of justice. In the world of functionaries, petty bureaucrats, physicians, small shopkeepers, much injustice is done, many wills are perverted. The immediate causes of this perversion vary from case to case. The remoter causes are usually economic. To be richer than you are, and with this end in view to appear richer than you are—through the operation of such motives the poor are injured by the not quite so poor.

Of course Brieux aims at effect. So does every preacher. The only pertinent question as to any preacher is what he sacrifices, and for the sake of what effect. Brieux sacrifices nothing that he cares about. He paints with heavy, emphatic strokes a world of thick outlines and gross colors, but he paints what he sees. His aim is practical. His plays are a series of up-to-date journalistic acts. By his up-to-date interest in the struggle of the poor to keep alive, in the struggle of the not quite so poor for a little more freedom from worry, by his up-to-date determination to better the plight of unmarried mothers, and to expose the conspiracy of syphilis and silence, he has partially satisfied his urgent need to do good.

How can it be said of a dramatist whose plays are contagiously concerned with the simple human troubles and emotions, and not alone with the circumstance of special occupations, that his need to do good has been the enemy of doing well? How can it matter that his scenes are better than his plays, if throughout his plays he has kept us convinced of the probity of his talent, the good faith of his theatrical effectiveness, the highminded sobriety of his muckraking?

The answer to such questions can only be an assertion that in Brieux's case indifference to doing well has actually thwarted his desire to do good. The dramatist's indifference to form has kept the preacher from delivering his message with the maximum intensity. People who should know better have coupled his name with Ibsen's, and although Brieux can be seen reduced to his own size without such a comparison, the comparison is useful as a short cut. In the last act of "Les Avariés" an attempt is made to tell the truth about syphilis, first by a series of instances, by surveying a wide field, fact after fact, and then by generalizing from the facts given. In "Ghosts" Ibsen does not generalize about the disease which crushed Oswald Alving. He trusts his intensity of vision, relies on his power to burn the particular instance so deeply into our memories that we shall do the generalizing and keep at it, long after we have left the theatre. There can be no question as to which method enables the dramatist to say his say with the greater energy.

Brieux has taken from real life subjects and episodes which the stage did not know, and has made them known on the stage. In doing this he has done younger playwrights a substantial service. He has made future audiences familiar with the raw material which these younger men will one day fashion into works more thoroughly prepared for the stage. But Brieux himself, in transferring so much new material to the stage, has left this material almost raw. He has not chosen, after rejections and avoidances, the parts which would make his play ring with its own meaning. He has not organized such parts as he does choose. Life as it happens is so nearly good enough for him that many of his plays sound like first or second drafts. The last reworking, the touches and tightenings that enable a play to express the meaning of its material with the special intensity of the theater—these are lacking.

Brieux's scattering fire, his habit of jumping our interest from one character to another, never leave us in doubt whether these things did actually happen to these characters, but they do keep him from persuading us that these things happened to our very selves. Even the mere teaching of a play is most unforgettable when the play affects us as an enlargement of our personal experience. We learn by living and we cannot live statistics. It is literally true that his honest, loud, useful message, heard immediately and carrying far, would have a better chance of being long listened to if he had cared more for his medium.

Is there not, in our willingness to call him a preacher, both gratitude for his message and eagerness to excuse his aesthetic failure? And to what, after all, is this most serious dramatist's aesthetic failure due if not to a deficiency in the right kind of seriousness? John Millington Synge has said, in the preface to "The Tinker's Wedding," that drama is made serious, in the finer French sense, not by concerning itself with subjects that are important in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives us the food, not easy to define, upon which imagination lives. In this sense Brieux is not serious at all.

Norman Angellism Applied

IN almost any circle one may hear wiseacres pompously propound: "This war is the complete refutation of Norman Angellism." And however intelligent the circle may otherwise be, the statement is likely to pass unchallenged. One recalls that among the peacemakers were men who said that no great war could ever be fought again; men who urged that under modern weapons armies would quickly melt away; men who urged national disarmament, peace at any price. Norman Angell's place among the peacemakers is vague in our memories, and we are inclined to credit him with a share in such teachings, now proven futile or pernicious. If we reexamine his writings, we shall, however, find that current events in Europe, far from refuting his views, have in very important respects confirmed them.

Norman Angell is not one of those who teach that war is obsolete. Indeed, he appears rather to overestimate the probability that wars will re-

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cur as long as the present philosophy of international relations retains its hold. He has not urged that one nation should disarm while others continue to prepare for war. What he teaches is that under existing conditions no nation can gain from a war. The annexation of adjacent territory, so often regarded as one of the solidest gains from military adventure, benefits the conquering nation not a whit.

With this view the Powers at war in Europe appear to be in accord. Austria announced at the outset that she did not seek to acquire territory in the Balkans. She may or may not have been sincere, but she must certainly have realized that she already had Serbs enough within her boundaries. Germany was ready to engage herself to annex no French territory and to restore Belgium to her original status if England would keep out. There is every reason for thinking that Germany was sincere in this proposal; she can scarcely have hungered after additional French subjects. Russia proposes to create an autonomous Poland out of such territories as she may wrest from Germany and Austria, and add thereto a large section of her own superfluous Poles. And nobody, not even the bitterest enemy of Germany, desires to appropriate a slice of real German territory, full of Germans.

Norman Angell holds that, owing to the interlacing of financial relations, a war must be disastrous to both victor and vanquished. We all know that the commerce and industry of the belligerent European states are suffering under a state of disorder compared with which the worst commercial crises are almost negligible. England may pick up certain odds and ends of German trade in the remote regions of the globe, but her flourishing trade with Germany is utterly destroyed; moreover, high insurance rates and shortage of shipping handicap her industry. As for Germany, even if she should be completely victorious, it would take years to restore her industry and trade to the condition they were in before the war.

Colonial dominion, according to Mr. Angell, is not worth fighting over. What do current events prove as to the value of colonies as a military resource? France has brought to the field a few thousand Turcos; England, a few thousand Hindoos. Their value appears to be chiefly sentimental. And if the same thing is not true of the military resources of the self-governing colonies of England it is to be borne in mind that these are rather allied nations, giving aid freely, than possessions rendering support under compulsion. If conquered by Germany they would become, not a resource in time of war, but an added danger.

But if the Crown colonies were to be annexed by Germany, could she not monopolize their trade? Mr. Angell points out that it has not paid England to reserve special privileges to her nationals in the commerce of the Crown colonies. Accordingly, it would hardly be profitable for Germany to do so.

It is asserted by Mr. Angell that the alleged moral value of war is an illusion; that the manly virtues are nurtured in peace as well as in war. Of the men now fighting in Europe, scarcely any had been under fire before. Yet in the attack upon Liège the German troops appear to have stood punishment such as the veterans of Napoleon might barely have endured. The Belgians, too, though wholly without experience in war, and without the traditions of a great military nation, acquitted themselves in a way to win universal praise. In the three months in which the two lines have confronted each other in France, there has been scarcely any evidence of general panic on either side, even though bodies of men have again and again been forced to fight against appalling odds. It will not be written in future histories that forty years of peace destroyed the virility of European men.

Superiority in the arts of peace, according to Mr. Angell, is the basis of superiority in the art of war. Thus far the most magnificent episode of the war was the resistless sweep of the German army through Belgium and France toward Paris. And this was a triumph of the German organization of transport, a work made possible by German technical and business training. The reduction of Liège, Namur and Antwerp was the result of German technique rather than of German martial spirit. The most warlike nation of the old world, Turkey, has entered the fray, and still the nations do not tremble. The fighting arts of Turkey count for little because of her weakness in the arts of peace.

The benefits of war, Norman Angell urges, are all illusory. War is possible because the thoughts of men are filled with the vague concepts of an obsolete statecraft. Does not the present war marvelously support this contention? Russia and Austria, we are told, had conflicting interests in the Balkans. One or the other, it does not greatly matter which, pushed its interests too far, and now Germans and French and English are killing one another by tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of innocent persons are homeless and in danger of starvation. What were those interests in the Balkans, and what were they worth in hard cash? If the Austrian and Russian statesmen had reduced the loose term, "vital interests," to intelligible expression, they would scarcely have had the hardihood to lay waste one mud-village in the Balkans. Under the smudge of their vague diplomatic speech, they could set fire to European civilization with safety.

"The development of . . . the oversea traffic growing ever greater under the protection of the German navy has brought the foreign market within easier reach." So writes von Bülow, in "Imperial Germany." The oversea traffic never needed protection before the present war, and how

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much protection is it now getting? Norman Angellism would place a taboo upon such question-begging and meaningless talk. If German goods found their way to foreign markets, if German ships won a large share of the world's carrying trade, it was because of German efficiency in the arts of peace, and because German exporters and shipbuilders supposed that their statesmen would avert a war with England. It is a habit of military men to impute to themselves as large a share as possible of the fruits of civil progress. It is a vice of statesmen that they adopt this view uncritically, and by the weight of their personalities induce the general public to accept it.

It may be urged that there are some wars—punitive expeditions against predatory tribes, wars restoring order in anarchic states—that do show gains to the conquering nation. This view Mr. Angell does not controvert. But the war problem of to-day is not one of "native wars." It is based upon a supposed conflict in the vital interests of the great Powers; and this conflict of interests resolves itself, under Mr. Angell's analysis, into a pure illusion.

So it is, no doubt; and would that this were the end of it. But so long as my neighbor cherishes the illusion that I am going to attack him, I'd better go armed. And in case of doubt, I'd better shoot. In so far as this is a fair analogy with the international situation, there is ground for Norman Angell's faith that universal peace may be brought about by a revolution in ideas concerning national advantage, an acceptance by all peoples of the view that gains by war are illusory gains.

But the analogy is not perfect, for the reason that the policy of nations often expresses not the interest of the whole people, but that of a class. It is not the millions that make wars, but a small minority. A few score, at most, knew on July first that the end of the month would usher in one of the greatest wars of history. Not more than a few hundreds shared in the deliberations that resulted in its outbreak. If the gain of war is an illusion for the masses of mankind, it may not be an illusion for the few who bring wars to pass. It was for illusory ends that most of the Russians and Japanese died at Liao Yang and Mukden. But to Alexeieff and his fellow promoters the timber concessions on the Yalu were not an illusion. The Cape-to-Cairo road is no illusion to its promoters, nor the Anatolian and Bagdad railways to theirs. And if it happen that such interests weigh heavily in diplomatic and governmental circles, how much trust shall we place in the sufficiency of Mr. Angell's flawless intellectual appeal?

A revolution in ideas, a readjustment of the values governing international policy, are indeed indispensable if we are to make progress in the direction of world peace. But we need something more: a means of removing the problems of colonial exploitation from the chancelleries of the national states. So long as the backward nations are administered competitively by the several states, so long will the war illusion retain its hold upon the minds of men. ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Land of Sunday Afternoon

WHENEVER I enter an art museum, for the first five minutes I see only brown gnomes writhing with the torment of endless confinement, ghosts waving milk-white arms forlornly in a prison. After I recognize them once again as bronzes and marbles I wander to the picture galleries. There I seem to be visiting a stud farm, canvasses instead of horses standing in patient rows. All that seems lacking on the brass tag, Whistler 1834-1903, is the addition, "By Velasquez out of Hokusai." One can only realize that painters breed painters and that pictures accumulate. Rooms are crammed with paintings until they become a kaleidoscope, cases are crowded with objects until the mere process of attention becomes an agony of effort. When a visitor finally succeeds in isolating an object he is too worn out to be able to delight in it. Elation is no longer possible. I go to an American museum as a painter, knowing what I wish to see and already familiar with better examples elsewhere, and I come away invariably depressed with the realization that the only goal of art is a spacious and dreary asylum where shelter is piously accorded to waifs and strays. The other stragglers who have come to refresh themselves with beauty seem equally depressed. For in an art museum beauty sleeps in a land where it is always Sunday afternoon.

This practice of unending accumulation, which displays everything and reveals nothing, is the direct result of a policy of mere acquisition, seemingly the only policy our museums are able to conceive. The modern collector hoards what he usually has neither the time to see nor the space to house. On his death the museum, in the role of a benevolent Fafner, provides an appropriate cave in which successive Niebelungen hoards recovered from a disintegrating past are accumulated in exactly the piles in which they were originally heaped. Even Alberich set to work hammering and reforging. But our museum directors seem content to remain nothing more than collectors of collectors. Now, when you have transferred a private collection to a museum you have done nothing more than if you had brought a hermit's pot of gold to the vault of a bank. If it can only remain there as a symbol of wealth it might as well have remained in its secret cellar. The whole problem is how to set it to work, how to make it create values. Private collecting, which is private hoarding, is a vagary. But public

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collections, which are only public hoarding, are a social blunder.

By way of continuing it, a monument of accumulation like the Morgan collection, is accorded thirteen galleries because the bulk of it contains so many precious examples of epochs when ornament became little more than ornamentation and which as influences were pernicious; the Augsburg and Nurnberg cups which helped to create the "gingerbread" style of German ornament, until fifteen years ago a fungus-blight on the whole nation; Gobelin tapestries that have consecrated the foolish attempt to make weaving imitate oil painting; Louis XV and XVI furniture that for two centuries made gilt and convolution our notion of grace and elegance; Dresden china mannikins and shepherdesses which until yesterday afflicted our mantels—in short, the historic models of most wedding presents. But even if the collection contained only its great beauties, the English and Flemish tapestries, the Italian majolica, certain of the Roman and Renaissance bronzes, the Byzantine and Limoges enamels, there is still ten times too much of it, as there is ten times too much of everything in any museum to be experienced.

"It may well be doubted," says the Museum's special catalogue, "whether even Mr. Morgan realized what a bewildering abundance of objects he had accumulated or what a display they were capable of making." I wandered in this bewildering abundance past hundreds of miniatures, I peered into cases displaying thirty-one "Chelsea wear" snuff-boxes, fifty-six enamelled snuff-boxes, eleven enamelled umbrella handles, four bishop's crooks, fourteen reliquaries. And when I reached the bowls and ewers of Limousin and Curtois, I recognized dully that they were as miraculously beautiful as Greek vases. I had become inevitably as listless as any shopper in a huge showroom where nothing is for sale.

You make a crowd, says Degas, with five people, not with twenty. Similarly you make a museum with fifty masterpieces, not with five hundred. If it is a misdemeanor to crowd five Italians into a tenement bedroom, it is criminal to crowd five great works of art into a space where not one can truly live. If a school-child must have twenty-five cubic feet of air in order to breathe, a masterpiece needs a hundred in order to be seen. The relation of a museum to the objects that compose it is precisely the same as the relation of any artist to the objects he composes. Only ruthless elimination can produce design. The attempt to substitute repetition for selection has given us the modern museum, which records everything and expresses nothing.

There should be a new commandment for museum directors, "When you have enough to fill thirteen galleries, expose as little as you can place in three rooms." For the business of a museum is not to store the past but to restore it, to restore to the scattered fragments of a dismembered age their meaning by restoring their original function, to make them live as they originally lived, part of an act of living, in a temple, a palace, or a cathedral. Imagine, instead of these well-ordered salesrooms, an apse built into a hall, an altar beneath a stained glass window, the reliquaries, the lamps and the bishop's crook in their destined places, tapestries hiding the walls. Would there be need of a catalogue to remind us that craftsmanship is the precious bond that unites art to life, and that beauty achieves perfection by serving some other purpose than to display itself? In some fourteenth century interior an Augsburg cup near a tiled "Kachelofen" facing a Durer engraving would fill the place it occupied in its age, as a whimsical toy; its importance would be felt to be its gay triviality, like a moment of laughter in a passion play. If museum directors ceased modelling galleries on the Louvre or the Pitti, royal palaces temporarily without royal tenants, and studied instead those built to express the social purpose of an art museum, as the new museum at Geneva, they would find a series of just such rooms. If we are to see Oriental art, let us see it grouped about some courtyard lined with the tiles now scattered aimlessly over gallery walls, in the secret splendor of a house that turns a blank face to the street, like the heart of an Eastern sage. Renaissance palaces have been carefully reproduced in which to print our newspapers, as in the New York Herald building, or to house our clubs. It is much more necessary to build one, as Mrs. Gardiner has done, to house Italian art. If Italian gardens are appropriate on country estates, there is infinitely greater need for one through which to approach the Italian section of an art museum, where cypresses seemed to hide the distant wind-silver on olive hills, while some fountain, perhaps Verocchio's, topped by a laughing cherub, rescued from a white wilderness of casts, bubbled joy audibly; where Italy lived though one never entered the door under Andrea Della Robbia's medallions of gay fruit and flowers which now dangle on wires in gallery thirteen.

A museum must become, not a permanent exhibition but a permanent exposition, arranged as our expositions are, and pervaded by the same holiday spirit. The center should be a garden where instinctively we would return to dream and to meditate, where lovers would meet and children play. Though we saw the buildings only in passing or wandered in them for hours, we should feel precisely what we now lose, shuffling through gray galleries: a sense of the benediction of beauty, the knowledge that through the eye we gain peace. And since automobiles and baby-carriages, for reasons only an alderman can understand, have preeminent right to the space of our public parks, let the priceless variations in the color of snuff-boxes, the extra bishop's crooks, the endless assortment of Dresden china, be added to all other necessary accumulations the museum possesses, including the 3,700 musical instruments, and stored with them in well-lighted subterranean galleries. And there the critic, the historian, and the high-school teacher followed by patient droves learning to appreciate art, might amble happily.

L. S.

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Novelty First

The Big Idea, a play in three acts, by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York, November 16, 1914.

CERTAINLY "The Big Idea" attempts, with almost heroic earnestness, to turn a new trick for the jaded public. It is a skillful trick, a triple somersault, and it lands, when it does land, on its feet, but there are moments when one longs for the familiar juggling with cannon balls or oranges, in the interests of one's double-knotted brain.

They say that when the professor of psychology wishes to bemuse his students he conjures up a symbol of infinity. He suggests a college building running around the campus, and in the center of the campus a perfect model of the rectangle. In the center of the model, of course, there is a diminutive reproduction of the original model, and in the center of that reproduction there is, in proper proportion, another reproduction. With this image in mind, the students are asked to go on visualizing models within models within models, so long as their imaginative apparatus can sustain the repetition. I do not know how far they get, but there is something about "The Big Idea" which suggests that, after a time, the model in the center of the campus would become a psychologic blur. The process in "The Big Idea," however, is not so subtly appalling and, luckily, for its spectators, is reversed. At the centre is an ordinary drama. Then comes a dramatization of this drama; and what we observe is a dramatization of the dramatization of the drama. It sounds a little complex, but so long as there is no sequel, dramatizing this dramatization of the dramatization of a drama, there is hope that the idea can be conveyed.

It is convenient to begin as the dramatists begin, with the episode that gives excuse for the play. James Howard is a New York banker and, although he does not wear side whiskers, he is a dishonest banker, a manipulator of accounts, a whited safety deposit vault. On Easter Monday night, closeted with his only son in his country home, he confesses his defalcations and his imminent ruin. He has worked every possible resource to save himself, but his ladder of escape does not reach to the top. He lacks twenty thousand dollars, and for want of that twenty thousand he will be trapped, made bankrupt, indicted, convicted, and sent to jail. The son, a young person who knows very little of life and has therefore devoted his time to writing stories, is staggered by his father's confession. Possessing nothing himself but a runabout and a few hundred dollars, he is unable to rescue his father. But hold! He has an insurance policy for $25,000, and the very man who sold him the policy is his chum, Bob Caswell, downstairs at the moment. He leads his father from the room. Enter Bob, cheery and devoted, little wotting what the son of the banker wots. A few sentences, however, unfold young Dick Howard's fell design. With Bob's dazed assent, he arranges to kill himself by "accident" and by the fateful Thursday approaching, to have the insurance money in his errant father's hands. Yes, it is tough luck, but when one's father is in trouble, one would willingly die to save him, wouldn't one? The insurance agent has no answer. When one's chum plans to kill himself so nobly, what is one to say?

So far there is nothing intricate, ingenious or extravagant about this ordinary theatric situation. Why, then, did the play open with a formal announcement before the curtain that the play was "taken from life"? The motive for this procedure is soon apparent. A young lady visiting the Howards discovers young Richard's predicament and, falling in love with him on the spot, persuades him that, instead of electrocuting himself by accident, he can turn his situation into a drama, for which she engages to get $20,000. She has met a manager, one Gilmore, at sea, and she believes can persuade him to purchase the piece if it is finished within twenty-four hours. The time seems short, even for a productive writer who has not to bother about life. But Richard, wonderfully amenable, decides to do what he is told, and so, with father brooding on an upper floor, he proceeds to turn the subject of that brooding into a sensational drama which is to save the family name. As the play progresses, you realize that the intention of the dramatists is to make you believe, or pretend to believe, that such a thing did happen. You gather, even, that the real producer of the play is Mr. Gilmore and for verisimilitude, he has lent himself to the play. It is an elaborate hoax, a fantastic by-product of publicity, a five-footed calf on Broadway.

What saves "The Big Idea" from fatuity is the skill with which fresh materials are introduced to help the faltering dramatists on the stage. Time and again they come to the end of their resources and nothing remains to be disclosed, but at these moments some unexpected development in the real or original drama, the outwitting of the paying teller by the heroine, or his reappearance with a new irate demand, furnishes just the "action" they require to carry on the play to its conclusion. Keeping the two plots concurrent, one feeding the other, Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton manage to give "The Big Idea" a highly artificial interest, excellently sustained.

The manner in which the fable is extended so that the play is written and accepted cannot, with any fairness, be detailed, but there is one point in which the dramatists come so near destroying their invention that it is perhaps worth mentioning in a review. In the last act the heroine, urging the manager to buy "The Big Idea," turns to the audience and implores "the public, the darlings," for assurance that her play will make a hit. The public, in the language of Broadway, "stood for it." They entered into the illusion and applauded the appeal. A more preposterous sensation was never, I think, devised in any theatre. It was bad enough when Barrie had the impertinence to ask us if we believed in fairies, a matter which is none of his business, but this direct appeal, based on the fantasy that "The Big Idea" is actually keeping some crooked banker out of jail, is incomparably worse. It pokes a real head through the canvas, not the way to make a canvas live.

Except for the ranting of Mr. Ernest Glendinning, "The Big Idea" was satisfactorily played. There were people present who loudly declared it to be "crazy and meaningless," and who moaned during the intervals that "the music would certainly help out a great deal"; but such judgments could equally be inspired by "Hamlet" or "Peter Pan." For exceeding ingenuity "The Big Idea" is remarkable. And in this generation, when what Mr. Thorstein Veblen calls "the disintegrating trend of the machine discipline" has proceeded not a little, there must be hundreds of theatregoers, sophisticated and incapable of simple wonder, who will enjoy the dramatization of the producing of the drama before their eyes. There is something very characteristic of this generation in such a drama. And we, who matured in that simple decade before the moving picture came to document untruth and turn everything visual to sensation, must be humble before our betters. We, poor senile elders, were eager about the What. But the generation that is succeeding us is the generation of cause and effect, and many further efforts will be made to satisfy their technological craving for the How. FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

LOWES DICKINSON'S new book, "Appearances," is made up partly of letters from the East, first published in the "Manchester Guardian," and partly of letters from America, first published in the "English Review." In the letter form Mr. Dickinson has no chance to reveal again his gift of shaping and modeling exposition into a thing of intellectual beauty. "Justice and Liberty" remains his fullest revelation of this gift. Nor is there, in the Eastern letters, anything to equal the description of Chinese landscape in "The Letters of a Chinese Official," by which Secretary Bryan, so far as I know, was the only reader deceived. The letters from the United States, in spite of their readableness and their art, do not sound quite so unfamiliar as Mr. Dickinson's earlier comments upon this country. He is still a little obsessed by the average. "Describe the average Western man," he says, "and you describe the American; from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same—masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success."

It may be all quite true, yet one wonders. Statistics tell us the proportion of Americans who fail in business. It is rather high, isn't it? Somewhere in the United States, one infers from these statistics, there must be Americans who are very likely all that Mr. Dickinson says of us, except that they are neither masterful nor quick-witted nor intelligent. Self-reliant and aggressive they may be, but the source of their self-reliance is not success achieved. Their self-reliance must be fed at other springs. They would be worth study by a visitor interested in the effect of American standards upon Americans whose lives, if tried by those standards, are failures. The average American, whatever else he may be, is not successful from a worldly standpoint. Liking to read about America, finding in such reading an egotistic satisfaction that doesn't bring one into disrepute, I can't help wishing such a perceptive visitor as Mr. Dickinson would pay more attention to our failures.

One knows, too, successful Americans who don't strike one as superlatively brutal, aggressive, unscrupulous, crass. It seems to me, looking backward across my acquaintance, that I have known Americans who were like still lakes, reflecting things beautifully, and whose activity was confined to seeking their level reasonably, with all the reasonableness of water. And I have known American artists, New Englanders, who were like quiet, bare trees, with flowers on them and no foliage. Not very long ago I was staying at the house of an American who has laid by and nailed down a small-sized fortune, acquired by speculating in railways. We were all saying, expansively, how we should like to live. "To collect a good deal of information, and to arrange it in my one way," the Speculator said, "and to judge it, and to be tranquil, and to have things simple rather than elaborate, and to sympathize with people and to discriminate between people, and to be kind to them when the opportunity comes, without hunting round for people to be kind to—that's about what I want." You may call the speech rather soft, if you choose, but does it sound active for the sake of activity?

Not long ago I was in a studio, listening to a Painter who likes competence and efficiency. There were a good many illustrated papers and magazines on the table. "It's extraordinary," the Painter began, "to read 'Punch' in war time and hear light-hearted laughter. The British seem aware of so many things beside the war. They still give you a feeling of the blue sky, a hint, dropped quite unconsciously, of a wider world. They're a little nonplussed themselves, I think, a little surprised and chagrined, at their continuing interest in sport, with which they used to be so pleased. Look at this picture of a week-kneed, silly-ass Britisher. Imagine the Germans, now that the war is on, making just as joyously as in time of peace such a joke against themselves. You can't imagine it. The Germans have no Uncle Sam or John Bull. They have no far-offness in their attitude toward themselves. Take 'Simplicissimus,' for instance, where they draw themselves with no hint of caricature, except as to the means; where the German feeling about Germans is a serious admiration of themselves as very perfect male beings.

"But how they do their enemies! 'Punch' has not invented a good German type. You can't be sure at a glance that the Germans are Germans. Now look at 'Simplicissimus,' at Gulbransson, their best man. Couldn't you pick that soldier out for British by his knees? And this one by his teeth, the teeth of a race that has been drinking tea indefinitely through generations, which doctors say produces the tannin tooth? Here is one of Gulbransson's Japs—a stubby nose, a little squat, firmly-built figure, a solid-stepping, powerful tiny person! No lines that aren't needed. In 'Punch' you often have forty where one would do. Gulbransson has thought it all out, he has carried competence and efficiency as far as other Germans have carried them in war, he has cut caricature to the line that's necessary. He hates savagely without waste. What clear incision of wound!"

"What has happened," I asked, "to the German Sehnsucht, the northern mist? What's become of German sentimentality?" "Gone," said the Painter. "They are making very few pictures with subjects that could be sentimentally treated, though here's one in 'Simplicissimus' that might have been all sentimentality—'Landwehrmanns Abschier,' by Thöny, their next best man. A father leaving for the front, with a baby in his arms, and three other small children. The coarseness of the drawing and the intentional ugliness of the handling keep the thing from being sentimental. You feel, even from this picture with small children in it, that men are the only things that count with the Germans now. Here's another, 'Simplicissimus' again, 'Altbayrisch,' by Spiegel. Flowers in the sunny window, you see, and two old people reading a letter from the front, with the brave, constrained, anxious expression of the old. It's done in such coarse, big, simple masses that sentiment, at least sentimentality, has no remotest chance to come in."

The Painter pushed the papers away and went on: "After a while, though, you get tired of efficiency and competence, sick of that deep narrowness of the German, the intensity of his focus. You go back to 'Punch,' where the drawing is so slovenly and the humor so agreeable. Their English execution is furry, of course, and their plastic ideal is mossy and overgrown. But other things than war still go on in life for the English. That's a relief, I think, after the cleared-for-action German cartoons."

Worship of success is not the loudest sound which this talk gives out. But painters are not the average in any country, and by their talk nothing can be proved, except, perhaps, that the average is not always and everywhere dominant. P. L.

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Maeterlinck and the Unknown

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

The New Philosophy of Henri Bergson, by Edouard Le Roy. Translated by Vincent Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

THIS time Maurice Maeterlinck has stepped over the line. It is all very well to write in vague and poetical terms of the mysteries of the universe, of unknown forces that impinge upon the soul, of significances that elude expression, of experiences that seem to pierce the infinite. It is worth while to speculate about the unknowable things that lie so little below the surface of our matter-of-fact world, to think of the wisdom of the flowers and the instinct of the bee, intuitive sympathies and haunting presences, and all the experiences of aesthetic and personal emotion that defy analysis and conceptual regularity, and yet which bathe the life of every mind of the slightest poetical sensitiveness. About all these Maeterlinck has written with charm and truthfulness. But it is of the very essence of this mystic world that it remain formless and incalculable. It is charming and true only until one seeks the rationale of it all. When one tries to find the carnal manifestation of the mysteries, the cosmic always threatens to become comic.

Maeterlinck's curiosity has here been his undoing. Instead of being content to hear the murmurs and the music through the closed door, he has, like his own Ariadne, broken it down, and now wants us to believe that these psychometers, these prophets of the future, these talking horses of Elberfeld, are the best, because the most authentic and tangible, manifestations of the mystery about which he has talked for so long. This is worse than finding pendent wives. It is like finding there were no wives at all but only grotesque manikins.

Now there is no way of telling that these things are not connected with the Mystery, but if they are, I think Maeterlinck should have kept still about them. We never can think quite the same of a charming and glowing friend who presents us with an atrocious work of art from his own hand. And poignant as it was when the Mystery shone suddenly through a poem or a piece of music or a sunset or a presence, it seems trivial and even senseless for it to express itself in mystic scarfs and prophetic dreams, and horses who can do phonetic spelling and extract square roots. One has a sudden sense of disillusionment with the Mystery. "Pelléas and Mélisande" went; but from "The Unknown Guest" you are lucky if you get anything but arid and irritated wonder.

For Maeterlinck tries here to perform the impossible feat of living in two worlds at once. He is a little too much concerned about the objective evidence of his occult phenomena. And this is, of course, to enter upon a losing fight. It was well enough when he was dealing with the mystical in poetical and metaphorical language; that is, when he was treating the qualitative world in a qualitative way. Now that he has objective phenomena, he sees the need of establishing some objective proof. But it will be a long time before science will have enough evidence of the occult to persuade it to abandon or revise the stock of ideas which seem to work so well in practical control of the rest of the world. Up-to-date American psychology is completely renouncing the study of consciousness. It will concern itself only with such physical reactions as can be experimentally determined and tested. By this attitude all that pertains to the Unknown Guest is banished to the world of philosophy and interpretation. The psychology of James, for instance, dealing naively with the mind as a conscious organ, becomes philosophy, poetry, autobiography, if you will—anything but science. The whole qualitative side of life is henceforth left frankly to those who can handle it in terms of experience and not in terms of mathematics. Science has unexpectedly accepted quite without reserve the Bergsonian dualism.

The implication of Bergson is that only those things that deal with automatism, with space, with matter, are amenable to intellectual analysis; that is, to science. Whatever deals with life, consciousness, creation, time, eludes classification and measurement, and is only susceptible of approximate expression. The ideal aim of science is a perfect objectivity, an abolition of the human instrument. The ideal of life is a perfect subjectivity, a gathering of all creative force into the human instrument. You can prove by rigid scientific means anything connected with manipulation of matter. But you can never prove subjective experience. You can interpret it, explain it, convey it by symbols and emotion to another person, but you can never prove it to him. And this conveyance is what we mean by art and literature and religion and philosophy. They are all communications of subjective experience and therefore completely and perpetually outside the realm of science.

There is nothing to show that Maeterlinck has ever read Bergson, or, at least, has ever been impressed by him. It would do him no harm now to take a leaf out of his notebook. He would then see that his mystical manner is the truer. For these personal reactions and interpretations we are at perfect liberty to accept or reject as they agree or disagree with our vision of life. But in trying to clamp them down to a universal hypothesis, or fortify them with objective proof, he leaves us with an uneasy sense of having been tricked. We seem to smell a charlatan somewhere.

Bergson would show him that charlatanry is unnecessary. The occult, like all personal experience, has value and truth just as far as it can be tested in other experiences, and no further. Science will not help in establishing its truth. Maeterlinck will have to give up his attempt to get his subconsciousness canonized by science. There seems small chance of persuading psychology to accept the subconsciousness when it won't even any longer accept consciousness.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

Henry James as Critic

Notes on Novelists, with Some Other Notes, by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HENRY JAMES has gathered his later criticism into this book of patient insight. Here he speaks at length of Stevenson, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, George Sand, D'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Dumas the Younger, Charles Eliot Norton, the novel in "The Ring in the Book." Here he speaks more briefly of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie and D. H. Lawrence. The oldest essays in the volume were written about twenty years ago. The latest were written this year.

In his novels Mr. James finds easily, too easily, expedients for keeping us off until the moment has come for the last nearness to his characters, whom we hear talked about by minor characters endowed with sustained inquisitiveness, whom we see through the eyes of some "suppositious spectator." In this volume, in spite of a reference or so to "the fellow-artist we imagine trying to exhibit Balzac," these expedients cannot serve. Some other means of keeping

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us at the distance desired had to be found, and Mr. James has found them precisely where you would expect, in the architecture of sentences which hang back and retard, which almost persuade us that the interest blowing him toward the shore of his subject is really an adverse wind, which he must beat up against. And yet, so complicated is the effect of his mere manner, while we are still ready to wager that he will never land us on that far-off island, its odors and murmurs have come down the wind to us with sudden richness, and an instant later Mr. James is sounding the lagoon.

As everybody knows, in this high manner of his, ever since he achieved it, he has been doing marvellous things. There is abundance of them in this book, metaphors hard to match for sober splendor, metaphors whose amusing exactness is almost light. "Some readers may charge her," says Mr. James of George Sand, "with a graver confusion still—the incapacity to distinguish between fiction and fact, the truth straight from the well and the truth curling in steam from the kettle and preparing the comfortable tea." Here are landscapes done as absolutely as the finest Venetian things in "The Wings of the Dove"—like this setting for "an illustrious family whose fortunes have tragically shrunken with the expulsion of the Bourbons from the kingdom of Naples, and the three last lovely daughters of whose house are beginning to wither on the stem, undiscovered, unsought, in a dilapidated old palace, an old garden of neglected pomp, a place of fountains and colonnades, marble steps and statues, all circled with hard bright sun-scorched volcanic scenery." Is there anything better of its kind in English? No, this is the best.

This same elaborate high manner, which seems capable, if you take it inch by inch, more of self-existence for its own sake than of any delineative function, leaves Mr. James the delineator quite free to feel with sensitive fingers for the shapes of diverse talent, for the articulations which define, the differences of texture that matter, the moral insensitiveness which causes ugliness or triviality or insignificance in art. The manner we have always with us, but we have also, at the end of the book, the lesson of nearly every master understood as never before, the figure in his carpet revealed.

The separate revelations add up into one revelation, the most interesting, of Henry James himself. In this book we see, more distinctly than anywhere else, the figure in his own carpet. We have here a picture of his beliefs, of his austere illuminating preferences. We have a body of aesthetic doctrine which every young novelist would do well to consider, adopting it and adapting, or perhaps rejecting it, and so becoming more sharply aware of his own aims.

A novelist must take time to live, else his fate may be that of Zola, who underwent almost nothing, until too late in life, save the writing of Les Rougon-Macquart. Exceptions to this rule are as rare as Balzac. But to possess your material, to be soaked in it, saturated with it, is only one valuable half of the battle. "Yes, yes," says Mr. James in the presence of material thoroughly possessed by the novelist, "but is this *all?* These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its center, and how are we to measure it in relation to *that?*" Unless a novel answers these questions it is not organized, it is not composed, it lacks significance. In the scale of significances the highest is moral. If you have a defective eye for moral values your novel will not have the aesthetic importance that you claim for it. Here lies the explanation of the fact that the "total beauty" of D'Annunzio's novels "somehow extraordinarily fails to march with their beauty of parts, and that something is all the while at work undermining that bul-

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wark against ugliness which it is their obvious theory of their own office to throw up."

But nowhere in this book, one need hardly protest, is there anything the stupidest reader can mistake for the perfect novelist's formula, the most distinguishing mark of the novel being "its huge freedom of adjustment to the temperament of the worker, which it carries, so to say, as no other vehicle can do." Mr. James never forgets the choices which this freedom leaves open to the novelist: "The more he feels his subject the more he *can* render it—that is the first way. The more he renders it the more he *can* feel it—that is the second way. This second way was unmistakably Flaubert's. . . ." Remembering that the novelist may choose, Mr. James remembers also that he must: "Yet it belongs as well to the matter also, to meet the question of whether the historian himself may not be an artist—in which case Balzac's catastrophe would seem to lose its excuse. The answer of course is that the reporter, however philosophic, has one law, and the originator, however substantially fed, has another; so that the two laws can with no sort of harmony or congruity make, for the finer sense, a common household."

Profundities like these are as useful to the practising artist as Goethe's own. Almost as useful, though more personal to Henry James, is his abounding expression of distaste for workmanship that is facile and fluid and loose, of liking for workmanship that has wrought and refined and hammered rebellious material into durable shapes of beauty.

Even where his insight fails, as it does to our thinking in the case of Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" and of D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," the questions he raises are such as no young novelist who cares at all for his art can afford to leave unanswered. But the insight seldom fails in this book, which makes one realize once more how inadequate are mere good sense and wide sympathies to the task of writing the finest criticism. These gifts are nothing when they are the critic's all. They are only the beginnings of the fortune which Henry James spends for us, liberally with both hands, in this book of slow approaches, sensitive delineation and delayed ultimate insights.

PHILIP LITTELL.

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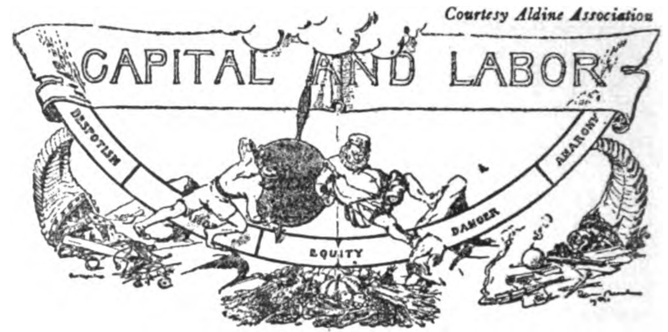

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The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I New York, Saturday, November 28, 1914 NUMBER 4

PRESIDENT WILSON is likely to make the coming congressional session more interesting than has been anticipated. The newspapers have it that he proposes to push further the work, which he has so courageously and successfully begun, of enabling the executive to count more positively in the legislative policy of the government. The President, as the leader of his party and by means of his friendly relations with individual congressmen has, of course, always exercised a considerable influence on congressional action; and these unofficial sources of influence have been used with excellent effect by Mr. Wilson. But he is not content to allow the influence to remain unofficial and personal. He is trying firmly but discreetly to develop regular official channels of executive initiative and power on legislative action. His practice of delivering his messages to Congress in person was an admirable innovation, which symbolized appropriately and conspicuously the increasing contact which he wished to establish between the Presidency and the legislative body. Apparently he is now considering whether the President should not also attend in person the executive sessions of the Senate and discuss with the whole Senate matters of executive business. Finally he proposes to follow up ex-President Taft's wise attempt to bring about an increasing participation of the Treasury department in the framing of the estimates. If it is true that he intends to make his fight on these two points, he has selected his ground with a deadly insight into the weak aspects of the congressional system.

THE President's Mexican policy has failed. It has been at once stubborn, vacillating and unimpressive, and its only merit has been its good intentions. But there is no use in crying over the spilt milk; let us rather right the jug and keep it right. What has occurred will occur again; civil war, rapine, arson, injury to the persons and property of Americans and Europeans. There will be clamor for a war of conquest against Mexico. Let the President therefore decide now. Let him give up his policy of watchful waiting, which is nothing but a policy of aimless drifting, or in other words no policy at all, and decide which of two methods of action he will choose and maintain. Either he must recognize the *de facto* President, whoever and whatever he may be; keep his hands off the electoral machinery, the constitutional processes, the land and labor policy and all other internal affairs of Mexico, maintaining only Mexico's independence of Europe and the rights of Americans and Europeans in Mexico; or he must intervene effectively and by force of arms, seizing and holding the ports and various strategic points, and himself conducting the elections which will put a President in power. The one is a policy of determined non-intervention; the other amounts practically to a temporary protectorate. Each has its drawbacks, dangers, and temptations, but each is at least consistent and offers some chance of a tolerable consummation. What offers no hope is the continuation of the President's actual policy of alternately balking at each of two evils and ultimately embracing both.

WHEN the late Benjamin Altman bequeathed his works of art to the Metropolitan Museum in New York he vastly increased, of course, the usefulness of that institution as one designed to further the education of the public. But he did more to further the education of the collector. The five rooms which were thrown open on November seventeenth expose the aesthetic furniture of a well-ordered mind, sensitive both to high critical standards and to the demands of ordinary human feeling. Mr. Altman gave a new meaning to the phrase which has so often spelled intellectual laziness, if not something worse; he "knew what he liked," and liked all manner of beautiful things. Italian and Flemish Primitives, Rembrandt and Velasquez, French enamels of the fifteenth century and French sculptures of the eighteenth, tapestries and porcelains—all these he collected; and by the simple process of having been bought for no other reason than that he wanted to make his home interesting, the mass of objects has unity and gives one repose-

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ful delight. He spent prodigious sums only because they were necessary, and he did so without a thought of fashion, or of conspicuousness that rests upon extravagance, or of any other adventitious elements in the collector's world. The installation of his treasures is as happy as was the spirit that presided over their accumulation.

A SITUATION which would be amusing if it were not so serious has suddenly presented itself to the contracting firms engaged in building the new subways for New York. These firms, of whose labor force fully ninety per cent are aliens, have suddenly been confronted with the labor law of the State explicitly forbidding the employment of alien labor upon public work. The lawyers for the contractors put on their spectacles and try to look surprised over this law, as plain as a pikestaff, which they have so long and meticulously ignored. Though it must be obeyed, pending appeal to the courts, there is little hope that its application in the present instance will work for good. By it aliens not employed will be thrown out of their jobs, while natives from country districts will be drawn into the city. The result will be more unemployment and not less.

OF course the labor leaders who have invoked the law against the subway contractors will be accused of group selfishness in taking advantage of this legal strangle-hold, and naturally they will retort that if they do profit by their legal opportunities they are at least not alone in their selfishness. But the real trouble lies much deeper, in the law itself. We have every right to restrict immigration and shut out the alien if we wish, but there is neither wisdom nor justice in allowing him to enter the country and then denying him employment. If, as is possible, the whole purpose of the law was to raise wages in this industry—and they are at present far below a real living wage—then the result should have been sought in a manner less invidious and more direct.

THE attitude of the French press towards the war seems calmly free from that restlessness and recrimination that characterize most English comment. To the Anglo-Saxon world the outstanding fact is the abnormality and horror of the conflict. It was avoidable, it is monstrous, it is incredible, it makes the moral order, Christianity, sway under our feet, it is an insensate madness that threatens to wreck the world. The French, on the other hand, now that they have got over their fatalistic apathy towards the first disaster, seem to feel only a holy calm of satisfaction. After the tedious years of recess, the nation has set about its proper business again. The long period of probation, this keeping one's self alive against the great day of activity, is past and over. One has the impression that it was peace with Germany that was the monstrous, the abnormal, the incredible thing. War was the normal state, broken by an enforced but barely tolerated truce of forty-three years, and the nation sets about its work with the air of a man who has found the way of fullest self-expression, and is in his task to the uttermost.

STATISTICS of production and wealth do not give us as vivid a sense of the immense economic power of modern nations as does the comparative ease with which these nations bear the strain of war. In the days of Frederick the Great the task of keeping a few tens of thousands of soldiers in the field taxed the resources of the feeble kingdoms of Europe; to-day England, France, Germany and Russia maintain millions of armed men, and the burden seems hardly to have increased. In England the new war loans are immediately over-subscribed; the rise of prices which followed the outbreak of war is stopped; while unemployment, always a sign of industrial disarrangement, falls from 71 per thousand of trade-unionists in August to 59 in September and to 40 in October. So long as the sea remains open, the industrial resources and the stability of Great Britain are incalculable.

NORTHWESTERN University was recently summoned to court on the charge of violating the State ten-hour law for women. A telephone operator, it was alleged, had been kept on duty nineteen hours. Although the exact number of hours was disputed, the defence did not deny that there had been overwork. It merely denied legal responsibility, on the diverting ground that Northwestern University is not a "public institution." But as a private institution it occupies an interesting position; not only are all its buildings forever exempt from taxation, but its investments in Chicago real estate are exempted too. This amounts to a subsidy of millions of dollars by the taxpayers of Illinois, a rather generous concession to a private enterprise. The University's attempt to evade the law is, of course, worthless, a shameless bit of legal sophistry which an honorable person would scorn to employ. When we remember that the University maintains a law school, that it pretends to train people for American life, an incident of this kind makes us wonder whether the authorities who countenanced such a plea are not somewhat immoral companions for young people .

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IN Georgia most murderers escape. Among white men the percentage of convictions to the total killing is insignificant; the technicalities of the law and the presumptions of public opinion work in favor of the accused. But when public opinion singles out a victim, technicality can be made to work against him. This is what thousands of people believe has happened in the case of Leo Frank, and this is why his fate is being watched in all parts of the Union. It is known that so much prejudice was worked up against him by some newspapers in Atlanta that the court did not dare to receive the jury's verdict on a Saturday when crowds were in the streets. It is believed by thousands of people everywhere that the evidence of Frank's guilt is so exceedingly doubtful that to hang the man would be a thoughtless crime. These people wonder why on feeble evidence gathered in an atmosphere of anger the authorities should be rushing this man towards his death, denying him the benefit of all those technicalities through which far more obviously guilty men have escaped. From one end of the country to the other men and women are asking what there is in the case of Leo Frank which prevents him from receiving a fair trial in a calm court. They are asking what is to be gained by taking the irrevocable step before every doubt is removed.

INDICATIONS are accumulating that the Federal Reserve Act, whatever its deficiencies, has done away with one very dangerous consequence of the old national banking organization. It has apparently succeeded in diminishing the suspicion with which business men and bankers throughout the country regarded the financial power and responsibility of the New York banks, and it has consequently prepared the way for a much more effectual and wholesome measure of cooperation among the local financial centers for the purpose either of meeting an emergency or for that of accomplishing a desirable public financial policy. In order to appreciate the extent of the change, one has only to compare the situation at the present time with that which followed upon the panic of 1907. Seven years ago a large part of the West believed that New York was more or less responsible for the panic, and the banks of that part of the country made it more rather than less difficult for the New York banks to avoid the calamity of a complete collapse of credit and prices. The air was charged with suspicions and mutual recrimination. This year an almost equally serious situation has been handled with much less friction and strain and in a praiseworthy spirit of national cooperation. The Federal Reserve Act has made most of the difference. An extraordinarily long step has been made in the direction of a really national credit system.

"DEMOCRACY being democracy, you cannot convince it that war is justifiable except on moral grounds. The nearer a country approaches democracy, the greater the pressure upon its rulers to find moral reasons or moral pretexts for making war." Hence hypocrisy, or the homage which diplomacy pays to democracy.

"AT about 3 p. m. we crossed the bridge and got into the town. All along the road from bridge to town equipments, guns and cartridges lay thick, and within the place dead men and horses thickened, too. We were taken ahead through the town to support the artillery beyond, where it was shelling the woods around and ridding the place for the night of any troublesome wanderers. The pickets posted out ahead that night said the shrieks of women and children further on in the wood could be heard perfectly all night long, these unfortunates having taken refuge there from the threatened town. That night we lived like fighting-cocks—pork, butter, cheese and all sorts of different delicacies being foraged for, and houses entered regardless of the commonest dues of life, and others set on fire to show the town was our own. She belonged to our army and almost every man claimed a house. If I had only had your orders beforehand for trophies I could have satisfied you with anything named, from a gold watch to an old brickbat."

The reader will at once recognize the passage as an extract from a letter of a Prussian officer serving in the present terrible Belgian campaign. It is stories of callous vandalism like this that give point to the English denunciations of the Germans as barbarians, Huns and Vandals, who wage war with a ruthlessness never before known in civilized lands, and also to our American thankfulness that we have reached a scale of civilization far above that of the militaristic and tyrant-ridden Teutons. Only a German barbarian could write with such cool nonchalance of the anguish of women and the pillage and wanton burning of defenceless towns.

For the truth of history, however, the fact must be let out that this passage occurs not in the correspondence of a Prussian officer, but in a letter from Sergeant G. W. James to his brother, Henry James, a gentleman of somewhat more than local literary fame, and describes the taking of the town of Kingston during the Civil War. Theorists on war are left to draw their own philosophy.

"HIS play is sincere, straightforward, intelligent, unaffected. That is why it is interesting from first to last. Also, that is why it is cheerless." Thus the dramatic critic in *The New York Times*. In the language of humanity, can you beat it?

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War and Capital

PERHAPS the least questioned of all assumptions as to the economic effects of the war is the one contained in the alarming prediction of the financial expert who appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission on behalf of the railroads in the renewal of their appeal for permission to raise freight rates.

"The demand for capital for purely war purposes," he said, "and for the settlements which succeed the war, will be so great as to absorb an amount equal to the entire savings for investment made in all civilized countries for a period of several years." Therefore capital for years to come was bound to be both very scarce and very dear.

What Mr. Conant means to say, and what most people think, is that after the war so much destroyed capital will have to be replaced, and the people's power to create and save new capital will have been so greatly impaired, that there will be a capital famine. All the great states of Europe will appear in the money market as preferred borrowers, bidding high for rehabilitation loans, and when they are through there will be very little capital left in the world to meet the normal wants of industry and commerce.

That may all happen in logical order, and yet it is not inevitable. People often succeed in disappointing an economic fate that they have rashly courted. They have resources of mind and body beyond the knowing of statistical averages. For statistical purposes it is a mere problem of division to discover what the average social unit produces and consumes each year. Stimulate that unit, however, and all your averages go awry. Hence, perhaps, those surprising post-bellum experiences in which economic history abounds.

In 1815 all who thought in economic terms must have believed that Europe, impoverished by the Napoleonic wars, would require so much capital to rehabilitate itself that there would ensue a capital famine. The prospect was one of heroic saving and self-denial for perhaps half a generation, and this merely to repair waste; for great industrial adventures little capital would be found. The exact contrary, however, happened. In the decade 1815-24, 3 per cent British Consols, the premier investment security of the world, fluctuations in which are barometric, increased their mean annual price from under 60 to over 90, while their investment yield declined from 5 per cent to less than 3 1-3 per cent. In other words, the prevailing rate of interest unexpectedly declined, notwithstanding the enormous borrowing of nations. Their loans, as they appeared, straightway commanded premiums, which induced "bullish" speculation, which in turn made it easier to bring out more loans, and so on. Within ten years the British Government refunded large portions of its debt at reduced rates of interest, and, in addition, increasing amounts of capital were made available for new enterprise, so that at length the problem became not how to find capital, but how to find safe and profitable employment for capital.

Similarly the Franco-Prussian War failed to result in a famine of capital. Its effect upon the prevailing rate of interest in Europe was moderate; indeed, the mean price of 3 per cent. Consols was only about 2 per cent lower in 1871 than in 1869. Three years after France had paid the war indemnity of $1,000,000,000 to Germany, Berlin was borrowing money in Paris, and Paris had it to lend. In 1873 there broke out a world-wide panic; but that again was the effect not of a capital famine but of the misuse in speculation of capital that was abundant.

For a more definite study of economic potentialities under stress of war, let us take the Civil War period in this country. That war is notable among those of modern times for having been currently paid for almost wholly out of the interior resources of the country in which it took place. Yet despite the almost complete lack of outside assistance, wealth and capital increased with immense rapidity during the decade from 1860 to 1870. Per capita wealth rose, manufacturing extended enormously, and the railway mileage of the country increased by over 70 per cent. Capital, it is true, was dear during the war and immediately afterward, the Government at the end paying interest at 6 per cent on long term bonds, and above 7 per cent for temporary loans. But to find capital for the enormous industrial and agricultural expansion of the decade, an heroic task even in time of peace, meant that borrowing for new enterprises alone would have caused the rate of interest to rise. That notwithstanding the terrific cost of war, capital at reasonable rates was forthcoming for those other purposes, is one of the marvels of economic history.

After the close of the Napoleonic wars the interest rate declined and capital was plentiful. During the decade embracing the Civil War, though interest was high, as it must have been for reasons apart from the war, yet capital was available in amounts sufficient to perform prodigious physical works. In both cases it was the unexpected that happened. Possibly, therefore, fallacies abide in the assumption as to the effect of the present war upon the future supply and availability of capital. And when we proceed to examine the premises critically, we shall begin to suspect that even some of the world's eminent economists are prone to exaggerate the cost of war.

If economists exaggerate, what shall we say of our fluent and prolific newspaper statisticians?

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These take a round figure to represent the cost per day of sustaining a soldier in the field, multiply it by the number of men engaged, and set out the product as the "overhead" cost, with no allowance for the fact that large standing armies are maintained also in time of peace. They estimate the average productive capacity of the average man, multiply that by the number of men transferred from production to war, (always again the whole number engaged), and the product is called the value of lost production. Nothing is allowed for the fact that old men, boys and women volunteer for work in place of the men who got to the front, and that the productive capacity of those who remain behind is increased. Then these easy calculators capitalize a man at 4 or 5 per cent, multiply that figure by the number of men likely to be killed, assume a ratio of mortality, and so obtain a staggering figure to represent the economic cost of war in terms of human life, forgetting to make deduction for the normal death rate. The property loss, too, is usually exaggerated, for to the estimated value of destroyed buildings and bridges and transportation facilities is added the value of the war machine, which is not property like other things, but a sheer liability, the scrapping of which is positive gain.

In proportion as the cost of the war is overstated, the ability of people to save capital, notwithstanding the shrinkage in stock exchange values and the disorder of trade and industry, is probably underestimated. It is well known that men save in time of adversity. No sooner had the war begun than it became fashionable in London to sit down to a one-course dinner. British housewives were told by the Government how to utilize the nourishment in potato-peelings. There was hardly a device for economy in the household that was not counselled even to the verge of triviality. German women who are sending their gold wedding rings to be melted for the war fund are bound to practice extreme frugality in their households. Frugality comes even nearer home, for immediately on the outbreak of war the American people began to economize with such telling effect that merchants denounced it as hysterical. Though these are psychological assumptions, they are none the less supported by facts of experience. Thus during the Civil War savings-bank deposits in this country almost doubled, while the number of individual depositors increased over 40 per cent.

In conclusion it may be admitted that the production of new capital in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, and again in the decade embracing the American Civil War, was tremendously facilitated by mechanical aids. That opens up a very large question—the question whether the possibilities of the future in that direction are as great as they were in the past.

The Republicans and the State Constitution

THE New York constitutional convention, in spite of the inferior quality of its average membership, promises to make an unusually interesting contribution to contemporary constitutional legislation. During its deliberations an attempt will be made to forge an instrument of state government which will differ essentially both from a constitution of the older type and from the newer constitutions of the west. The most influential element in the makeup of the convention will probably be a group of progressive Republicans, of whom ex-secretary Henry S. Stimson is the best representative. This group will be influential less because of its numerical strength than because its members are of men of ability, liberality and strong political conviction. They have long been interested in the problems of state political reorganization, and have reached definite conclusions both as to the cause of the failure of American state government and as to the nature of the remedy. They will present to the convention a group of concrete proposals, which, like the Virginia plan in the Federal Constitutional Convention, will probably become the point of departure for the subsequent deliberations of that body.

The nature of these proposals can be gathered in part from the addresses of Mr. Stimson and others, and in part from the last Republican state platform. Their purpose is in general to restore and reinvigorate representative institutions. These Republicans recognize that the average state government has long ceased to be genuinely representative, and that its failure to be representative has been responsible for the tide of direct government which until recently has been steadily rising in the Middle Western and far Western states. But they object strongly to direct government. The Republican state platform calls the initiative, referendum and recall "alleged remedies" which would "diminish official responsibility," and "would produce political action by irresponsible groups instead of by responsible political parties." If representative government is to be reinvigorated, its increased vitality must be brought about by strengthening the organs of state government and enabling them to perform their proper work.

The organ of state government which this group of Republicans propose particularly to strengthen is the executive. Under their plan the governor becomes the official political leader of the state—a veritable and responsible boss. His administrative power is increased by doing away with the minor state elective officials and by concentrating in him the power of appointment and removal. But this is not all. He is to be made responsible for a legis-

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lative programme no less than for administrative efficiency and for the execution of the laws. He is to be authorized to introduce bills, to advocate them on the floor of the legislature either in person or by the agency of some member of his cabinet and to frame the budget, the items of which can be diminished but not increased by the legislature. The good old theory of the separation of the powers is expressly abandoned, and the government is to be made more representative by granting to the executive full administrative authority and full power to initiate legislation and either to secure its adoption or to appeal to the people from an irreconcilable legislative opposition. In this way a governmental system which has been slow-moving, unrepresentative and hopelessly divided against itself will obtain both integrity and momentum.

In our opinion the promotion of the governor to the office of responsible state political leader will help enormously to give renewed vitality to representative government. We agree with Mr. Stimson and his associates that unless the organs of state government are strengthened, no increase of direct popular control will avail to make a state political system genuinely representative of popular opinion. But we dissent absolutely from the idea that there is any incompatibility between a more powerful organization of the state political system and an increasing participation by the voters in the actual work of government. Indeed, so far from being incompatible they are really supplementary. When a democracy confers great power and responsibility upon its representative agencies, it has every reason to adopt increasingly comprehensive and stringent precautions against the betrayal of its confidence. Such a government must rest above all upon a broad and firm foundation of popular consent. The older type of state government had no corresponding need of active popular consent, because of its limited ability to do either good or harm. A negative, irresponsible government was kept under sufficient control by its own weakness and incompetence. But a government which is organized to lead public opinion and accomplish important objects of public policy cannot be assimilated in a democratic system unless the voters have every opportunity of expressing their disapprobation, and are required to follow closely and acquiesce cordially in its behavior.

In so far as an increasing participation by the voters in the actual work of government is not compatible with a more powerful and responsible state political organization, good democrats must try to make them compatible. The better organized political system might work more efficiently and accomplish a larger amount of public good in a shorter time in case it did not require active popular political consent and cooperation. If the Prussian government had called for a more sedulous consultation of popular opinion, it would probably have accomplished less than it has accomplished on behalf of administrative efficiency and social welfare. But a democracy cannot live by efficiency alone. It must not be organized merely for the sake of giving able and economical expression to a prevailing popular opinion or purpose. The dominant end of any genuinely democratic political organization is that of increasing the existing fund of popular political good-will and experience; and this end can be obtained only by a larger infusion of direct popular participation in the actual work of government. In so far as such participation is obtained, a successful measure of political or social policy not only serves its purpose and accomplishes a useful result, but acts as an educational leaven upon a body of voters who have themselves made a positive contribution to its incorporation in the state legal system.

Restoring the Family

THE Board of Education of the City of New York is opposed to married women continuing to teach in the schools. If it had the power it would simply expel them. Since, however, the law does not permit a woman to be deprived of her occupation simply because she is married, the Board seeks to attain its ends indirectly. It refuses to appoint or reappoint teachers already married, it withholds promotion from those who marry subsequently to their appointment, and it denies to married teachers leave of absence before and after childbirth. Life is to be made so unendurable for married teachers, they are to be compelled to make such heartbreaking sacrifices, that they will sooner or later accept defeat and allow themselves to be driven out of the schools.

At first glance it might seem as though there were no possible defense for such a policy, and yet we are sure that the members of the Board responsible for it, however stupid and bigoted they may be, are not wilfully cruel. Torquemada was not a cruel man, nor were the judges cruel who burned the witches at Salem.

The majority members of the Board of Education are really trying to work out certain theories. They believe fundamentally in rotation of office, in circulating the available school jobs among the daughters of voters during the few years between appointment and marriage. Unmarried women or widows, those who have no man to look after them, should have a billet in the schools, as a soldier has a pension, whereas a woman with a real husband ought not to need a salary. The main idea of these educators is not that the schools are

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primarily for the children, but that they are to provide jobs for a succession of pallid maidens, young and old, who otherwise might sit at home crocheting at the expense of estimable fathers and mothers.

There is, however, a deeper conviction at the bottom of this policy. Many members of the Board of Education are oldish and reactionary men, who deplore this modern world of ours and bewail the ancient landmarks swept away by the rising flood. Religion, it seems to them, is openly flouted, and as for morality, that is impossible in an age where children go to the "movies" and ladies smoke cigarettes. But above all, the old family life, the stern, dutiful, traditional family life of yesterday, is doomed to disappear unless women again learn the nobility of being humble and of choosing to bear children rather than finding their life-career in teaching the children of other women. Because these educators favor marriage they drive married women from the schools; because they wish married women to bear and raise children they refuse leave of absence to married teachers about to be mothers. The Board of Education is using its broom to sweep back the waters. It wishes to restore the old family life as it was before the growth of the factory, the city, and all this modern laxness of ours.

It is a pious wish, utterly unrealizable. We have long since learned that the old, hard-working, self-contained family of father, mother, and eight or nine children, living on the edge of civilization, was not nearly so ideal as we had been led to believe, and that in any case this type of family life was bound to disappear, like the stage-coach and the hand-loom. Our modern industry, which gives us our daily bread, our clothes, houses, luxuries, and dissipations, subtly disintegrates this family life as it was. It condemns millions of casual laborers to a migratory life, which is another term for a not too fastidious celibacy. Family life is disarranged, disorganized and even destroyed by the long hours of work for father and children, by the twelve-hour day, the seven-day week, the twenty-four hour shift, and all manner of irregularity and excess. It is injured by accidents and industrial disease which incapacitate the father and force the mother to become a bread-winner; by the enormous levying of our modern industry upon the lives of young children who are drawn from school and home; by the gradual disappearance of the individual house once owned by the wage-earner; by the entrance of sweated industries into tenements and farmhouses; by the disappearance in many regions of a family integrity and a family discipline, due to the overwork or dissipation of parents or to the premature economic independence of children. Family government is a different thing in proletarian as in other families from what it was even a generation ago. And there are many women, and indeed many married women, who now want self-expression and a career outside the family life of the modern home, stripped as it is by industry of its industrial and educational opportunities. All of which seems immoral, revolutionary, and unfortunate to the majority members of the New York Board of Education.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that industry should destroy lives and loyalties, customs and anticipations. It is deplorable that family life should be aborted, tortured, and deadened. But the cure for the resulting suffering and deterioration lies in an adjustment of ourselves to our changing industrial environment and of it to us, and not in efforts to shut progress out. Once we cease blindly to worship the economic process and learn to understand it and its human implications, once we come to look upon industry not as product only but as effort and pain and happiness, then we can better adapt that process to the needs of the family. To preserve the family we must prohibit child labor and all home work; we must reform our factories, our houses, and our schools. We must safeguard our workmen and insure them against accident, sickness, invalidity and old age; we must lessen the hours of industry and raise the wages through pressure of public opinion, through the power of trade unions, and through statutory enactment. Finally, we must achieve industrial and political democracy for men and for women also. To preserve the family, woman must be completely emancipated. She must be made independent economically and politically, an equal member of a family group.

The trouble with this Board of Education is that they keep their eyes closed, desire the wrong things, and try to get them wrongly. They are seeking to preserve the family by depriving the woman of an economic independence after marriage. The policy leads the Board into all sorts of absurdities and inconsistencies. To justify its refusal to appoint a married woman teacher the Board asserted that her duties at home did not permit the married teacher to do her work at school. If, however, the teacher's husband deserted her or became physically or mentally incapacitated, then the home burden was assumed to be sufficiently relieved to warrant her resumption of her teaching duties. The theory is that married women may teach but married teachers who become mothers must be discharged. Yet the Board does not advocate any general abstention from motherhood by married women, and it would not dare to argue its own case even within its own four walls. The Board is wrong, as Dame Partington was wrong, because it is superior to the ordinary processes of logic. It will not change until public opinion forces it to do so.

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Pride of Race

There were so many sugar-loaf heads, moon-faces, slit mouths, lantern-jaws, and goose-bill noses [among the gatherings of the foreign-born] that one might imagine a malicious jinn had amused himself by casting human beings in a set of skew molds.—*Professor Edward A. Ross, in "The Old World in the New."*

PROFESSOR ROSS has come from the Middle West, looked upon man made in the image of God, and proclaimed that except as produced in America he does not justify the Divine craftsmanship. He has watched the poor immigrants struggling up the gang-plank, has seen them herded in the roped enclosures of Ellis Island, has studied them as they issued, workworn, from factory gates and sweatshops, and has from some gallery or other looked down upon them, as, brushed and combed and clothed in their best, they gathered to celebrate weddings and christenings and funerals, occasions when common people are wont to laugh or cry. And as he looked down upon these men and women, Professor Ross, who is of a race of which he is justly proud, studied their faces, their hands, and their manners, and noted that these were "sub-common" people, "hirsute, low-browed, big-faced," "of obviously low mentality"; in short, of the Caliban type. Foreigners, he observes, at least those foreigners who come as immigrants to America, are in the main unbeautiful. There is a certain "fleeting, ephemeral bloom of girlhood," but otherwise among the women "beauty is quite lacking." He fears that American good looks will disappear as all this European ugliness works to the surface. "It is unthinkable," writes Professor Ross, "that so many persons with crooked faces, coarse mouths, bad noses, heavy jaws, and low foreheads can mingle their heredity with ours without making personal beauty yet more rare among us than it actually is."

Nor is it in good looks alone that the immigrant is deficient. These foreigners, as Professor Ross observes, are undersized, especially the Italians who are dwarfish and the Jews who are very poor in physique. The Slavs, he admits, have vitality, are "immune to certain kinds of dirt" and "can stand what would kill a white man"; but even this vitality disappears in a generation or two of American life. As for honesty, fair-play, decency, morality, Professor Ross is certain that the new immigrants are below the earlier types. The Syrian is a liar and a cheat, the south Italian is a liar and a cheat, the Greek and the Jew are liars and cheats, and these are the races which are to people America, and bear the children that Americans, dismayed by this immigration, refuse to bear. America is itself to blame. "A people that has no more respect for its ancestors and no more pride of race than this deserves the extinction that surely awaits it."

After reading Professor Ross, we wonder whether pride of race, however justifiable, is in itself a sufficient equipment for passing judgment upon a problem as intricate as that of immigration. We do not wish to prejudge the question, for Professor Ross's inadequate defense still leaves that policy defensible. But Professor Ross, entering the arena armed with racial snobbishness, should know that it is exactly such facile generalizations as he has made which becloud knowledge, and evoke equally offensive and absurd assumptions from the other side. From an ignorant disputant nothing better might be expected, but Professor Ross is an erudite and brilliant man, with access to the learning of the world. A scholar so equipped has no more excuse for meeting difficult anthropological problems with the superficial observations of a cub reporter than a wealthy man has excuse for turning counterfeiter.

When we seriously seek to unravel the infinitely complex problem of the effect of racial intermixture upon national character, many perplexing questions present themselves. What, for example, is the effect of good food upon good looks? What is the influence of the better economic conditions of America upon cleanliness, courage, truthfulness and physical vitality? To what extent has our declining birth-rate really been the result of immigration, and to what extent has it been due to other economic and social causes equally operative elsewhere? What are the interactions between social environment and heredity, and what are the economic and historical roots of that very race-snobbishness which takes the form in each nation of assumed racial superiority and a contemptuous attitude towards lesser breeds?

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Realities of the War

FOR a fortnight or more I had heard of Dixmude. I knew it was a place of "strategical importance" a place to be marked with a little flag upon a map. I knew it as a dot at the angle of a winding river no bigger than a worm. I had read of it as the probable scene of "serious engagements," when strongly attacked by the enemy's reinforcements, and I had calculated the possible effect of its fall upon our positions in Dunkirk and Calais. In short, I understood as much about Dixmude as most people understand when I entered it one night in the middle of October. The first bombardment was over, but from both sides the heavy shells flew across the town. From the end of the main street came an incessant noise of rifles and machine-guns. Unaimed bullets wailed through the air, and pattered as they struck the walls. Flaming houses shed a light upon the ruined streets, but only one house looked inhabited, and all the others which were not burning stood silent and empty, expecting destruction.

That one house was used as an outlying hospital or dressing-place nearest the firing line, and the wounded had to be led or carried only two or three hundred yards to reach it. They sat on the dining-room chairs or lay helpless on the floor. A few surgeons were at work upon them, cutting off loose fingers and throwing them into basins, plugging black holes that welled up instantly through the plug, straining bandages, which in a minute ceased to be white, round legs and heads. The smell of fresh, warm blood was thick on the air. One man lay deep in his blood. You could not have supposed that anyone had so much in him. Another's head had lost on one side all human semblance, and was a hideous pulp of eye and ear and jaw. Another, with chest torn open, lay gasping for the few minutes left of life. And as I waited for the ambulance more were brought in, and always more.

In a complacent and comfortable account of hospital work I lately read that "deaths from wounds are happily rare; one surgeon put the number as low as 2 per cent." Happy hospital, far away in Paris or some Isle of the Blest! The further from the front the fewer the deaths, because so many have died already.

In the nearest hospitals to the front, half the wounded, and on some days more than half, die where they are put. Often they die in the ambulance, and one's care in drawing them out is wasted, for they will never feel again. I found one always took the same care, though the greenish-yellow of the exposed hands or feet showed the truth. Laid on the floor of the main hospital itself, some screamed or moaned, some whimpered like sick children, especially in their sleep, some lay quiet, with glazed eyes out of which sight was passing. Mere fragments of mankind were there extended, limbs pounded into mash, heads split open, intestines hanging out from gashes. Did those bones—did that exquisite network of living tissue and contrivances for life—cost no more in the breeding than to be hewed and smashed and pulped like this? Shrapnel—shrapnel—it was nearly always the same. For this is, above all, an artillery war, and both sides are justly proud of their efficiency in guns.

Since the Boer War our field guns have enormously improved. The French, too, rejoice over their "Seventy-fives"—small 2·5-in. guns, murderous in effect. French, British, and Belgians bring large 4-in. and 6-in. guns into the field as well. Perhaps these do not make such a hole as one on the roadside by Dixmude in which, I was told, twenty-seven men and a lot of horses were indistinguishably mixed up as in a cauldron. But the future is before us. The duration of the war may enable us to surpass the prowess even of 16-in. howitzers. Even at the present our guns probably kill and rend as many of the enemy as theirs of us. Add the machine-guns that mow ranks down like reaping-machines in harvest; add the rifles pumping death as fast as a man can squeeze the trigger; the cavalry swords and lances slicing at men and plunging through their backs; the charging bayonets like long skewers or double-edged knives, which we are told, till we are sick of hearing it, that the Germans "do not relish." Relish! How would these easy-going, bloody-minded talkers relish a foot of iron thrust into their own stomachs for a sauce?

By one means or another we may be sure that for every Belgian, Frenchman, or Britisher who suffers death or anguish in that little bit of the conflicting lines along the Yser at least one German suffers death or anguish, and probably more than one. The thought rejoices our patriotism, but does not reduce the horror of the war. At intervals throughout these continuous lines from Nieuport to Switzerland such things as these are now happening every day, and the same are happening along the Vistula, in the Carpathian Passes, and the marshy frontiers of East Prussia. Our imagination is overwhelmed by numbers. Human beings taken in multitude do not matter, and we hear of ten thousand violent deaths with less emotion than the postman's knock. At a certain point of horror the imagination fails, or else, more likely, man dares not exercise it lest he should go mad.

On both sides the men whose lives or energies are thus cut short while still they might expect many years of ordinary happiness, are, for the most part, decent and well-intentioned people, occupied with the soil or manufacture, and beloved by somebody. On both sides they may be ignorant of the diplomatic occasion of the war, but devoutly believe in some ultimate cause big enough, as Napoleon used to say, "pour se faire tuer." And beyond the sudden

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death or slow agonies of such admirable people there lies the horror of the devastation. During the first Balkan War in which I was present nearly eighteen years ago, I attributed to Turkish savagery the burning of villages, the homelessness and starvation of peaceful inhabitants, the destruction of all property, the misery, outrage, and indecency to which women were exposed. I have since learned that these things are characteristic of all wars. They are, as it were, the trimmings of the "pièce de résistance," and there is no distinction worth making between the methods of the Turk and the methods of the most civilized and highly educated Western nations. War has been called the great leveller, and so it is, for it reduces the paragon of animals to a plane far below the level of all other beasts inhabitating the globe. Thus it comes about that the roads across the Franco-Belgian frontier are now crowded with pitiable men and women, more destitute than wild animals, and far more filthy, trailing children along with them, carrying all they possess tied up in napkins, climbing sandhills sometimes to see if their homes are yet destroyed, and crawling on again into the unknown with the hope that death and shame at least may be avoided.

It is uncertain whether the realization of war, if that were possible, would tend to peace. There is something in man which delights in horror and another's pain. It especially delights in the thought of death and bloodshed. We see it in the popularity of murders, executions, and tales about scuppers running red. Crowds gather at shambles, and if a German officer is weak enough to shudder at blood, he is sent to attend slaughter-houses till he imbibes the taste. Horror is the natural stimulant of the dull and unimaginative nature, and the sight or thought of anguish suggests the comfortable reflection that it is another and not oneself who suffers. That is why savages laugh for joy in watching the tortures they inflict. One remembers the woman in "The Dynasts" who, thinking of Napoleon eating babies for breakfast, "laughed with horror at the queerness of it till she was that weak she could hardly go round the house." Speaking of Napoleon and his purposes, Bishop Blougram might ask—

"What's the vague good o' the world, for which you dare
With comfort to yourself blow millions up?
We neither of us see it! we do see
The blown-up millions—spatter of their brains
And writhing of their bowels and so forth,
In that bewildering entanglement
Of horrible eventualities
Past calculation to the end of time!"

Bishop Blougram might ask and see that. But Napoleon, though he saw, did not spend time in asking; and every dull, insensate nature only feels the greater pleasure the more clearly he beholds those scenes of misery from the comfortable distance of his morning paper. That is why such exact descriptions of war as Tolstoy's "Sevastopol" and Zola's "Débâcle" have little influence upon the side of peace. For, as Montaigne wrote so long ago, there are "marble-hearted and savage-minded men who enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, pitiful motions, horror-moving yellings, deep-fetched groans and lamentable voices of a dying and drooping man."

But even in the midst of this most bloody war there are many who are neither marble-hearted nor savage-minded, but remain uninfected by the manias of the time. Among the ruins of objects for which they have striven, among the general degradation which sees in slaughter an opportunity for shoddy contracts and the capture of markets, among the ghouls who feed on battle, and in the collapse of much that appeared to dignify humanity above the beasts that perish, they will at least refuse to be blinded by the phrases of glory and the abstractions of military science. Whether they count the war for good or evil, they will look reality full in the face. They will try, as far as they can or dare, to recognize the awful human cost involved in the bloody conflict, whichever way the balance of good or evil swings. HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Municipal Ownership Versus Regulation

THE movement toward public ownership and operation of municipal utilities received a definite impetus at the Conference of American Mayors on "Public Policies as to Municipal Utilities," held in Philadelphia, November twelfth to fourteenth. Close observers have noted for some time the rising sentiment in favor of public ownership and operation of the city's utilities, but few expected that the sentiment was such as was revealed on the platform and in hotel lobbies during this conference, attended as it was by mayors or delegates from over one hundred and thirty cities, and by delegates from the leading civic organizations and universities. It is believed by those in closest touch with the sentiment among mayors and other city officials that a resolution favoring municipal ownership and operation could have been adopted by a vote of two to one. In lieu of this recommendation, however, resolutions were unanimously approved stating:

"WE RECOMMEND: That no general conclusion be formulated upon the abstract question of municipal ownership, but rather we express our judgment to be that municipalities should be given in all instances the power to municipalize public utilities, the expediency of its exercise being at any time and place, and with regard to any particular utility, a matter for local determination.

"That we make no general determination as between State Board and Local or Home Rule regulation of public service corporations. That we do, however, declare that the franchise-making power should in all cases be local, that municipally owned utilities should be subject to local control only, that in large cities local regulation is plainly to be preferred, and that in all cases the principles of home

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rule should be preserved by at least leaving it to the people of a city, of whatever size, to determine whether they desire to act for themselves or to call in a State Board, if one exists, either to regulate, or to aid the local authorities in regulating, privately owned local utilities."

The sentiment was further expressed by the utterances of such leading mayors as Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, and John Purroy Mitchel, of New York City, the former declaring unqualifiedly for municipal ownership and operation, the latter, in common with numerous other mayors and officials, declaring that it was necessary for the city to reserve power to municipalize its public service institutions at will.

One of the first reasons for this rising tendency toward the municipalization of the city's public service lies in the extreme laws that have been passed in certain States, such as Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania, depriving cities of all effective powers over their own utilities. Thus in the Pennsylvania law it is provided that any ordinance or municipal franchise before being effective must first have the approval of the public service commission, and that any municipal corporation must have the commission's approval before it can "acquire, construct or begin to operate any plant, equipment or other facilities for the rendering or furnishing to the public of any service of the kind or character already being rendered or furnished by any other public service company within the municipality." And not only must all contracts or agreements between public service companies and municipal corporations be approved by the commission in order to be valid, but any public service company "may apply to the commission, before the consent of the local authorities has been obtained, for a declaration by the commission of the terms and conditions upon which it will grant its approval of such contract or agreement if at all," a power not enumerated to the city. Thus the city is placed in the position of having to appear before the commission to urge lower rates or better service standards than are provided for in a contract to which it has just affixed its signature. Moreover, the rulings of certain commissions were, and could be, put in evidence, which, to those in charge of public plants, mean unfair discrimination to the private competitors of public plants and illiberal treatment of those in charge of them.

The regulation by a State commission of municipal plants or of private plants operating wholly within a city, is just as objectionable to city electorates and city officials as was the regulation of police and fire departments and public works departments by State-appointed boards such as were prevalent in the late '80's and the early '90's. If the temper of the Mayors' Conference can be taken as a guide, urban residents are growing to be just as impatient regarding State control over utilities local in their operation, as they grew of State administration of city, fire, police and public works departments. No strenuous objection was generally urged to State control over utilities inter-city or inter-county in their operation, but it was urged strongly that to take the control of municipal utilities out of the control of the electorate that used them and knew their standards of service and rates, and to place it, in effect, in a State electorate wholly unfamiliar with local conditions and services and irresponsive to local demands, is detrimental to every fundamental interest of municipalities. The power to appoint State regulative commissions is a more valuable asset to the party in power than was the power formerly vested in the State governor to appoint police boards, fire boards and commissioners of public works.

The second reason for the tendency toward the municipalization of the city's utilities is the growing belief that valuations fixed by State regulative bodies have been excessive, and that the theories of valuation now being urged before these boards or adopted by them will lead to even higher valuations in the future. There is a basic reason why valuations fixed by public service commissions tend to be higher than those fixed by the courts. The interest of the courts is to prevent confiscation of property. Public service commissions, on the other hand, have not only to protect property, in order to prevent their rulings from being overthrown by the courts under "due process of law" clauses, but they must also place valuations at a point, and place returns high enough, so that investments will be attracted to their State. High valuations, however, will lead to public ownership, because in the public mind one test of a fair rate and a fair valuation is what a city-owned and operated plant can perform the same service for. When valuations for rate-making purposes are higher than rates based on the cost of a new public plant, the urban public, ever interested in the millions of dollars it pays for its utility services, will inevitably decide that it is cheaper to own its own plant. On the other hand, it is equally true that if valuations are made so low as to lead ultimately to poor service and inadequate equipment on the part of utility companies, there will then be a demand for public ownership in order to secure better service and adequate equipment.

Regulation to be permanent must, therefore, in the long run be based on values neither much higher than the cost of a new public plant, nor lower than will warrant adequate service and equipment. Valuations thus fixed will so limit returns as to make the private utility owner care little whether his returns are expressed in the moneys received from the sale of his plant to the public, or from his own ownership and operation. In time, therefore, effective regulation will, in this country as it did in Germany, make utility owners willing to sell out to the public at fair valuations.

Finally, the rising tide of adverse criticism of State regulation and the rising sentiment in favor of public ownership are due to the fact, ever more apparent to city officials, that fair rates and fair service standards are most certainly assured to that

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city which has full legal and financial option to build and operate its own plant at will. To any class of utility owners, freedom from control by the city electorate means license to disregard the will of that electorate. This independent or indifferent attitude on the part of utility owners, a spirit that is not shared, be it said, by all or necessarily a large portion of utility owners, will react to convince the city electorate that its best interest will be served by owning and operating its own utilities. For we must remember that no other class of municipal service is so near and vital to the urban resident.

The expression of a favorable attitude toward public ownership and operation is, therefore, according to the Mayors' Conference, the result (1) of unnecessary limitations placed on cities by extreme state control, (2) of the difficulty of arriving at a valuation that is acceptable both to informed urban citizens and to that class of utilities whose capitalization has been unduly "watered," and (3) of the need for the alternative of public ownership and operation to assure fair rates and adequate service standards from the city's serving companies.

CLYDE LYNDON KING.

Germany's Second Plan

ELEVEN weeks after the Battle of the Marne the thing which was dimly discoverable before is patent to all. On that field the first and most promising of German strategic conceptions was blocked, wrecked, terminated definitely. There it was decided that France was not to be disposed of by one swift, terrible blow, held to ransom thereafter for peace, eliminated promptly and permanently from the pathway of German greatness.

That Germany herself realized this fact promptly may be doubted. In the confused, indecisive, desperate fighting along the Aisne, the Somme and between the Argonne and the Meuse, there was still to be discerned in the following weeks an apparent effort to take the road to Paris again. Such an effort, if there was one actually made, faded slowly into nothing before October came.

In that time the world, slowly perceiving that there had been an actual check, began to search diligently to discover what would be Germany's second plan, now that her first was gone to ruin. To be sure, eager correspondents of London newspapers promptly forecast German retreat to the Rhine, to the Meuse, to the Sambre, only tardily perceiving that whatever might be that second plan, retirement was certainly not a primary detail.

Looking at the campaign in the west from the first week in October to the last in November, is it not possible to discover certain definite details, gradually coalescing into something approaching unity? Rising above all the facts of October was the capture of Antwerp, a circumstance instantly taking the imagination and the emotion of the world, but not so rapidly illuminating the observer.

In the first great dash into France the German masses swept through Belgium with little concern for what lay to the right or to the left of that road which led to Paris, and to reach the end of which there was allowed to them, by the grace of Russia's slower mobilization, some six weeks. Once the Belgian army was swept back into Antwerp, contained by a minimum of rearguards, it was "Forward" and always "Forward," to Paris, to a second Sedan, to a new 1870.

Paris being unattainable on any terms of time or numbers available, to Germany in September there came, first, the retreat to the Aisne, second, the slow, methodical beating down of the last flame of Belgian resistance about Antwerp. At the outset the observers diagnosed this work as a mere police operation in the rear, a prelude and preface to the second rush to Paris, when irritating Russian interferences in the East should be hammered down.

Early in October, however, when Antwerp had been taken in shining fashion, German activity broke out, not in Champagne, where the Kaiser's lines were still within sixty miles of Paris, but north in Flanders. Evidently the Kaiser was now bent not upon taking Paris, but upon reaching the Channel. Instead of facing south he was looking west, and with unmistakable impatience.

At the outset this effort was identified as a military move to bring his right flank, much endangered in the past by various drives by the Allies, squarely to rest upon the sea; to straighten his line until it ran across France from the Meuse to the estuary of the Somme at Abbéville. Thus straightened, the German front would be shortened by at least a hundred miles, and would require some 500,000 fewer men to hold it—500,000 men highly useful elsewhere, now that Russia was daily mounting higher in numbers and energy, even, most unexpected of all, in efficiency.

Two weeks of battling between Lille and Nieuport, however, sufficed to demonstrate that this operation of straightening the line was not to be performed without cost of life which, from a military point of view, was wholly incommensurate with the advantage to be derived. What profit to shorten the line to release some hundreds of thousands of men, if that number of lives were to be lost in the effort?

Next in order was the assumption that the driving spirit of German strategy was to arrive within sight of the British coast, to be at a distance of only twenty miles of open water from England, now recognized as the foe who, in the German mind, claimed the concentrated hatred of a nation become tolerant, even complimentary by comparison, towards French opponents.

Such a solution was more satisfactory. Ready

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rumor suggested that there were new guns larger than the 42-centimetre howitzers, calculated to command the Channel when placed on the heights from which Napoleon, camped at Boulogne, watched the same enemy. Mine fields, submarines launched at Boulogne, at Calais, at Dunkirk—these might presently close the Straits of Dover, seal up the port of London, reduce the wharves of the Thames to the idleness of those along the Elbe, prepare the way for invasion.

Yet, in time, as more and more thousands of lives were sacrificed in the marshes of the Yser, sacrificed in vain, and still new thousands came forward, singing as German regiments do in the face of machine guns and British musketry, even this solution failed to satisfy. If the object were merely to menace England with a danger which might still be an empty peril, should the sacrifice of German lives so reduce German numbers that the Russian, the Frenchman and the Briton on the continent could contain German forces at home, it was a venture outside of what the world expected of German system, science and patient common sense.

Last of all, two Germans so utterly unlike as Count von Reventlow and Maximilian Harden contributed quite unintentionally a new answer to that Battle of Flanders now in its sixth week. Each with great apparent simplicity intimated that once Germany had Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, she would be ready to talk peace. Indeed, there was an instant and suspicious recrudescence of peace talk in Holland that same hour, such a "spontaneous" outbreak as startled the world in September, when von Kluck was at the gates of Paris.

Harden and von Reventlow seemed to agree that so far as Germany was concerned she was prepared to make peace when to the whole of Belgium now held she had added a slight paring of France toward the Channel. "Unnecessary to fight further," they seemed to hear the Kaiser say presently; "nothing but a war of exhaustion conceivable. Impossible for us to get Paris, Warsaw. Quite inconceivable that you could get, not Berlin, but Brussels. For the sake of peace Germany might consent to relinquish, say Champagne, our frontier on the Meuse, and thence west to the Channel. Let Russia take Galicia, and my ally Austria go south to Salonica; no one to lose much, I to keep Belgium, wholly conquered, already reunited to Germany."

Looking back over November and October, it seems plain that somewhere in this period Germany gave over those earlier conceptions which, if realized, meant the crushing of France financially as well as in the military field; that she set aside the notion of achieving world domination at one bound, and instead went methodically to work to eat Belgium, leaf by leaf, in the fashion that one eats an artichoke. It was then that she first seemed chiefly concerned with producing a situation in which, when all nations should begin to stagger under the burden and losses of the war, she might be found with Belgium wholly in her hands, with her western boundaries carried to the point that Pan-German patriots had dreamed over for so many long years.

Silesia, Prussian Poland, Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein, lastly Alsace-Lorraine, each in turn had been acquired by war; Belgium conquered, it might be wisest to halt for the moment. But, the seaports untaken, Belgium was still a fragment, Germany's sea front as confined as ever. Once conquered—completely conquered—William II could hope to hold Belgium as Frederick the Great held Silesia, until the whole Continent grew weary, and Prussia, weariest of all, alone kept heart. "Peace always on terms of Belgium and Boulogne," the Kaiser could henceforth say; seemed prepared to say, once the "Watch on the Rhine" could be played on the hills that face Dover.

Such in retrospect seems to have been the immediate or the gradual development of Germany's second plan; a plan wholly consonant with Prussian history and Pan-German propaganda, a plan commensurate with German sacrifice along the still untaken trenches of Flanders.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

A Note on Forgetting

"I have done that," says my Memory.
"I could not have done that," says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my Memory yields."—Nietzsche.

PROBLEMS of forgetting occupy a position of peculiar importance in all of Freud's works. The very conception of the unconscious which is the inspiration of his whole system, is directly based upon his theory of forgetting. Stated generally, this theory maintains that the mind has an inveterate tendency to forget the disagreeable. But at the same time Freud is one of the most ardent champions of the widely accepted theory that the mind never forgets anything; in fact, he is one of the few psychologists who have fortified this hypothesis with adequate proof. It is therefore interesting to see how these two points of view are to be reconciled.

Freud's double attitude does not involve a contradiction. It is quite true that we remember everything, in the sense that it is registered somewhere in our mind, but these memories may be deposited in what may be assumed to be two different psychic systems. One of these is the ordinary associative memory, and the other is what Freud calls the unconscious. Whatever has been deposited in the first system remains accessible to us; that is, it can be recalled, whereas everything deposited in the second system becomes inaccessible; that is, it retains its unconscious quality. The unconscious, according to Freud, is simply a vast repository, located in some parts of our psychic structure, in which we store the disagreeable. When he says that we forget the disagreeable, his real meaning is that we make it unconscious. And instead of saying that the mind never forgets anything, it would be more accurate to say that the mind never fails to register, but that some of the records become inaccessible. The

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proof for this contention lies in the fact that under certain conditions such as hypnotism these inaccessible records can be made accessible.

In spite of these definitions the reader is likely to feel that Freud's dictum about forgetting the disagreeable runs counter to his experience. He will object that on the contrary he has an all too vivid recollection of some intensely disagreeable past events. But a large number of the disagreeable experiences which we remember it is good that we should remember. Such is the famous experience of first touching the hot stove. This is the type of disagreeable but salutary experience upon which we henceforth act instinctively to our own advantage. The existence of memory is justified by its function if we assume that it stores up all impressions, whether agreeable or disagreeable, which are of service in preserving the organism. Memory is then simply the accumulated store of individual and racial experience.

But this attitude already implies that we remember the disagreeable on account of some benefit which we have derived from it. We do not so much remember that disagreeable first burn as the fact that it saved us from being burned a second time; the usefulness of the experience has lent it what is really a pleasant quality, so that it is still a question whether we are capable of remembering an experience that has remained purely disagreeable. Now Freud has pointed out that our memory of the disagreeable is always faulty, and to this extent it is already partly forgotten. This fact becomes striking when the faulty reproduction of the disagreeable is brought about by the substitution of something agreeable in its place. This occurs in its crudest form in the mental elaborations of a man who has been worsted in a personal encounter. His version of the affair differs materially from that of the victor or the impartial spectator. If we are to believe him, he has not really been defeated at all. He may have been punished by his opponent, but he has delivered some smashing blows in return, the odds were against him, and if they were to have the fight over again he would surely come off the victor. Thus we see his mind continually laboring to reconstruct the details to make them appear more favorable and to restore his prestige both in his own eyes and in those of the world.

Freud sees here a universal tendency; we all try to reconstruct the past in our favor and to aestheticise the ugly spots in it. This is especially true where the disagreeable has acquired a personal quality because our self-esteem, our pride, or our legitimate vanity is involved. We have derived no value or consolation from the experience, so that it serves no use that would justify its preservation in the accessible part of our memory. Such an experience in the stream of our normal association is like a noxious foreign body, of which the mind seeks to rid itself in accord with a natural tendency to practice the greatest possible economy of mental strain. It is the effort to render the disagreeable ineffective by making it unconscious.

This tendency is not confined to individuals. Freud, in one of those brilliant digressions of his which illuminate so many of his writings, has pointed out the racial implications of his theory. The same psychic forces are at work in the formation of national myths and legends. The hard facts of defeat are slowly crowded out of the national consciousness, so that we often find a vanquished nation possessing the most glorious epics. It is in this way that a true son of Ireland nourishes his patriotism. A recent episode in German literary history furnishes a neat illustration. When Gerhard Hauptmann was asked to write a drama to commemorate the centenary of German emancipation from the Napoleonic tyranny, he inserted several realistic scenes portraying the complacent and cowardly way in which Prussian officialdom of those days had knuckled under to Napoleon. The presence of these scenes caused the play to be received with a wave of indignation. The national consciousness clamored for the flattering myth that Germany had always resisted the tyrant, and in the end the historic truth had to yield a point. Hauptmann was generally reprimanded for his tactlessness. The episode is to be recommended to American historians who complain that their muckrakings of the Constitutional Fathers generally fall so flat.

In the "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," translated by Dr. A. A. Brill, Freud has treated the problem of forgetting and of the unconscious on their lighter sides, as they touch certain activities common to all normal individuals. The phenomena thus studied include the forgetting of persons, places and things; slips of the tongue, pen, and eye; the failure to carry out resolutions or to complete intended actions, as well as all those errors and unexpected oddities of behavior which chequer our daily lives. Here Freud is remarkably successful in showing the existence of a conflict between the conscious intention and an unconscious counter-will. The forgetting or the mistake is regularly determined by a definite though inhibited intention of which the individual is unaware, a determination which is epigrammatically expressed by saying that the things we did not mean to say or do are the things we really meant to say or do. The analysis of the underlying motives always shows either that the disagreeable has been repressed or that something agreeable has been put in its place. The examples range from the trivial to the profound; the same man who forgets to pay his tailor because his funds are low, may forget his wedding anniversary because an unsuccessful marriage has embittered his life.

Fascinating as these studies are for their own sake, they serve a more important purpose by initiating us into the larger aspects of the unconscious. Already in his Clark University lectures Professor Freud has emphasized the fact that the mechanisms of the unconscious as revealed through the study of the hysterias and the neuroses can hardly be grasped or understood until we realize that the identical forces enter into the psychic activities of

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all normal individuals. The problem of forgetting and of the unconscious affects our daily lives as a mere annoyance, but we must remember that the same problem accounts for the intolerable memories which disorganize the personality in hysteria, and in the insanities destroy it altogether. The difference, between the normal and the abnormal, is merely a matter of degree; it depends largely upon the ability to face the disagreeable, and the vital resistance against being overwhelmed by the unconscious.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

Was Belgium Neutral?

IN approaching the case of Belgium the student of contemporary history is forcibly reminded of the statements about evidence in the opening paragraphs of Carlyle's "Cromwell:" "They lie there printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; yielding light to very few; yielding darkness in several sorts to very many." Apparently the friends of the Allies expect to prove every count against the Germans. Apparently the Germans are convinced that if they disprove one count in the indictment, they have shown the whole accusation false. The prominence of the issue, the extraordinary vehemence with which it is discussed, are due to the fact that the invasion of Belgium is largely responsible for the unfavorable attitude toward the German cause in England and France, and in most neutral countries. Hence this insistence by the Allies upon the elaboration of all conceivable detail which will hammer home the charge; hence the German attempts to demonstrate the charge itself and all its details false and absurd. The object of the inquiry is by no means on either side the discovery of the truth.

The hostility of neutral opinion to Germany, so far as Belgium is concerned, seems due far more to the German attitude toward Belgium, and particularly to the German argument, than to the actual invasion and perhaps to the atrocities charged. The Germans declared that the invasion was a military necessity based on and justified by the law of success. In an unguarded moment a very high official said that treaties were scraps of paper. A German general had written a book whose main thesis was that might makes right, that ethics and humanity as ordinarily understood were antiquated conceptions, and that obligations were not to be honored when too much sacrifice was involved.

In the light of these statements, the interpretation of the facts seemed so obvious that all denials that the statements had any relation to the facts have been quite futile. Indeed, the facts have demonstrated to most people that the German government was acting upon that kind of logic and ethics. Let us be very clear about it; this is the Germans' real offense. It is not the invasion of Belgium, but the German justification of it.

Let us leave this labyrinth where we wander perplexed from treaty to treaty, from White Paper to Gray Paper, from letters by historians to pamphlets by scientists. Let us leave the whole wilderness of technical justification and look at the facts, not so much for the sake of convincing or convicting anyone as to find out what the situation was at the time the war broke out. We shall see that in fact no one was really neutral—least of all, Belgium.

For twenty-five years it has been clear that Belgium herself did not regard the treaties guaranteeing her neutrality as a sufficient protection. The size of Belgium made defense of her neutrality by her own army, single-handed, an impossibility. The only attitude for her to take was to abandon all defense and put herself upon the honor of the guarantors; alone she could not resist one of them, and unless the others rescued her she could not be rescued at all. When Belgium years ago advisedly departed from this course, she showed then that she ceased to rely upon the treaties, and no longer regarded them as the guarantee of her independence.

The reasons for her change in policy are obvious. At the time the first treaty was made, Belgium was more afraid of France than of Germany. Even in 1870 it was by no means clear that Germany would be dangerous. It was the development of the German Empire which destroyed the reality of Belgian neutrality. A Power had arisen which believed itself capable of conquering, single-handed, the two other guarantors of the treaty of neutrality, a Power which had clearly an interest in despoiling Belgium of her independence. The control of the mouth of the Rhine, the acquisition of a maritime position on the Channel, were both vital parts of the German program, and of so great utility from a commercial, military, and naval point of view that only the ability of France and England to maintain themselves in the face of the new colossus could possibly save Belgium from extermination.

It was evident to the French and English, who no doubt explained it to the Belgians, that for Belgium to remain neutral was to throw the balance in Germany's favor and possibly to insure the defeat and destruction of France. For Belgium to wait to be protected was to throw open to Germany a wide road to France, and to foreclose to the French the right to defend themselves at the only places along the road where defense was practicable. It was an open secret that the German attack in the next war would be aimed at Paris through Belgium. The Germans could mobilize much sooner than the French and English, and could utilize in the west, because of the even greater slowness of the Russian mobilization, an army perfectly trained and equipped, at least one-half larger than any force the

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French could put in the field on short notice. If such an army poured into France through Belgium before the French were ready, France would be defeated, and a new epoch in European history would begin. To save France, the German advance must be delayed long enough for the French to complete their first mobilization, and there was only one place where the German advance could in all probability be delayed—Belgium.

If military interests compelled the Germans to attack France through Belgium because the frontier between France and Belgium was difficult to defend and the country between the frontier and Paris equally void of natural defenses, these same facts made it necessary for the first French defense to be made in Belgium. Hours would be precious; upon them would hang the fate of France, and without question the fate of Belgium. Obviously, for the French or English to send troops into Belgium to their own military frontier was to violate the treaties of neutrality and to sacrifice a diplomatic advantage of the first importance. That was not, however, the worst obstacle. The Germans counted on mobilizing three days sooner than the French or English, and if they could do so, they would, with the aid of their superior forces and better transportation, reach the Belgian frontier and pass the natural defenses long before a French army could be transported there, even if France should herself pay no attention to the treaties.

The vital difficulty in this question of neutrality was and is that the territory of Belgium was not and is not really neutral ground. It is literally the front door to France and the side door to Germany, and its possession by either is so dangerous to the other that the moment war breaks out or even becomes probable, Belgium is either a part of Germany or a part of France, and hostile territory for whichever of the two does not hold it. From the point of view of the French defense, therefore, Belgium had to be held long enough to delay the German advance. That the Germans could be defeated in Belgium, no one in Brussels, in Paris, or in London ever dreamed. There was only one chance to delay them, there was only one army which could delay them, and that was an army on the ground, a Belgian army. With such secret assistance as France and England might send them, the Belgians would have to do the best they could in the interests of all three countries.

Whatever the diplomatic facts may be, whatever the technicalities of alliances and treaties eventually prove to have been, Belgium was as clearly an ally of France as England was. The Belgian army and its dispositions, the Belgian forts on the German frontier, were prepared with the advice, at least, of English and French generals. Plans for the cooperation of the three armies were undoubtedly made. Let us not quibble over the question whether this was not an infringement of the neutrality. The Belgians knew—let us say it once more—that the neutrality of Belgium was a fiction because Belgium was not neutral ground.

The growth of Germany, the formation of the Triple Alliance, the formation of the Triple Entente, their rivalry, the determination of both to resist to the death, clearly proved to Belgium a change in the European situation which made her independence conditional upon the victory of the Triple Entente. There was no choice about it. Belgium could not be a bystander; she could not be neutral in any real sense of the word. She was an ally of France and of England, and by that alliance alone could she continue to exist as a nation; of that the Belgians were early convinced. It is a thousand pities that such should have been the case, that the exigencies of European politics should have made real neutrality for this unfortunate country an impossibility, should have compelled it, as a price of continued existence as a nation, to take the risks of the dreadful punishments of war.

This is an explanation of events which seems probable in the light of actual deeds. Whether or not it is a justification of the German invasion, of the conduct of the Belgians, or of the sympathy of the neutral world, is a different question now that the war is begun. The vital offense of Germany is that she has made the rest of the world believe truly or falsely that she is the aggressor; that she is attempting on whatever grounds to take property away from other people; that her policy, whether it is called self-preservation or ambition, means that she must have more of the world's goods than she has now. The second vital point in the indictment against her is the explanation which her statesmen and writers have given of her deeds. Belgium and Belgium's neutrality merely happens to be the incident over which this general issue of the justification of the war has been fought out in the press and on the platform. ROLAND G. USHER.

The Logic of Fanaticism

AMONG the sweeping judgments, boasts, insults, recriminations, and falsehoods that dishonor the present war, two are often heard which, though flatly contradictory in form and in animus, yet curiously enough designate the same substantive fact. One of these assertions is that the Germans are barbarians, the other that they possess and defend the highest *Kultur*. Why should anyone call the Germans barbarians when they evidently share to the full in the arts and traditions of Christendom? Because, incidentally, their policy and methods are ruthless, appealing deliberately and even from a sense of duty to any and every means which is expected to further their national purposes; and again on the deeper ground that they are singly determined to carry out an *a priori* impulse or Absolute Will, which their philosophers have found to be agitating the whole universe and more particularly their own bosoms; a will to which they attribute infinite authority and value, so that it must be heroically executed, in disdain of liberty, security, and delight, both within and without their own borders.

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And why do the Germans claim the highest *Kultur,* and claim it with the deepest conviction, backed by the most elaborate historical and philosophical arguments? Almost for the same reason for which they are called barbarians by their enemies. Have they not renounced individualism in the interests of organization, recast their institutions and subdued their souls for the better service of the State? Have they not scoured the sciences and tormented the arts, so as to strengthen and express their national energies? Evidently their alleged barbarism is but the inevitable operation of their boasted *Kultur;* and the bias of the two opposite designations cannot alter the formidable fact to which both equally apply.

The sword of Islam and the zeal of the Inquisition were similarly denounced and similarly justified. Those who think they have hold on an absolute good must necessarily be ruthless. That the end justifies the means passes for an immoral maxim; but taken in one sense it is the very principle of order and rational sacrifice. A supreme social good is hardly to be secured without foregoing many sweets and inflicting many stripes on one's own back and even more on one's neighbor's. It is true that a rigid control of life in the service of ends freely chosen would not curtail freedom, but rather set freedom in motion where only chance and alternating impulses prevailed before.

Yet the maturer and disillusioned portion of mankind are hardly wrong in smelling a danger whenever an absolute and supreme end is proposed and pursued to the serious inconvenience of everybody. They know how likely it is that such a dazzling celestial light should be but heat-lightning. The pursuit of any single end, ravishing and incomparable as it may seem to the enthusiast, strains and impoverishes human nature, and sometimes, by detaching it too much from common and humble feelings, actually debauches it. Indeed, the inhumanity of fanaticism does not lie chiefly in the conscientious crimes which it dictates here and there; it lies rather in the miserable imaginary end itself, for the sake of which those crimes are committed. A "truth," a "salvation," a *Kultur,* which wars and persecutions hope to diffuse is presumably spurious. Men presently will cry out to be saved from that salvation and enlightened out of that truth; they will gasp to escape from the heavy regimen of that *Kultur,* so as to see this green world for themselves, and live and learn after their own fashion. If the end does not justify the means, it is because this end is too often worthless, or at least no more valuable than what it bids us renounce for its sake. Nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. The aim of life is some way of living, as flexible and gentle as human nature; so that ambition may stoop to kindness, and philosophy to candor and to humor. Neither prosperity nor empire nor heaven can be worth winning at the price of a virulent temper, bloody hands, an anguished spirit, and a vain hatred of the rest of the world.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The Faith of Broadway

OVER the proscenium arch of George M. Cohan's Theatre there is a fresco of a young man in unnecessarily wide trousers, slouching on a dock and gazing at a distant ocean steamer. The young man seems to suggest that he should be taken seriously on the ground that his place might be filled by some meaningless Venus or Cupid rampant. He decorates a theatre at Broadway and Forty-second Street and he doesn't try to conceal the fact. Over him is inscribed the legend: "Give my regards to Broadway."

There is no disputing the statement that his twang is native to us. He would have been discordant in Athens, he is distinguished to-day in any European music-hall, and at the headquarters of the American War Committee in London his trousers, his voice, and his pennants were a refuge from everything British. He lives and moves on the stage of George M. Cohan's Theatre to the delight of immense crowds. No breath of tradition has touched him, he is free not only of all that suggests Europe, but of all that suggests the older tradition of America; he could not live in a native New England farmhouse, nor trek across a Western prairie. Emerson and Whitman mean nothing to him, and as for Anatole France, the notion suggests how much variety there can be in one universe. He belongs to Broadway, he is the provincial of a big cosmopolitan city and in him you may witness the final caricature of commercialism.

The play in which he appears this season is called "It Pays to Advertise." The scene is the home of a wildly rich "soap king" whose son went to Harvard. This fact and an absurd little blonde moustache betray at once the moral problem of the son; see the Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, that handbook of puritanism for cash. The soap king takes up the business of reform by conspiring with his pretty business-like stenographer, who happens to be "some girl." On a commission basis it is arranged that she should come in contact with Rodney, the young man, in order that he may fall in love with her. He does, and finds in that ecstacy sufficient incentive to defy the sham opposition of his father and to take up a business career. The father's motive is slightly complicated by a bet of thirty thousand dollars that he has made against the man who is his only rival in soap. For this rival also has a son, who, from the looks of him, must also have gone to Harvard. He is a young man whose idiocy is congenital and not acquired. Of course, the soap king wishes to win his bet, and prove to his competitor that he can beat him not only in soap but in sons.

Into this situation there explodes a press-agent looking for a chance to pick up some money. He believes passionately in advertising, his faith flows out from him, bubbles over, becomes congested in its fury to get stated, and finally swamps and overwhelms the stage, the play, the audience, and the son who has decided to "show" his father. The

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two young men strike a bargain and decide to go into soap, not into the making of soap, but into the advertising of a soap that does not exist. The theory which occurs to them is that by setting up as rivals of the old man, whose notions of advertising are conservative, they can threaten his business and compel him to buy them out. They feel a certain official sanction from the whole American people in attacking the soap octopus. There is in them the lovable aggressiveness of youth, a nimbleness and resourcefulness of mind which enable them by cajolery, swindling and lying, to collect enough money to begin business.

In the second act the new soap company is embodied in an office; the blonde moustache is gone. Though no soap exists, a soap is being advertised strenuously by these two bright young men. They have plans for a factory which they do not intend to build, but which they do intend to make the frightened father think they are going to build. They are creating "good-will" and a trade-mark for a soap that costs a dollar a cake. At first no results show, and the financial situation is desperate. But they extricate themselves by such ingenious methods as passing bogus checks and swindling the other young Harvard man. The father enters, disturbed by the advertising campaign, and the son, to the immense amusement of everyone, proceeds to sell the "old duffer" the bankrupt fraud of a business. But the pretty stenographer naively gives away the truth, and the soap king departs undeceived, leaving the bright young men to their terrible fate.

Then miraculously the power of advertising appears. In this darkest hour the great American public becomes clamorous for the dollar soap. The bright young men buy up some trust soap at three cents a cake and fill the first order. But the public is unsatisfied. Marshall Field's agent arrives from Chicago with a consuming passion for a mountain of soap. He offers to purchase the trademark the recipe which doesn't exist, the good-will, everything, at a fabulous price. The father is impressed, and he, too, begins to bid. The pretty stenographer manages the deal and finally sells the "concern" to him for a sum which makes the audience purr. Advertising has done it. Advertising has created values which didn't exist, has made something out of nothing, turned wind into gold, a waster into a magnate, an empty fraud into a flourishing business. It is all very funny, with "lots of punch," "lots of get up and go," zip, flurry, American cleverness, all justified by the fact that the young man has "put it over."

The authors were not writing a satire, but a panegyric backed by all the faith of Broadway. And they are as clever as the young men in their play; they, too, have their little joke. "It Pays to Advertise" is in itself an advertisement—an advertisement of advertising, and of the big national advertisers. For on the torrent of dialogue there float bits of fact by which the names of the noisiest businesses, from Wrigley's Spearmint to Boston Garters, are dinned into the ears of the audience. It is, of course, not traditional in play-writing to advertise goods from the stage, to make their trademarks part of a drama. But that is what this play does. It pursues one step further the magazine policy of surrounding reading matter with publicity, and if the logic of the situation is developed we shall have Bibles with magazine advertisements, sermons in which mention can be purchased, and school-books garnished with Campbell's Soup. It even occurs to me that I am serving the same cause in this article, for, as the press-agent says: "It's being talked about that counts; what is said doesn't matter."

We are a good-natured people, and the only thing we fear is priggishness. You must laugh and not criticize or you are a highbrow. You must under no circumstances confess that blatancy and cheapness lacerate your soul, for the virtue of Broadway is to be a good Indian.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Limits of Cooperation

THERE is no safer practical assumption than that not one of the "regenerative isms" is to have its way with the world. Anarchism, communism, individualism, socialism, with impetuous variants like syndicalism, divide men largely on the line of temperament and partial experience. Each has its period of exclusive and romantic faith before settling to its task of working with other agencies which choose a different name. In the early nineteenth century some of the most penetrating minds held that individualism was to sweep everything before it. Migrations, and the growth of states made possible by technical changes in industry and traffic, have shown this touchy orthodoxy to be wholly inadequate. Individualism has had to recognize other "isms." Too much of the world's work must be done by highly centralized powers, and one after another railroad, telegraph, telephone, express companies and innumerable other "monopolies" drop under state control.

It is not alone Panama canals, Alaskan railways, reclamation service, conservation, insurance against industrial misfortune, and the great issues of the public health which daily enlarge the functions of the state, but every addition to these new centralized powers becomes at once a reason why further tasks are thrust upon them. Precisely as money has been loaned to weaker nations with the provision that they buy goods from the lender, so great manufacturers are now quietly aiding city ownership, even lending financial aid, in order to secure a market for their products. Without a shock the

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public listens to the Postmaster-General as he tells us openly what we may expect of the parcels post. If it carries eleven pounds it may carry twenty, an hundred, or a carload. Just as little are we surprised to read from that past master in large finance, Mr. Perkins: "The Stock Exchange has ceased to be a private concern. . . . The only way to restore confidence is to place the Exchange under control." Sometime, when these government undertakings have attained sufficient extent and variety, the limits of desirable monopoly will appear. At present we are caught in this world-drift toward an ever strengthening state control. It will prove expensive, but every forward-moving people is asking more of it.

In the strictest sense this tendency is socialistic. It lessens the avenues of private investment and private adventure for profits. Among some forty peoples living under every imaginable form of government, this movement has been so steady as to stimulate the sectarianism of the socialist. The logic of his "ism" becomes a fatality. Because so many things are toppling toward government control, he reasons that everything will revert to it, and "government by the people, owning and democratically administering all the machinery of production, shall come to its own." Nowhere is there a solitary sign that the fatalities of this logic are to be fulfilled. Wherever socialism has gained influence enough to force it into positions of responsibility, the cooler heads already know that everything is not going to the state or the city. The ablest criticism of collectivist orthodoxy is no longer from without but from within. There are nowhere more intelligent socialists than those who have begun to tell us why everything is not going to collectivist control; why socialism will reach its limits as well as individualism. We now know that socialism is to play a great and increasing part in the future, that its greatest service is still before it. It becomes droll only when it struts before us as a monopolist. Socialism has got to live with free and individualistic forces powerful enough and various enough to hold its excessive claims in check. There is also in individualism, anarchism, and communism that which will never be left out of any wholesome and vigorous society.

Cooperation, too, has also been an "ism." Its dreaming pioneers had their own spasm of romance in which they looked to see it triumph in every field of industry. The proof is at last overwhelming that only a portion of the world's wealth-making and distributing will be done either by the "self-governing workshop," which drops out the employer and takes all his risks, or by the far more important fellowship known as "consumers' cooperation" of the Rochdale type. It is in this latter that the great strides have been taken, and yet in every country limits appear from within the movement itself. According to the earlier belief, competition was to disappear, all middlemen were parasites, and advertising was useless waste. At the very heart of this freer and more democratic business it has been learned that competition is necessary, that many middlemen are as useful and as productive as the man who grows wheat, that much advertising is as strictly among the utilities as the baking of bread. Simply by long and successful business experience cooperation has learned to distinguish between the huge abuses of competition, middlemen and advertising, and their possible uses.

With this discovery has come a new sense of cooperation itself. It, too, is learning to live with those who prefer a different name. Just as consumers are becoming conscious of their power, just as they are learning to organize that power to their own advantage, they are learning also that permanent centers of human interest exist which can never be identified with consumers' interests. The interest of those who sell their product, the interest of the worker in his union, have their own antagonisms to men as consumers. Over them both the state is organized. In simplest graphic form it represents the circle within a circle. Every mechanical and natural power which becomes the center of private privilege is being forced within that inner circle. It is the area of compulsion, of uniformity, of bureaucracy. It has the strength and the weakness of a strictly limited competition. The inner, socialistic line will become larger as certain big businesses, certain mines, electric and water power operations, are brought within it. Sometime we shall learn to subjugate these monopoly powers to public uses, thus preventing private persons from exploiting them, and then that enormous free outer area will be left for private business, private initiative, experiment and adventure.

A great deal of capitalism, in the sense of private profit-making and hiring of wage-labor, will still go on outside the "socialized" circle. It is probable that a good deal of large-scale private industry of the bolder, risk-taking sort will go on there also. With monopoly powers once under social control, these free activities will be safe. Together with the thousands of cooperative associations, they will form the best counterweight and unprivileged competitor to the bureaucratic lethargies of the state.

Except through business affiliations with state and city, cooperation will have its chief activity and best growth outside the inner circle. With the stupendous work done by the state, cooperation must compete. It will have two other competitors—free, large-scale industries in variable and more hazardous enterprises, and a growing number of those who are essentially artists in their craft. These more individualistic and even anarchistic types will not submit to group management. It is their gift and their strength that they will not cooperate.

I know a grocer who is one of the artists. It is his delight to have a small business; not a family more than he can personally look out for does he want on his books. "With a bigger trade," he tells me, "I cannot follow the individual taste of

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my customers." No cooperative store can or ought to put that grocer out of business. He is twin brother to those industrial frontiersmen whose fun it is to discover and to satisfy some new and legitimate want among men. It is precisely such beneficent limits as these that cooperators are learning to recognize. Indeed, just as it helps us to be free once for all from the fiction that there is a "solution" for any growing social problem, it is no less a help to be able to see and to admit the limits within which industrial cooperation has to perform its part. The most telling popular criticisms against it lose their force when these limits are frankly faced.

The demands of space exclude both illustrations and qualifications necessary to meet some obvious criticisms on the thesis here maintained. These restrictions may be met in part when we look further at cooperative experience in the United States and in Europe, and to the relation which the movement bears to capitalism and socialism alike.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Timid Neutrality"

SIR: When a new periodical appeals to the public for support, it has a right to expect a clear statement of principles. An editorial in the second issue of "The New Republic" gives me the impression that this has not been given. If there is a field where at present clear ideas are needed, it is morality, and nowhere is this more vital than in the discussion of Belgium neutrality. When, therefore, it is said that "treaties will never acquire sanctity until nations are ready to seal them with their blood," I feel the Editor is making a statement the consequences of which he has not thought out. Is this a primitive view, or modern thought? Both Germany and England are at present sealing their beliefs with their blood. Which does it prove to be right? Neither; it is a test like the trial by fire and other primitive standards.

Treaties become sacred as they conserve the interests of both parties to the contract. They become a menace when they interfere with social progress. No amount of bloodshedding will make them sacred if the enforcement is to the interest of only one party. The Belgium issue is put in general form by asking, "Are we bound by agreements our grandfathers made?" It becomes American when we ask, "If a careless city council bargained away the rights of the people in a perpetual franchise, are the people of succeeding generations to be held by this contract? Are they to have any relief, and if so, how?"

I wonder how we can have a "New Republic" without a clear enunciation of the moral principles on which it rests. Does, for example, the Constitution of the United States become sacred because we are willing to die in its defense, or because it conserves the interests and welfare of the American people? If the latter principle gives its security, can we say that "promises are idly broken" if modifications in it are made to increase prosperity? Is higher morality and social sanctity a blood bond or a bond of welfare?

To show the application of these facts to Belgium, I shall say that in 1839 the King of Prussia bound himself and his "heirs" to respect the neutrality of Belgium. In 1871 the German Empire was founded, which gave to the people a voice in the control of national affairs. The German Empire has never ratified this act of the King of Prussia, nor has there been any period since then when the German people would have ratified a treaty that severed Belgium from Germany. Everyone knows that the economic welfare of Germany and Belgium are bound together. They form parts of one economic unit. Which view should prevail in the moral court, the economic or the racial? I shall be interested in the Editor's reply. I fear that his race feeling got the better of his moral judgment.

SIMON N. PATTEN.

University of Pennsylvania.

An Answer to E. P. H.

SIR: The attitude of the Congressional Union, since it split with the National Woman's Suffrage Association a year ago, has been one of dignified and consistent silence in the face of persistent and sometimes vicious attacks upon its every act. Nevertheless, I believe that as a member of the Congressional Union I may voice what I personally feel, at least, in reply to E.P.H.

The National Suffrage convention has repudiated the Congressional Union, and E.P.H. may derive much comfort from this circumstance; but the Congressional Union, with a large and fast growing membership, lives on. The work for the Constitutional amendment followed consistently and undeviatingly by the Union appeals more and more in its large vision to earnest and thoughtful supporters of equal suffrage throughout the country. The feeling that through the Bristow-Mondell amendment, which provides without compromise for nation-wide suffrage, the vote can be obtained with the greatest ease and celerity, more and more prevails. It is for a "New Nationalism" for women that the Congressional Union is working.

The States' Rights doctrine of the Democratic party is unalterably opposed to this, therefore it is quite consistent that the Congressional Union should oppose the Democratic party. This policy has been followed only in the suffrage States, and by this means, for the first time the women of the country who are voters have been asked to assist in bringing the franchise to their sisters in the non-suffrage States. The campaign shows no Democratic advocate of woman suffrage lost to the cause by this method of attack, but rather an increased and insistent adherence to suffrage by candidates of all parties. In the national capital, too, an unprecedented seriousness in the attitude of members of Congress has resulted. E.P.H. has little ground for fear that a policy of opposition to a party endangers its ultimate support. Political history proves the contrary. I may also add that the assumption that New York State is the key to the situation is a shibboleth which is not supported by the history of the woman suffrage movement.

M. S. O.

Washington, D.C.

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English Sentimentalism

Outcast, a play in four acts, by Hubert Henry Davies. First presented at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, November 2, 1914.

SOMEWHERE in Walt Whitman there is a joyous exclamation over a morning cup of coffee. It was made for him at Slabsides, the home of John Burroughs, and perhaps because he was not a slave to caffeine it gave him that sunlit elation which is ascribed to wine. After ordinary denatured acting it is with a similar elation that one records the performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson, in "Outcast." An unsuspecting and spiritless stranger to her work, I waited for sentimental posture and saccharine appeal, the chief aims of the American star. Instead there came a woman to whom even an inferior play was a medium for serious and stirring expression. It was one of those surprises that descend like a windfall from heaven. To Miss Ferguson acting is one of the great arts, as far removed from bon-bon attractiveness as portraiture is removed from the sweet insipidities of the magazine cover. To insist on personal piquancy, to preserve corseted style while appearing to unbend, to smile and to pout, to articulate for the stalls rather than for the ears of the person addressed, to display gowns "expressly designed and executed," seems to be the province of the majority of those dulcet creatures who draw large salaries on the American stage. What Miss Ferguson has done in the past I do not pretend to know. Perhaps she, too, has spoken from the teeth out and depended on a bewitching appearance. But in "Outcast," at any rate, she is wholly preoccupied with her role. It is not a role in which the greatest actress could triumph, but such opportunities as it does offer Miss Ferguson mints into sterling. Not only faithfully imagined but freely and finely projected, her Miriam is a woman of feeling, temperament and idiosyncrasy, ranging in mood and manner as a creature ranges in life.

As a version of human relations, however, "Outcast" is insufferable. Apparently "honest" and "sincere" and all the rest of it, it is the product of a dramatist who has learned little from the masters of his time. One should be grateful, I suppose, for any competent theatrical production, but it is hard to be grateful for this probing into what the dramatist fondly believes are genuine hearts and souls. Rewritten by a satirist, "Outcast" would be an admirable exposition of the island pharisees. As it stands, it is essentially banal. What makes it "unpleasant" is not, as some timorous critics imagine, its "courageous" presentment of a prostitute. It takes no more courage to dramatize a prostitute than to dramatize a bishop. "Outcast" is really unpleasant because it reveals a philistine mind reduced, after the formulation of its problem, to a sentimentalism too sickly to be endured. The last act in a play is not like the last course in a dinner, to be condoned if the preceding courses are good. Much more is it like the last battle of a campaign or the last returns of an election, the validation or invalidation of all that goes before. To say that Mr. Davies ends sentimentally is not, therefore, to lament a momentary lapse. It is to reject with completeness his version of the problem entertained.

From childhood to grown-up years Geoffrey and Valentine, members of the English upper middle class, have been in love with each other, and for two years have been engaged. Suddenly, at the instance of her mother, Valentine accepts a wealthy elderly baronet. With the sorrowing disapproval of his best friends, who nevertheless pour drinks for him, Geoffrey proceeds to empty large decanters of whiskey and consume quantities of drugs. We see him first on the evening of the wedding, still drinking heavily after a morphinated sleep. To relieve the tedium of his grief, his two friends propose a walk, but it rains and they stay in Geoffrey's flat. The younger of the two employs himself as an assistant to Pluvius, squirting soda water at the passers-by, hits a street walker, hales her, and with Geoffrey's consent, calls her up to his rooms. She is an American girl, slangy, free, professional, out of pocket but undismayed. The men are sympathetic. After a while they find she is starving and give her food. She is touched, tells her hard-luck story and arouses in Geoffrey a sense of his own self-indulgent woe. The others clear out. Geoffrey tells his own story, and arranges, magnanimous male, to "rescue" Miriam from her life on the streets. Miriam is overwhelmed by his friendliness. Under her influence he stops drink and drugs. Exhibiting the proper susceptibility of the convalescent, Geoffrey adopts her as his mistress. He proffers her, that is to say, a new prostitution for the old—regular as against seasonal employment and no danger of occupational disease. It suits him admirably. He regains nerve and cheerfulness, begins to make money and to feel fit. His friends fear that Miriam will be a drag, but he is sure she's "the very girl he needed," and he accepts her lavish spaniel-love.

In this relation Miriam and Geoffrey live for the first year of Valentine's marital experiment. On Geoffrey's side there is, obviously, only fondness. To Miriam, however, Geoffrey is the chevalier. She loves him more and more. But as time goes on, and social checks are exerted, she realizes the disadvantages of being a prostitute. She contrasts her relation with the married relation, and marriage seems rather more secure. Seeking to "improve" herself so that she will not disgrace Geoffrey, she hopes against hope for elevation to domestic peerage. There is, however, a romantic lien on Geoffrey and when Valentine leaves her dull, elderly, wealthy baronet and sinks into loneliness and unhappiness (not consoled by drinks or drugs, however, or even by a well-paid lover) Geoffrey "discovers" that his love has never died. There is a scene in which Miriam fights for him. He gets angry and strikes at her, forbids her to mention Valentine's pure name, and pays her off with two weeks' extra salary, after the fashion of employers impatient but generous and "kind."

Robed for romance, Valentine comes to Geoffrey, now restored to his ugly celibate flat. She confesses that she married out of ignorance—her spouse was good but dull. Geoffrey understands, and they cheep together over an early pigtail snapshot and adventures under the old apple tree. In the middle of the reunion Miriam is heard wrangling with the doorman. To save disgrace she is brought in—wan, weak from hunger, tame. She faints and is taken to an inner room. Geoffrey, quite chastened, returns long enough to agree solemnly with Valentine that, whatever happens, one must always, always "play the game." With this deliciously British revelation in mind, Valentine decides to return to her husband, dull but good; and when Miriam staggers out by herself from the inner room, Geoffrey, still "playing the game," offers her the job of mistress or wife, either or both, but in Buenos Aires, the town of moral moratorium. Refusing marriage, "the reward for good women," Miriam slavers her master's hand, and the curtain hides the rest.

All this, one may say, might happen. That, I conceive, is true. But does Mr. Davies know what did really happen to every stifled soul in this drama of liars, slaves and cheats? On that, too, the curtain descends without an answer—which is answer enough for all.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

DID I seem at all queer to you when we met the other day? So might the American Academy of Arts and Letters, if she were a self-conscious and uneasy body, question M. Brieux. She has not put the question. She may not have thought it odd that a member of the French Academy, which exists first of all to guard the purity of the French tongue, should have struck the American Academy in one of her unconservative moods. This is just what happened, however. Through Professor Brander Matthews, her neat and persuasive spokesman, our Academy called for volunteers. She invited undersized words and words of tender age to join the English language.

When Synge had given up Paris for Ireland he traveled in West Kerry, and lived for months at a time on the Aran Islands, listening to the talk of peasants, collecting idiom. Lady Gregory has done a like work in the region about Coole. Douglas Hyde, I suppose, did something of the kind before making his earlier translations. Mr. Brander Matthews tells us of an English society whose members listen in factories and shops for the names that the real workers give to their machines. Thus they hope to replace scientific terminology by racier words. In France Remy de Gourmont, with not precisely the same end in view, has invited men of letters to help themselves from the storehouse of words which invention and modern industry have created. A colleague of this impulse has led William Butler Yeats to say that our modern prose is written too much for the eye, and not enough for the ear. The two impulses are blended in the assertion that a writer ought first to listen, and then to write as if he had heard.

Teachers of rhetoric used to discourse about words, sentences, paragraphs, wholes, but I suppose it is mostly words that we add to our stock by marking what people say. Words, and fresh uses of old ones. My janitor, describing the food a friend of his had eaten in Libby prison, calls the meat "slampy." I do not know the word. It is not in the Century or the Standard. It is not in the Oxford, though "slamp" is, undefined. You are left to infer its meaning from two quotations, both out of Cotgrave, neither of them to my purpose. But in Wright's English Dialect Dictionary "slampy" is said to mean "flabby; soft and wet." It is heard in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire. How did my janitor, who comes from Taunton, Mass., have access to this word, the only word of the first class that I have learned since I began to listen? Perhaps "slampy" is still used, and with my janitor's accuracy, wherever a settlement in America was made from one of those three English counties.

Words, though they are the most useful things a writer can collect from the living speech about him, are not the most surprising rewards of listening. Chunky soliloquies, for example, which have been exiled from self-respecting plays, are commoner in real life than I had supposed. On a liner once, from Geneva homeward, I listened a good deal in the smoking-room. A small man of fifty, whose dejection seemed unaccountable until you learned that he had lately been exposed, in the company of some eighty other persons, to Egypt, the Holy Land, and the Black Sea, sat at table with three or four other silent men. They, too, had suffered from Egypt, the Holy Land and the Black Sea. The small man broke silence. He spoke slowly, with difficulty putting into words his difficult thought:

"Now here's a question. Why is so much water salt? If it were fresh, that is to say, if it were not salted, it would be just as suitable for sailing purposes. On the other hand, it might be less healthy. And yet there are the Great Lakes, which are large bodies of fresh water, and they are not unhealthy. And where does the salt come from? And how much does it take?"

A speech, you think, and not a soliloquy, because the speaker was not physically alone? If you had seen the expressionless faces of his companions, faces blank with recent travel in Egypt and the Holy Land, you would have admitted that he was soliloquizing. Just as I, on my side, am ready to admit that such overheard soliloquies do not refresh one's weary vocabulary. It is words that we must listen for, catch in their context, tear from their context and transplant. When we have listened and collected, and are ready to profit by our collections, we shall scarcely be astonished by discovering that we are up against new problems in literary art. Certain new words have a knack of smashing certain old literary forms, and new forms must be devised. Many proper names, for example, are relatively new. If you try to use them in old forms, to write elegiacally about the death of your neighbor's wife, you get immediately into trouble. "Death, whither hast thou taken, and why hast thou cut down in the flower of her womanhood, Mrs. John K. Busby? Wherefore, O Death, hast, thou left widowed and forlorn, with his young children motherless, Assistant Secretary of the Board of Education John K. Busby?" This leaves something to be desired. A new elegiac note must be sounded if our elegy is to harmonize with its subject's name.

But in that elegiac form which we have invented and perfected our own proper names sound rather better than Greek names would. In an elegy beginning with whereases, proceeding through resolveds, and ending in a determination to communicate a copy of the foregoing to the bereaved family of the deceased, we should be surprised, I dare say, if we stumbled upon Iope, Artemidora or Iphianassa. However, no harm is done by trying to put contemporary proper names into elegies, rondeaux or aubades. Either we shall get used to the result, no matter how odd it looks at first, or else our more ingenious authors will arrive at a working compromise between new names and old forms. The forms will get bent, the names will be somewhat "stylisiert." And the poet who can run with contemporary proper names without being thrown for a loss need not be afraid to tuck any other contemporary word under his arm.

He can then go forth, as Mr. Brander Matthews would have him go, and listen. His pallid style will grow ruddy by transfusion of blood drawn from living speech. His vocabulary, which now tastes as if it had been grown under glass, will taste of the soil again, will have a smell of the earth in spring. The youthful clerk in the broker's office, the plumber, the professor of metaphysics, the young girl from the preparatory school, the clergyman and the farm hand, all will exist, from the poet's point of view, for the sake of enriching his diction. From them, unconscious, he will consciously learn. Most of all will he attend to the colored and variegated language of newspaper readers, gathering from them the apt words they have gathered from the press. Meanwhile, by way of experiment, I shall persuade some plutocrat to buy and isolate a community, and to ordain that nothing shall be read there, for a generation or so, except Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. And in this community, about fifty years hence, I shall loose a few listening poets, and await with confidence their report.

P. L.

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Democracy in Emerson's Journals

ENTHUSIASTS who care to trace Emerson's opinions may have a rare time with the ten volumes of his Journals, the last of which was issued in the spring. The Essays offer ripened thought; the Journals record its growth. Democracy in America is mentioned no oftener than many other subjects, but it is one of the most interesting, because Emerson's changing sentiments are shown against a background of men and events, and because they exhibit the age-old conflict between faith and fact.

At the back of Emerson's mind persisted certain static ideas about democracy. He believed that each man had in him a spark of divinity; that therefore he should be self-reliant; that, free to form his own opinions, he should be tolerant of the opinions of others; and that in a world of such men good government should supply a quiet routine for attending to the few matters of general concern which could best be handled in common. The deference some Americans paid the machine annoyed him sometimes, and sometimes disgusted him, as when he gave an ironic second to the formula: "I baptize thee in the name of the Governor, and of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives." The machinery for getting on seemed to him a by-product of ideal democracy. He did not set out to define what it should accomplish. Definitions were not in the coinage of Emerson's mint. Yet in one passage, speaking to a definite point, he came close to compressing his whole theory of government: "Let us stifle our prejudices against common sense and humanity, and agree that every man shall have what he honestly earns, and, if he is a sane and honest man, have an equal vote in the state and a fair chance in society."

In Emerson's first years out of college, democracy was just his synonym for America. It was his own America, too, and he was quite complacent about it; sometimes more complacent than lucid. "Let those who would pluck the lot of immortality from Fate's urn, look well to the future of America." If his countrymen could boast no arts, "we have a government and a national spirit that is better than persons or histories." The judges of his own future utterances were to be an emancipated people, for "in America we have plucked down Fortune and set up Nature in his room." These were the sentiments and the rhetoric of the Commencement orator. Of course he soon gave over such bombast, nor to revert to it.

When as a full-grown man he went up and down the world he felt much satisfaction in the crowd. Although he had no intimates among his own group, he was an easy "mixer" among average homespun people. Charles Eliot Norton told with wonder what a universal talker Emerson was with everybody aboard their returning ship in 1873. Thirty years earlier the Journal accounted for his apparently miscellaneous taste. "When, in our discontent with the pedantry of scholars, we prefer farmers, and when, suspecting their conservatism, we hearken after the hard words of drovers and Irishmen, . . . this is alkali to our acid, or shade to our too much sunshine; but abide with these, and you will presently find they are the same men you left." His mention of the Irishman was not accidental, for he hated all "native-son" Pharisaism. With inspired recklessness he welcomed "Irish, Germans, Swedes, Poles and Cossacks and all the European tribes," with Africans and Polynesians to boot, and he took his turn with the melting-pot metaphor which has been current from Crevecoeur's letters of 1770 to Zangwill's recent play. He did more than like the commoners; he insisted often on their sound judgment and ripe intelligence, and protested against "talking down" to them. Books they did not like were faulty for that reason, should have been written differently. "The people—no thanks to them—are nearly always right, have a low sort of right, that of common sense and instinct; and the man of talent and ingenuity is wrong."

Yet going up and down the world he saw much to deprecate. It hurt him that bad manners should prevail. When he looked at Washington's portrait in his dining-room, and noted his depth and gravity, it seemed as if "this man had absorbed all the serenity of America, and left none for his reckless, rickety, hysterical countrymen." But the manners of them were no baser than their philosophy. Perhaps no more could be expected of a nation dedicated to trade, whose conversation was all of hay and grain and pigs and corn and apples. Nor with so little perspective was it surprising that they could be easily misled. Twice in 1853 came this entry, word for word: "Alas for the Majority! That old inevitable dupe and victim. What a dreary Iliad of woes it goes wailing and mad withal. Some dog of a Cleon, or Robespierre, or Douglas, or Butler, is always riding it to ruin." Finally, worst of all, neither leaders nor followers were always honest. The leaders electioneered and truckled. "Cotton thread holds the Union together . . . patriotism for holidays and summer evenings with music and rockets, but cotton thread is the Union." And as for the unco guid, there was no sign of humor in the context when he blazed out in 1864: "The obstacle the philanthropic movements meet is the invincible depravity of the virtuous classes."

So much for the obverse of the medal. It is not true that at any point in his career Emerson stopped believing in the people and began to disbelieve in them; yet these words of distrust and dismay were more frequent in the later Journals, just as the fine indiscrimination and good cheer prevailed in the earlier ones.

Emerson's comments on Webster, stretching over forty-six years, fairly summarize the whole matter. At the outset he looked up with unbounded admiration to the "awful charm" of the older man. Webster was a majestic epitome of America. In 1834 the Webster speeches seemed "the utmost that the unpoetic West has accomplished, or can." In the next year came the first moderation of praise when he noted that Webster's intellect so dominated him that a recent utterance in the Senate was not "a scream of real passion . . . . anything else than a fine, wise, oratorical scream." His reply to Hayne was great because he spoke beyond himself, "uttered things not his own," and so escaped nonsense. By 1841 he was care-worn and anxious under hostile criticism. With 1843 doubts of his character were changing to decision. Still of transcendent talent, he needed apologists for his personal habits, and defenders for his equivocations. He was "a great man with a small ambition. . . . He wished to add a title to his name, and be a President. That ruined him." His willingness to let loose his powers on demand was now undermining him. The Bunker Hill oration was "poor and Polonius-like." Webster was no better than his light-headed audience, "a very good America himself." In court, too, though a power with the juries and a terror to the judges, he chanted platitudes, "a soldier hired for sixpence a day." The next year he was no greater than the great actors in his speech-making, and, like them, he should have gone to London. He even came to appear to Emerson, when he mounted the platform at Everett's inauguration at Harvard, as "this Webster"!

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After 1848 the final verdict was clear. "Webster does not lead, but always plays a reverential part to some ancestors, or Whig party, or Constitution, or other primary who is much his inferior if he had but courage and a calling." He might have ruled America, but he was cowardly. He had wholly failed to live up to the promise of his powers. After the "Seventh-of-March speech," liberty in his mouth sounded like "love in the mouth of a courtesan"; "Union," as he pronounced it, became a "ghastly nothing." Then, once more in his representative capacity, Webster was an incarnation of the American people "with their vast material interests, materialized intellect, and low morals." These were sad days for Emerson, the sadder because he must now exult over his adversary. Yet though Webster had fallen, his countrymen were not to be despised. Rather, they vindicated themselves anew. In the Baltimore convention Webster was totally repudiated, not receiving a single vote. And when he estranged his younger followers, they rose in youthful power and "drove Mr. Webster out of the world."

Throughout the Civil War Emerson's hopes were always steady. At the end he was once more sure that the populace who could be misled in small matters could be trusted in great issues, and that the demagogue could achieve his end only when the rest of the world was off its guard. The fine ebullitions of his youth were things of the past, but so were the distrust and half despair of his darker hours. The whole story was a story of a man's normal experience in testing his faith by the facts and in reconciling the two.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Later George Moore

Hail and Farewell: Vale, by George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Company, $1.75 net.

AN elderly egotist has written three volumes of malicious reminiscences. That is a true statement about George Moore's "Hail and Farewell." It is also an absurdly misleading statement.

The reminiscences are not like ordinary reminiscences. Wishing to make portraits of his friends, George Moore sits down and consults his memory. When memory yields just the characteristic saying or doing that he needs in his picture he seeks no further. When memory is stingy he invents. With nicest craftsmanship he keeps the remembered things and the invented things in the same key. His sitters may declare that they never said this or never did that, and they may be right. It does not matter. Nobody who is not acquainted with them, at first or second hand, can tell the invented bits from the remembered. Both kinds help to make the pictures superb examples of Kleinmeisterei.

The malice is not like ordinary malice. It is George Moore's indispensable color. Without it he simply cannot paint. Whether his malice is claro or colorado or maduro, it never exists for its own sake. There is claro malice in the portrait of Edward Martyn, but there is also tenderness and love. Moore has dutchpainted Martyn in the round, colored and solid, short legs in queer trousers, the room over the tobacconist's, the passion for Palestrina, the queer candles Martyn reads Ibsen by, all the friendly kinks and creases of his mind. There is colorado malice in the portrait of Yeats—his height and his hands, the adjusted drapery of his intellect, his figured speech and wise—but there is also a very real admiration. There is maduro malice in the portraits of Plunkett and Gill, but there is also lighthearted fun.

The egotism is not like ordinary egotism. George Moore shows us George Moore interrupting AE, George Moore interrupting Yeats, George Moore interrupting Colonel Maurice Moore, George Moore interrupting John Eglinton. He knows that such an inveterate interrupter must bore his friends. Down goes the evidence against himself just the same. He shows us the friendship between Lady Gregory and Yeats as admirably sound on the whole, shows it slightly comic in parts, shows it making George Moore jealous and petulant. He puts in the jealousy and the petulance because they give definition to Lady Gregory's liking for Yeats, and because he needs them in his malicious portrait of George Moore.

This is a very special brand of egotism. Hardly a word in praise of George Moore is set down. Many rufflings of his vanity are recorded. It is not a devouring egotism. It doesn't always come to the table three regular times a day, but it does a good deal of nibbling between meals. George Moore's interest in himself doesn't shrink his power to observe other men. He observes while he is in the act of interrupting. This egotist, who is all the time looking at himself in the glass, sees other people a good half of the time.

George Moore has made a lifelong attempt to know himself, and he has almost succeeded. Almost everything concerning himself, from his love of Manet to the queer figure George Moore cuts in his pajamas, he records and understands. But one part of himself he misunderstands totally. He has no idea how foolish it was of him to enter himself for the standing and running broad generalization prize. The passages of sustained ratiocination are the only grotesques in the three volumes of "Hail and Farewell." He is rich in the small change of thought: he should never try to think consecutively. His self-knowledge has one other odd defect. He thinks it was his sympathy with the Boers in the South African war that drove him out of England and instigated the breakage of several old friendships. His mood at this time, in his own opinion, was harsh and bitter and savage and unrelenting and ferocious. He was stirred to the depths. All self-delusion, you understand. George Moore was fussed. That was all.

One other self-delusion is worth noting. It is hard to define, but its effect is plain. It has led George Moore to insert a few coarse and a few over-intimate passages in "Hail and Farewell." Their presence raises no moral question. It raises no aesthetic question. They are neither more nor less than bad smells.

Their sole function is to put an edge on our wonder that the man who wrote them wrote also such sentences as these: "Not a wind stirred in the tall grass, nor was there a cloud in the sky; a dim gold fading into gray and into blue, darkening overhead. A ghostly moon floated in the south, and the blue sailless sea was wound about the shoulders of the hills like a scarf." Or this: "We returned through the hilly country, with the wide, sloping evening above us, and apple-trees lining the road, all the apples now reddened and ready for gathering." Or this: "I had expected him to answer 'Cologne,' where we had stopped before to hear a contrapuntal Mass; two choirs, as well as I remember, answering each other from different sides of the cathedral, the voices dividing and uniting, seeking each other along and across the aisles." The first quotation is a little trite at the start, but doesn't it end in loveliness? And doesn't the creator of the last two know something about the rhythms of English prose?

An equal beauty is suffused over the longer landscape passages. George Moore is a true landscape painter. His recollections of Irish country are little gentle marvels of composition. They seem, as he might say if the pictures

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were by another hand, to have been breathed upon the page. Add to these and to the portraits of persons, when you are counting his good points, the narrative art which makes many greater men's narrative sound harsh and jerky by comparison; add the consummate skill of his spacing, a skill which ordains that the landscapes shall never be too few or too frequent for the portraits and the dialogue.

A reader who isn't curious about technical questions, about prose as an art, about narrative as an art, will never get out of George Moore the best that is there. But we may easily acquire the curiosity; it doesn't take much mind. All the rest of George Moore may be enjoyed without any mind at all. Reading him gives many readers impious little feelings of freedom. He has labored with zest to restrict the area of the unmentionable. He has added several to the list of mentionable things. He has helped enormously to break down the convention which says to an artist: "You are welcome to do your friends in bronze or marble or pastel or oil. You must let them alone if your medium happens to be words. You mustn't try to put their actions and talk into print."

"Hail and Farewell" is a by-product. Moore was lured back to Ireland by his yearning to be in the movement, to bear his part in the attempt to revive Irish letters and drama. The "movement" never took him to its bosom. It preferred, very wisely, Yeats and Lady Gregory and Synge; leaving George Moore free to write these volumes for his own pleasure and ours. He has done no better writing. Landscape and wistfulness and portraiture and even wit are harmonized here into the easiest narrative. Never has George Moore, Kleinmeister, appeared so easily master of his art.

Bumptious Psychology

The War and America, by Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00 net.

FROM a psychological point of view this war presents a problem in mass-action and mass-sentiment such as the world has rarely seen. It is only through a psychological interpretation that we shall be able to explain satisfactorily to ourselves the origin and machinery of all this bewildering madness. Yet as the occasion brings out the flood of manifestoes and treatises from those whom we have thought to be the custodians of our intellectual heritage, it becomes increasingly plain that psychological and sociological science is doing little to help us in this endeavor. The whole discussion has been conducted on a distressingly moral plane, in high and poetical terms of justification and responsibility. As if this were a world where things are justified! Or else it has been conducted in terms of uncriticized historical and diplomatic shibboleths, with mythological personification of nations and movements.

With the exception of Professor Loeb's suggestive analogy of animal tropisms in his article for The New Review, one recalls with difficulty any serious attempt of a scientific mind to put into intellectual order the personal or social motives, instincts, emotions, interests, imitations, customs, leaderships, mass-suggestions, group-antagonisms and co-operations that have produced this war or are likely to result from it. From the stories of the correspondents, even, we are better able to piece the drama together.

Although he has attempted to apply psychology to business management, to industrial efficiency, to the witness-stand, even to life itself, Professor Münsterberg has certainly put nothing into his book except a feeble reference to the suggestibility of the American people which would indicate that it was written by a professional psychologist. He does not even show himself an expert in the psychology of advertising, for his employment of the artificial baby-language of diplomacy and his palpable and threadbare German-American patriotic sentimentalities are not cleverly chosen to seduce the American mind into a sympathy with the German cause. In his appeal to the supposed American love of "fair play" there is a certain audacious adroitness. Unfortunately the American attention has been too fixedly seized by the plight of Belgium to be very susceptible to this picture of Germany as the menaced and persecuted "under-dog," leaving her meek pietism for forlorn and desperate war against an implacable world of enemies.

With amiable persistence the author brings up, one after the other, all the irrelevances which might by chance touch off some emotional complex in the reader and switch his sentiment to Germany. Reminders of the German influence on American education, the usual recital of the diplomatic "causes" of the war, miscellaneous letters written by the author to the newspapers, sentimental memories of his early life in threatened Alsace and Danzig, a speech delivered at the unveiling of a Baron Steuben monument—all are run promiscuously into a hastily made book which makes so little strain upon the intellectual faculties as to be obviously written with a very average reader in mind. At times the argument is a personal plea. There is a delicious unctuousness in the implication that, having played the great part of interpreting America to Europe, it is now Professor Münsterberg's turn to interpret Europe to us. One feels the quiet confidence that we shall not prove ungrateful for so authoritative a kindness. The tone of patronage is thinly covered. We have been good children in the past, and we mustn't be naughty now and make faces at our big, grown-up Teutonic brother.

There are some of us, however, who would undoubtedly have been more grateful for some show of psychological insight. The only contribution most of us can make towards the present tragic occasion is a clear and resolute understanding of its human and social significance. We want an analysis of the social and psychological influences that have produced the contrasting civilizations that now purport to be fighting each other. We want a keener understanding of the different ways in which they map out the world of experience and the differing values they set upon each part. We want to know the connection between the initiating and directing groups in the different countries, and the rushing and delirious masses. We want an analysis of the role that intellect and passion are playing in the reactions to the crisis in both the warring and the neutral countries. We want, in other words, an orderly plotting-out of the mind, personal and social, behind it all. To such curiosity the academic mind remains feebly unresponsive. One becomes pardonably sceptical of the significance, in spite of the incomparable material at hand, of such scientific psychology as this author represents.

R. S. B.

Wapping Nights

Night Watches, by W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

ON a dock at Wapping, smoking an old pipe, there sits a fat night-watchman, good natured, yet full of latent indignations. The flicker of a white dress in a passing waterman's skiff, a vociferous mongrel on shipboard, or perhaps merely an aphoristic habit of mind, recall to him the humors of courtship, the tragi-comedies of comfortably wedded bargemen, the exquisite serenity of vulgar youth. Fate has revealed itself to him now and then in the guise of a clever monster which traps the virtuous in their own

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proprieties. He is a philosopher, fond of a pot of beer, shrewd, rejoicing in the pain which is the past. There he sits, and Mr. Jacobs is his oracle. If you don't laugh too heartily, you can hear the shrill voice of the Missus, and a feeble stream of expostulation from Bill, or the contemptuous remarks of Ginger and Sam. In this volume Mr. Jacobs has inserted a story which, like Poe's, is designed to make the reader shudder, and it does. But laughing with Mr. Jacobs over his familiar domesticities is pleasanter. And this we do again.

Pseudo-Historical

The Witch, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

THE past, turned into fiction, may be glamorous or instructive, as readers of Miss Johnston are aware. She has a skill in shaping historical material to romantic uses. But what are we to say about a book that has all the trappings of romance and none of its glamor, all the seriousness of fact with none of the vitality that immortalized fact into truth? The plot and its manner are incredibly romantic, yet they are adapted to the realistic problem of religious convictions sternly maintained.

A man and a woman, pillars of enlightenment in an age of darkness, are beaten upon by all the forces of bigotry and hypocrisy characteristic of the days of King James. This couple did not want to reform the world. They only sought a little corner where they could enjoy their enlightenment in peace. Naturally they could not find it. There was an unknown island which an unusually kind Providence put in their way, after unbelievable hardships on the sea, but even there they were hounded by their remorseless pursuers and haled back to England to the death of witches and warlocks. Such material as this presented in a pseudo-historical novel is as incongruous as would be John the Baptist preaching in ruffed velvet and a sword. One might dismiss it as unimportant if Miss Johnston's other work had not prepared us for something excellent of its kind, something that not only read like "Sir Mortimer" but attained the same attractiveness of subject and unity of style.

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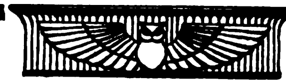

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I — New York, Saturday, December 5, 1914 — NUMBER 5

INDICATIONS are accumulating that the time of Congress may be occupied less with the appropriation bills and the remains of the legislative programme of the administration than with the problems of military reorganization and national defense. The Republicans will do their best to concentrate public interest on the military unpreparedness of the country. Lacking, as they are, in an available and promising domestic policy, they need an issue on which they can assume an aggressive national attitude, one that will distract popular attention from economic issues and problems. The issue of national defense is precisely what they need. It offers the opportunity which every party seeks of converting patriotic feeling into partisan capital, and rarely is such an excellent opportunity provided. The military unpreparedness of the United States is notorious. It can be proved out of official document. It is not even denied by those who favor its continuation. It was bad enough during the years of Republican rule, but attempts were being made to diminish it. It has become worse since the Democrats have come into power. The Republicans can fasten a certain amount of responsibility for existing conditions on their opponents—enough to furnish them with a partisan issue. All they need in order to convert the issue into a veritable sword of partisan warfare is a refusal by the Democrats in Congress to consider the question and provide a sufficient remedy.

THE Democrats should not allow the Republicans to appropriate the issue of national defense. They should not encourage an agitation in favor of a very much more expensive and burdensome military establishment by refusing to provide a remedy for the deficiencies of our existing military and naval organization and equipment. No doubt such an agitation is the inevitable result of the European war, but if it must come, the opponents of militarism should not allow their forces to be divided by any action or any failure to act which compromises either national security or any essential phase of national foreign policy. At present the United States is not prepared to defend itself against attack. Its military establishment it not only entirely insufficient to support the Monroe Doctrine, or to defend the Philippines, Panama and Hawaii, but it is inadequate to protect our sea coast from invasion. The country must adapt its military organization and equipment to its needs. In order that the army and navy may not be excessively burdensome, it may be necessary frankly to abandon certain responsibilities which the nation has assumed in South America and the Pacific; but even though responsibilities are diminished, the preparations remain flagrantly inadequate. The Democrats should recognize this fact, and should blunt the edge of the sword which the Republicans will try to sharpen for their undoing. They should see that the fleet is sufficiently manned, and that its fighting efficiency is fully restored. They should vote larger appropriations for the equipment of the army and for adequate reserves of ammunition, guns and other military supplies. Finally, they should accept Congressman Gardner's resolutions providing for a full investigation into the subject of national defense and military organization. If they fail to do as much as this, they will be inviting a popular agitation which will be dangerous to their success at the next election, equally dangerous to national security and peace, and fatally distracting to steady progress in the work of social improvement.

AN orgy of map-searching and map-changing has brought into prominence the free but not unlimited country of Moresnet. This sovereign state had its origin in a boundary dispute between Holland and Prussia. The Council of Vienna, not wishing to have another war while everybody was so tired, decided to neutralize the disputed territory under the joint control of Holland and Prussia, and when Belgium became independent from Holland she kept this half-interest in the 1,500-acre nation. For years Belgium and Germany ruled the country by a sort of alternating arrangement, but the inhabitants, in canny Moresnetian way, took advantage of this awkward situation so as to secure

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what is virtually self-government. They have no standing army, and obviously they could have no other kind. Being only a mile wide and a mile and a half long, the state of Moresnet has no imperial ambitions such as might be the curse of a thirty-mile country like Luxemburg. It has no coinage, no king, and little crime. It contains a mountain and a zinc mine, and, unless the Germans stepped on it on the way from Aix-la-Chappelle to Liège, three thousand people.

THERE is no use in making believe that talk about prosperity or the contemplation of little Mary Sunshine will supply an answer to the hideous suffering of the approaching winter. We are face to face with a state of affairs so bad that already an organized charity like the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reports more people on its hands than at any time in the seventy-one years of its history. It had forty-five per cent more families to take care of this November than it had last. On the lower East Side so many families have been evicted that one of the Justices who is forced to sign the orders has revolted publicly at the task. From Chicago come little items like this: "One State Street store at ten o'clock had been visited by four hundred and fifty-six applicants for positions. Of that number the management selected three girls." These facts indicate an inordinate amount of misery made in the U.S.A. They call for quick, concerted and generous action, which we shall not get by covering up the facts for fear of hurting business, or by starting a hundred overlapping, badly informed and badly financed committees, or by looking only on what is called the bright side of things. Every city needs to do at once what the New York city administration has this week done—appoint a central commission to coordinate all the existing agencies, to dig out the facts, to estimate the extent of the problem, and to drive a realization of what it means into the heads and hearts of all of us. The well-to-do are going to have to give this winter, the taxpayer is going to have to stand for real expenditure. But the giving will be totally inadequate and the spending of what is given will be wasteful if the newspapers and public officials are silent about the needs, and voluble about the little committees and the haphazard efforts of our well-meaning but undirected good-will.

JUST now it is not a question of a radical remedy for unemployment. What we have failed to plan in comparative prosperity we shall not be able to carry out spontaneously in a terrible emergency. There should be no relaxing of the attempt to create a national system of labor exchanges, to establish unemployment insurance, to take the "unemployable" out of the labor market, to regularize production. All these necessary steps may receive an impetus this winter when people have seen what it means to be unprepared for a crisis, and when they have been thoroughly frightened by the demonstrations of the unemployed. But this legislation will not immediately help the thousands of families who are already in want of beds and food and clothes. Their first need is self-respecting relief, given to them because they have to have it. At the present rate of giving they are not going to be relieved. We are informed by one competent observer that the charities at home are having their budgets cut something like fifty per cent because the more spectacular suffering of the Belgians has diverted much of the normal giving, and because there has been a good deal of "economy" among the rich which has left the American charities with smaller resources to meet a larger demand. It suggests how unseeing and how fickle is private philanthropy, for terrible as it is to starve in Belgium, it is no less terrible to starve in the United States.

KILLED: 3631. This is the record of mines and quarries in the United States last year. It means a death rate of about three and a half per thousand. To complete the picture we learn that the injured are estimated at one hundred thousand. These figures are from the report of the Bureau of Mines, and are accompanied by a statement of the Director, Dr. Joseph H. Holmes, that, taking the hazards of the industry into consideration, the losses are excessive and unnecessary. We commend the miners to the consideration of those who fear that peace will destroy the courage of mankind.

NEWS dispatches this week suggest that the President is considering whether he should ask Congress to amend the Sherman Anti-trust Law so as to allow exporters to cooperate in foreign markets. This amendment might be accompanied by an inquiry of the new Trade Commission into the industrial combinations abroad with which American merchants compete. The suggestion, we believe, is a good one. It would be public recognition of the fact that artificially preserved competition is an anomaly when markets have widened to the world. It would be the abandonment of prejudice against size, and the beginning of an open avowal that the object of legislation about business is not to obstruct organization or to hinder cooperation. The people of the United States have no interest in unbending roles. Their interest as consumers, as workers, as investors, is in the results of organization, not in dogmatic assertions about its form.

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ADMIRAL Mahan will be missed not only by his friends but by everybody who likes controversy at its best. Dying at the age of seventy-four, after making his mark upon the thought of our time, he had probably done his work as a writer of books. But his admirable work as a newspaper controversialist was by no means over. Every now and then, though not nearly so often as he had something to say, he would send to one of the New York papers a letter upon some topic of immediate interest; perhaps a protest against unfair attacks upon Colonel Roosevelt's motives, perhaps a discussion of the ethical questions raised by Mr. Bruce Ismay's departure from the Titanic. No one else had quite such a happy hand in controversy. Nearly every one of his letters proved the possibility of using courtesy and fairness as highly destructive weapons.

"UNDER a Democratic President and Governor," says the *New York Evening Post*, "Kansas has produced a record wheat crop amounting to double her best preceding yield." But against this admittedly magnificent achievement there was the fire in Salem, Mass., the loss of the Davis tennis cup, civil war in Mexico, uncivil war in Europe, a dry September, and the hoof-and-mouth epidemic.

IT would have been slightly miraculous if the war had come to an end without protests against breaches of neutrality by Colombia and Ecuador. There will be more of these protests. Peru, in particular, is almost certain to be technically guilty of offenses against neutrality. From a point a little below the Gulf of Guayaquil southward for more than five hundred miles her coast is barren, with long unlighted and uninhabited tracts. Such a coast is an invitation to belligerents to slip in and establish a wireless station. In the heavy fogs which abound there it is easy for a belligerent vessel to come and go unobserved. Peru can do little but go through the motions of keeping this part of her coast patrolled. She must trust more to the difficulties of navigation than to her own vigilance.

THE success of the Institute opened by Columbia University for the purpose of providing public lectures, concerts, etc., at small costs, suggests the question why university graduate courses of historical, literary and philosophical interest should not be made public on similar terms. If the public are intelligent enough to follow a single lecture where the professor concentrates into an hour's discourse the material for a course, why are they not intelligent enough to follow the course itself? Why should a professor of distinction and of more than local reputation be listened to only by the dozen graduate students who happen to be "taking their degree" in his department? The wider audience should have a bracing effect upon the speaker. The idea that he is giving his substance not only to perfunctory or awe-impressed students would tend to increase his responsibility. There would, of course, be the usual objection on the ground of the sensationalism of the press. Professors giving public courses might find their ideas distorted and spread in scare-heads through the papers. They themselves might be discredited and ridiculed. The sensitive professorial soul without any great conviction of the value of his course usually has a horror of notoriety, and yet, on the other hand, there must be professors who want or would be willing to have exactly that.

THE horrors of the present war are intensified by the psychological reverberations which it sends through every part of the civilized world. In spite of the widespread character of the Napoleonic operations, the world could know very little of what was going on. Owing to the slowness of communication and the paucity of newspapers, what little there was known was limited to a very narrow range of readers. And the later continental wars were so localized as to interest a relatively small number of peoples or classes. But in the case of the present conflict there can be scarcely a person in the civilized world who does not feel an almost personal interest in the issues. That millions of men of all nations are being put at once in possession of these details of slaughter and ruin and turn of battle, with all the ensuing emotions, is a moving thought. And we are far more sensitive than the world was in its rawer days. Never could it have felt as we feel the recoiling horror of the thing, nor were there so many ideals and hopes of civilization and peace to be shattered into bits as ours have been. If the Peace Movement and the Socialist Movement did not prevent war, they at least taught huge masses of men to loath it. Thus we are doubly ravaged. The injury to good-will and idealism in the different nations will not be the least of the war.

A RECENT High School bulletin from the West advises its students, "Talk over your work at home. Tell about the interesting things in history, in English or in science, or your hard problems in mathematics. That will help you master your work." In other words, master your school work at home by methods which, owing to the formal and rigid machinery of the classroom, you are totally prevented from using at school.

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ONE'S credulity is stretched by reading in Petrograd dispatches that the German Crown Prince has been defeated on both the left and the right wing of the Eastern army on the same day, and that he is retreating simultaneously in two opposite directions. One need not be a rabid anti-royalist to feel that the Heir Apparent is hardly agile enough to accomplish this feat. One may also have doubts that General von Mackensen, a man of commoner clay, was crushed just south of the Vistula, also near Wielun, eighty miles distant. Granted Germany's superb system of military roads and railways, it yet seems that she would be compelled to divide her catastrophes more equally among her generals. The tradition about the Crown Prince originated while he was being defeated on the Western field. In the early days of the war it was no uncommon day's work for His Highness to be cut off, surrounded and annihilated on the center, on the left, in Alsace, and in odds and ends of Belgium and environs. Without disrespect it must be said that the enemy has not learned to recognize the Kaiser's eldest son except from a front view. Whenever they see anyone running, they say, "There goes the Crown Prince."

SIR Oliver Lodge has been conversing with friends physically dead as he might "converse with any one" at the meeting in London of the Society for Psychical Research. Some of the proofs of this statement "are being published." Let us assume that they have been published, and that in a single instance they do prove "the survival of bodily death." Let us minimize the importance of what they prove by granting that the solitary survivor's mind appears to have been impaired. Let us grant also that proof of survival is not proof of immortality, and that a second and absolute death may occur at any moment. Seen against a Christian background of faith in the immortality of everybody's soul, the thing proved does not look very large. Even so, would not this proof of the existence, perhaps for only a few years, of one life after death matter as much to mankind as proof of anything that has ever been proved?

MANY people protest that the United States had no obligations under the Hague Conventions, pointing out that these were "simply and solely" a gentleman's agreement among the nations; that "no penalties were fixed for backsliders, and no machinery for devising penalties was created." The point is only too well taken. It is a sad fact which everyone knows that the Hague Conventions rest on no force, and that at the first test they vanished into thin air. But that is just why our silent and acquiescent neutrality was the loss of a great historic opportunity. We had the chance to put behind the Hague Conventions the force of neutral opinion. A world statesman would have seen—it was pointed out to the President at the end of July—that never was there a better chance to make a world's judgment articulate than when the Belgian crime was about to be committed. A warning in the last days of peace that the United States would not ignore the violation of the Hague Conventions would have injected into European diplomacy the dramatic fact that the law of the world was not an empty phrase. The steadying effect of that in those dizzy days is, of course, impossible to calculate now. It would at least have shown that there is such a thing as moral judgment among nations, that wrongs face the disinterested criticism of mankind, that somebody whose life is not at stake cares about the decency of the world. It would have suggested that at the next crisis a league of neutrals must be prepared to act, and so there would have been laid an historic precedent from which to build a world organization. Had we acted on Belgium, it would not have been so simple for Japan as the ally of England to violate China a few weeks later. Yet when we might have done the great service, we did nothing. We just comforted our souls by shrieking for peace.

CHICAGO'S Morals Commission was created on Tuesday night. The first news item about it which reaches us is a statement of Prof. Charles R. Henderson that the protection of the children of unmarried mothers is to be taken up immediately. It is a most moral beginning, and if the Commission goes on to protect the mothers, and from that to protecting women of the streets from blackmail and extortion, from horrid slums, low wages, no wages, educated ignorance and social superstition, it will indeed be a moral Commission.

MRS. Charles A. Beard complains that American history writers, notably Woodrow Wilson, do not make any mention of the achievements of women. Mrs. Beard thinks it is time that a history was written which treated women less anonymously; she is tired of having the sex referred to as "among those present" or "other persons" or "and their families." One might think from this criticism that Mr. Wilson referred to Pocahontas as "a so-called Indian princess" and to Barbara Frietchie as "a certain elderly party." But this would be an error, as these ladies are not mentioned at all. An examination of the index of the five-volume "History of the American People" shows distinct reference by name to Anne Hutchinson, Anne Bradstreet, Harriet Beecher Stowe and several English queens.

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Property Rights in Colorado

IN appointing mediators for future disputes in the Colorado coal mines the President has acted wisely, and he has done equally well in issuing his statement of Sunday deploring the intolerant attitude of the coal companies. If, however, as is feared in some quarters, this action is merely a prelude to a withdrawal of the troops from Colorado, it will mean that the President, after a brave show of good intentions, has capitulated in advance of the battle. His protest, if it be followed by the removal of the troops, will be no more effective than was the whispered protest of Luxemburg to invading Germany. A gentle Mediterranean wind will as soon sweep Gibraltar from its base as such a mildly exerted moral influence sway the clear-thinking gentlemen of the coal companies.

These gentlemen know what they want and how to get what they want, and while they have a Sunday morning respect for the President's office, they have shown that they care no more during business hours for the actual President of the United States and all the politicians and agitators and pastors and social reformers in the country than they care for the gentle-faced Socialists who denounce them at street corners. The great coal operators can talk movingly concerning liberty and the right of humble American workmen to labor under any and all conditions, but what they really want is absolute and unquestioned dominion, a dominion extending over private action and private thought, and untempered by trade unions or other cooperative action of work-people. "You may be sure of this," said President John C. Osgood of the Victor-American Fuel Company, "when this strike is over we shall try a damn sight harder to keep the organizers out of our camps than we ever have before."

It was a social war that brought the troops to Colorado, and it is impossible, in considering the horrors and catastrophes of that social war, to absolve the mine owners from responsibility. It is true that the situation was not an easy one, for the strikers, evicted from the camps, were desperate and armed. But it was the mine owners who, even before the outbreak of the strike, repelled all advances and rejected all compromises. It was they who set aside the laws of the State, and contemptuously refused to meet the representatives of their employees during those early days when the strike might have been averted. Nor can they avoid the charge of a negligence which has led to killing. When their agents broke the stocks of their rifles over the heads of defenseless prisoners and later killed those prisoners, the mine owners who ultimately paid these agents were innocent and ignorant, as they were also ignorant of the successful efforts of these agents to precipitate the conflict by provoking harassed and embittered men who needed no provocation. But when the companies gathered together professional fighters and their paid employees clothed in State uniform, they did not carefully assure themselves that all these fellows in whose hands guns were placed were graduates in good standing of approved Sunday schools. The result was brutality on both sides. If the mine guards and militia intentionally or unintentionally killed wives and children of strikers, the strikers themselves were not innocent of horrible atrocities. It was a conflict out of which no one came with credit, least of all the great leaders responsible for the conduct of the industry, for they were in position, had they wished, to learn the character of the men they armed.

In a larger sense, however, the responsibility is not personal. The more we study this struggle, the more clearly we see that we are dealing not so much with human perversity and cruelty as with an anomalous situation, based upon our antiquated conceptions of private property, and due in final instance to our very own conservatism. The situation resulting in all this bloodshed is one in which a man's employer owns not only the place in which he works but also the store at which he must buy, the house in which he must dwell, the streets upon which he must walk and the roads leading to and from this privately owned city. The workman is surrounded by private property rights, and all these rights inhere in his employer. The laborer's rights are extraordinarily attentuated. He can be expelled from the town with or without reason, for the town is private property. Without the company's permission no friend can come to him from the outside, for the town, privately owned, is usually situated in a cañon with a single road leading to it, and on that road stands the camp marshal, an employee of the company, with the power to make arrests and keep out unwelcome people. In one camp the State Superintendent of Public Education, on a tour of inspection, was stopped by a camp marshal and threatened with a revolver. Other State officials have been denied admittance to these privately owned towns. The right to eject is as absolute as the right to refuse admittance. If workmen gather for any purpose which the company dislikes or merely suspects, the guilty men can be sent "down the cañon." The camp marshal is under no obligation in exiling men to invent ingenious excuses. He merely says "Get out," and the man goes. The whole life of the worker is one continued trespass upon private property.

Under such conditions, what do the laws of the State avail, or, for that matter, the laws and Constitution of the United States? Is it a wonder that the laws of Colorado, guaranteeing the rights of workmen, have been contemptuously ignored? Whoever complained, whoever showed any disposi-

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tion to complain, was in danger of eviction. There could be no appeal from a company which surrounded the man with this ring of private rights.

It is true that this state of affairs is perfectly compatible with benevolent intentions on the part of the coal companies. It does not appear that wages in the Colorado mines were lower, and perhaps they were even higher than elsewhere, and the houses in which the men lived, the stores at which they bought, and the schools in which their children were educated do not seem to have been below the general level found in similar communities. But the intolerable factor in the whole Colorado situation is that even where the company was well-meaning, there was the ever present temptation to invade the workman's personal rights. Injustice was inevitable. According to Mr. John A. Fitch, whose careful study of the Colorado situation appears in this week's *Survey*, "the disregard of law, the stern repression of every attempt at collective action, the régime that made it perilous for miners even to hold meetings to discuss their common good, the suspicion of the honesty of weights where the miner had no chance to watch the scale, and finally, the helplessness of their situation, marooned as they were on company property, trespassers when on the highway, and always under the watchful eye of a marshal employed by the company to note and check every move toward collective action—all these combined to create a condition for the miners that was nothing short of intolerable."

The Colorado mining problem thus becomes one of inescapable conflict between uncontrolled property rights and the rights of the people as represented by the State and the nation. Just as the coal operator, ruling over his workmen who live precariously upon his private property, ignored the authority of the State, so now he ignores the well-meant suggestions of the President of the United States. What has the mine-owner to fear? The President cannot take property without due process of law; he cannot legislate the mine-owners out of their possession of the houses and churches and streets of their privately owned towns. What can the President do?

There is surely one thing he can do. He can refuse to withdraw the troops. As long as the soldiers remain the question remains open. The President has been patient. He has presented a plan of peace and it has been rejected by the coal operators. He has offered his good services, and the coal operators have declined them. He is now to be requested to get out. If he submits, if he removes the troops when asked, his whole intervention will have been worse than useless. It will have persuaded the American workmen that their rights lapse when they conflict with the rights of private property; that just as the Governor of Colorado is powerless to help them, even if he wished, so the President of the United States is powerless. Whether the President has the right to close down the mines, or to administer them pending the continuance of the conditions which gave rise to intervention, is a question which we do not seek to answer at this time. But that the President has not yet exhausted his full powers seems clear. The responsibility for the evil already done must be laid where it belongs, and the continued presence of the Federal troops must be used to concentrate the public mind upon the situation. Let the President refuse to withdraw the troops and state openly why he refuses, and let the troops stay there to guard the peace and point the moral, whether they remain six months or six years. If the President is able now or later to do anything to rescue the miners from the intolerable conditions resulting from this latent aggression of the operators, the presence of the soldiers will aid him in doing whatever he proposes to do. If he can do nothing in cases where, like this, mines and houses and workmen are all prisoners of an encircling private property, it is time for the people to know.

What About France?

NOT the least remarkable aspect of the war of words which makes such a shrill chorus to the din of cannon on the battlefields of Europe is the silence of France. Great Britain and Germany have been vociferously and systematically articulate. The German case, after having been expounded by the professors, is being disseminated with truly German thoroughness by a publicity bureau. All the men of letters and journalists of England are arguing and protesting the righteousness of their national cause. Russia, Austria and France are comparatively dumb. The dumbness of Russia and Austria is readily explicable; but what about France? The contribution made to the literature of belligerent apologetics by the most literate and voluble of modern nations is negligible. What is the explanation of French silence?

For one thing, this is not France's war. She has been necessarily involved in it, but she did not want it. She has far more to lose from defeat than she has to gain from victory, and if she gains anything, it will be only by the consent and assistance of her allies. She could no more hold Alsace-Lorraine unaided against Germany than she could hold Belgium against a coalition of the Powers. An Alsace-Lorraine restored to France would depend as essentially on an international guarantee as a neutral Belgium or Switzerland. In spite of many brave protestations to the contrary, candid Frenchmen know and have long known that a treaty which would repair the injustice done at Frankfort could

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never be made or maintained chiefly by the strength of the French army. And an isolated France which was impotent to conquer and hold Alsace-Lorraine would be almost equally impotent to protect her own frontiers.

Thus Frenchmen had good reasons to dread the impending war. For a generation the ghost of it has haunted the French spirit. They knew that it was coming. They knew that they could not avoid it or flinch from it without reducing France to the position of a German satellite. They knew that when it came it would cost them dear. Whether victorious or vanquished, their territory was bound to be violated, and their pride suffer from the insolence and indignity of a ruthless invasion. French lives would have to be sacrificed as freely as they were during the Napoleonic wars, not in the interest of a larger and more glorious France, not in the expectancy of re-establishing her position in Europe, but merely in the hope that France might be allowed to keep her place in the sun. It was a cause for which Frenchmen should certainly be willing to fight, but it was not a cause about which they would want to be garrulous. Only two generations ago a French ruler had boasted that Europe was at peace because France was happy. Modern France has had to abandon the ambition of ascendancy. Her happiness had become no longer indispensable to the peace of Europe.

But although France is not contributing many words to the literature of the war, may she not for that very reason make a peculiarly valuable contribution to the work and to the literature of European peace? Is she not qualified for that work by the loss of the illusion of military preponderance? Great Britain because of her sea power, Russia because of her overwhelming numbers, Germany because of her superior organization, may believe that they can flourish in a predatory Europe, but France is different. As long as national independence depends primarily on the ability to wage a successful war, France will have to play second fiddle to some more efficient military power. The very facts that this is not her war, that a victory for France will be due more to her allies than to her army, and that no possible gain in territory can bring with it a renaissance of the power and the security of the old France—all these make it necessary for her to become particularly clear-sighted and disinterested. She must make no demands which will threaten the permanency of the settlement, and she must use her influence with her allies in favor of a similar moderation. If the peace of Europe no longer depends on the happiness of France, the happiness of France certainly hangs on the peace of Europe. Only in a Europe organized for peace can France expect to be both independent and inviolate.

In more ways than one does the happiness of France depend upon the peace of Europe. An unregenerate Europe forms an insuperable obstacle to a regenerate France. She has suffered more than any other country in Europe from a baleful reaction upon her national life of an essentially predatory international system. The contradictions in her foreign policy during the nineteenth century were only the reflection of the contradictions in her domestic life. She cherished generous aspirations for the increasing political freedom of other European peoples; but when she acted on her own aspirations, she became either their oppressor, as under the first Napoleon, or, as under the third Napoleon, she helped to aggrandize other nations at her own expense. Her aspirations have been equally injurious to her own national integrity. They impelled her to seek for popular liberation at home as well as abroad, but her earlier attempts to secure domestic liberty served chiefly to loosen national bonds, to relax moral standards and to impair national discipline. Unity had to be achieved at the price of liberty or liberty at the price of unity. She has needed above all to restore the breach between her aspirations and her traditions, so that French nationalism would not mean clericalism and reaction, and French radicalism would not mean a narrow and intolerant factionalism at home and an anti-national pacifism abroad.

Claims have been made that before the war France was recovering something of her self-possession. A distinguished Frenchman, M. Ernest Dimnet, has just written and published a book for English and American readers, in which France is declared to have regained the unity of her national spirit. Frenchmen are seeking more earnestly and more successfully than ever before to be catholic without being undemocratic, to be traditional without being monarchical or clerical, and to be pacifist and humane without becoming anti-national. They are proposing to make out of the republic a stronger and more responsible government, but one which will avoid reaction and promote social welfare. M. Dimnet exaggerates the extent of this recovery; but although it has not gone very far, it was there, and the war is likely to sustain and to increase it. After the hecatombs of the Aisne and the Yser, Frenchmen are not likely to love France the less, or to seek less patiently and loyally for some political and social method or some new attitude of the spirit which will help France to be herself again. But of one thing her friends may feel assured. She can never be really and sufficiently herself until she helps to create a Europe in which the aspirations born of the Revolution will not be involved in an inevitable conflict with the French classic and catholic tradition.

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Before the Court

ANOTHER test of the American Constitution begins to-day with the filing in the Supreme Court of the brief supporting the Oregon Minimum Wage Law. What is to be decided is the immediate future of an experiment in seven States to prevent the bottom from falling out of the American standard of living. What is really at stake is whether the Constitution is flexible enough to allow American communities freedom in dealing with modern wage conditions.

The Legislature of Oregon has declared it a misdemeanor to pay women wages which are "inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living and to maintain them in health." An Industrial Welfare Commission was created to carry out this principle. It called a conference in Portland of nine people—three manufacturers, three employees, and three members-at-large representing the public. This conference discussed wages and hours and conditions, and reported unanimously to the Industrial Welfare Commission, which then made the report into an order. No manufacturer was allowed to employ a woman more than nine hours a day or fifty hours a week, to fix a lunch period of less than forty-five minutes, or give to any experienced adult woman worker, paid by time rates, a weekly wage of less than $8.64. The order was appealed to the courts of Oregon by a paper-box manufacturer. But the Oregon Supreme Court upheld the law. The appeal is now being made to Washington, and the Supreme Court will have to declare whether the Constitution permits a state like Oregon to make the compulsory minimum wage experiment.

The decision hangs first of all upon the meaning of "liberty" under the Fourteenth Amendment. But "liberty" has already been restricted by the court in Lochner vs. New York, and Muller vs. Oregon, so that the right to purchase or sell labor now means that the right must not be exercised in a way dangerous to health, safety, morals, and general welfare. What has to be proved to the Supreme Court is that women's wages in many trades are so low as to be dangerous. The argument is not so much over legal principle as over actual fact. On this account the brief which Mr. Brandeis and Miss Goldmark have prepared is not an array of precedents, but an overwhelming indictment of the chaos and the cruelty and the stupidity by which women's wages are fixed. The human being who can read this brief and not be shaken by it may with perfect justice regard himself as invincible. Without one touch of rhetoric it piles fact upon fact until the total effect is crushing, and if nothing else were accomplished by the case, the recognition that such a brief can be submitted to the Supreme Court would in itself be a triumph for humane and scientific argument over legal pedantry. It is an example of democracy become clear-sighted—intrusion of reality into the law.

The Court's decision will be awaited with anxiety by men and women all over the country who think that the minimum wage law is the most serious effort yet made to deal with an intolerable condition. No one is certain that this legislation will do all that one could wish it to do; but it is being tried in England and in Australia, and it seems to have worked fairly well; with time and experience it may be made to work better. But if the experiment is cut off now, we shall not know where to turn. For whatever may be said against the legislation, this at least must be said for it: nothing else is proposed which shows the least promise.

On human grounds, therefore, the burden of proof is with those who object. These opponents may be divided into those who object on theoretical grounds to State interference with wages, and those who use these theoretical objections to protect their profits. The sincere theorist hallows many a bad cause. If only he can be detached, the selfish opposition will be drawn into the open and revealed.

The first sincere argument is that we must not interfere with the laws of supply and demand, that women are paid what they are worth, and that no government should compel people to receive more than they earn. Now the fact is that there are more women than jobs, that women are unorganized and have no bargaining power, that women must eat every day and pay board every day. They are not like cotton which can be stored in warehouses until the price goes up. A day's work lost is lost utterly. You cannot sell yesterday's labor even at reduced rates. The supply of unskilled or semi-skilled women's labor is practically at the mercy of the demand. And the result is just what one would expect it to be. Women's wages in most trades are fixed by the fear of starvation and the caprice of the employer.

If we study the wages paid for the same work under the same conditions, we find the most extraordinary variation. In six Boston department stores the number of women who were paid four dollars or less a week varied from one per cent to twenty-four per cent. In thirteen laundries the four-dollar women varied from about two per cent to twenty-nine per cent. These figures are taken from the report of the Massachusetts Commission. In one factory practically every woman earns at least six dollars, in another doing the same kind of work six dollars is an aspiration. There is, in short, no such thing as a standardized wage for women. One employer pays one wage, his competitor pays a different one. What does it mean? It means that the law of supply and demand does not work, it means that wages have nothing to do either with

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what labor is worth or what the employer should pay.

It is meaningless to talk of "interfering with natural laws." There is no law, for there is no uniformity. It is meaningless to talk about "paying women more than they are worth." They are not paid what they are worth, but what they can get. It is idle to talk of damaging business by forcing up wages, for the enormous difference between the worst employer and the best shows that with efficient management the lowest rates are unnecessary.

There seems to be no standard by which women's wages are fixed. Sometimes a generous employer will set them at what he regards as a level of decency, another will drive them down to a point where no woman can exist without outside help. Some employers rely on the girl's family to subsidize the business, others count on charitable homes to pay the board which the wages will not supply. Others have been known to rely on casual prostitution. In some shops a girl is pledged not to tell anyone what she is paid; in many, wages are fixed by the foreman, under orders to keep down expenses. Everywhere in the labor market, with the exception of the protocol trades, are anarchy and fluctuation. The price is wretchedness unspeakable for the women, for the employer a careless and unthinking absolutism which degrades the efficiency of labor, and for the nation a tribute in stamina and nerves and a stultifying of human beings which is a curse upon the generations.

The actual story of women's work is a record of stupid cruelty which makes the theorist of "freedom" seem like a class-blinded pedant. Take, for instance, the nominal wage; put it at a high figure, at $8.00 per week. This does not mean that a woman will earn $8.00 for fifty-two weeks, since the factor of time lost in slack seasons amounts in many trades to twenty per cent. For ten weeks the woman may not even earn her nominal wage. She must either get another job or she must have saved. But getting another job is not simple in a crowded market, and saving is a luxury that the poor are taught but not enabled to practice. For thousands of women a week's unemployment means desperation, means the poorhouse or charity. When you read that in artificial flower-making the maximum force in a certain number of shops at the high season is 4,470, and that in the dull season there are only 873 at work, you are reading about thousands of people like yourself who are suffering more than they can tell.

How do they manage to live? Not all become "white slaves," though that seems to be the best way of attracting public attention. Most of them remain virtuous enough, gray enough and sufficiently depressed to meet our gracious approval. But how? They don't eat. "When I have to pay for a pair of shoes or something like that," said one girl to an investigator, "I don't buy meat for weeks at a time." Another was more extravagant. "You know," she said, "sometimes I just long for a good thirty-cent meal. I get so tired of these twenty-cent dinners that often I think I'd rather not eat at all." "I never board a street car without planning days ahead how I can spare the nickel from my lunch or clothes money." One woman received a week's vacation with pay, and every day of that week she went around to the shop to see that her job had not been taken by someone else.

Those who have caught sight of these things have invented the minimum wage as an instrument for dealing with these conditions. They do not underestimate the difficulties. They know that there are unemployables, they know that if wages were suddenly jerked up everywhere there would be tremendous confusion. All they ask for is permission to experiment in a few of the worst trades, and to learn what they can of the problem. In all conscience, it is little enough, miserable and grudging at best. But if this experiment is shut off on *a priori* grounds, if this reasonable, hesitating effort is strangled, the problem will still stare us in the face. We shall not have put it out of sight, nor solved it. We shall merely have blocked our only avenue of hope.

The Spoken Message

WHEN Congress reconvenes next week President Wilson will, according to the precedent already established, read his message in person to an assembly of both houses. His action in establishing this precedent is one of the best and will prove to be one of the most fruitful of his public career. The physical presence of the President at the Capitol may not seem to be in itself a matter of much importance; but the value of Mr. Wilson's innovation is not measured by its direct results. The transformation of the Presidential message into an address, delivered in person, symbolizes and promises an important change in the relationship between the Presidency and Congress, and to a lesser degree between the Presidency and the American people. It symbolizes the closer cooperation between the executive and the legislature, which the executive needs to bring about in order to make effective its increasing leadership of American public opinion.

That our Presidents have been assuming an increasing initiative in legislative policy and an increasing leadership of American public opinion is, of course, one of the conspicuous developments of modern American politics. The President as the real or supposed head of his party has always exercised a considerable influence upon legislation; but

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of late years the influence has been growing, because public opinion has found in the President a better interpreter of its wants than is Congress. Such was plainly the case during Mr. Roosevelt's two administrations. Under his successor Presidential prestige was on the wane, not because Mr. Taft did not assume a certain amount of initiative, but because when he spoke and acted he gave expression to a minor rather than to a major phase of public opinion. Under Mr. Wilson the prestige of the Presidency has been fully restored. He has not only expressly acknowledged and acted on this obligation of leadership, as did Mr. Roosevelt, but he has sought to embody it in constitutional form, and this attempt of his to make his leadership, so far as possible, official and formal, has resulted in an interesting difference of emphasis.

Mr. Roosevelt made no consistent attempt to work through and by means of Congress. He was determined to have passed certain legislative measures which he believed essential to the success of his administration, but he had his eye fixed not on Congress but on the American people. He used his messages not primarily for the purpose of informing and influencing Congress, but for the purpose of arousing public opinion to the existence of certain flagrant economic and political abuses. Thus he was increasing the contact between the Presidency and popular opinion, but at the same time he was losing the confidence and good-will of Congress. Towards the end of his second term he found in Congress a barrier to almost everything which he wanted to do.

Mr. Wilson's method has been entirely different. Instead of appealing directly to public opinion by means of his Presidential messages, he has used them as a means of persuasively and conspicuously submitting a programme to Congress. By so doing he probably makes a feebler impression on the American people, but he makes a deeper impression on Congress. Individual Congressmen are much more likely to accept his leadership in case he courteously addresses himself directly to them than in case he appeals over their heads to the American people. The result of the continued adoption of Mr. Wilson's method will be to associate the Presidency in the popular mind with Congress. The executive will be considered to be more a part of the legislature, and the legislature may yield with less reluctance to executive leadership.

In establishing regular forms of cooperation and a better general understanding between the Presidency and Congress, Mr. Wilson is accomplishing an immediately beneficent constitutional reform. The Federal Government will be wholly unable to meet its increasingly onerous responsibilities unless its legislative and administrative branches forego their traditional enmity and work out some means of cooperation. We have consequently nothing but the heartiest admiration for the spirit and purpose of Mr. Wilson's constitutional innovation, but we hope that a closer relationship between the President and Congress will not be allowed to mean a remoter relationship between the President and popular opinion. The Presidency cannot afford to become too intimately associated with Congress or to surrender too much of its independence. If the association became too intimate, the result might be not the more effective executive leadership of Congress, but an increasing subordination of the executive to the demands of a Congressional majority. The Presidency depends for its primary strength and greatest usefulness upon its ability to represent and lead the dominant element in public opinion. Its incumbents should never subordinate this essential and peculiar source of strength to the need and desire of cooperating with a legislative body which so frequently misrepresents the needs and the purposes of the American nation.

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Mr. Shaw's Diverted Genius

THE other evening a typical theatre audience streamed up a dark and theatreless street in London and entered, not by mistake, a hall where there was being given a lecture on economics. Quite obviously it was a theatre audience. In all sorts of ways—by its chatter and the gay individual note of the women's dresses, by its numbers of prosperous couples and young people in pairs to whom this evening partly appeared as an event in their intimacy—this cheerful crowd showed itself different from the professionally serious persons who usually attend lectures on economics. The explanation lay in the fact that the lecturer was Mr. George Bernard Shaw. And one of the most hopeful and moving things about modern life is the way that, once the public has been fascinated by the imaginative work of a writer, it immediately consults him concerning the saving of its soul and the State.

This is hopeful and moving so far as it promises that the world shall grow a conscience; but it is disastrous in its effect on the writer. To-day there lurks within every author a vice-president, and many abandon their task of building a palace that shall house them through eternity for the transient lordship of half a dozen committee rooms. Of this the saddest example is Mr. John Galsworthy, who has become almost entirely a vice-president and rarely approaches the public save to indulge in a good cry on behalf of some deserving Cause. And one feels that Mr. Shaw also has fallen to the temptation; for surely he would have written more of that poetic drama which is his real medium, if the Fabian Society, that little group of moderate Socialists who finance the Liberal party with ideas, had not caught him early and harnessed him to such ploughshares of the public intelligence as this lecture.

So one looked with regret on the audience whose animation fluttered so oddly in the hall's vast white arena, and with hostility at the little cluster of prominent Fabians who sat on the platform, their quiet, cheerful worthiness matching the shiny gray organ pipes that rose behind them to the ceiling. Plainly they were not people of commanding personality; they became fainter the more one looked at them, like old photographs. It is true that they have had the power to breathe into English political thought the desire for knowledge and kindness and a shame of lazy judgments. Yet clearly theirs is the power that comes to two or three that are gathered together and not that direct decantment of the Spirit which fills the man of genius. Therefore they were not people with whom Mr. Shaw ought to cooperate; for genius is not an essence to be used to flavor the common stuff, but a brew of humanity whose virtue lies in its strength and disappears with dilution.

When Mr. Shaw came on the platform one perceived more plainly than ever before that his genius is peculiarly unfitted to support the companionship of the lesser. The passing of middle age has wiped the aggressive strangeness from his face, by mitigating with silver the redness of his hair and the pirate twist of his eyebrows, and has revealed a predominant quality of noble and unhysteric sensitiveness. In the public life there is no time for such sensitiveness to select the impressions which shall make its nerves sound like harp-strings; and hence we have had those endless dogmatisings on science and politics which tumble out of his mind like a cartload of bricks in response to questions which he should never have been asked, and which he should have been too busy with his own work to answer. And when he began to speak, and the Irish accent shivered over his musical voice like the wind over a lake, one perceived another reason why he should not enter into politics.

Ireland is "not so much a country as a state of mind." An Irishman of the English Pale, such as Mr. Shaw, is born without a nationality or a religion; for the hostility of the native Irish perpetually reminds him that their country is not his and turns his Protestantism into a quarreling with Catholicism. But should he be clever, he is born into a definite mental state. The clear brain cannot look without laughter on a ruling race that pretends it is a missionary race sent to bridle the lawlessness and bigotry of the Irish, and yet has itself progressed but little since the days of fifty years ago, when a Protestant lady led a social boycott of Dublin Castle because the Viceroy had refused to give a free pardon to a Protestant who had committed the venial crime of murdering a Catholic family. One must laugh too at the subject race, so enjoyably alive to the pathetic beauty of its situation. It is because of their education in these jokes that most of our great comedy-writers, from Sheridan to Oscar Wilde and Lady Gregory, have been English-Irish. But if one is so clever that one wearies of funny things and longs for beautiful and dignified things instead, one grows sick of this pretence of the English that Ireland is a responsibility instead of a remuneration, and sicker still at the Irish who perpetually hold sentimental picnics on the grave of their rebel leaders, instead of driving out their governors by wits and prosperity. And then one begins to mock.

Swift was one such mocker, and Shaw is another. Swift's mockery soared to sublime invective and then, because his heart was bitter, burst into a flame that blotted out the kindly sun. Mr. Shaw has mocked at false sentiment and moral hypocrisy, and has made us hunger for a world lovely with true emotion and honest conduct; but to him also has come disaster. He has fallen into a habit of mechanically refusing to take things at their face value. Faced with an egg, he would impute disin-

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genuousness to the hen. Faced with a war, he issues helpful little manifestoes which insist that we are being disingenuous about the cause of the war. "You may reasonably suspect," he says in his open letter to the President of the United States, "even if all our statesmen raise a shriek of denial, that we should take a similar liberty [to the invasion of Belgium] under similar circumstances in the teeth of all the scraps of paper in our Foreign Office dust-bin." It is a tragedy that the habit of controversy should have so twisted a mind which should have inspired us like a Shelley in this war. For so well has Shaw taught us that the man of honor is the true Superman that, had it been England who had violated the neutrality of Belgium, hundreds of his pupils would have gone to the Belgian trenches to die by English bullets.

But his discourse and the manner of its reception by the audience made one understand how inevitable it was that he should have been entangled in public affairs. The lecture was one of a series on the duty of Socialism to endow every citizen at birth with a fixed income, not to be alienated by his conduct, not to be enlarged by his exertions; and this evening Mr. Shaw was dealing with the anti-Socialist argument that men are moved to work only by the incentive of starvation, and that if they were sure of a living they would live in idleness. He proved, building up so logical a structure in such fine English that one almost forgave his disastrous interventions, that human nature had no fundamental longing to be kept and to live in idleness. It is true that to-day many people are being kept by others, but they are victims of that real human instinct, the desire to keep others. Mr. Shaw showed how this desire, which may produce all sorts of tender and kindly relations when applied to children and the aged, becomes not only wrong but uncomfortable when it is concerned with grown and able people. The keeper becomes jealously lustful to set aside the person he has bought, so that others shall not enjoy the beauty and romance that he has paid for; and on the kept one falls boredom and all those aspirations for independence and activity and self-government which cried confusedly in the Feminist movement. Indeed, the heart of man desires not slothfulness, but freedom and the opportunity for creation.

From the audience's gladness one saw what a release this was for them from the Manchester theory in which they, as middle-class people, had been brought up, which proclaims that with the assistance of free trade and the blessings of competition the governing classes are to flagellate the masses into a prosperity which indubitably they do not deserve. They were exalted, looking for the way to justice, and broke into glowing applause at Mr. Shaw's interjection, "What I mean by a gentleman is a man who leaves his country in his debt when he dies." But one only adequately grasped their spirit, which was no mere gas-lit flush of the emotions, when Mr. Shaw referred to the miserable pensions that are being paid to the widows of fallen soldiers. Then, in the dignity of its excitement and its manifest shame at such meanness, one perceived that this was democracy rising to its ordeal.

When a theatre audience has so wonderful a significance, can one wonder that an author will not be content to wait for it in the theatre but prefers to continue it on its journeys of statecraft? Certainly one would not expect such insensibility to adventure from Mr. Shaw, whose power has always lain in his courage of thought. Indeed, one could not expect it from any writer who has that sympathy with the world which permits a man to become an artist. That would seem to be disproved by the great exception, Mr. Henry James, who has never in all his life condescended to jostle with the ideas and affairs of his day; but perhaps that abstinence is connected with that indefinable but vital deficiency which makes his work not quite essential, not quite what a dying man would recall as he looked back on his life. Pure art, soaring out of space and time, is the divinest thing that man can make, but unfortunately in these days of clashing events it can only be carried on by the deaf. And the artist who, like Mr. Shaw, abandons it, at least shows that he has good hearing and is listening to the world.

REBECCA WEST.

Federated Labor and Compromise

THE thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor passed into history with comparative quiet and great smoothness. The elements which have been the cause of friction for some time showed little vitality this year. The element in control received its impulse in the proper direction from the committees appointed by the president, and was heartily pushed along by the delegates on the floor.

In the treatment accorded those questions which are the main source of internal struggles in the labor movement of to-day, the spirit of the convention was revealed. The resolution in favor of industrial organization was reported for nonconcurrence by the Committee on Resolutions, and was shoved on to death without a murmur of opposition. The proposition in favor of an independent labor party was rejected without discussion. This proposition has been brought up repeatedly at the conventions and has become stereotyped. Its chances of success have always been slim, but it has been the gala occasion for plain and truthful speaking, and the great opportunity for many delegates to unburden themselves. It was stripped of its time-honored character this year. The resolution directed against the fraternal delegates from religious bodies which was expected to give rise to heated discussion was ruled out on technical grounds.

Having easily overcome the attack of industrial

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unionism, the convention summoned all its strength in order not to be overcome by a flood of jurisdictional disputes. As usual, these were numerous. The carpenters and sheet-metal workers, the machinists and elevator constructors, the hod-carriers and the cement workers, the blacksmiths and the subway workers and the other crafts, were in need of an impartial judge to delimit their domains. The convention glided through the disputes with unusual ease. It ordered the Industrial Tailors' Union to resume its old name, Journeymen Tailors of America, and to cease recruiting workers of kindred trades. It defined the jurisdiction of the Glass Blowers' Union and other crafts, and postponed those disputes which might give rise to difficulties. On the other hand, in the case of the machinists and elevator constructors it counseled cooperation, and to a number of unions recommended amalgamation. In a word, it steered clear alike of industrial unionism and craft jealousy.

The same spirit is reflected in other resolutions of the convention. The present war was denounced and sympathy expressed for those who have been torn away from their work to perish on the fields of battle. At the same time the fear was expressed that America may be swamped by the "human wreckage of the war," and a strong resolution was passed in support of the Burnett immigration bill. Several resolutions invoking the aid of the Federal and State governments in the cause of labor were adopted; for instance, the resolution demanding a Federal receivership for the Colorado mines, if the mine owners do not settle the strike on the basis of President Wilson's proposal; the resolution in favor of government railways in Alaska, and the resolution in favor of workmen's compensation laws. At the same time the convention went on record as opposed to government regulation of the hours of labor, except in the case of women and children. The vote of the convention which defeated the resolution in favor of a general eight-hour law for all workers clearly revealed the hold of the well-organized skilled crafts upon the Federation.

The convention retained its character to the final act culminating in the election of officers. Mr. Gompers was unanimously reelected president, the opposition not caring to go through the formality of putting up a candidate. As a matter of fact, despite this omission, about half a dozen delegates registered their votes against Mr. Gompers. The other officers of the executive council were reelected. It may be noted that the salary of the president was raised from five thousand dollars a year to seven thousand five hundred, Mr. Gompers opposing the increase.

Thus the thirty-fourth convention of the American Federation of Labor may be put down as a decided victory of the element that has been in control for the last twenty-five years. In the words of the newspapers, the "radical wing of labor has met with defeat." Still, even this convention revealed the presence of forces making for fundamental changes in the labor movement. There were dramatic moments when it was evident that great powers of feeling and will are pent up in the hearts of the men and women of labor, powers that some day will break through the barriers of crafts and narrow calculations. When Mother Jones spoke, when the resolution on the situation in Colorado was introduced, when the conditions of child labor in Georgia were described, when Michigan, West Virginia, Arkansas, Gloversville and similar situations were discussed, the intensity of the potential powers of labor for determined forms of action could not be missed.

It is not strange that most of these moments came in the train of incidents growing out of the work of the Miners' Unions. The miner typifies the worker whose arrival upon the scene means new forms of organization and new methods of action in the labor world. Conditions in the mines first suggested the economic role of the semi-skilled and unskilled worker. The miners have therefore grouped about them the newer elements of labor and have led in blazing new ways for American unionism. Though it may not yet be recognized, it is their influence that is undermining the old American Federation of Labor.

In connection with this development, the resolutions recommending active campaigns of organization among school-teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, and similar sections of salaried people are very interesting. Of especial interest is the rejection of the resolution to organize affiliated unions in crafts where existing national organizations are already a menace to affiliated trades. Discussion disclosed that it was intended as a declaration of war on the railroad brotherhoods, bricklayers, and similar independent organizations. Mr. Gompers's fight against this resolution, its subsequent rejection by the convention, and the passage of the resolution to organize the salaried occupations referred to above, show the desire of the controlling element of the Federation to attract the higher grades of labor outside. The evident hope is to bring them sooner or later into the fold, where they would form the natural ally of the skilled elements in their fight against the rising tide of the semi-skilled and unskilled.

The decisive moment of this struggle may be postponed by a policy of compromise. The skilled may agree to call for a Federal receivership of the Colorado mines. The semi-skilled may acquiesce in a resolution against a legal eight-hour day for men. Both elements may unite on a program of state social insurance in which they are both interested. But the problems of organization, method, and wider social policy cannot disappear, and on these points disagreement is fundamental. The struggle for the settlement of these problems will determine the leadership, policies, and destinies of the Federation during the coming decade.

Louis Levine.

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"World Power or Downfall"

ALMOST a century ago there was posed for Napoleon a question which seems already before the Kaiser. In September, 1813, his last great victory of Dresden won and all possible advantage from it lost by the defeat of his marshals, Napoleon had to decide between military and political considerations.

Every argument of military soundness combined to emphasize the necessity of prompt withdrawal from eastern Germany, of a concentration of his scattered forces. Such a concentration would permit him to face the growing masses of his enemies with an army which, under his command, could long keep the field and resist to the time when the Allies, not yet compacted by the certainty of success, should offer acceptable terms of peace. But the political considerations were wholly different. To draw back from the Elbe to the Rhine was to confess that the grandiose scheme of world domination had failed, to concede that there was a Europe, a Russia, Austria, Prussia and England, that there was, in some chaotic, wholly inarticulate sense, a Germany, just rising with the fire and spirit of the France of 1792, while France was becoming ominously silent, unresponsive alike to victory and defeat.

Napoleon hesitated and was lost. At Leipzig he suffered irreparable defeat, and after Leipzig the scattered French garrisons in Germany were in turn besieged and captured, while Napoleon was left to fight on the Marne and the Seine with the recruits that were called to the colors when the invader was at last on French soil, north of the Pyrenees and south of the Rhine.

Looking at the situation at the opening of the fifth month of the great war in 1914, is there not patent a striking resemblance between the position of the Kaiser and that of his great predecessor on the pathway of "world power or downfall?"

On the west front the German armies stand along the Aisne and the Vosges, as those of Napoleon did on the Elbe and the Oder. Northern France and all Belgium, save a little paring toward the Yser, are solidly German. Nowhere yet has French or British offensive broken the lines of German armies. Yet all along this vast battle line it is clear that numerical advantage is with the Allies or rapidly passing to them. Whatever the situation in August, in December not less than 2,500,000 French and British troops are on foot in France and Flanders. Behind them is the solid million of Kitchener soon to be available.

Eastward there is a situation which forcibly recalls the Spanish problem of Napoleon. On foot long before her German opponents conceived she could move, Russia has for three months been rolling up her masses. In October it was possible, by a sudden and tremendous thrust toward Warsaw, to compel the Russian forces in Galicia to retire. But in November a second thrust failed utterly to do this, and on the same day official reports recorded the advance of Russian armies in East Prussia, the approach of other Russian armies to the outworks of Cracow, and, most significant of all, a decisive check, a possible disaster, to the German offensive in Poland.

So Wellington drove Soult from Spain, over the Pyrenees; so, in the days when Napoleon came back to the Rhine after the Leipzig disaster, France was shaken by the announcement that after twenty-two years of successful war an enemy was again across the frontiers. For Berlin the similarly disturbing intelligence is brought by the refugees from East Prussia, Posen, Breslau.

For the German military authorities, for the Kaiser, it is clear that Napoleon's problem is again set. At the moment, conceivably for some days or weeks, he may still draw back his long lines in France, concentrate his troops in the west behind the lines of the Meuse and the Senne, resting upon Metz, Mézières, Namur, Brussels and Antwerp, with the Meuse, the Ardennes, the lower Scheldt as defensive barriers, and a second line from Metz through Luxemburg and Liége to the Dutch frontier to fall back upon. Such a shortening of lines, such a relapse to the defensive, would release the thousands necessary to throw the Russians back from East Prussia and insure the protection of the marches of Posen and Silesia for many months, if not forever.

But such a withdrawal would be a confession of ultimate defeat. To force the western barrier between Metz and Liége might be the work of years for France and Great Britain; but once the present battle line were shortened, once this retreat were made, it would no longer be possible to conceal from the German people the fact that all prospect of German victory, all possibility of coming to grips with Great Britain, all chance of winning for Germany her place in the sun, not of Africa but of Europe, was for the present at an end.

On the other hand, to attempt to hold the line from Metz to the North Sea, with its wide swing into northern France—more than two hundred miles, almost two hundred and fifty long—in the face of ever mounting millions of French and British, to hold it while more army corps were detached to defend German frontiers in the East, would be to risk what Napoleon risked in eastern Germany in 1813 and paid for at Leipzig and at Fontainebleau.

In this connection it is inevitable that Americans should recall the simple and graphic words of General Lee, describing his final disaster before Petersburg in 1865. "My line was stretched until it snapped," he explained. Here, too, it was the political considerations that kept him on the wide

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sweeping lines about Petersburg, when his numbers were too small to hold them, and his judgment told him that only in retreat was there a prospect to save his army.

Every sign that it is possible to discover in examining the European conflict points to the fact that German defeat at the Yser marked the collapse of the German offensive in the West. Six weeks of effort which will remain one of the glories of German military history have failed to win a single advantage in France and Flanders, six weeks in which the best of German troops have gone down by the thousands, their courage unshaken, but their best efforts unavailing in the face of the obstacles and the soldiers before them.

East and West in November German prospects declined with unmistakable regularity. New confidence, new moral assurance, were on all sides to be discovered in the Allied ranks. For this the amazing onrush of the Slavs was mainly responsible. Sir John French has emphasized the fact that in the West the Allies were able to hold German masses and give the Russians their great opportunity in the East. But who of all German or Allied military authorities before the war could have reckoned that Russia could rise to her opportunity as Russian armies have?

In sum, as December opens, the question must be raised on all sides: How is Germany to meet the defeat which seems no longer to be escapable? Will political or military considerations direct her armies? Will William II gamble as Napoleon did for the receding shadow of world power when the substance is no longer to be had? Will Germany accept the fact and retire to her wonderfully strong natural bulwarks to fight as did the South in the Civil War, to fight for her existence, since it has come to that, with the Russians across her frontiers?

December may well be the measure of this question. The test must be along the Aisne and the Somme, about St. Quentin and Soissons. If the new year finds German armies still in Champagne, it will be fair to assume that the Kaiser still follows the Napoleonic maxim, "to stake all on a single throw." German retreat, on the other hand, will foreshadow a determination to defend the Fatherland, to save the Prussia of Frederick, the Germany of Bismarck, at the cost of the complete surrender of the phantom of "world power" of William II.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Cooperation in the United States

THE tide of cooperative sentiment and achievement has turned in the United States. After seventy years of fumbling and visionary experiment, some thousands of unquestioned successes are at hand. If western Canada is included, probably more than three hundred millions' worth of business was cooperatively done in one country last year. Cooperative fire insurance, creameries, elevators, purchasing societies with some four hundred stores, now represent a movement as invincible in its growth as is the drift of political power to the people. These movements are inseparable both in their strength and weakness.

Just as in politics since 1900 the initiative, referendum, direct primary, direct election of Senators, strike at secrecy and monopoly in caucus and convention, so, too, comes the economic revolt against the corresponding stealth and privilege in our business life. From the state it comes as "regulation" and forced publicity. In unconscious partnership with trade union principles, it establishes standards in methods, conditions and rates, as if the anarchies of "free competition" were already mediaeval.

I have noted that successful cooperation everywhere first sprang from suffering. The classes from which cooperation always emerges have not felt these necessities in the United States acutely enough to organize against them until very recent years. The pressure of population, the rising price of land, the passing of farming into an industry requiring capital, and the mounting cost of living, have compelled some millions of our citizens to reckon for the first time with neglected virtues like saving and thrift.

In 1850 a Rochdale pioneer said, "We began our store simply because we were suffered into it." The severities of economic pressure have begun to "suffer" us into it. Our reckless prosperity, our uneasy and shifting populations, our delight in extravagance, the wide demand in competitive industry for all available talent, have hitherto handicapped the humbler ways of cooperation in this country. Except sentimental ones, not a reason can be given why a man should leave even the bleaker soils of New England for the West. Everywhere the purely speculative chances based on unappropriated natural resources are closing up for ordinary folk. A disenchanted Easterner told me in California, "If you've got to saw wood instead of playing for luck, you might as well do it back East as here."

All these sobering changes multiply our chances for cooperative enlargement in this country. A dare-devil competition has "suffered" us into such convincing success as we have thus far won.

Year after year, southern California tried to market her fruits as if the process were an all-around free fight. From the grower to the eater there was no interest which did not suffer. The separate grower found himself with less and less influence over the railroad, over prices, and over far-off commission men. Cooperative organization has remedied this. Powers that were secretly used by distant middlemen have been called in, and are now

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used and directed by the growers. What organization has done for large business it here does for the smaller. Grading, packing, inspection, marketing, are all taken into their own group-control. This is the spiritual essence of democratic cooperation. The "consent of the governed," the "people's rule" with neither privilege, secrecy nor monopoly, are here working themselves into social and economic habits which will more and more influence our political life. In the Central Exchange and the forty independent cooperative associations, above eighty per cent of the citrus fruit is thus handled. Three out of four of California's 12,000 growers are in cooperative team work.

Because they equalize benefits, check speculation and economize production, these first results in cooperation everywhere increase. In the Northwest apple-growing is now more and more controlled and managed by thousands of cooperators. One hundred and eight locals supervise the entire business —the loading, the warehousing, the distribution of orchard supplies. United in a central organization, they "give expert advice on all orchard matters, regulate and consolidate shipments, receive, distribute and supervise the filling of orders, maintain a system of uniform inspection, and in some cases keep the accounts and distribute returns." Because it is so well known, no account need be given here of the cooperative revolution in dairies and creameries.

In rural insurance against loss of stock, fire, hail, cyclone, etc., this self-government principle is so successful in nearly 1600 companies that failures have been but a fraction of one per cent. Minnesota claims to have saved for her farmers above $700,000 annually through this cooperation in insurance. Two years ago not one of her 150 companies had failed. This State is perhaps the leader among our commonwealths. With the inclusion of farmers' telephones, Minnesota has at least 2000 cooperative associations doing a yearly business of sixty millions of dollars. In another field cooperative irrigation is at work on five million of the thirteen odd million acres of irrigated land. In cooperative selling and supply associations the number and variety are such that they can have here but casual mention.

The struggle for cooperative control over the grain elevator demands a closer scrutiny. Before 1900, these storehouses had been built and controlled by private, speculative interests. As they became more closely organized and began the monopoly game of checking competition among buyers, the farmer lost control over his market. Where his wheat was to be sold or at what price, how it was to be graded, how much docked, what the middleman's service was to cost, all became unknown quantities. Even if squarely dealt with, his forced exclusion and ignorance became a source of angry suspicion. Some plucky attempts were early made by farmer groups to take this marketing power into their own hands and administer it in their own interests. By 1910, States like Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota had hundreds of these groups handling grain in enormous quantities and at the same time purchasing cooperatively for members coal, lumber, machinery, flour and general supplies—in Iowa alone 200,000 tons of coal and nearly a million's worth of other products.

It is true that many of these movements have failed. Some are shabbily financed and poorly managed, and few have proper accounting. Many tend to sag toward ordinary joint stock companies. Precisely as with cooperative and democratic management, political as well as economic, the world over, a rancorous criticism has set in against them by private interests. It is upon the inevitable imperfections in every new movement that the critics seize. Yet in the teeth of these criticisms and a fierce competitive opposition the gains of cooperation can be marked month by month.

In its totals, it is an amazing growth. As good an authority as Professor L. D. H. Weld writes me with strongest emphasis: "Their failures are nothing as compared with those of line elevator companies, hundreds of whose houses have been closed down during the past few years and many of which have been torn down. I can say without hesitation that the marketing of grain at country points in Minnesota, at least, is coming more and more into the hands of the farmers themselves. Two hundred and seventy farmers' elevators of this State now market about one-third of all the grain that is marketed. . . . One farmer out of every five in the State belongs to a farmers' elevator company. The aggregate volume of business for the year following the growing of the 1912 crop reached the enormous total of approximately $24,000,000, of which about $22,000,000 represents the value of grain, flour, twine and other supplies purchased for themselves. These elevators now handle about 30 per cent of the grain marketed by Minnesota farmers."

Professor Weld, returning from studies in Canada, wrote again: "The whole development has taken place in an incredibly short time. The Grain Growers' Grain Company was not organized until 1906. Since that time it has become an immense corporation, the largest single handler of grain on the Winnipeg market. The Saskatchewan Cooperative Elevator Company was not started until 1911, and the quantity of grain handled in 1912-13 was over 12,000,000 bushels." There are 14,000 farmer shareholders in each of these two companies, with the principle "one-man-one-vote" and a limited holding of stock. The Grain Growers' Grain Company carries the cooperative practice into the purchase and distribution of carload lots—flour, coal, fruits, etc.

The very service for which cooperation gets least credit is the instant check upon excessive middlemen's prices. These have been reduced at the same time that competitors are compelled to pay the farmer a higher price for his products, while vicious old-line monopolies have been definitely broken.

It is upon a mass of facts like these that "The

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Grain Growers' Guide" of Winnipeg comments in the present month. "We may now look forward," it says, "to seeing the day when every local community in the West will have its cooperative store, warehouse, elevator, and everything else that is needed for community service, owned and controlled by the people of the community on true cooperative methods."

It is upon this ownership and control by the people that our eyes must be fixed. Wherever that power is secure—in a store, in insurance, in cow-testing and live stock associations, in the great fruit and grain marketing—we have the sure working principle around which the more perfected cooperation of the future will slowly develop. It is this larger movement—literally "from the ground up" —which will more and more give us both knowledge and habits out of which the cooperative store will have its own broader and firmer foundation.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Auction Bridge

WE have just left the card-table where, all the evening, chance held us in pound. Three of us would have kept on, wilfully extravagant of time, and would even have been a little elated when dawn crept in, but one player felt justified in quitting because of an important engagement in the morning. Sternly dutiful a loser can become.

And now, the slips scattered on the floor, I review my little orgy. I cannot afford my own loss, but could I afford twenty times as much my emotions would be practically the same. A hardened player would smile at my intensity, yet it was an evening of ravenous excitement, not merely an anodyne for business or a pleasant casual game. In part it was the stakes that made play exciting, but much more its very nature. Win or lose, each deal was like drink, and as the score mounted on each side I played my cards with trembling keenness. Nothing could deaden that keenness but a succession of obviously hopeless hands. So long as luck remained I felt unappeased, and before I fall asleep the picture of tantalizing kings and queens, or disappointing plebeian cards, shall still go whirring through my brain.

Somewhere the vulgarity of mercenary motive must underlie this keenness, but superficially I feel the thrill of winning or the ache of stupid losing regardless of the score. When an opponent is contemptuous or a partner annoyed, it is satisfactory vengeance to quit winner, to have money with which to fortify one's pride, but the stakes seem less important than the vindication. Pride, love of power, combativeness, inspire genuine gambling, however disguised by patience or control. The real gambler is amused by the headstrong player who obtrudes his appetite or betrays his chagrin. He disdains such naïveté himself. Having faith in his skill, a sharp eye for possibilities, a crafty brain for working them, a cold realization of the objective value of his hand, he subordinates his fears and desires so as to minimize the deviltry of chance. Yet it is the hardened gambler, the expert, who has the most pride, who takes the most desperate risks and snatches victory or meets defeat under the enemy's guns. His coolness he never outwardly loses, but experience is just the bait by which the ironic god draws him on. Always the master of the game, chance befools the very shrewdest player. He bides his time, and if he can do nothing else to his devotee he can deal bad cards, breaking the man he cannot sway. In the hardest games the self-intoxicated gambler is a child, but between players equally cunning, equally daring, equally experienced, the ultimate partitioner is chance.

With competitiveness in mind, the justified policy of innate selfishness, it is amusing to observe how the practised player turns to good account the weakness of the neophyte. The willingness with which a duffer will back himself against veterans, and take credit for the favors bestowed on him by chance, is one of the comedies of a club. It is true that the veterans will have to cut for the duffer as partner, but in the end, if chance is impartial, it is the inexperienced fool who "gives the party" and helps the experts to come out comfortably ahead. To allow this flagrantly is not, perhaps, good form. The hectic, disarranged young "sport" spewed out penniless from Mr. Canfield's always made that polished gambler's code seem a little less than kind. In the trimming of novices gambling is at its ugliest, even if the children from whom the candy is taken are as conceited as adolescence alone can be. Technically honest, it is really not sportsmanlike, but to make competitiveness sportsmanlike is certainly not the sole aim of men who want to win.

It is not, however, the mean aspect of competitiveness that makes auction, played adventurously, so poor a sport. It is its fierce concentration on a petty end. Admirable though it is to work out a game so fascinating, so difficult, so inexhaustibly novel, so dependent for its mastery on self-discipline, there is in auction, as in all gambling, a drunken attempt to escape from realities, and no man plays auction night after night who is properly evaluing his world. All games are, of necessity, fictitious. They are part of man's effort to triumph in a microcosmic way, to come to a conclusion satisfactory to himself in a little arbitrary field. When we play golf or tennis or cards, we tell ourselves a story about life. We construct a reality against which we measure ourselves, a reality simple, definite, exact, free from all the baffling incertitude of the spirit. Telling ourselves this story, we become thrillingly absorbed, and make for a concrete success, a day of commendatory judgment. In outdoor games there is, however, a physical realism that bears some relation to man's experience, but in card-playing the fiction is complete. For genuine conflict, genuine excitement,

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genuine sport, there is substituted the most artificial stimulant, arousing the strongest passions for a small and personal end. If sensation were, indeed, the test of reality, then auction would be more real than most human relations, more real than literature or music or politics or art, because better able to intrigue and absorb. But, seeming strongly "real" because first-hand, the sensations aroused by the intricate game of auction are essentially perverse, communicating nothing to heart or brain, a titillation of emotion by an artifice hardly as honest as wine.

Is it puritanism, that sour ringmaster in the emotional circus, that inspires one to class gambling among the illegitimate excitements, part of man's tendency to put up with substitutes for "life"? It may seem priggishness to moralize over auction and condemn it as illegitimate, especially when literature and art are mentioned by contrast. Better first-hand excitements, even illegitimate ones, than a lifetime of cultural passivity. But the real gamesters in life do not sit around the green baize. Sometimes, in certain instances, they come for distraction to the card-table, to cure excitement homeopathically, but more frequently they no more play cards, these true sportsmen, than a mother nurses a doll. Cursed or blessed with competitiveness, needing first-hand encounters with opposition to prove their own validity, they do not need to satiate their Alexandrism, to put their heel on someone else's neck, at the card-table. They choose a quarry that has claw and fang. It may be thrilling to put your opponent down six hundred, but it is much more thrilling to send up a loan shark for six months. It may be good sport to double your opponent's "three lilies," but it is better sport to call a dishonest plutocrat's, or, if one must be impartial, a dishonest demagogue's bluff. The muckraking form of citizenship offers unlimited dragons to the St. Georges of the card-room; and if these are not attractive there is always the domination of self, the conquest of those timidities that make a man quake when he is isolated, whether on the narrowing ledges of a cliff, or the dizzy eminence of a public platform, or the dark moor of a precious lonely conviction. For legitimate excitement, artists like Walt Whitman or Whistler or Henry James or Edgar Allan Poe, to name four Americans, were never lacking; nor need culture have been passive for the persons who savored their wine.

I am not, of course, here adverting to unleashed gambling, that hideous vice which sucks every drop of the brain's blood into one jealous craving, vitiating every other capability, the meanest enslavement in life. I am thinking of the domesticated practice, the game supposedly tempered and restrained. Because it is tempered it is not without its subtle exaction. A pike is a despised fish, greedy but prudent. Making due allowance for the person who takes bridge as casual pastime or well-earned distraction, there is something of the pike about the habitual bridge player. Though its excitement thrill ourselves, let us know that it belongs among those activities which, amusing enough when part of healthy distraction, are scarcely less than sinister taskmasters when installed.

A COMMUNICATION

"The One Idea"

SIR: It was an excellent custom of the older statesmen—Burke, for example—to stand aside from time to time and examine the state of the nation. Whither, they asked, are we drifting? What is the prevalent thought or tendency of our times? Are events shaping themselves to the true advantage of our nation or are they not?

Never was there a moment in our own history when it seemed so important to stand aside from the daily event, to be calm, to examine dispassionately the state of the nation, and to inquire what effect the monstrous cataclysm of Europe may have upon the thought of our country.

The period since the close of the Spanish-American war sixteen years ago has been one of the great epochs, in some ways the greatest epoch, in the history of the United States. It is a fact patent to all men that great changes have been going on in the fundamental thought of the American people.

"In every great epoch," remarks Buckle in his "History of Civilization," "there is some one idea at work which is more powerful than any other, and which shapes the events of the time and determines their ultimate issue." We may inquire what this one idea is that has been at work in America during the last sixteen years, shaping the events of the time and determining their ultimate issue.

At the close of the Spanish War it was said with some grandiloquence that we had at length attained our majority, had taken our place as a world-power. It was said that the logic of events had now driven us to assume the "white man's burden" of foreign colonization. Expansion was the thought of the hour. We were momentarily thrilled with the knowledge that the sun never set upon the stars and stripes.

But it was soon evident that the "great idea" at work was not the idea of colonial expansion. Neither commercial nor military arguments convinced us. No sooner had we established a stable government in Cuba than we withdrew; we apparently neglected a great opportunity for territorial aggression and influence in China; instead of governing the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico as mere dependencies, we have flouted the advice of the imperialists and have expanded the powers of self-government. And Mr. Wilson, in his Mexican policy, has

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dimmed the vision of the expansionists of territorial aggression to the southward.

It is a remarkable thing in history that a victorious nation, filled with a new sense of greatness and power, should at once turn upon itself and its institutions the remorseless eye of self-examination. The period of exposure and "muck-raking" followed close upon the war. We began to ask ourselves what sort of a nation we really had, what political parties stood for, whether justice was being done in America. Eight or ten years ago I heard J. A. Hobson, the distinguished British economist, who was then visiting this country, say that the most remarkable feature of our life appeared to him to be the willingness, yes, the eagerness, of Americans to know the worst about themselves. The corruption of cities, the abuses of public service corporations, the tyranny of riches—all these things were spread boldly before the people. At first the work was done by private investigators and writers in magazines, but it was soon taken over by well-financed popular committees, by state legislatures, and finally by the Federal Congress and Federal commissioners. It is probable that no other nation ever before submitted itself to such a searching self-examination.

This interest and curiosity has shown itself everywhere in our life. We want to know how the other man lives. Consider the flood of books and articles which have appeared during the last ten years describing the life of the poor, the prisoner, the prostitute, the idle rich, the energetic rich, the tramp, the criminal, the foreign immigrant, the negro. Peary's explorations to the Pole were not more eagerly followed than the early adventures of Jacob Riis and Jane Addams among the tenements. In fiction the leading characters have often been burglars, detectives, tramps, street women, boss politicians, negroes. Every part of our life has been writen about, investigated, surveyed.

This era of self-examination has been curiously unemotional. It was not dictated by hunger or want; nor has it ever approached physical revolution. The country all along has been relatively so prosperous that to many a conservative it has been a mystery why there should be all this conscience-questioning restlessness. It is noteworthy that in States where conditions were best, most prosperous, where there were the fewest evidences of injustice or inequality, as in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, California, the movement has been most virile, and that in States where social conditions were darkest, as in Pennsylvania, the desire for self-examination has seemed to be weakest. No, this was the cool self-examination of a full-grown nation.

Probably we should soon have begun to look inward even if there had been no Spanish War, for the vast physical and mechanical changes in our life during the past fifty years would have made it necessary for us soon or late to pause and take account of ourselves. But undoubtedly the Spanish War made us suddenly self-conscious. We began to be profoundly interested in one another, in our institutions, in our politics. We had learned how to struggle and win separately, now we wanted to know how to struggle and win collectively, as a people.

When we come to know our neighbors better, it is inevitable that we should desire to live with them and work with them on more friendly terms. The passion of self-examination, then, has naturally resulted in a great body of new laws and institutions, the purpose of which is to make America a more comfortable home for all of us. We are beginning to hold down tyrants of property, beginning to secure a juster distribution of wealth and power. These reconstructive movements, affecting rich and poor alike, were not prompted merely by want and envy and bitterness. There have been revolts, indeed, among the hungry submerged, like that of the I.W.W. at Lawrence, Mass., but so far as I know not one important leader in the new movement has come from that element. The revolution, as distinguished from sporadic revolts, has been led by men and women, mostly cultivated men and women, whose souls have been stirred by the sight of injustice in a free country; who have asked themselves, passionately,

> "Who hath given to me this sweet,
> And given my brother a crust to eat,
> And when will his wage come in?"

In short, during the last few years in America we have been developing with all our energy the highest art of all arts—the art of living together. I believe this to be "the one idea more powerful than any other" that is shaping the events of the time.

Foreign travelers who come to our shores often compare our civilization unfavorably with that of Europe. They charge us with producing no vital art, no literature, no drama, no music. It may be so; it may not be so; we can tell better fifty years hence. But should not a nation, like an individual, be judged according to its excellence in the art which it is seeking most sedulously to cultivate? We are primarily engaged in the business of discovering better ways of living together, and it is significant that at every point at which art or science or education or religion touches this "one idea," there it is virile and original, there it is making history.

Those artists, for example, who are doing the most original work in America are those who are seeking ways of helping men to live together more beautifully. I think we do not appreciate yet the significant work of a group of artists, architects and engineers who have begun to mold the unformed and individualistic cities of America—the "city-planners." Burnham of Chicago was an artist of vision and original power, and Arnold Brunner of New York is a worthy successor. These men are trying to grasp the modern city as a whole, and clothe its growth with beauty.

Another example may be found in the drama. We may not be cultivating Barries or Shaws, but wherever the drama is really in touch with the "one idea" of the epoch, there it is spontaneous, vital, lives from within. This is to be seen in the almost spontaneous growth of pageantry in America. A community creates a pageant or a masque out of the materials of its own life and history, its own citizens do the acting, its own people support the work. Why blame us for not producing a certain kind of drama when we are actually developing a dramatic art of unknown potentiality that is sincerely trying to express the spirit of the times?

For the same reason religion is vital at those points at which it is helping us in our demand for the full expression of the social instinct. Wherever the church is preaching the doctrine that by believing certain dogmas a man

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individually may escape the common struggle and be "saved," there it is failing; but wherever it is inspiring men to practice the art of living nobly together, there it is having a new birth.

Similarly it is the political party that defends private interests against public interests that is passing away; while the party with a social vision and a social program which aims to help us along with the "one idea" of our times is the party that is growing strong. In education likewise it is not the old college which seeks to raise individuals to a lonely isolation of culture that is growing fastest, but rather the State university, with its virile extension departments, the aim of which is to let no ignorant man escape.

Where have American scientists recently been making their greatest advances? Probably the most notable contributions have been in medicine, that science which lies closest to the "one great idea." Recall the work of the great sanitarians in cleaning up tropical cities; think of Gorgas at Panama; consider the campaign against tuberculosis, hook-worm, typhoid fever, cancer. Such scientific campaigns to make the nation a healthier and therefore a better place to live in were never before known.

Such has been the prevailing tendency in this nation, such is "the one idea more powerful than any other" which has been shaping the events of the time.

Now comes the explosion in Europe, an unpredictable event which has shaken all the world. What effect will it have upon America?

Already there are signs that the opportunities presented by a prostrate Europe where half the people have stopped producing, stopped shipping, stopped trading, have whetted the ardor of that type of mind in America which seeks individual advantage. Here are unique possibilities of fortune and power; let us seize the trade of Europe while it is prostrate, let us set up new manufacturing establishments to do the work which they have done, let us invade South America and the Orient. Now the danger of all this is that it will damp the enthusiasm with which we have been studying the precious art of living together. Where there is a chance for a man to get rich quickly, for example, he easily forgets his neighbors. He begins to wish to live above them, not with them. And what is true of individuals in this particular is true also of nations.

It is in a moment like this that we should stand aside calmly and consider the state of the nation, examine the precious thing we have, and reflect upon the dangers which threaten it.

RAY STANNARD BAKER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pillage in War

SIR: As a good low-brow reader of your publication, I write to ask where I may find the collection of letters, or whatever it was, from which the quoted account of "pillage" by Sergeant James, is taken?

I feel, as I write, the limpness of unsupported argument, and therefore I would be most glad to get the context of this blood-curdling message, not to support the politely implied horror of your editor, but to support my own little instinct of the very deep difference between the "pillage" practiced on the march to the sea and that which has leveled Rheims and laid Louvain waste. I can quite believe that the women in the woods screamed. So would I. But there are screams and screams. And I also know that many a small personal belonging found its way into the soldiers' pockets and thence into such museums as that of the Wisconsin Historical Society, which you remember consisted of fragments of "Jefferson Davis's fireplace" and "work-basket from home of General Forrest," etc., etc. In Sherman's Memoirs there are perfectly straightaway narratives of the burning of factories "and other buildings liable to be used as defenses by the enemy." But isn't the real spirit of those marauders set forth in their own song: "How the turkeys gobbled," and "how the sweet potatoes even started from the ground?"

I see in those words of the Sergeant—out of their context, grant me—the ebullience of the young American Civil War type, as I have known them, closely, drawing a fine story for the folks at home. I hear in those shrieks of women the perfectly natural hysterics of female persons who had been thoroughly terrified before Sherman's army came along. You remember how the darkies "thought Yankees had horns." They were not the shrieks of women whose hands had been cut off, whose husbands or children had been shot before their eyes, or who were fleeing from the lust of their conquerors. That charge at least I have never heard urged against the soldiers of our war. It was not, in other words, a ravaged Belgium that looked to Germany and France for food to keep it from actual starvation that so elated the Sergeant. It was a fairly cleaned out community, pressed back into the arms of the brothers and cousins waiting to pass the cake-box.

I confess I am peevish. But I am so because I seem to see in this quotation how far our generation has grown from a right understanding of the *psychology* of our Civil War. You tell me the psychology of all war is the same. I answer that I believe to anyone who was close to it the psychology of the Civil War differed entirely from that of any war such as the present, imposed from the top, waged between persons of widely differing races. I sympathize, in a way, with your effort to show that one war is like another war, and that it is a good thing to feel brotherhood with the often maligned combatants in the present struggle. But it would, to my way of thinking, be a better thing to prove that the "callous vandalism," the "ruthlessness," "the anguish," the "pillage and wanton burning," of the terrible Belgian campaign were all exaggerated, than on the slender thread of this single letter to hang so heavy a weight. Perhaps there are other letters to support your view. That is what I want to find out. But I feel very strongly that the shoe has been put on the wrong foot.

If we had the kind of government I'd like to have, we would have some play such as "Secret Service" reproduced if only for the sake of keeping alive among the high-brows the curious and to them inconceivable inconsistencies of such characters as were developed from '60 to '65. But then I suppose the high-brows wouldn't go to see it.

A. H.

Montclair, N.J.

[The letter is quoted in "Notes of a Son and Brother," by Henry James.—EDITOR.]

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Clap the Scenery

The Garden of Paradise, a play in nine scenes, by Edward Sheldon. First presented at the Park Theatre, New York, November 28, 1914.

A VERY ancient contribution to wisdom suggests that if you intend to serve a bird, it is first advisable to catch it. When the producers of "The Garden of Paradise" laid their heads together they imagined that this was the least of their troubles. Admitting rare possibilities in "The Little Mermaid" of Hans Andersen, they assembled from one corner and another the most resourceful assistants to the feast they had devised. From Alessandro Sapelli of Milan they requisitioned costumes. From Erich Rach they secured a swimming device more ingenious than the meatless dog biscuit itself. Louis T. Barbaran was summoned to put through the dances, Analdo Conti to direct the orchestra, Arthur Farwell to arrange the music, and the floral decorations were left in the hands of the General Flower Decorating Co., despite the sepulchral associations of such a name. All these preparations made, the producers rested satisfied from their labors, leaving it to Mr. Edward Sheldon to come forward with the bird.

There was, possibly, some justification for the idea that Mr. Sheldon could meet their requirement. A man of undoubted talent, it seemed no great thing for him to live up to the stupendous accessories that were arranged, devised, directed, contrived and prepared. But at some point in the procedure it seems to have occurred to Mr. Sheldon that it was not he, but his collaborators, who were to supply the essential sustaining dish. Wandering among the gigantesque figures that crowded his stage, it apparently flashed into his mind that it was his function merely to add to their gorgeous undertaking a little verbal parsley. This done, he too rested from his labors and awaited with pardonable satisfaction the banquet so elaborately ordained.

As one sumptuous display of scenery followed on another, the critical peri of this particular Eden grew more and more disconsolate. Considered merely as a spectacle, the performance made excessive claims on attention, but at no point was there anything to indicate that the spectacle was the thing. Considered, on the other hand, as a play, the scenes stood apart like alternate teeth—all dentally impressive but odd in their lack of consecutiveness. The situation gave new values to the plaintive steamship story: "Waiter, if this is tea bring me coffee, if it's coffee bring me tea."

Dwelling on the spectacle, it should be acclaimed as highly remarkable, once one gives importance to that intention. There was, for example, the ship full of picturesque sailors riding on a green and swelling sea. Creamy waves surged continually about the prow, and of a sudden several finny maidens began a lively conversation in the trough of the waves. True, they were thoroughly English mermaids who had successfully cultivated a "smart" style. But there was something immoderately realistic about the billows in which they bobbed, and when the storm blew up and half the ship was swept, so to speak, overboard, one gasped between laughs at the amazing skill of it all—a skill only partially discounted by the terrene accents of the mermaid who was behaving as a very intimate life-saver to the king.

Devices of astounding ingenuity were not confined to the inventive Erich Rach. In the scene of the bridal feast, for example, Mr. Joseph Urban of Vienna, the most eminent of all Mr. Sheldon's collaborators, offered a decoration that was itself a feast. It was the lighting in this scene that was ingenious, the top row of figures appropriating gold radiance from the sun, the steps and walls below them pearly pure. By what striking coincidence Mr. Urban managed so frequently to transfer to the stage the familiar symbols and color schemes of Maxfield Parrish, the vases, the smooth attendants, the enamelled skies is a matter for polite wonder, but, leaving the Urban and Parrish relations to be settled elsewhere, the fact remains that in this bridal scene, as in the scene of the royal palace, the spectacle did triumph in color, movement and form.

In a similar disengaged spirit one could go over the rest of the scenes—the shore by the convent, the cave of the sea witch, the queen's bower, the queen's garden, the final ascension to heaven—with a sense of stuffed indebtedness to each. It was a prodigious array of scenery, enough to have stocked the entire Elizabethan drama, and it lacked only aërial flights to have satisfied one's most inordinate cravings. But regarding the performance as a play rather than as a scenic exposition, it reveals a side of Mr. Sheldon that could hardly have been suspected in advance. When a man seeks to adapt a delicate fairy tale and does so without so much as one candle power of inspiration, the result is bound to disconcert the most sympathetic soul. Debtor though it is to the original plot, "The Garden of Paradise" trails dully in almost every turn of mind and turn of phrase. Mr. Sheldon has, indeed, studded his lines with planets as a baker studs a bun with currants, hoping that the "stars" and "suns" and "moons" would put his lines on the same exalted plane that the currants put the bun. But it is not to be. Mouth though his actors would, they could not make his complacent prose resound. Mr. George Relph did his best. He intoned with all manner of good-will, worked his pace up to a frantic pitch, lifted himself by his buskins in his eagerness to surmount his lines. But the result was monotony of noise. And whether it was the mawkishness of the holy isle, or the loud babble of the witch's cave, or the insipid prattle of the queen's bower, all filled one with dismay that expression could be so pretentious and so stale.

Very early in his career Mr. Sheldon suffered a considerable success. "The Nigger" was a really vigorous production; sententious, specious and shallow, but full of attack and for that reason promising. Both in "The Nigger" and "The Boss," mixed up with crude effectiveness, there was something more than a lively and not too scrupulous intelligence. There was a genuine zest, a splendid energy in utilizing for the American stage the abounding neglected wealth of American life. It was, indeed, with a round and mobile eye, the eye of calculation rather than penetration, that Mr. Sheldon saw his opportunity, but it was a good beginning and warranted a warm hope that, as sympathy became authentic, Mr. Sheldon would present the world with something like the real thing.

But "The Garden of Paradise" is irreclaimably not the real thing. Had Mr. Sheldon possessed any self-criticism, had he felt the least need to authenticate before he vended, had he faintly realized the fatuity of pretence, how could he, even in the most flattering environment, have failed to see the emptiness of his writing? Perhaps he thought that Hans Andersen could carry himself, that a succession of pageants with a great deal of expressive acting could convey a sense of teeming imagination. But with every important being on the stage reduced soon or late to the common denominator of the dramatist, what hope was there for imagination? Mr. Sheldon did not realize that all these king's horses and all these king's men could not elevate a dramatic Humpty Dumpty.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

EVERY man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole life I've read the perfect interview just once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of "An Ideal Husband," when the London "Sketch" published Gilbert Burgess's interview with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

> "What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?"
>
> "Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary."
>
> "And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?"
>
> Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, "Usually a little strained."
>
> "But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?"
>
> "Yes," replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of pathos in his voice, "terribly creative—terribly creative!"

The interview is republished in the volume called "Decorative Art in America" (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, "Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself," and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Bryan properly, nor could I. We should feel both supercilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the remote Bryan period and the present time. Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party—Hector Malone. Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to "Man and Superman," that "the engaging freshness of his personality and the dumfoundering staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him." You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: When Hector "finds people chattering harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay."

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietzsche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would seem about us dumbfounderingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's "Elegy," "The Deserted Village," Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rollin tells us, Muelbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say—here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan quotes "breathes there a man with soul so dead" and "truth crushed to earth." Looking forward, he says that after Alexander and Napoleon "are forgotten, and their achievements disappear in the cycle's sweep of years, children will still lisp the name of Jefferson."

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909. In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of "das Ewig-gestrige, das Flache." In 1904 Mr. Bryan gives "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace," and meditates thus upon eggs: "The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg." From its context in a lecture on "Man," delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: "Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . ."

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do harm. They do good if there is not superciliousness enough. In either case they do good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauquan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and kind. These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good will. Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronising, my attitude, and it is. Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be distinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Bryan sets forth "the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace." Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronising Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronising Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents, sympathy with the unprivileged average—in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more acquisitive than you'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in homely humor? Why not? In every reputation, however explicable, there is a residuum of mystery. "What," as Mr. Bryan himself says, "is more mysterious than an egg?"

P. L.

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Parnell

Charles Stewart Parnell, His Love Story and Political Life, by Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00 net.

MARRIED in her twentieth year or thereabouts to a cornet in a sporting regiment, Katherine O'Shea had lived thirteen years with Willie O'Shea and borne him three children before she met Charles Stewart Parnell. Her relations with O'Shea had long been unsatisfactory. Handsome, gay, sarcastic, self-assured, O'Shea was a spoiled and rather dictatorial specimen of the petty aristocracy. Already bankrupt through mismanagement of his racing stable, he spent a great deal of his time away from Mrs. O'Shea engaged in patching up his fortunes, being absent as long as eighteen months at a time on mining ventures in Spain. When they were together O'Shea was rather jarring and possessive, easily made jealous, insisting on visits, visitors and entertainments his wife disliked, with which he alternated periods of undependability and neglect. His wife's impulsiveness and mettle he did not understand, and before the entry of Parnell into their lives "the wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar temperaments began to make us feel that close companionship was impossible, and we mutually agreed that he should have rooms in London, visiting Eltham to see myself and the children at week-ends."

Mrs. O'Shea's father was an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood. She was the youngest of a family of thirteen. Brought up in a household where men like Trollope, the older Cunninghame Graham, John Morley came to visit, she spent a great deal of her life with an august aunt at a Georgian lodge in Eltham, to whom George Meredith used to come almost every week for a stipulated two hours of "the classics and their discussion." Mrs. O'Shea knew George Meredith well, and I dare say he, behind his badinage and "effectiveness," knew that flashing spirit rather better.

In 1880 Willie O'Shea was urged to stand for an Irish constituency. "I wrote back strongly encouraging him," says Mrs. Parnell, "for I knew it would give him occupation he liked and keep us apart—and therefore good friends. Up to this time Willie had not met Mr. Parnell."

At this time Parnell was thirty-four years of age. The actual leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, he had already broken away from the "fine reasonableness" of Isaac Butt at which "the English parties smiled and patted the Irish indulgently on the head," and he had initiated his policy "of uncompromising hostility to all British parties and of unceasing opposition to all their measures until the grievances of Ireland were redressed."

Because he disliked all social intercourse with Saxons, Mrs. O'Shea's attempts to secure Parnell for her dinners were repeatedly unsuccessful, but, a determined lady, she eventually decided to deliver her invitation in person at the House. "He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful—and different.'" Mrs. O'Shea planned a theater party for his distraction, and "he and I seemed naturally to fall into our places in the dark corner of the box." "I had a feeling of complete sympathy and companionship with him, as though I had always known this strange, unusual man with the thin face and pinched nostrils, who sat by my side staring with curious intent gaze at the stage, and telling me in a low monotone of his American tour and of his broken health . . . and his eyes smiled into mine as he broke off his theme and began to tell me of how he had met once more in America a lady to whom he had been practically engaged some years bef[illegible]."

A few months later, when Mr[illegible] O'Shea was in great distress over the death of Lucy Goldsmith, her lifelong friend and nurse, the tenor of Parnell's notes from Dublin revealed the truth. "I cannot keep myself away from you any longer, so shall leave to-night for London." They did not meet, but Mrs. O'Shea pictures the subsequent weeks. "And my aunt would doze in her chair while I dropped the book I had been reading to her and drifted into unknown harmonies and color of life . . . and I was conscious of sudden gusts of unrest and revolt against these leisured, peaceful days where the chiming of the great clock in the hall was the only indication of the flight of time."

"In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Parnell came to stay with us at Eltham." There he fell ill, brought near to death's door by "his exertions on behalf of the famine-stricken peasants of Ireland," and Mrs. O'Shea nursed him back till he was nearly strong. Hovering over him as he slept, "pulling the light rug better over him," she recalls his murmur: "Steer carefully out of the harbor—there are breakers ahead."

Next year Captain O'Shea came to Eltham without invitation, found Parnell's portmanteau there, sent it to London and left declaring he would challenge Parnell to a duel. The challenge was accepted but "Willie then thought he had been too hasty." Parnell's real emotions seem to have centered on his portmanteau. "My dear Mrs. O'Shea," he wrote, "will you kindly ask Captain O'Shea where he left my luggage? I inquired at both parcel office, cloak room, and this hotel, and they were not to be found." But the incident cemented the fate of O'Shea. "From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse."

In 1881 Parnell was arrested for his Land League activities, and was in Kilmainham at the will of Gladstone until the following May. It was a period of unremitting agony for Mrs. O'Shea, and for him on her account. In February, 1882, she bore Parnell a daughter whom he saw for the first and last time for a day in April. "My little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas."

From that time till 1890, the year of the divorce case, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived their double life. A "volcano capped with snow," Parnell endured secrecy and deception, and she with him, for the sake of the Home Rule bill. When the crash came Mrs. O'Shea was afraid, but his mind was clear. "Put away all fear and regret for my public life. I have given, and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it matters not at all in the end . . . You have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us there is no one else in all the world that matters at all—when you get to the bottom of things."

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Between O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea there were friendly relations till the end of 1886. She induced Parnell to work for his parliamentary candidacy in 1886, and while O'Shea was willing to use Parnell to further his own necessities (he seems to have been a tool of Joseph Chamberlain) he hated and railed against the imperturbable Parnell. All during their intimacy, Mrs. O'Shea acted as an intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone in negotiations which she vividly recounts. Whenever Gladstone sought Parnell in an emergency he sent for him to Mrs. O'Shea's house. The pious surprise of Gladstone when the crash came was characteristic hypocrisy.

Mrs. O'Shea was married to Parnell in June, 1891. Worn out by his campaign against his own former adherents, now under the dictation of Gladstone and the priests, Parnell succumbed in October. He died October sixth, less than four months after his marriage, in his forty-seventh year.

Now a woman of nearly seventy, Mrs. Parnell has been induced to reveal her intimate life for the sake of Captain O'Shea's child, her eldest son. That young man, whose psychology is not worth discussing, is "jealous for his father's honor," and it is ostensibly to prove that Captain O'Shea was not a willing beneficiary of her relations with Parnell that these two volumes were written. The real motive, however, is the deep human motive of self-vindication. Mrs. Parnell loved one of the great men of his generation. She loved him purely, passionately, consumedly. Possessing the great treasure of his love in return, she has been unwilling to die without rebutting all the slander, all the contumely, all the belittlement and reproach and vilification that were the price she paid for seeming to have cheated Ireland of her uncrowned king. Writing these two volumes "without scruple, without fear and without remorse," she has brought to her aid all the resources of imagination, keen intelligence and vivid memory, and she has produced a work of consummate significance and touching humanness. Defiant of convention, she has given full reality for her reader to the extraordinarily powerful and fascinating personality to whom she dedicated her life. Exposing for this purpose much that is painfully private and sacredly naïve, dwelling on facts that belong, if anything belongs, to that inner life to which Parnell asserted his right so implacably, she has, at this great cost, succeeded in asserting the quality of their personal relation. It was true love, if ever love was true, and it honored human nature. If Captain O'Shea was "deceived," it was the fruit of his own mean inadequacy, determined as he was to keep Mrs. O'Shea in bond, to enforce a legal advantage that flattered his vanity at the expense of everything generous, noble and free. He struggled, as small people always struggle, to keep the springs of life from finding their level, but they were too strong for him. After many years' effort to reconcile herself to insuperable limitations, Mrs. Parnell found an adequate, a complete, an immeasurable appeal to every power and sympathy she possessed. She answered that appeal heroically, failing to conform with the written law in order to conform with what may curtly be called the unwritten law of her own and Parnell's being.

When these volumes were published in London, they were dismissed in twenty lines by the *British Weekly* as an outrage against decency, a "glorification of adultery . . . the foulest treachery and vice." It is quite in keeping with the Gladstone tradition and, indeed, with English righteousness in general, that this work, which the *British Weekly* "would fain consign to oblivion," is now offered to us in this country by the agents of the *British Weekly* in America.

F. H.

Sincerity in the Making

The Congo and Other Poems, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.

YOU must hear Mr. Lindsay recite his own "Congo," his body tense and swaying, his hands keeping time like an orchestral leader to his own rhythms, his tone changing color in response to noise and savage imagery of the lines, the riotous picture of the negro mind set against the weird background of the primitive Congo, the "futurist" phrases crashing through the scene like a glorious college yell,—you must hear this yourself, and learn what an arresting, exciting person this new indigenous Illinois poet is. He has a theory of his work, which Miss Monroe has supported in "Poetry," that he is carrying back the half-spoken, half-chanted singing of the American vaudeville stage to its old Greek precedent of the rhapsodist's lyric, where the poet was composer and reciter in one. After hearing the now so well-known "General Booth Enters Into Heaven," and the "Santa-Fé Trail," and "The Firemen's Ball," one's imagination begins to run away with the idea of this Greek rhapsodist-vaudeville stage, where one could get the color and the smash of American life interpreted on a higher and somewhat more versatile plane than is now presented. One finds one's self beginning irresistibly, "Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room," or "Booth led boldly with his big bass drum," and whirling along to rhapsodic improvisation of one's own. The explicitly poetical stage directions which accompany these poems "to be read aloud or chanted," initiate the reader at once into the art, and rather spoil him for the tame business of reading. One hopes that these verses must have come in sweeps of improvisation as the poet swung along on one of his vagabond walks through the interminable prairies of the West. They sound as if they had been shouted to the winds and the clouds, their gaudy rhythms marking time for the slow roll of the sun over the blistering sky.

These later poems represent Mr. Lindsay's finding of his own sincerity. Like most undistinguished and unendowed young Americans of talent, born into an atmosphere without taste and without appreciations, he had to flounder in a tangled maze of "trial and error" before he could even touch his own quality. Born thirty-five years ago in that Springfield which he idealizes with a certain pathetic unconvincingness, he found himself very early with a talent for making verses and illustrating them. Three years at a small Illinois college, a desultory art-training picked up in Chicago and New York, a long tramp as a vagabond poet through the South, wanderings about countless European art-museums, a campaign for the Anti-Saloon League among the farmers of Illinois, and his long walk through the Southwest in 1912, the incidents of which make up the very prosaic "adventures," compose this quite typical enterprise of finding one's place in the world. With almost too facile a fluency of rhyme and metre, Mr. Lindsay has tried every variety of verse from children's poems to political and up-to-date war poems. The "other poems" of the two volumes suggest that he has seized and developed every ingenious idea that came to him, pleasantly regardless of its reconciliation with the rest, or of its relation to any deep-lying philosophy of life. He has reminiscences of every kind of

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poetic diction and philosophy and creed and moral attitude. One poem stamps him Christian, the next agnostic, the next Socialist, the next aesthete or rapt vulgarian at the "movies." It is all tumbled in with an astonishing insensitiveness to what is banal and what is strong.

After reading the adventures, one doubts a little whether the "Gospel of Beauty" was anything more than a stage on the road to sincerity, one of those ideas we Americans like to play with when we are young. Mr. Lindsay is concentratedly American, and his work and career are an illumination of the American soul. If that American soul had ever had any genuine hunger for the beauty of town and countryside which Europe clothes itself in, it would long ago have created that beauty, and not left itself to starve in shabbiness. The poet on his walk seems not to have found natural American beauty down through that long stretch of Missouri and Kansas, nor does he seem to have been saddened at its absence. One thinks of the visual richness of English vagabonds like Borrow and Jeffries, and is amazed at the thinness and poverty of these impressions. A few flowers along the railroad track, plenty of queer people, wheat interminable, but little hint of the quality of the life lived and the high-hearted scenery. Perhaps it is because Mr. Lindsay is too much of a poet not to require verse, for several of his Kansas poems do send long vistas down the mind that has never seen the West, and one still feels through these lines the torturing violence of a nature almost too big for man. The powerful originality of all this later work means the hope that he will leave this other apprenticing with ideas alone forever, and enter at last into his sincerity. R. S. B.

Dostoevsky's Letters

Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THOUGH Dostoevsky is as disturbing to the spirit as any Hebrew prophet or early Christian saint, yet enigmatically, in the past two or three years when the Garnett translations of his novels have been appearing, he has been received by us most graciously. One can but wonder at the general amiability when the first result of reading him would seem to be a dazed surprise that ordinary life should be so comfortable and unquestioned an affair for so many ordinary and cheerful people. Suddenly the disturbed life of the spirit becomes of utmost and dramatic actuality. The effect of Dostoevsky is like that of a dangerous and delirious fever; the convalescent does not easily feel readjusted to the general life.

This volume of letters, so expressive of the depths of Dostoevsky's spiritual insight, makes comprehensible his dissatisfaction with the usual superficial range of feeling. He had had a fever, as it were; he had spent four years, when he was twenty-seven years old, and when he had just had an intoxicating early success with his novel "Poor Folk," in prison in Siberia, and five years as a private in a line regiment there, condemned for reading revolutionary pamphlets and criticizing the government censorship. This Siberian experience never afterward permitted the common way to seem very real to him, never permitted him any of the useful smugnesses and superficialities. He writes of himself again and again that he is "like a slice cut from a loaf."

After the four years of silence in prison he at once wrote his brother an account of the journey to Siberia and of the imprisonment that is as haunting as the more literary and longer account in the "House of the Dead." He was then thirty-two. "I had made acquaintance with convicts in Tobolsk; at Omsk I settled myself down to live four years in common with them. They are rough, angry, embittered men. Their hatred for the nobility is boundless; they regard all of us who belong to it with hostility and enmity . . . A hundred and fifty foes never wearied of persecuting us; it was their joy, their diversion, their pastime; our sole shield was our indifference and our moral superiority which they were forced to recognize and respect." He makes us have a vivid and unforgettable sensation of the prison's filth, the heat, the cold, the hunger, and the "ever present dread of drawing down some punishment . . . the irons, and the utter oppression of spirits." And his conclusion is, "I won't even try to tell you what transformations were undergone by my soul, my faith, my mind, and my heart in those four years. It would be a long story. Still, the eternal concentration, the escape into myself, from bitter reality, did bear its fruit. I now have many new needs and hopes of which I never thought in other days. But all this will be pure enigma for you."

No experience more detaching was ever the lot of a man of letters, and Dostoevsky was "born literary." "I have my own idea about art," he wrote when he was forty-seven, "and it is this: what most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality I hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation of every day trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. . . . Is not my fantastic 'Idiot' the very dailiest truth? Precisely such characters must exist in those strata of our society which have divorced themselves from the soil—which actually are becoming fantastic."

"I have a totally different conception of truth and realism," he wrote again, "from that of our 'realists' and critics. My God! If one could but tell categorically all that we Russians have gone through during the last ten years in the way of spiritual development, all the realists would shriek that it was pure fantasy! And yet it would be pure realism! It *is* the one true deep realism! Theirs is altogether too superficial."

The spirit for him was deeply rooted in the soil, and in the sentiment of nationality. "I hold all evil to be founded upon disbelief," he wrote only a month before his death, "and maintain that he who abjures nationalism abjures faith also. That applies especially to Russia, for with us national consciousness is based on Christianity." The "inmost essence and the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation" is "to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ."

His occupation with the "inmost essence of truth" made him impatient always of the superficialities and compromises that are necessary in activities and agitations. His letter describing the Peace Congress at Geneva in 1867, and that about the Paris Commune, are amusingly full of this impatience.

No artist, however, proclaimed more his need for creative work. And he knew creative work as "gigantic labor." "Believe me," he wrote to his brother, "that a graceful, fleet poem of Pushkin's consisting of but a few lines, *is* so graceful and so fleet simply because the poet has worked long at it and altered much." His feeling for literature as "that sole domain of intellectual and spiritual vitality here below," his feeling that his own work has been too hurried by his need of money and his material too uncontrolled—every literary criticism that he puts down makes it tempting to treat him just for the sanity of his sense of letters.

That he had much power of charm, that he was, how-

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ever oddly, lovable, is evident from the reality and sweetness of his human relations. The letters to his niece and to his stepson are models for an understanding between the generations. And supremely does the beauty of his sympathy, which may have been the essence of his charm, come out in his references to his second wife, with whom he had to leave Russia, so deeply was he in debt.

"I was wholly isolated, without resources, and with a young creature by my side who was naïvely delighted at sharing my wandering life; but I saw that that naïve delight arose partly from inexperience and youthful ardour, and this depressed and tormented me. I was afraid that Anna Grigorovna would find life with me a tedious thing. . . . Of myself I could hope little; my nature is morbid, and I anticipated that she would have much to bear from me. (N.B. Anna Grigorovna, indeed, proved herself to be of a nature much stronger and deeper than I had expected; in many ways she has been my guardian angel; at the same time there is much that is childish and immature in her, and very beautiful and most necessary and natural it is, only I can hardly respond to it.)" Anna Grigorovna he presents throughout the letters with the radiant transforming light of the spirit that he gives also to his Sonia, his Varia, his Lizaveta. Intimacy was for Dostoevsky but another way of growth, of realization for the soul. He had never the cruelty of the idealist, proudly disgusted by facts. E. P. B.

Marriage on Trial

"And So They Were Married." A Comedy of the New Woman, by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

TO deny novelty to this comedy would be easy, especially with "Getting Married," "Marriage" and other humbler works so recently in view. But with the status of the married relation varying in every class and every country, Mr. Williams's comedy is no more derivative than the collapse of one part of an unsupported crust is derivative from the collapse of another part. It is because marriage itself is on trial all over the civilized world that this play has come into being. It is not that clever men are conspiring to attack the institution. It is merely that the institution is, with hideous creaking, being painfully adapted to a changing world.

The conservatives in Mr. Williams's comedy are familiar members of the successful bourgeoisie in America. Living in one of those "country" houses that domesticate all the triumphs of hotel civilization and add to them the charms of landscape gardening, the head and front of the conservatives is a "strong" male American of considerable wealth, an unconscious bully and vulgarian. He has two sisters, one young and dependent, the other a "new woman" and independent. The comedy consists in the efforts of the "new woman" to suspire in the stifling spiritual atmosphere of her brother's home.

Because of her dependence, the younger girl is ready to marry a good-looking young man "not brought up to be anything but rich." He is "handsome, ardent, attractively selfish," and she, having no other profession open to her, cynically gets hold of him, though he really loves her older sister. The older sister, on the other hand, is deeply in love with a young scientist in whose laboratory she has started her career. Her wealthy brother is one of the directors of that institute, but he hates his sister's professionalism, and he declines to do anything for the scientist that could make marriage possible. In each act of the play the problem of marriage is, accordingly, oriented from every possible side. The relation of property to the institution of marriage is shown in every facet of bourgeois American life. The mistress of the country house is seen to be a slave to her husband, and so their cousin, a clergyman, is forced into ugly conformities for the sake of an invalid wife. The only rebel is the "new woman." She sees that if she marries her scientist (who, by the way, "is a fine-looking fellow of thirty-five, without the spectacles or absent-mindedness somehow expected of scientific genius") she will condemn him to economic slavery, the wreck of his career. She proposes to live with him but not to marry him, to keep at all costs from suburbanizing him, and to do so in defiance of all her family. The scientist himself is willing to compromise. He argues against her belief that "no one is honest about marriage," is surprised at the violence of her sincerity and independence, but finally agrees. The comedy of the situation comes when they are about to set off for Paris for the positions suddenly offered to them by the Pasteur Institute. They admit, to the facetious Judge, who hovers through every act as a wise commentator on the conservatives, that " in the eyes of God" they are man and wife, and he avails himself of their admission to pronounce them wedded by common law.

With a situation so genuinely suggestive and so sympathetically understood, it must be said that Mr. Williams has failed to turn it to full artistic account. In the nature of things such a play was obliged to be discursive, but discursiveness becomes flaccid when each character explicates his motives too obviously and too didactically. It would not be fair to say that these people are not real, but they are certainly dreadfully verbose. While everything they say is logically in character there is very little about them to make them personally real. Satisfying the mind, they do nothing, so to speak, for the eye, the touch or the sense of smell. This lack of physiognomy does not impair Mr. Williams's ideas, but it gives to his ideas a woolen texture, as if he had arrived at them by careful weaving, not leaving us to infer them from actual creatures of flesh and blood.

As one instance of the author's verbose and didactic manner, take these three sentences of Helen's, occurring on pp. 216, 219, 221: "The kind of marriage preached by the Church and practiced by the world—does that cherish the real sacredness of this relationship? Of course, I can only judge from appearances, but so often marriage seems to destroy the sacredness—yes, and also the usefulness—of this relationship!" "The most sacred relationship in life! Ernest, shall you and I enter it unadvisedly, lightly, and with lies on our lips?" "You don't believe in 'half of that gibberish.' Yet you are willing to work the Church for our worldly advantage! You are willing to prostitute the most sacred thing in life! If that is not dishonest, what is!"

Sentences like these may offer mental nutriment, but they do not suggest life. If art has any function it is to make eloquent the feelings by which human beings are inspired, to disclose the beauty of desirable things by whatever means the artist can devise, relevant necessarily but literal never. Even granted that a woman in love could be so obsessed by concepts, which is doubtful, Mr. Williams has done her disservice by reporting her.

In spite of these defects, however, the comedy stands out as a peculiarly sincere contribution to the drama of ideas in America. Quite clear as to the essential depravity of the younger sister, it is equally clear as to the fine seriousness of the new woman's rebellion. It is that rare thing in American letters, a criticism from the heart.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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THE European war is offering to American diplomacy a rare opportunity of reaching a better understanding with South America. It has brought home to the South American countries the desirability of closer political and commercial relations with the United States. In the past they have accepted the protection which the Monroe Doctrine secured to them against the aggressive action of European Powers, but they have accepted it reluctantly and suspiciously. They were afraid that the Doctrine could be made the excuse by this country for a more insidious but not less dangerous attack upon their independence. They were Pan-Americans in a lukewarm way, from a sense of duty, but they traded chiefly with Europe, and their sympathies and human ties connected them with Europe rather than with this country. But now, as neutral and pacific powers, they are beginning to understand some of the advantages of cooperation with the leading neutral and the most essentially pacific power in the world. They are beginning to see that Pan-Americanism has immediate, substantial, and incontestable advantages. It remains for the State Department to make this new attitude on the part of Latin Americans the excuse for a larger measure of official Pan-American organization. There seems to be no good reason why Mr. Carnegie's Pan-American Building in Washington should not become a far more effective and realistic House of Peace than has been a certain Palace at the Hague.

PRESIDENT Wilson is running the grave risk of presenting to the Republicans the issue of national defense. His opposition to an investigation into the military preparedness of the country by a select Congressional committee can and will be interpreted as an attempt to suppress the facts. The interpretation may be unjust, but it is inevitable. The wise way to discipline such agitation as this in favor of an increased military preparation is to supply it with an abundance of light and air. Now that it has received a fair start it cannot be suppressed, and any attempt to suppress it will only furnish to the agitators additional means of agitation. Mr. Wilson will never have a better opportunity of testifying to the value of his well-known preference in favor of "pitiless publicity." If there is one matter about which the public opinion of a democracy is entitled to be fully informed, it is this matter of national defense. In the present instance the discouragement of a thorough investigation is the more unnecessary because a careful reading of Mr. Wilson's message proves that he himself is alive to the grave importance of the subject. He advocates a strong navy, and is ready to encourage increased military training. He does not suggest under existing conditions the smallest step in the direction of disarmament. The question at issue is not whether adequate measures of national defense should be adopted, but whether the existing provisions for national defense are adequate. Military and naval authorities have declared in official documents that they are not. Is not public opinion entitled to an investigation which will help the voters to make up their minds as to the truth of these assertions?

THE proposed alternative of an investigation by the existing military committees of Congress will not and should not satisfy the country. It would be equivalent to no investigation at all. In so far as there are deficiencies in the military establishment of the United States, these committees are responsible. Why invite a body of men to investigate their own presumptive misbehavior? Congressman Gardner's resolution is not itself satisfactory in this respect. A special committee would make a more thorough investigation than would the standing committees; but Congress as a whole is as much responsible as are its military organs for the possible failure to obtain in return for our heavy military expenditures adequate military protection. A committee of investigation should contain a certain proportion of independent experts, who would not be hampered by their own interests and records in tracing the inadequacy in American military preparations to its source. In point of fact

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the attempt to make merely a partisan issue out of our unpreparedness is sheer "bunk." The responsibility is not Republican or Democratic; it is Congressional. Congress has stubbornly refused on the score of economy to appropriate the money needed to equip an efficient army, or build and man an adequate navy, while at the same time it has spent many unnecessary millions for the maintenance of useless and even injurious army posts and navy yards. Its attitude towards this problem of military organization has been consistently reactionary. The recent improvements in the military system have not been imposed upon the army by Congress; they have been imposed upon Congress by expert military opinion. It is the General Staff rather than Congress which proposes to revise our obsolete military code, and to democratize the American army by keeping the soldiers a shorter time in the barracks. Thus an investigation into the military unpreparedness of the United States becomes at least in part an investigation into Congressional ineptitude and malversation, and such an inquiry should not be confided to an exclusively Congressional committee.

IN spite of the partisan bitterness which has already been imparted to the controversy over national defense, good citizens who are neither militarists or passivists should be able to agree upon a present and a future course of action. Such men and women will deprecate no less than President Wilson does a merely alarmist agitation, which seeks to change immediately and fundamentally the military policy of the United States. They will support him in any attempt to deal with the matter of national defense soberly and patiently, but they will wish his treatment to be candid and thorough as well as sober and patient. They will wish Congress during its present session properly to equip the existing army with sufficient reserves of ammunition. They will wish the navy to be fully manned and its former efficiency restored. They will wish the added cost to be paid out of some of the millions which are being spent on the army and the navy chiefly for political purposes. Finally they will require a certain reconsideration of the military organization and policy of the United States. This country has never really tackled the problem of creating a sufficient body of well trained soldiers, without involving enforced service or an increased professional standing army. That is the great problem of American military reorganization, and the one which needs to be most carefully studied. It should be made a matter of study in the near future and an authoritative report on the subject should be made to the next Congress at its first regular session. Possibly by that time the European war will be over and Americans will be better able to judge whether the treaty of peace will make increasing preparations for war more necessary or less so.

ALTHOUGH the preliminary report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations laid before Congress on Monday is described as "merely a record of progress" and not as a statement of conclusions, it is, after all, a record of a year's work. It should reveal the intellectual approach, and give to the public some sense of how the Commission is mastering the enormous wholesale inquiries it has made. Nine people have listened to facts for a year; they have taken them in patiently and sympathetically, and if they are human they must be suffering from a very considerable indigestion. We say this because the scope of the hearings has been so vast that unless the Commissioners have been organizing the material in their own minds, they cannot have dominated the rush of facts and impression. But this preliminary report shows no illuminating hypothesis, and no tentative generalization to trace some form in the maze. It reads depressingly like a college syllabus in which what employers say is balanced against what employees say. It is stale to us, it all seems to have been said so often before, and to have been said so much better. We should not carp at a restatement of the obvious if only the Commission gave an indication that it had some way of lighting up the obvious with new suggestion. The report does not seem to stimulate thought, to give to the public any of that vivid, direct impression which so many months of hearing must have given the Commissioners. This may be because it is a mosaic of little arguments, a formless and seemingly undirected array of obvious but unsuggestive items. It leaves us with the notion that the Commissioners wandered all over the country, and their minds wandered all over the subject.

WHAT the public expects from the Commission is not new facts, nor even concrete proposals. It expects effective generalization which will give some practical leverage on the mass of what is already known. Perhaps this is to expect too much. It would indeed require a very high order of scientific imagination to dominate effectively the overwhelming confusion of modern industry, to organize into useful knowledge a thousand half-reported clashing facts, to make the whole subject intellectually usable to men responsible for action. But this, we think, is what may be called the ideal, the thing which the Commission would do if it rose to its full opportunities. Supposing, however, that the time is too short and the task

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too difficult, the next best thing the Commission can do is an effective work of publicity. It can dramatize the industrial struggle, and make people feel about it. Such an agitation would have some value, even if it showed no immediate concrete result. But the Commission should not vacillate, as it seems to be doing now, between agitation and invention, between muckraking and scientific inquiry. Hesitation here will only kill both the agitation and the investigation. The Commission seems not yet to have decided whether its business is the formulation of new truths or the popularizing of old ones.

IT would be easy to smile at the announcement that the Rockefeller Foundation is to investigate the Colorado strike. Where Mr. Rockefeller was so magnificently sure of the righteousness of his own position, the Rockefeller Foundation is proposing to make an expert inquiry. Where a business man was dogmatic to the last ditch, the scientists he endows think they have something to learn. But all these interesting paradoxes ought not to obscure the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation has accepted a supreme test of its own integrity. It has chosen the most difficult course, one which will strain its courage and its candor to the uttermost. This investigation is certain to be watched with something like a merciless interest, not only by the people who know a great deal about Colorado, but by all those who are inclined to distrust the effect of subsidies on scientific work. The Foundation must realize this. As it starts on its search, therefore, it cannot fail to elicit the tribute which courage arouses, and to find that an unexpected friendliness pervades an unrelaxing criticism.

LOOK at any page of any modern book, particularly one that thinks it is serious, and you will get the impression that it has been peppered with commas. Where our fathers sprinkled sand to dry their clear sentences, we sprinkle commas to liquefy them, to qualify and contradict and parenthesize and equivocate. They are the visible pocks that signal the disease ravaging within, a very plague and epidemic of over-niceness in our thought, a niceness that can say nothing without side-stepping, and ends by saying nothing. Take away the comma, and the modern philosopher, the modernist story-teller, is lost. A Greek would say, "The moon is a goddess." A scholastic would say, "The moon is the lamp of God." A child does say "The moon is green cheese." To say any one of these would show a more useful and more intelligent habit of thinking than to say, as a modernist might very well do, "The moon, that satellite only half understood, as yet, for all its nearness, is only to be apprehended, in spite of all our astronomers, including Percival Lowell, the ingenious, if, at times, rather fanciful champion of life on Mars, as a mystical phenomenon, which must be studied, not as a nature-myth, though that is fruitful, not, as the old theologians, in the dark days when faith was firm, would have us believe, as something God hung in the heavens for our light, but as a visible sign, whither sent we know not, why we cannot guess, of that relationship, too long unimagined but now for the first time beginning to be suspected, between the soul of man and that outer freedom which, though it be denied, we must strive for, work for, die for, in the knowledge that at the last, how long we do not know, our eyes shall see, with the gladness with which the poor soul, born blind, first sees the light, the true, however stupendous, meaning of what the careless child, too often, unhappily, under the tutelage of unwise parents, calls gladly but ignorantly, green cheese."

COLONEL Roosevelt's criticism last Sunday of the President's Mexican policy was an example of the kind of fighting which has turned so many of his natural admirers into bitter enemies. The article gave the sense that the Colonel had gone out to "get" the President, to bury him utterly in a landslide of contempt, and that the means to be employed were any that happened to be at hand. Colonel Roosevelt is too sophisticated a man not to know that no one can draw the Catholic Church bodily into a political controversy without starting more than it is possible to finish. He should know that to put behind a criticism the dynamite of religious passion and the popular fury that is always aroused by tales of lust and cruelty is to create an atmosphere of unreason in which no decent discussion is possible. Where his profound knowledge of foreign affairs and his very realistic judgment might have made contribution to the Mexican puzzle, he has kicked up so much dust to gain a petty end that thousands of people who would like to learn from him will see nothing but a disagreeable row. We do not think that Colonel Roosevelt intended, as his enemies are saying, to align the Catholic Church against President Wilson. He was probably deeply horrified by the stories of atrocities, his sense of immediate fair play was aroused, and, somewhat driven by his prejudice against Mr. Wilson, he struck blindly and unfairly.

OUR national attitude towards agriculture is changing. We are to-day less inclined to boast of our bountiful harvests than to consider our crops in relation to the feeding of an ever-growing population. It is true that as a whole our production has increased. More wheat was

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harvested in 1914 than in any year in our history, the apple crop was greater than ever before, and there was an almost unexcelled production of cotton and of oats, barley, rye, potatoes, tobacco and hay. But in spite of the greater diversification of crops and of an increase both relative and absolute in the output of important products, our agriculture as a whole does not begin to keep pace with the growth in our numbers. In fifteen years there has been no considerable increase in our corn production, and in the same period, though our population has increased by over twenty millions, there has been a substantial decline in numbers of our cattle, sheep and hogs. The country would seem to be rapidly approaching the time when, unless something is done for agriculture, America will cease to be a food-exporting country.

THAT doughty prophet of law and order, *American Industries,* in announcing the "opening of the bomb-throwing season in New York," suggests its old and infallible remedy for all forms of unrest and social discontent. "Put an effective muzzle on the leaders" and social peace is automatically attained. It is very logical. Meet the illegal vocal literary violence of individuals with the legal armed physical violence of the State, and the "imbecile rank and file" will leave off being incited and rally to the standard of such champions of order and peace. Incidentally, will the American ever get over that incorrigible itching to stop the mouths of those who say things which are unpleasant for him to hear?

THE English Parliament after a session of only two weeks has adjourned, not to convene again until February second. Never before have such large crowds been present at its opening. It is generally admitted in London that the people were particularly eager to welcome some official public discussion of the problems confronting them. That discussion during the present session has been confined largely to the spy danger, recruiting in Ireland, censorship of the press, the management of recruiting stations and soldiers' pay. Not the least remarkable element in the situation has been the thoroughgoing cooperation on the part of the Opposition. In view of the strong censorship that exists over war news in England, and the perhaps growing restlessness over the Irish attitude, it seems to Americans unfortunate that Parliament could not have kept open for a longer period because of its psychological effect upon the people. Their desire for undiluted truth from the front and their feeling about England's unpreparedness for war finds at least some satisfaction in open Parliamentary discussion.

Pacifism vs. Passivism

HOW far the existing naval and military establishment of the United States is sufficiently equipped, manned and organized is a matter of fact which could have been settled by an exhaustive and impartial inquiry. It does not involve the fundamental problems of peace and war. But the fundamental problems of peace and war have been raised by the manner in which the proposed investigation is being discussed and by the reasons for which it is being opposed. The dogmatic pacifists will not have the question of the military preparedness of the United States even considered. They stigmatize any increased military and naval expenditure, no matter what its purpose and limits, as viciously militaristic. They are seeking to identify American pacifism with a policy which amounts practically to disarmament, even though the rest of the world goes armed to the teeth. So far as they succeed, they will be doing more than our militarists have ever done to prevent an effective ideal of peace from becoming a really leavening influence in American foreign policy.

The dogmatic pacifism of Bishop Greer and the *New York Evening Post* is derived from the doctrine of non-resistance. Bishop Greer frankly declares that the only way effectively to prevent or diminish war is never to fight. Peace and war are irreconcilably antagonistic terms. Sincere pacifists must consequently oppose war under all conditions and for any purpose; and they must stand like a rock against any preparation for war. If such an interpretation of pacifism is true, the friends of peace would have every reason to be profoundly discouraged. It would hand the world over to the militarists. It would establish militarism in the very constitution of society. The militarists, too, believe in an irreconcilable antagonism between peace and war, but they interpret the antagonism as an argument for war rather than for peace; and they are right. If the only sincere way of acting on behalf of a pacifist conviction is an uncompromising individual and national refusal to fight, then peace is an unattainable ideal. The people who were willing to fight in order to get what they wanted would continue to fight and would continue to get what they wanted. The people who were unwilling to fight in order to get what they wanted, even though they were in a numerical majority, would have to reconcile themselves to the great denial. At best they might be allowed to occupy a few isolated retreats in a jungle of warring powers. The beasts of prey would rule.

The moral values expressed by the words peace and war are not irreconcilably antagonistic. The existing constitution of society is an improvement over that of the Roman Empire or the Middle

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Ages, not because our forbears refused to fight, but because they fought for increasingly justifiable purposes. Force cannot be eliminated from life. All that can be done is to moralize and rationalize its employment. If a really civilized organization of society is not sustained by an effective exercise of force, it will soon perish from the face of the earth. Take the critical and decisive case in our own national history. In 1860 William Lloyd Garrison advised his fellow countrymen to act upon Bishop Greer's theory of peace and war. The erring sisters should be allowed to depart in peace. Yet if the South had been allowed to depart in peace, slavery would have been indefinitely perpetuated on this continent, and both the North and the South would have been fastened to a malignant form of militarism.

A nation does not commit the great sin when it fights. It commits the great sin when it fights for a bad cause or when it is afraid to fight for a good cause. Peace is one of those good causes on behalf of which fighting continues to be necessary. The effective power for peace in the world at this moment is not the American people, who are sitting safely and comfortably by their firesides and denouncing the perverted Europeans for the brutality and carnage of the war. The effective friends of peace are the Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Russians who are fighting without rancor the battles of their country, but with the determination that all the suffering and bloodshed shall not have been paid in vain—that the war shall be terminated by a treaty of peace which shall make in favor of a less predatory international organization. They may not, it is true, succeed in accomplishing a decisive result, as did the North in 1865. Neither one side nor the other may claim exclusively to represent the interests of a better international order; and this consideration relieves the friends of peace in other countries from any obligation to participate in the struggle as a whole. Nevertheless the war is the first great international conflict in the history of the world which has come explicitly to involve the possible future suppression of militarism. The opportunities for diminishing the probability of war rest far more with the belligerents than with the neutrals. Even though the peace conference be held in Washington with Mr. Wilson as its president, the American nation can contribute nothing substantial to its outcome. The one opportunity which this country had of testifying on behalf of an ideal of peace and of having something to say about the issue and effect of the war, vanished when its government failed to make a vigorous protest against the invasion of Belgium.

Pacifism must, then, be sharply distinguished from passivism. The newer ideal of peace, whether in domestic or foreign policy, has to be actively and intentionally promoted. The chief instruments of an effective peace propaganda must be nations equipped for the accomplishment of their national purpose. The responsibility is theirs. They cannot shift it to an international organization which does not exist, or hand it over to subsidized peace societies. Passivism merely makes it easy for militarism. It repeats in the larger region of international politics the error which the advocates of *laissez-faire* used to make in domestic policies. Passivists are erecting national irresponsibility into a dogma, and seeking to accomplish by moral exhortation a result which requires for its accomplishment the moral exercise of force. The result of the error would be the same in both cases, the triumph of the predatory power or interest. A modern nation which wants the world to live in peace should not be content to keep the peace itself. It must be willing and ready, whenever a clear case can be made out against a disturber of the peace, to join with other nations in taking up arms against the malefactor.

The Reformer

WHILE the reformer is earnestly discussing his "social responsibilities" and his "national cooperation" and his "sound and fundamental political ideas," it is a bit difficult for him to keep his ear to the ground. Through some friend he may, however, catch an echo of what other people are saying. They will be saying very little about sound and fundamental political ideas, and a great deal about whether he is sincere, whether he is sane, and what there is in it for him. The reformer will feel as if somebody had struck his ugly fist through a painting, or walked whistling into a shrine. Such questions are not asked in a kindly world. Yet for some reason people do continue to ask them. They come into the parlor with their muddy feet and cast ruffian's doubt upon the assumptions of public virtue.

These are the people who are not answered when the reformer tells them he feels sincere, regards himself as saner than most, or that he has sacrificed much. Nor are they answered by turning the tables with some elaborate question about what *is* sincerity, what *is* sanity, where is the hairline which divides the normal from the abnormal, and so on. The reformer seems to be doing things other people don't do, to be meddling and fussing and worrying about things others let alone. All this poking the head into other people's kitchens, this trying to scrub other people's children, this trying to make life miserable for Charlie Murphy, or squeeze a few cents more in girls' wages out of a dry-goods store manager—to call all this "public

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spirit" and "civic virtue" is like saying abracadabra to the moon. It explains nothing. Yet the reformer needs explaining. He doesn't seem to be an ordinary person, yet he isn't very wonderful or very interesting. The easiest way to explain him is to say that he has an ax to grind, or to ignore him as a man not quite like other men. That, at least, leaves him within the context of life.

It is his detachment from this context which makes people sniff at the reformer. That is why people who believe in votes for women don't dare to be vegetarians, why Lyman Abbot is proud to confess that he drinks wine, why efficiency experts have to be a little absent-minded, why clergymen and professors swear in public. But what the reformer tries to do for himself by these amiable vices the public does for him much more radically by asking what there is in it for him. After that question the reformer no longer looks like the marble-hearted creature at banquets who is known as a public-spirited citizen. He is back on the plane of common humanity, where people wish him to be, where people, from their knowledge of the reformers they don't like, know that he ought to be.

For they have not forgotten that the noisy municipal reformer of a few years ago is now an important person in the administration of their town, and much less noisy than he used to be. They can point to a labor leader who no longer works in a mine, who wears good clothes, hobnobs with interesting people, makes speeches to crowds who glorify him, and is displayed in the newspapers. Perhaps they think of a rich man who gives lavishly, but gives without giving, or uses his generosity to thrust himself into the private lives of his pensioners. They may speak of a suffragist, and point out that she is bored and unhappy with her husband; they remark that some other suffragist became quiet when she married. They grin at the proposal to enfranchise women. They are not charitable in their public judgment. They don't move from imposing concept to imposing concept, from immense assumptions to abstract goals.

It is only a small group of professional thinkers and their immediate followers who discuss the problems of human life in a language which bears no real resemblance to the speech of men. But from this group people derive the idea that the more a man sets out to serve humanity the further he detaches himself from it. It is this group which has made the idea of public service a slow pain to high-spirited people, this group with its brown journals and its gray annals, its discreet public conferences, its illusion that charters, institutions, legal forms, and principles are the bread of life.

Here truth hides behind abstract nouns, and one doesn't ask such fine brutal questions as, "What is there in it for you?" This rule of manners shields us from embarrassment; from embarrassment like that which was created at a conference of the Church of England when some one asked how many present would keep their positions if they were offered better paid and pleasanter ones elsewhere. It avoids the bad quarter of an hour which would seize many a reformer if he asked himself, "Am I in this work because I believe in it, or do I believe in it because I am in it?" But while discretion avoids embarrassment, it destroys reality. It creates the odious sense that it is one thing to live, and another to be interested in reform.

The most honest excuse which professional reformers and political scientists have to offer is that life is too highly charged to be handled without gloves. No discussion could be carried on if there were not a tacit agreement to moderate truth to prejudice, to cover explosive fact by non-conducting abstractions, to talk with polish, without offense, and with luminous calm about raw and unflattering facts. For the man to whom you blurt out a bitter truth to-day may be the man you have to work with to-morrow. What you feel to be the truth may rest on assumptions you cannot prove. So only a few valiant people talk bluntly. They make some crushing observation, are shown to have been misinformed on a detail, and become what is called "discredited." Responsible people talk gently of the dangerous things they know. When their responsibility is increased by a high degree of educations, the convenient refuge is technical language which might be full of meaning if enough people understood it.

By all this dignity and reserve and tact an illusion of elegance and nobility is created which the ordinary human being finds intolerable. He feels the way most of us feel when we are just sitting down to our first dinner party. He understands what Chesterton meant by saying that a yawn was a silent yell, and he pays at least a small human tribute to the "highbrow" by assuming that there is something in it for him. He is more just, nearer to the source of truth, than he would be by accepting the language of virtue and the spacious phrases by which men love to describe themselves.

To be a reformer is not to have cast your skin and to have been seized by a grace which transforms. What is called public spirit is nothing but an occasional phase of people's lives. It does not descend with enveloping solemnity upon a few individuals and distinguish them from the rest of mankind. Men are worried into reform, driven into it, lured into it, earn their living by it, gain fame in it, make a habit of it, and through it release their ambitions.

On the whole, it is comforting to know this. The value of any service is no less great because it emerges not from the abstractions of the mind, but

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from the compromised interests and desires of human beings. If the world had to wait for a race of saints and vestal virgins it would have to wait too long. While public spirit and social responsibility are icy heights towards which the path is concealed by the barriers of income and deference and the pedant's fear of being wrong, few people will scale them, few people will even look toward them. As a matter of fact, all these heights are a delusion; the technicality and the timidity, the detachment and the reservations of thinkers and reformers are signs not that they have become more than human, but that they have lost the vitality and the courage which the earth exhales.

The reformer does not differ in motive or character from the men who suspect him. His actions do not arise from a different source; they are merely pointed sometimes to a different end. His selfishness, his hobbies, and his desires happen now and then to produce effects larger than himself; not always, not even most of the time. The public aspect of any person is only a fragment of his life. There are moments which come and go when passion is well directed, interest is informed, and imagination touched with fortunate insight. At these moments, perhaps, we who are fret and drudgery and preoccupation contribute something.

A Substitute for Violence

ONLY an insignificant number of people believe that violence can redeem society, and of those who believe it almost none have the courage to act. Most of them are content to talk, to enjoy the panic of newspapers and the applause of tea-parties. Of those who actually set off bombs, some are caught and the others live a miserable, hunted existence. They receive no thanks whatever from the poor whom they intended to help, and by all active labor leaders and socialists they are hated as the devil himself. From Bakunin to the MacNamaras and Alexander Berkman, the terrorist has been more of a nuisance to the labor movement than to the social order which in his fatuous feebleness he hoped to replace.

The puzzling form of violence is that which accompanies strikes like those in Colorado, West Virginia, or Calumet. It is based on no theory and engineered by no conspiracy. Disorder simply seems to break out, and though we investigate it by commissions until the end of time, fair-minded people will be unable to agree on the culprit. No sooner has it been pointed out that so-and-so fired the first shot, than someone rises to insist that he was provoked beyond endurance. We investigate the provoker and find that he was provoked by some one else, until finally we move in a vicious circle to the utter bewilderment of thought and the blunting of action. Do mine-owners employ brutal mine-guards because the miners are brutal? Are the miners brutal because the conditions brutalize them? Are conditions brutalizing because the men are uncivilized?

What we need most is to break out of this circle. The way to break out is to cease asking who is guilty, and to begin formulating a method of action. The search for some one to blame must give place to the search for a plan. No engineer would feel that he had dealt with the Culebra slides because he had been able to show that the geological formation was guilty of not having been adapted to the convenience of the canal. He would try to find a theory which would put him in a position not to judge of ultimate responsibility, but to act toward reconstruction.

But where in the passion and ignorance and unreason of industrial warfare is a plan of action to be found? What experience is there that offers anything like the assurance which is to be found in bayonets, clubs, and machine guns? It is to be traced, we think, in the history of political government. The difficulty of our thinking about industrial relations is that we have failed to grasp a simple and illuminating idea. The idea is that the management of modern industry is a problem of government, that the control of an industrial corporation is as political as the control of a city or state. In every industry are to be found all those issues which we call political: who is to legislate, what is the scope of the executive, how are special interests to be represented? The fact that we speak of boards of directors instead of a Senate and House, of managers rather than of mayors, of foremen and superintendents rather than of judges or bureau chiefs, does not impair the observation that a great modern industry is a big human relationship, and that its problems are the problems of politics.

But how does it help to recognize that the management of industry is an example of government? It helps because it puts us in a position to apply the long experience of politics to the newer issues of business. The corporation as we know it is comparatively novel, but the state is an institution with a long history which is rich in suggestion.

One of the reasons, for example, why it is better to live in the United States than in Mexico is that we have learned to change our government by means of an election rather than by means of a revolution. We have a definite opportunity every so often to oust the party in power. We can change the policy of the state without assassinating the head of it. We have not obliterated our differences, we have raised them to the political level. Now in industry, as in Mexico, this translation has not taken place. If the workers wish to change the

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policy of the business, they have generally to threaten revolt, and every important difference is solved by a trial of strength. As business is conducted to-day, the demands of the workers are *prima facie* illegal, for industry has not yet developed representative government under constitutional forms.

The problem of law and order is to develop for business some constitutional representative government. In the protocol trades of the garment manufactures we see the beginnings. There an actual assemblage has been created, and those interested have an opportunity to legislate for their industry. No one supposes that the protocol is a final blessing; the habit of representative government in industry is so little developed that all sorts of difficulties constantly arise. Moreover, while citizenship in industry is newer and more untried than citizenship in the state, the problems of industry are as technical as the problems of politics. But at least the protocol is something to work on, something to evoke loyalty. It enables us to speak of law and order without blushing, for there is some law and some order. But in the Colorado mines, for example, the autocracy is absolute, no glimmer of representation exists, no responsibility is permitted to the men, there is no government by consent, and nothing but brute force to compel obedience.

These believers in absolutism persist. They may smother rebellion, it will break out again; and all they will have done is to delay the time when men can begin to learn the difficult art of governing industry. By refusing any representation, they are closing the school in which men practice and grow to democracy. By refusing responsibility to the men, they make them irresponsible. By making it difficult to remedy abuses or express dissatisfaction except through revolt, they breed the habit of rebellion. They are doing what every foolish autocrat has always done—they are trying to purchase temporary absolutism, and they will pay for it by constant disorder and fearful waste.

We have no idea that a fine civilization can be produced by riots, or beating "scabs," or by heroic men in the mountains. An industrial democracy will have to be based on long experience in an atmosphere clear enough for reason to live. This experience can be got only in one way, by creating recognized channels in which it can develop. We do not expect to jump straight from the present absolutism into a cooperative democracy. Industry will have to pass through the intermediate steps, through limited monarchy, through representative government, before self-government is possible. By those steps men must learn. But we must begin sometime to take those steps. We must at least start on the road to democracy before we can command the loyalty of the people.

Socialist Degeneration

THE election of 1914, like that of 1912, reveals the fact that the Socialist party of America is ceasing to be a Socialist party, or a revolutionary party, or even a party of wage-earners, and is becoming a vague, ungeneralized, democratic organization. It is appealing to farmers, middlemen, and small capitalists as well as to wage-earners, is minimizing or even denying the class struggle, is ignoring the social philosophy of which the party is supposed to be the representative, and is manifesting a willingness to exchange old principles for new votes. For better or worse, the Socialist party suffers that democratic "degeneration" which the Syndicalists maintain is the fate of all political parties.

This thesis could be maintained by a mass of evidence so large that it would overflow these pages and spill over incontinently into future issues. But a very few figures from the electoral returns of 1912 (those for 1914 being still too fragmentary) will suffice. If the Socialist party were the party of the wage-earners, it would be strong where the wage-earners are many, and weak where the wage-earners are few. But it is in the great industrial states of the Union, with cities and factories and dense masses of workmen, that the Socialists are the weakest. In New York State, after more than forty years of propaganda, the Socialist party vote (1912) is only 4 per cent of the vote of the State. In other words, only one voter in every twenty-five votes the Socialist ticket. In Massachusetts, a typically industrial state, only 2.6 per cent of the votes are Socialist; in Rhode Island only 2.6 per cent; in New Jersey only 3.7 per cent; in Maryland only 1.7 per cent. In many densely settled industrial states, covered with great factories employing armies of wage-earners, the great mass of workmen hold aloof, and the Socialist party remains weak.

On the other hand, in certain agricultural states, where there are few wage-earners, and where farm owners and tenants who wish to become farm owners do not even know what wage-slavery is, the Socialist vote is comparatively strong. In Kansas, in Minnesota, in Texas, in several other preponderatingly agricultural states, the proportionate Socialist vote is much larger than in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other industrial states. In the South, where there is hardly any industrial proletariat, the Socialist vote is growing. In Florida, 9.3 per cent of all the votes cast in 1912 were for Mr. Debs. The Socialist proportion of votes in Florida was considerably over twice as great as in New York and over three times as great as in Massachusetts.

But it is in the newest states in the West that

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the Socialist vote is the strongest of all. The state with the largest proportion of Socialist votes is not New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan or Connecticut—which are the eight greatest industrial states, comprising over 63 per cent of all wage-earners employed in manufacturing—but brand-new, corn-growing, hog-raising Oklahoma. In that state 16.6 per cent of all voters vote the Socialist ticket, or more than four times the proportion of New York and more than six times the proportion of Massachusetts. After Oklahoma the states which have the largest Socialist vote are the sparsely settled agricultural and mining states of the far West. The only states which have 10 per cent or more of their votes Socialistic are the seven Western states, Oklahoma, Nevada, Montana, Arizona, Washington, California and Idaho.

It almost seems as though the Socialist party is weakest where it has been longest in the field, where its propaganda has been the most active, and where conditions seem ripest for the inevitable economic revolution. Thirty-six years ago, in 1878, when there were already twenty-four newspapers "directly or indirectly" supporting the Socialist party and the Socialists were piling up large votes in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, Oklahoma was not even on the map, and the hope of the party seemed to lie in the industrial states of the East and Middle West. But the party growth did not keep pace with the industrial development of these states. Year by year an ever smaller proportion of the total Socialist vote was to be found in these great industrial commonwealths, and in several states an increased vote has been followed not only by a relative but by an absolute decline. In Massachusetts, where the decline has been greatest, the Socialist party vote was 33,629 in 1902, and only 12,616 ten years later.

What we find everywhere is a deproletarization of the Socialist party, and an opening of the party doors to all sorts of voters, proletarian, non-proletarian and anti-protelarian. We find Socialist candidates for mayor elected by non-Socialist votes and carrying out after election non-Socialist programs. In the late election Mr. Meyer London of New York was sent to Congress by a coalition of groups, some of which wanted the cooperative commonwealth, while others wanted London or did not want Tammany. To gather in the non-proletarian voter the Socialist party platform is progressively watered so that the flaming red of a generation ago becomes a delicate pink. The old program which threatened the farmer with the loss of his farm is tactfully altered, and we know not what promises of "private property in the means of production" are not made to the Socialist voters of Oklahoma. There comes a change in Socialist attitude towards voteless proletarians, especially Southern negroes, and also a change in attitude towards voting non-proletarians, who are perfectly willing to vote with the Socialists if only they will drop their Socialism. And finally, after the class war has been abandoned, except in words, a party referendum almost entirely omits the words, so that the way may be open to complete conversion of what was once supposed to be a revolutionary party into a frankly democratic and progressive party.

How this development will work itself out, what are the ultimate chances of success of this new semi-progressive party, is a question of engaging interest. It is difficult to prophesy how it will modify its tactics and its leadership in an effort to gather in the vaguely radical vote. We shall not now enter into that phase. The present emphasis is on the mere fact of this inevitable and foreseen transformation, a process which the Syndicalists and the more advanced Socialists, stranded by this recession of the revolutionary tide, call Socialist degeneration.

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The Economic Outlook in France

THE economic results of the present war seem likely to be as unprecedented as the scale of its military operations. It is the first war that has been fought under a system of universal military service in all the countries engaged except England, and that fact alone makes its economic effects much more grave than those of any previous war in modern times. Whatever may be the result, it is already evident that France will suffer far more than she did from the war of 1870.

At the very beginning of the war all the men up to the age of thirty-nine were suddenly taken away from their occupations, and a few weeks later all the men up to forty-five had followed them. Men who were not called out have tried to keep their places of business open with the aid of elderly employees and boys, but, now that the classes of 1914 and 1915 are called under the colors, only boys under nineteen are available for civil employment. The economic effect of this sudden withdrawal from all civil occupations of between four and five million men in a country of rather less than forty million inhabitants must obviously mean the dislocation, and indeed the paralysis, of trade and industry.

All parts of France have not, of course, suffered equally. There is more business in Marseilles, Toulouse or Bordeaux than in Paris, and agriculture, one of the most important industries of France, has suffered less than the others. It has been possible to get in the crops; even in Champagne, which is in the invaded area, the vintage has been taken as far as military operations would allow. The Germans have not destroyed the vineyards, and it would appear that agricultural land generally has suffered less than might have been expected in the invaded area.

But production, other than agricultural, is almost at a standstill all over France. The invaded area, although it is not a very large proportion of the whole area of France, is the wealthiest part of the country and the most industrial, the district of mines, textile trades, sugar factories, and most of the principal industries. At present it is almost uninhabited; those towns and villages that have not been partially or wholly destroyed by the guns of both armies are practically deserted, and the few inhabitants that remain are condemned to idleness. Moreover, the Germans have systematically burned down factories and works, wrecked mines, and destroyed industrial machinery. The State will, of course, come to the aid of the invaded districts, but it must be long before French industry recovers from the catastrophe.

In Paris the state of affairs is only less serious. There has, of course, been no destruction, but the vast majority of factories, workshops, offices, large retail shops and other places of business are closed and are likely to remain closed until the end of the war. It might have been expected that there would be a demand for the labor of the men who are too old for military service, but the majority of these are out of work, and so are nearly all the women. The trades which employ chiefly or exclusively women are among those which have suffered most. Paris depends to a great extent on the *commerce de luxe* which is at a standstill; there are no Paris fashions this year, and there is no demand for dresses, hats, feathers, artificial flowers. Most families are in mourning, and the very few dressmakers' and milliners' shops that are open show nothing but mourning in their windows.

Most of the working-class families whose male members are at the front are living on the allowance of 1 fr. 25 c. a day, with 50 c. a day for each child, given by the Government, eked out by soup kitchens, free restaurants, and other forms of assistance. Those single women who were able have gone to their families in the country; others exist as best they can. Most of the very small shops remain open, those that can be run by the women of the family, without employees, but their custom is much reduced. The return of the Government from Bordeaux, followed as it will be by the return of the wealthy classes who are still almost entirely absent, will no doubt cause some retail shops to be reopened, and make some improvement in the economic situation. The reopening of theaters and music halls will employ a certain number of people; but it will not be possible to open many, for they could not be filled. These, however, will be but trifling improvements.

The crisis has been accentuated by the various necessary measures which the Government has taken to prevent general bankruptcy. The moratorium, which has been prolonged until December thirty-first, is slightly modified, but it will not be possible to put an end to it entirely before the war is over. The men at the front cannot be called upon to pay their debts, and they are the majority of the men in the country. The moratorium at present suspends the payment of bills of exchange and all trade debts with this exception, that after November thirtieth a debtor who is not at the front and does not live in the invaded area can be made to pay only if his creditor can prove to the satisfaction of a judge that he is able to do so. For the ordinary legal procedure is substituted a kind of amical inquiry by a judge, without fees of any sort, in which the parties cannot be represented by counsel. It is evident that very few debtors will be able to pay, especially as no debts can be recovered from men at the front or persons inhabiting the invaded area.

The moratorium has also been modified in regard to the banks. During the month of August persons who had current or deposit accounts at a

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bank were permitted to withdraw only 250 fr. and 5 per cent of the balance. The proportion has been gradually increased, and by December thirty-first they will have been permitted to withdraw 1000 fr. and half the balance. For the purpose of paying wages and salaries, additional withdrawals are allowed, and by December thirty-first a man who has wages and salaries to pay will have been able, during the five months of the war, to draw out 1000 fr. and 75 per cent of the balance of his account. But wages and salaries are not the only expenses of business, and it is unnecessary to insist on the obstacles which the moratorium puts in the way of the resumption of trade. Nevertheless it is impossible to say that the Government was mistaken. Had the moratorium not been decreed, it is certain that one at least of the three most important joint-stock banks in France would have failed; unfortunately there seems good reason to believe that its failure cannot even now be averted, and that a huge financial catastrophe will be added to the other economic disasters of France. In the opinion of some people the only remedy would be the taking over by the Government of the banking business of the country.

The payment of rent has also been suspended in the case of business premises, and of the private residences of men at the front, and of all private residences in certain specified departments, including the Department of the Seine. The landlord is, however, allowed, except in the case of men at the front, to bring evidence to prove that the tenant can pay wholly or partly, and can obtain payment if he succeeds in proving it. It is evident that this suspension of rent will have to be continued until the end of the war; it falls hard on the small landlords, who are numerous in France, and the State will be obliged to do something for their relief.

The problem of the financial settlement at the end of the war will be very difficult. It is plain that when the men at the front come back, they cannot be called upon to pay at once two or three quarters' rent and all their business debts. Indeed, it is tolerably plain that many of them cannot be made to pay at all; thousands are injured for life and will never be able to work again. Moreover, large numbers will never come back—there are already about 100,000 killed—and their families in many cases will be unable to pay anything. A general enforcement of debts would mean almost universal bankruptcy. The State will have in some way to come to the aid both of debtors and creditors.

Long before the end of the war, more effective steps will have to be taken to deal with its appalling misery. In Paris, at any rate, the authorities have been generous in allotting the Government allowance to the families of men at the front. The allowance is given only to families who can prove that they need it, and inquiries are made with tact and discretion. It is not necessary that a woman should be legally married in order to obtain the allowance; it is granted to any woman who has a reasonably permanent connection with the soldier, and illegitimate children are on the same footing as legitimate. But the Government allowance is quite inadequate for the support of a family; it has been supplemented by municipal soup kitchens, by assistance in money or in kind given by the *Assistance Publique* (Poor Relief), and by various forms of private charity. The funds of the *Assistance Publique* are very limited and have been greatly diminished by the closing of places of amusement, which has deprived them of the *droit des pauvres*, or tax of 10 per cent on the price of admission to all entertainments. The trade unions have done admirable work, but their funds are not large. The wealthy classes have not done what might have been expected of them.

It is very probable that the economic condition of Germany is already nearly as bad as that of France, but not quite, because Germany has not been invaded. France has no difficulty in regard to the food supply, which is abundant and will remain so; prices in Paris of every necessary except sugar are lower than they were before the war. But low prices are of little use to people who have no money to buy anything, and that is the case with a large number in France. It seems probable that the war will be brought to an end by physical and economic exhaustion on both sides, and the advantage of the Allies is that England, which has suffered at present very little economically, can hold out much longer than either France or Germany.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, November 27

Norman Hapgood

LOGIC, an elementary course given twenty-eight years ago by Professor Royce, that was the setting in which I first saw Norman Hapgood. Of course we weren't acquainted then, having been in the same class at Harvard for only two years. The shape of his head was striking, but not so striking as his expression. In a flock of students who looked dutifully attentive or bored or conscientiously acute, Hapgood's expression was egregious. He looked amused. You would have guessed he found the detection of fallacy about the most amusing game he had ever played, and you would have been right. In those days he liked logic quite as well as baseball. None of his contemporaries could split the hair with nicer hand. As a nice yet humorously ruthless detective of fallacy he gained his earliest reputation at Harvard.

Five or six years later I had my second good look at him. Although the law was not his first choice, he was one of the best two or three men in his class at the Harvard Law School, and had emerged in a Chicago law office. I don't know how his mind lived its life by day. His real mental life began after dinner, when he and his friends would start an evening-long talk about Maletesta, or when he would stretch himself on a sofa, in his boarding-house bedroom, and read French for hours on end

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—Madame du Deffand, Mérimée, Stendhal. At this epoch he used to write in *The Yellow Book,* among other things about ennui, of which he has all his life had no first-hand knowledge. These essays, with the slightly later articles on Balfour, Rosebery and John Morley which appeared in *The Contemporary Review,* were more "written" than anything he has done in the last ten years. There was a time when it irritated him to be told that they were also written better. Even now, though the subject doesn't interest him, you can make him a little tired by asking why he no longer writes as he wrote then. In this period his interest began its significant shift from books to men, from past to present, from the splittable hair to the big brush.

To his next, his early New York period, belong those solid, acute, documented lives of Lincoln and Washington which scarcely read like the improvisations they really were. They tell you more about Lincoln and Washington than about the evolution of Norman Hapgood. For documents upon Hapgood as he then was you had better consult the dramatic criticism he contributed to the old *Commercial Advertiser,* now the *Globe.* He had almost all the qualifications of a dramatic critic except taste. There was a healthy pugnacity in his articles. Plays and acting and management and the theatrical trust gave him things to say which he cared prodigiously to get said. He made his readers care, made them realize the importance of taking sides, of taking the right side. Among managers he discriminated the sheep from the goats. He belabored the goats until some of them tried to butt him off his job. Then he came back at them harder than ever, without ever losing his temper. His manner of writing could not help changing. Once you might have supposed his aim was to make subtleties clear to the subtle. Now he began to write as if he wanted the deaf to hear. By taking sides, and by wishing other people to take sides, he was learning to talk at a mark, his audience. At the end of this period he was ready for the rest of his life work. Henceforth he would address his contemporaries through a megaphone.

His association with *Collier's* started from an accident. F. P. Dunne, who was writing the *Collier* editorials, happened to be going away for a week or so, and asked Hapgood to fill in. The owners of the paper liked his work so well that later, when Dunne wanted to resign, they cabled an offer of his place to Hapgood, who was then sunning himself on the Italian Riviera, writing a few meditative essays that he has never been willing to print.

Since that spring morning in 1903 when he sat down to his desk at *Collier's,* he has renounced meditation. For the last ten years his thinking has been rapid and controversial. Believing that too much of our editorial writing has been done by men who do nothing except sit at desks, and who read nothing except print, Hapgood has gone everywhere, met everybody, served on committees, made speeches, copiously conferred. His subjects are what every one is talking about or what every one is on the point of talking about. It is in talk and in the news of the day that he gets the topics which serve him best. His mind seizes these topics and does things to them. It digs into them until it strikes a layer of helpful truth, which must not lie too far below the surface to be exposed to average eyes. Unconsciously he has almost ceased to believe that a truth can be important if four or five hundred words cannot make it clear to the average. According to Walter Pater, the first requisite of a good prose style is a complicated subject matter to grapple with. The first requisite of a good journalistic style is a subject matter which Norman Hapgood can make clear to you before you get off your suburban train.

The second requisite is punch, which is most accurately known by counting those who feel it. A few steps toward knowledge of it may nevertheless be taken along other ways. Punch is something which Arthur Brisbane has, and Sam Adams and Dean Swift, and which Walter Bagehot and Max Beerbohm haven't. So far I can follow Hapgood, at a respectful distance, not understanding very well, getting a little muddled. Beyond this point I am lost, though I cling to the guiding doctrine that there can be no punch without emotion, that light without heat doesn't interest our readers, that dry light makes dry reading.

Adherents of this creed, confined to matter which punch and repetition can make clear and interesting to an audience of several hundred thousand, are further restricted by the fear of getting in wrong, of occupying positions that cannot be defended. It is one of Hapgood's superiorities to most journalists that he has felt these restrictions less than they, that he has been free to choose so many things to fight for and to fight against. His courage has often put him in exposed positions, which he has defended so stoutly, and from which he has made such destructive sorties, that his readers have come over to his side. Armed with the goods, which he certainly had on Secretary Ballinger and President Taft, Hapgood literally did not care how many enemies he made. His moral ardor led him even into boring many readers not so morally ardent, but he lost neither head nor heart nor patience. He gained his end. His successful campaign was a sky-high warning to men who wanted their friends to grab our national resources. He put an inferior Secretary of the Interior out of business. It was a solid piece of work that Hapgood did for conservation in *Collier's.* And he did it, such are the pleasant oddities of journalism, without ever mastering, as a scholar masters all the diseases of Greek verbs, all the ins and outs of the Glavis-Ballinger-Pinchot row.

Both as an editorial writer and as a maker of speeches he is most damaging when he retorts. In his answers to opponents the old dialectitian refines the worshipper of punch. When he is talking to a friend this old dialectitian is still very much alive. And in talk his interest is almost as dirigible as of old. At the end of a long summer afternoon,

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walking home from a ball game, he is quite ready to choose, from the men and women of all epochs, the dozen who would be most agreeable together at dinner. He has time enough for all your interests, time enough to destroy, with friendly hand, a few of your fallacies.

He does this without impatience, as if you and he were playing a game. These pools of leisure, in the hurrying stream of his life, are less frequent than they used to be, but they are just as quiet. To find him in leisurely mood you must find him almost alone, or with children about, for as soon as his company has grown to four or five adults his mood becomes a little journalistic, a little impatiently controversial, a little contemptuous of the taste which rejects popular idols and of the mind which dozes over the very newest thought. As the size of his company increases, so his desire for victory in talk increases, and his wish to explore other men's minds grows less.

No, it is when you are alone with him that this successful journalist is most attractive and least journalistic. His gentleness and his humor appear, he loses his desire to impose his will, his judgment, his taste. And in talk you are secure against anything resembling his printed enormities—his disquisitions on breakfast or Shakespeare, his obituary paragraphs beginning "Whistler is dead" or "McKim is dead," and reading like plaster casts of an emotion. His queer preferences in verse, for example, which irritate one in print, because they there sound as if he thought them important, are in talk only the quaint idiosyncrasies which give him feature.

In Hapgood's talk even President Wilson seems like a man of this world. His loyalty to the President is as ubiquitous and combative as it is in print, but it doesn't make me dislike that image of him, half saint and half trustee and all great man, which forms itself in my mind as I read *Harper's Weekly*. When Hapgood is talking instead of writing, he doesn't impose trusting the President upon me as a disagreeable duty.

P. L.

How England Organised at Home

WE in England are gradually coming to understand the meaning of "war on two fronts," in a sense different from that of the phrase as commonly applied to Germany. As we organise for fighting the enemy abroad, so we must organise at home for the prevention of misery, the upkeep of industry, and the continuance of normal living. How has England done this? Has she revealed, in the sphere of civil organisation, powers of foresight and mastery comparable with the admittedly great qualities displayed in the transport of maintenance of the field army on the Continent, or in her policing of the seas?

In setting out to answer this question, I omit the series of large and bold Government measures designed to steady the currency, the banks, and the stock markets, and to prevent the collapse of international credit. Those, since they touch directly the commercial life of every country, are familiar in the main to business people all over the world. Not so, however, the steps that have been taken to safeguard the social structure against the ruinous disorder created by war.

Alike in Germany and in America, I believe, a notion prevails that the English have little or no organising faculty. We can, upon occasion, adduce plenty of evidence to the contrary; but all the same it is true that in the face of a national emergency demanding instant collective action we do not appear to be capable of constructing an adequate machine and making it go. When the present unparalleled ordeal came upon us, we did indeed make an impressive beginning. The Government, acting under expert advice which for once was free from pedantry and timidity, not only grasped the credit problem, but accomplished certain other things which were in effect revolutionary. The railways were placed under a central executive. Action was taken to prevent the private storing of supplies and the cornering of the market in food-stuffs. The sugar supply was appropriated, and a Government purchase of ninety million dollars' worth effected at a stroke. Decisions were arrived at, without a parliamentary vote, which before the war would have been denounced as imperilling the very existence of society. But there were no protests, and anyone who had begun to talk about the limits of state action, the rights of corporations, or the freedom of the individual, would have been laughed at even in a city restaurant or a country house.

So far there has been no movement towards Government control of any department of production—the mines, for example, or cotton, which alone among the greater industries has been gravely injured by the war. But for a while it seemed probable that the daring and originality of the Government's policy in regard to credit would be reflected in the organisation against unemployment and distress. One half of the Cabinet was formed straightway for this purpose into a national committee, with Mr. Herbert Samuel, who succeeded Mr. John Burns in the headship of the Local Government Board, as chairman. Under this central council of ten a group of other committees, reinforced from outside the Government, was created; one for trade insurance against war risks, another to advise as to the distribution of food supply and the regulation of prices, a third to handle the special problems of London, a fourth to deal with unemployment among women; and all alike could draw

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for information and counsel upon an intelligent committee of statisticians, presided over by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, the well-known pioneer in the field of intensive social survey.

All this, it should be borne in mind, was intended as machinery of constructive organisation, not for eleemosynary aid or the scattering of doles. Parliament had voted a war credit of five hundred million dollars, part of which was available for expenditure on public works at home. The business of charity, the relief of distress caused directly through the war, came under a separate heading—namely, the National Fund, started by an appeal from the Prince of Wales, and at present totalling about three and a quarter millions sterling, raised by public subscription among all classes. The controversy as to the laying out of this immense sum which is still going on vigorously brings us to a typically English difficulty ending in an equally typical compromise.

From the outset it was apparent that people who were to be entrusted with the administration of the public funds fell into two opposing groups. One called for productive expenditure; the other could think only of doles. Those not by any means all socialists or collectivists who belonged to the first group, urged the importance of seizing the opportunity for systematic conservation of the national wealth.

It seemed at first that the Government, or at any rate the more advanced members of the Cabinet, agreed with this view. There is in England, for example, no more depressing evil than the miserable housing of the workers, and the Government announced that a sum of twenty million dollars would be available for new housing schemes in city and village. We understood, moreover, that public works in general were to be, not curtailed, but multiplied. Local governing authorities were to be encouraged to fresh enterprises, such as the building of schools, technical institutes, hospitals, and sanatoria, the laying out of parks and gardens, the making and improvement of roads, bridges, tramways, drains—a policy, in short, of civic reconstruction. The country had been prepared for such a policy and would have rallied to it. But the opposition, as we soon perceived, was powerful and strongly entrenched. To permanent officials controlling the various public departments, a broad and courageous endeavor of this kind looked like nothing but a reckless adventure; and the Government itself drew back from its earlier position. Mr. Lloyd George warned the local authorities against extravagance. All our resources, he explained, would be needed for the war; we should be called upon to finance and equip our allies. Public works, therefore, should be primarily for relief. There is no need to add that this view was the only one which commended itself to those people who, in times such as these, invariably come to the fore among us. They know what charity is, but they have no use for systematic prevention or reconstruction. They delight in the spectacle of a vast relief fund, under the patronage of royalty. But they are bored or worried by proposals for creating new wealth in the shape of public-utility services. They will give money for the relief of destitution; they cannot understand the expenditure of thought and ingenuity for keeping work going and for the preservation of the worker's self-respect.

This is always and everywhere our trouble in England, and at the present time it is illustrated, painfully enough, by the administration of the Prince of Wales's Fund. The original idea of the fund was excellent; it was to prevent the starting throughout the country of local funds with innumerable overlapping agencies, and to establish a uniform scale of relief. We have not escaped overlapping; and there are now in England some three hundred and thirty district committees, independent of Government control, all, until a few weeks ago, working without any guidance as to the scale of relief for individuals and families in distress. Add to this that the labor unions, the great cooperative societies, and the trained social workers were ignored in the formation of the committees, and that most of these have been filled by the kind of person —either an ignorant amateur or an exponent of the C. O. S. temper and methods—commonly referred to as a "prominent" or "influential" citizen, and you may perhaps form some idea of the prevailing chaos, the tragic blunders and delays, and the atmosphere of embittered enmity in which the multiple activity of national relief is going forward.

The question may well be asked, what is it in England that prevents the creation at first call of the organisation needed in a given emergency, and the emergence of the collective spirit to set it going? The answer, very roughly, may be stated as follows. The country, as regards its social forms and habits, is still largely in the feudal stage. We cling to the conception of society as made up of chiefs and people, and we permit our public life to be impeded and misdirected by the self-appointed chiefs of a childishly absurd aristocracy. We are afflicted with the idea of benevolence dispensed by the wealthy amateur, who in the majority of cases is ignorant, meddlesome, inquisitorial, and not seldom insolent. Moreover, we cannot get the people in power to recognise the existence of the system of local self-government which, during the past quarter of a century, has been remade in England. These people can see the mayor—for he is an ancient institution, and dresses the part. But they cannot see the town and district councils, the administrative departments, and the corps of trained public servants from whose work the English public is learning for the first time what efficient local government is or may be made. Hence, in spite of the fact that the machinery is actually in existence, capable of adaptation to any need, the organisation of work and public assistance gets plunged once again into the chaos of voluntary enterprise. Yet, as always, we work through chaos into comparative order.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

London, November 25

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The Defect of the German Defense

THE true weakness of the German defense seems to lie in an inability to analyze the objections which Americans make to Germany's conduct in the present war. Undoubtedly the war is the product of a misunderstanding between honest men on both sides in regard to each other's purposes and ethics. It is a product of distrust rather than hatred; of inability to understand rather than unwillingness to comprehend. We ought therefore to expect that the combatants will find each other's defenses of their conduct and participation illogical and unsatisfactory. Where they are actually fighting each other because of their mutual misunderstanding, it is scarcely probable that the shedding of any amount of ink in explanation will really bring the one to sympathize with the other's point of view. In the last analysis it is this very point of view, this inability to accept the other's point of view, which brings them to blows.

The bulk of us in America are either of English parentage or have been so long in an environment whose fundamental factors are the English language, English law, French customs and traditions that our mental habits are much more nearly those of the English than of the Germans. Such of us as are in this category did not need any one to explain to us the English defense. Sir Edward Grey's speech seemed remarkable to most of us; we approved of the White Paper because it spoke to our understanding, not merely to our minds. Sir Edward used ideas, not words alone. The temper in which most of the German defenders write is admirable, the purpose is above reproach; but the effect is not what they hope for, because their minds work along different channels from ours. American citizens of German parentage, who speak the German language, who are familiar with German habits of thought, comprehend these statements and require no more explanation of them than the rest of us do of the English statements. In fact, the difficulty the German defenders experience is not the lack of cogent arguments demonstrable by history, which might be erected into a logical structure literally unassailable; the lack is that comprehension of the average American's mental processes which would show them the arguments needed to convince him. Herein is their greatest difficulty.

They tell us repeatedly that everything Germany has done has been in self-defense, but they do not really stress the fact, and so do not explain it, that the danger was contingent and not immediate, was something which was likely to happen within a half century, and which to be successfully met then required them to begin operations now. To the average American mind a contingent danger does not exist, because he cannot see it and because he is optimistic and perfectly ready to believe that the situation will change in the course of fifty years and prevent the danger from materializing at all. To tell him that the danger was contingent and not immediate is equivalent to saying that there was no danger.

The aggression of England and Russia against Germany, Germans are quite certain was inevitable. The very existence of those two countries, the geographical position of Germany, the history of Europe, proved that England, France and Russia would some day attack Germany if Germany did not do something to prevent it. The average American, however, has only one question that he wants answered. Did the Germans know that England, France and Russia were actually planning to attack them in the year 1914? Is there any documentary evidence of such an intention? When the English, French, and Russians published a diplomatic correspondence which completely proved to any fair-minded man that they did the best they could to avoid this war at this time, the average American was completely satisfied. These countries did not want to fight, they did not begin it. It is therefore Germany's fault. Germany is the aggressor. Future troubles, future aggression, future inevitable wars, of all these things the American is incredulous.

What is more, the Germans admit that they were compelled, in order to insure the military success of the movement whose necessity was thus clear, to conquer Belgium, in the face of solemn treaty pledges not to enter Belgium. The American mind sees in all this an engaging admission that the first overt acts of aggression were taken by Germany. The case, therefore, stands thus: The Germans saw no actual danger in sight; they were not actually attacked by anybody; they then proceeded to hit the other man first, and in order to do so had to knock a little fellow out of the way. This is not according to American notions of fair play. Our ideas may not be correct according to philosophy and the final analysis of truth, but they are ours, and just at present we are judging things on that basis.

The German attempts to explain this situation and justify these happenings by the logic of necessity. These steps were inevitable, or Germany would cease to have its place in the sun. It is, however, when he tells the American that this is a peaceful process, that it has no aggression in it, that it is actuated by no desire to take away other peoples' property, that the Germans ask only for what is rightfully theirs, that the American becomes incredulous and fails to see the connection. The facts are as plain to him as the nose on his face that the direct contrary of all these statements is true. As for population and trade and fleets, of all this he knows very little, and while he is anxious to understand, extremely anxious to be fair, and most willing to read all they have to say, he does not see any

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vital connection between the thing they are explaining and their justification of it. If anything, the explanation is worse than the offense. A man might very well make a mistake and hit some one without quite intending to do any damage; but to have struck the first blow, to have done a great deal of damage and to admit it, to show that it was necessary, and then call it self-defense—that is incomprehensible to the American mind.

This defense, in fact, is the real thing for which the Germans are blamed in America. They are indicted not so much for specific acts—for the American is quite ready to admit that the English have offended in the past and that the Russians may do so in the future—but for the logic and the ethics by which they create the necessity to justify them. It apparently makes no difference how long Germans have lived in this country, they do not seem to be able to comprehend the American's state of mind, or to say anything which seems cogent to him. He is quite willing to admit that the Germans may have a perfectly good defense; he denies that the defense they give defends their actual conduct. The difficulty for him lies in the premises of the argument, not in the facts.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Stretching Contraband

NEUTRAL nations have not been long in reaching the uncomfortable conclusion that the hardships of war are not visited upon belligerents alone. Moreover, it does not require gift of prescience to predict that when the next international conference is held, at The Hague or elsewhere, primary consideration will be given to the rights of nations which are at peace at a time when other nations decide to go to war.

Discussions heretofore have accorded prior concern to the ethics and etiquette of belligerents. Rule after rule has been added to the *code d'honneur* prescribed for the conduct of warring powers. But the rights of the neutral are as vague as they were before Grotius and Vattel attempted to interpret and codify the procedure governing the relations of one nation with another. The present war has given grim emphasis to the necessity of affording clearly defined protection to peaceful commerce, instead of leaving it exposed to the whim or interest of belligerents, with the prize court as the only recourse against injury.

In case of hostilities involving maritime operations there are three methods by which one belligerent may prevent an enemy country from obtaining supplies which will enable it to prosecute the war. One is by embargo, whereby one government bans the shipment of certain articles from ports under its state control. This is a matter of home or colonial jurisdiction. Another is by blockade, through which, by effective force, it may prevent shipments of any character from reaching an enemy port. The third is by contraband declaration. By this the belligerent seeks to prevent a neutral from transporting to the enemy country articles which may be of military assistance. This involves right of search, seizure on the high seas, and other inconveniences and penalties.

Embargo may or may not be a matter of international concern. Blockade at one time degenerated into an abuse and a farce. "Paper blockades" were declared, notably by Napoleon, certain ports being designated as blockaded, and the right of confiscation demanded. Catherine of Russia in 1780 voiced a protest and laid down a principle which finally became a matter of international acceptance at the Treaty of Paris in 1856, when this provision was adopted: "Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy."

The question of contraband, however, has not been settled. The London Naval Conference in 1909 made a dismal failure of it, the chilly attitude of Great Britain toward any attempt at limitation turning the declaration into a nullity. The Declaration of London followed the Grotian plan of classification by putting down various articles as contraband, conditionally contraband (contraband when destined for military use) and non-contraband. The absolute contraband list of the Declaration set forth eleven groups. By October 29, 1914, Great Britain's proclamation had extended this to twenty-six groups, beside making striking additions to the conditional contraband list. Items which, according to the Declaration of London, reposed securely in the list of absolutely non-contraband, were not even given the doubtful protection of conditional contraband, but were set down as part of a group of absolute contraband.

Destination also received a strict construction. Cargoes might be consigned to neutral countries, but the shipper must prove that the ultimate destination was friendly. The neutral exporter of one country claims that he cannot tell how the sympathies of his outwardly neutral consignee may lie, and considers that he has discharged the obligations of neutrality if he has acted in good faith and used due diligence in choice of flag and observance of shipping instructions.

During the present war, American shipments of oil to Holland and copper to Italy have been seized, with the prize court as the sole arbiter. Rotterdam is a neutral port, and oil is not a noxious cargo under such conditions, unless the ship's documents reveal an illegal destination. What the Rotterdam consignee may do with the oil is a matter between the Dutch and the British. In no previous war has cop-

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per been on the list of absolute contraband. Industrial advancement may justify its insertion; nevertheless, the metal is innocent cargo unless it has an enemy destination. Great Britain has sought to justify her seizures on the ground that the increased shipments of copper to Italy looked suspicious, yet statistics do not seem to bear out this claim. Moreover, this could not explain the seizure of those cargoes which left America for Italy before the war was declared.

The embargo on direct shipments of manganese ore from India to the United States had for its ostensible basis the fear that the ore might be reshipped to Germany. More probably it had a certain bargaining value—we need manganese ore to make steel, and must have it. There are signs that the embargo may be lifted if we agree to certain conditions. We can also get wool under those same conditions. Great Britain made an offer involving much the same principle in 1793, when she insisted that the United States ship no grain to France. The young republic rejected the proposal on the ground of its unneutral character. It is a question whether it can bargain now and maintain strict neutrality.

By more than doubling the contraband list, Great Britain has seriously interfered with United States commerce with neutral Europe. The fear of seizure on the ground of noxious cargo, and the practical impossibility of proving ultimate destination, have had an effect more paralyzing than the actual seizures. Shipments consigned "to order" without the name of the consignee are held up as illegal, despite the fact that the custom has been sanctioned by years of usage. By this form the consignor does not part with title until the goods are paid for. As a matter of practical fact, if fraud were intended it would be much simpler to work through a fictitious consignee.

It is small consolation to the American exporter or the exporter of other neutrals that the prize courts of Great Britain are tempered with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of justice. The decisions of Lord Stowell in the trying Napoleonic era offer a guaranty of judicial fair dealing that will be in keeping with the best Anglo-Saxon tradition. They have never known the smudge of bias, and under them the alien has been accorded the same right as the national. The blow to commerce is dealt by the military expedient of extending the contraband list, by the high-handed construction placed on cargo destination, by the paralyzing timidity extending to all neutral trade. And for this the ultimate justice of the prize court cannot fully atone. To close students of international law the policy of Great Britain is certain to appear like an attempt to make the extension of the contraband list perform the more expensive service of the blockade. By adding to the list and impugning destination, seizures on the high seas would isolate the Germanic belligerents as inexorably as if dreadnoughts bristled at every port and patrols guarded every foot of the Italian, Swiss, Dutch and Balkan borders.

The historical position of the United States always has been in favor of a limitation of the contraband list. This has been set forth in treaty after treaty. In our protest to Russia in 1904, in the case of the "Arabia," we strongly upheld the "criterion of warlike usefulness and destination." If the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs are to be blockaded into submission, it seems reasonable that the belligerent, not the neutral, should pay the bill.

C. T. REVERE.

In a Moscow Hospital

MOSCOW is very far from London. Upon this gray autumnal afternoon the sky, heavy and lowering, might have recalled our London days, but against it are the golden domes of the Moscow churches, domes not glittering now as they do in sunlight, but lying vaguely, dimly upon the heavy air. Only more strangely does that gray sky emphasize my distance from England.

As I wait for my friend in the square outside the hospital I am to visit, my eye rests on the queerest jumble of shops. Here behind me are magnificent buildings, lofty and of fine proportions, and before me this little row of shops; first a fine window behind whose glass six of the latest fashions in hats dangle upon poles; next to it a little low cave of a place showing through its dark door a wooden bench, a flaming candle, and two old women whose hands fling fantastic shadows upon the wall. Next to this again an ikon, before whose glittering picture there have paused a stout, prosperous gentleman in a bowler hat, a pale student with long hair and a thin, worn black coat, and an old man who is so old, so bent and so hairy that only his nose and his eyes seem alive. The old man, the student, the merchant take off their hats, cross themselves, and go on their ways.

Further along there is a wall of bright pink, and behind it a church with sky-blue towers and golden domes. An old gate, beyond the wall, shows a golden clump of autumn trees, and through the still, heavy air leaves are slowly turning, trembling, falling. Over the cobbles the droskies rattle, the cabmen shout, the tramway-cars scream, somewhere bells are ringing, boys are calling newspapers; two beggars, a blind man and an armless woman, never cease, as they move along, their monotonous, plaintive prayer. But Moscow is, as ever, utterly indifferent to its own noise; there are shadowy groups at the street corners, figures motionless against walls, dark shapes passing through the doors of the church with the blue towers, but the true note of the scene lies behind the gate in those golden trees from whose branches the leaves are so quietly falling. Yes, Moscow is very far from London.

My friend has arrived, and the outer world is shut off by the hospital doors. . . .

The Moscow Art Theatre may very justly lay claim to be the most famous theatre in Europe.

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There is no need here to recapitulate its glories. Its "Hamlet," its "Cherry Orchard," its "Three Sisters," its "Brand," and "The Life of Man"—these performances among others have written a new and a thrilling chapter in the history of dramatic art. Here to-day I have witnessed the Art Theatre's latest performance—surely the finest of them all. It is no easy matter for the artist to decide how best in this terrific crisis he can serve his country. Here in Moscow the Art Theatre has found its own fine answer to the problem.

During the first days of the war the theatre took the large flat where it had formerly held its rehearsals and converted it into a hospital. There are beds here for thirty soldiers. The hospital is entirely supported by the theatre, and its actors and actresses, with Mme. Tchekov at their head, work here night and day. To this some of the most famous men and women in Russia have given themselves up heart and soul. As I was admitted into the white silence of the place, was it absurdly fantastic to imagine that the fine, tender spirit of Tchekov had given it his blessing, and that the master who had fashioned the beauty and splendor of "The Cherry Orchard," of "Uncle Vanya," of "The Seagull," had informed also with his genius this little house of rest?

Here was to be seen no sign of the bungling eagerness of the amateur. Some of the most famous of Moscow's doctors have this hospital under their charge. No one can doubt, passing through the white rooms, that the most perfect order, discipline, restraint, are enforced here.

After we had seen the wards, the operating theater, the kitchen, we were introduced to the soldiers, who, hearing that we were a party of English visitors, had shown at once the very liveliest interest in us. Some of them with bandaged arms, some limping, some with their heads bound, they crowded around us. Very quietly they waited, but their eyes were burning with that eager friendliness that is in every Russian's face when he meets a stranger for the first time. But there was more than that. It was as though there were a link between us and them of a strength that only the realities could have forged. Something of their hardships they had suffered for our sakes. Until five weeks ago England had been nebulous, dim, abstract. Now it had become one of the factors in the making of their lives, and in our eyes they wished to see that Russia had to us, in our turn, become a vital reality.

"What does England think of Russia?" "Are the English soldiers thinking of the Russian soldiers?" "What a pity that we can't be together, a lot of us, to get to know one another."

They had very little to tell us about themselves. They had been into battle; for an instant it had been terrible, then it had mattered nothing—they had not thought about it. One man had been a scout and sometimes the loneliness had worried him; another had been in three bayonet charges, but no, he had nothing to say about them. It had been very like farming—one had had something to do and one had done it. There had been so much noise that one had heard no noise at all.

I would like to be able to convey on paper some sense of the quiet, assured resolution of these people. A Russian soldier who believes that God is with him is a power whose force no man can estimate. In the quiet, kindly eyes of these men was written the assured answer to Louvain, to Rheims, to Antwerp. We said good-bye to them all. They watched us as we went away with urgent, eager friendliness.

In the square outside the hospital the gray sky had lifted, giving us a world of blazing stars. The golden domes were like faint clouds floating without support in the evening air. All the windows were sparkling with lights—and how entirely since an hour ago my mood has changed! How near, how very near, Moscow is to London!

HUGH WALPOLE.

Dramatic Issues

THERE is an indestructible persistence about the dramatic instinct by virtue of which drama seems to survive every vicissitude. It is precisely because drama is the expression of such a fundamental human instinct that we must take it with a large seriousness. Drama is a social force to be reckoned with; it both indicates the state of civilization of a community and is in itself a civilizing agent. Historical criticism has usually recognized this. It has tried to relate the drama of a past epoch to the social, economic, or religious conditions, and has found a significance in even the manners and customs of the people. Contemporary criticism, on the contrary, for the most part completely shirks the task. Our drama has been lifted out of the texture of our social life and has been treated as if it did not bear the slightest relation to our social customs and our state of culture, our economic life and our gropings towards a more than merely verbal democracy. Yet now more than ever dramatic issues merge with democratic issues. If dramatic criticism is to be of any real value it must relate the two issues in the interest of a larger social criticism.

The annual scolding meted out to the tired business man is an excellent example of the falsely detached point of view present critisism. He is berated for his inveterate habit of yawning in Ibsen's face. The issue is made purely personal, as if the business man's preference were a kind of perversity. The only reply he is ever known to have made was printed in *Life*, and was to the effect that the thing that made him so tired was the kind of play he had to see. But there is a real helplessness about the tired business man, and no criticism is quite so shallow and so vain as that which habitually singles him out for a scapegoat. His psychology is not peculiar; it is the reaction of every human being com-

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mitted to a regime of work without leisure. The test is easily made. Simply grind in an office for eight or nine hours with twenty minutes for lunch and a hectic sprint for a hasty supper, and then walk down Broadway with the best of intentions towards the drama. Nine out of ten times, if you are at all like your fellow sufferers and have not made up your mind beforehand, you will shirk your Shakespeare and patronize the frankly frivolous. You may even find that you have gravitated to a theatre where you are allowed to smoke.

The tired business man really raises the whole problem of culture. For culture is hardly attainable without some leisure, some pause and recovery in the onrush of the mere pressure of existence, and as long as we frown upon leisure as a yielding to the devil and an invitation to our competitor to overreach us, the finer issues of life must remain in abeyance. If European drama is superior to ours, that is due to some extent, at least, to the fact that the greater leisure in European social life has raised the standard of appreciation among audiences. While conditions remain such that the American business man can never recuperate or interpose an interval between his mercantile activities and his cultural participations, his wife will drag him to the temples of drama in vain. Meanwhile his worst crime, the average musical comedy, is his best achievement, for his extremely human nature is rightly opposed to the policy of the starvation of the sensuous with which a now decadent Puritanism has so long stifled all art.

The relation of culture to leisure as reflected in the drama leads us to so democratic an issue as the woman question. To-day more than ever before the problem of culture lies in the hands of women. They hold the prizes and adornments of leisure and provide the stimulants to culture. But their influence is barren as long as one half is deprived of all leisure while the other half is bored with too much of it. Women at present are rushing into industry. It may well be that their very disabilities, their physical handicaps for standing the grind of industry, will work in the interests of leisure and of culture by shortening the hours of toil for men as well as for women. Political writers have lately pointed out that political democracy without economic democracy is mere rhetoric. It may be left to women to show that democracy without leisure is not worth the candle.

When critics grow weary of thumping the tired business man, they turn to browbeating the unscrupulous business man. The commercial manager makes good kicking. It would be futile, of course, to deny real evils here. Even such a charge as the suppression of criticism, however, has attained to gross exaggeration. Managers do not suppress criticism very much, because it is not necessary. One sees too many young and radical critics who gradually succumb to an innocuous mildness. The seduction is not so much commercial as it is personal. It is difficult to continue to write harshly about people one knows, or to criticize a charming actress with whom one has just had tea. And it is not dramatic criticism alone that has yielded to the prejudices of a national temperament which frowns upon all criticism as a form of "knocking" and so naively appreciates the modicum of good in everything. But it is either hypocritical or near-sighted to heap the reprobation of commercialism upon the manager as if he were the only offender. He is not a public enemy because he honestly prefers making money to losing it. What are we if not commercial? The charge bites deep into our whole life and the remedy, if anyone has it, must be applied to the very basis of society before it can affect so subtle a thing as art. But the accusation is in itself inaccurate. It would not be difficult to show that as a business man the average manager is hopelessly inferior to our pillars of society. He is, in a much truer sense, a gambler, with all the gambler's trust in chance and haphazard organization. What perhaps more than anything else he needs is sound business training.

The stock remedy for the commercialism of the managers is the endowed theatre. With those who, on the ideal assumption of an ideal state, plan an ideally perfect theatre, we have no quarrel and no concern. They move in that charmed sphere where thought and execution have not yet developed their horrid differences. Nor have we any patience with those who merely contemplate a raid upon the state treasury to permit them to carry out their no doubt impeccable plans without financial or social responsibility. Between these two extremes the citizen at large must still do some hard thinking. He may incline to the idealist's version. But he will find the sign-posts confusing. At the present moment, for example, a state endowed theatre like the Comédie Francaise has been brought to the point of collapse through political intrigue and the discontent of the actors. And our own New Theatre, liberally enough endowed, though not by the state, has succumbed to mistakes most of which a little despised business acumen might well have avoided. Nor can the citizen be guided by those theatres which, like Shakespeare's or Molière's, were dependent upon royal patronage. It is merely bad political thinking to suppose that a conception of the state based upon Louis XIV's dictum, "L'Etat, c'est moi," has anything in common with our notion of a democratic state. The Greek theatre owes its success not so much to endowment as to the fact that it was the aesthetic expression of a national religion. The problem of a modern state-endowed theatre is a new problem under new conditions of a formative democracy. But it is not merely poetical; it is as essentially concrete as the question of railroad nationalization. It is more than a dramatic, it is a political problem. We must fully realize its implications even as we welcome any sincere movement towards state endowment. For it is one of those democratic changes which, though inaugurated by the state, will also, if it is to be effective, bring about a change in us. That is why we cannot stand apart from it.

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When American drama is at its lowest the cry goes out for a savior. The Great American Dramatist is coming to redeem us with a masterpiece that will express our true ideals. Just what he is to represent and how we are to recognize him is not imparted by his prophets. His possible coming raises the whole question of the social function of art in a democratic civilization such as ours. Can any art be finer or nobler than the people that are its spiritual soil? Have we attained the national maturity and the underlying unity without which a national art cannot flourish? How can a democracy which is still as inchoate as ours hope to find artistic expression? Such questions force us to searching interrogations. We must remember that no purely mercantile civilization has ever produced any art; it has merely hired or bought it. There was no art in the Peiraeus. That was left to the divine loafers in Athens. America as yet has little of the inner richness of experience, of accumulated tradition and religious feeling, to offer as material to its artists. We are still a pioneer people, too active to ponder the problems of existence, and in a way too healthy to brood over merely tragic issues. A nation has the art that it deserves.

The Great American Dramatist remains an elusive gentleman. Meanwhile the remarkable thing about the most typically American plays is their comparative anonymity. The author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," the concoctor of "It Pays To Advertise," are almost impersonal to us. They lack personality because the ideas they express do not possess the peculiar quality of art. They celebrate the virtues that have made us what we are but what we do not like to acknowledge. Are they not, just for that reason, our true national mirrors and our best monitors? Their very helplessness and the recurrent sordidness of their themes point to the task of self-culture that lies before us. When once we are purged of our commercialism, when leisure has civilized us, drama will reflect our nobler traits soon enough. ALFRED KUTTNER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Woman Suffrage and Strategy

SIR: In your issue of November twenty-first, you express the opinion, at least by clear implication, that the recent convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association was a statesmanlike assembly which disposed of its business with commendable wisdom. Apparently the basis of your judgment was the summary punishment meted out by the convention to the Congressional Union, but whatever it may have been, you surely had not made a careful study of the proceedings of the Nashville conference before spreading your views on record.

If you had examined the transactions of the convention you would have discovered that the National Association, far from being a statesmanlike body, actually stultified itself by passing an absurd resolution demanding that Congress should enact a law forcing the states to give women the vote in Federal elections, on the genial assumption that the Fourteenth Amendment, in bestowing civil rights upon the residents of states, thereby forbade the commonwealth to deprive women of the vote. In other words, the National Association displayed an invincible ignorance of constitutional law by declaring that the Congress which passed, and the states which ratified, the Fourteenth Amendment, inadvertently gave women the ballot. To put the economical situation another way, "the sovereign voters" of the United States, using the regular amending machinery, did without knowing it, almost fifty years ago, what they cannot be induced to do openly to-day.

The painful lack of knowledge of the most elementary constitutional history thus displayed by the National Association is truly distressing. If the leading women in the suffrage movement assembled in solemn convention do not know anything about constitutional law and history, or do not know enough to know that they know nothing, what must be the state of mind of the rank and file supporting the National Association? Charity compels us to believe that it was not a representative body.

The little child in historical and legal matters ought to know that it was not the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment to confer political rights upon women. If that fact were not evident in the Amendment itself, it has been definitely settled by the Supreme Court in the case of Minor *vs.* Happersett, decided forty years ago, to the effect that "the constitutions and laws of the several states which commit that important trust [the ballot] to men alone are not necessarily void." If it be said that the leaders in the National Association were aware of the impossible character of their constitutional law, but were plainly seeking an instrument of agitation, it must be replied that even agitators, who enjoy more than poetic license, do not dare to stultify themselves too obviously. The members of the National Association who voted for this ridiculous resolution are not statesmanlike and they are not even good agitators.

Now I come to that part of your editorial in which you praise the National Association for its wisdom in refusing to force a sense of responsibility upon the Democratic party in the matter of the suffrage. Everybody knows that Mr. Wilson and the small group of men about him do assume full responsibility in the name of the party for what has been done and left undone at Washington. This means responsibility for the refusal to allow the woman suffrage amendment to come before the House of Representatives for debate and vote. It may be that they were wise in thus treating the Amendment as a state issue, but the National Woman Suffrage Association declares that the suffrage is a national matter and demands a national amendment. It is therefore committed to the task of getting the resolution through Congress. It is absolutely opposed to the stand that the Democratic party has officially taken, but it says in fact, "We only blame individuals for what the organization has done." That is just what every dodger of the woman suffrage question wants the Association to say.

But it is replied on behalf of the Association, "If we oppose the Democratic party for its refusal to act we become partisan." The obvious retort is, "Not at all." If the Democrats were defeated and the Republicans should come into power and repeat the same tactics, the next thing to do would be to take the field and defeat the Republicans

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and keep up the seesaw until the controlling party organization, under presidential or boss leadership as the case might be, accepts the inevitable. The women do not become Republicans by opposing the Democrats. They help the Republican party temporarily, using it as an instrument to obtain the vote, on the assumption that securing the vote is more important than the success or failure of either or any party. This is the most diluted milk for political babes that one can imagine.

Finally, you say that the issue of woman suffrage is "where it belongs, before the entire male electorate of this country," and is to be decided by the votes of men. The statement is not politically accurate. On the very narrowest calculation it is not before the "entire male electorate." In twelve states women vote. In thirty-six states where women do not have the vote, it is theoretically before the male voters, but only theoretically. In practical politics the power of the organization leaders to pass the word down to "the boys" to "swat the amendment," is fully equal to the power of the independent electors, and the organization leaders in all states have to take into account the exigencies of politics at Washington. The only way in which the issue could be left to the "male electorate" would be to abandon the work for a national suffrage amendment.

Assuming that it is not proposed to abandon the national movement, then the issue is not before "the entire male electorate, where it belongs." It is before the men and woman in twelve states, and the men in the other states, or to speak correctly, the party organizations and some of the men in the other states. One-fourth of the United States Senators, nearly one-sixth of the House of Representatives, and nearly one-fifth of the Presidential electors come from suffrage states. No national party organization or national leader now dares to oppose woman suffrage on principle, except on the assumption that the women voters of the West do not have the intelligence to read the newspapers and are so spineless that they would vote for a party or leader that dared to tell thm that they have no business with the vote, anyhow.

Obviously, the women voters hold the balance of power in national politics, and if they are keen enough they can force all of the parties to take a positive stand for woman suffrage in 1916. If the women of the West will think nationally and politically, they can, through the working power of marginal minorities, compel the passage of a national amendment, but only on the assumption that they will punish at the polls the party that refuses to go on record or that violates its pledge when it does go on record. If the representatives in Congress from the suffrage states inform the national organizations of their respective parties that the women voters are politically alert, then the organizations will have to take notice. Inasmuch as the passage of the amendment by Congress merely submits the issue to the states the congressmen from non-suffrage states will see no reason why they should endanger the national organization by refusing to lay the proposition before the country. Then the issue will be before the legislatures, i. e., the party organizations, of the several commonwealths.

Such is the view taken by the Congressional Union, and friend and foe must admit the strategic strength of the Union's position. The Union does not attack the National Association. It simply asks to be let alone because it has "political sense" and knows what it is about.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Is England Hypocritical?

SIR: If we are to accept the astounding statements of Dr. Roland G. Usher in your current issue, we must admit that this country has been the victim of one of the most colossal deceptions known to history.

If, as Dr. Usher insists, "the neutrality of Belgium was a fiction," if "Belgium was as clearly an ally of France as England was," and if "the Belgian army and its dispositions, the Belgian forts on the German frontier, were prepared with the advice, at least, of English and French generals"—what are we to think of England's official statement that her sole motive in declaring war against Germany was to protect Belgian neutrality?

It seems almost incredible that a man who has been so largely instrumental in enlisting the moral sentiment of this country in favor of England as against Germany should now convict England of one of the most consummate and successful pieces of hypocrisy ever perpetrated. And yet what other conclusion are we to draw from Dr. Usher's article?

CHARLOTTE TELLER.

New York City.

A Social Sin

SIR: Everybody admits that it is a despicable thing for a bachelor to have an intrigue with a married woman. From the days of Joseph to those of the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC, men of moral principle have resisted temptation of this sort and virtuous women have refused to follow wayward impulses that would involve such men. But in the case of certain great individuals who have stepped aside from the normal path of social rectitude there are some palliations to be considered. We admire Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, Alexander Hamilton, Goethe, and Robert Burns in spite of their discreditable amours. In this class, also, we place Parnell, in spite of Katherine O'Shea.

In your criticism of the Parnell biography you omitted any such thought as this. Won't you please outline the condemnation of a social sin so conspicuously omitted?

H. H. M.

A Welcome Word

SIR: In your issue of November 28th appears an account of the occupation of the town of Kinston by our troops during the Civil War, quoted from a letter in "Notes of a Son and Brother," by Henry James. In referring to the book, I find that the last part of this letter is not given in your publication, and in justice to the memory of Wilkie James, who wrote it, I send you the part which was omitted. I first quote the sentences with which your account ends:

> . . . "houses entered regardless of the commonest dues of life, and others set on fire to show the town was our own. She belonged to our army and almost every man claimed a house. If I had only had your orders beforehand for trophies I could have satisfied you with anything named, from a gold watch to an old brickbat"

Now comes the omitted part:

> "This is the ugly part of war. A too victorious army soon goes down; but we luckily didn't have time for big demoralization, as the next day in the afternoon we found ourselves some seventeen miles away, and bivouacing in a single prodigious cornfield."

ELLEN SHAW BARLOW.

New York City.

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Within Our Gates

Polygamy, a play in four acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. First presented at the Playhouse, New York, December 1, 1914.

WHEN Mr. Harvey O'Higgins stopped writing his heroic tales of the New York fire department he entered on a grim career. Working by the side of Judge Lindsey in Denver, he spent many months in the jungle of Colorado politics and came out with an account of foulness unsurpassed in the history of predatory fauna in America. In Denver he met an "apostate" Mormon—Senator Frank Cannon—and later he went to Utah, where he delved for a year into the practices of the Mormon communion. "Under the Prophet in Utah" was the title Mr. O'Higgins gave to the series of articles which detailed his version of the most singular institution in the republic. Turning to William J. Burns, Mr. O'Higgins next set himself to unravel the exploits of a group of American citizens who devoted hardworking lives to murder. It was a sensational story and hardly credible, but if Mr. O'Higgins stood in need of vindication he received it at the stained hands of the murderers themselves. The confession of the McNamaras, removing from persecuted organized labor the Nazarene halo and deposing it from the submissive cross of gold, proved that Mr. O'Higgins had been a pathologist going right, not a romancer going wrong.

It is some time now since Mr. O'Higgins deviated into drama. "The Dummy," a thoroughly amusing detective comedy, was written in conjunction with Miss Harriet Ford, and it represented Mr. O'Higgins's dry humor and happy inventiveness far better than his conventional detective play, "The Argyle Case." To these amiable creations Mr. O'Higgins now adds a drama of a quite different character entitled "Polygamy," founded not on the human vagary so named but on the Mormon standardization which Mr. O'Higgins has studied at first-hand.

It is as a reporter, an investigator, a social diagnostician, that Mr. O'Higgins utilizes the drama in his present production. He has not sought, as the creator usually seeks, to interpret ourselves to ourselves through the medium of a situation allied to our own. He has not drawn on the fund of common experience and circulated between stage and audience the draft of mutual emotion. Dealing though he does with ordinary American men and women, the principal factor in "Polygamy" is not a familiar complexity but an alien and incalculable institution, about which Mr. O'Higgins is obliged to arouse conviction before his drama can live.

As a prudent and sceptical observer, I hesitated for some time before entering Mr. O'Higgins's dramatic lobster-pot. Having long resented the intrusive and impertinent inquiries about polygamy which are part of the Ellis Island ritual, I was reluctant to assent for one moment to Mr. O'Higgins's interpretation of celestial marriage and his evident disgust with our Mormon brothers. But gradually, insensibly, I began to be convinced that I had to elect between Mr. O'Higgins and the vileness so plausibly portrayed. Here was no prudery about polygamy but a cumulative resentment against a sinister machine. Proceeding by inference alone, I accepted Mr. O'Higgins's premises, and ended with an ardent response to his theme.

The assumptions of "Polygamy" are simple. The Mormon church is represented as completely authoritarian, and the authority is shown to be wielded for the aggrandizement of the clique in power. As the two chief objects of sensual man are money and lust, the leaders of the church are seen to divert the stream of religious belief to turn these mundane wheels. It is not to the sexual aspect of polygamy that Mr. O'Higgins draws attention. He shows and shows adroitly that this sexual rule is not a symptom of self-indulgence. It is simply the means by which the Prophet and his clique effect their will in the community. Sex is the Thermopolyean pass which all authoritarian religions strive to command. It is the clue to social control. An archaic doctrine like polygamy could hardly be effective among emancipated women, but the whole contention of "Polygamy" is that Mormonism pits itself against emancipation by enforcing polygamy as a celestial decree, and in the high degree that it is effective for enslavement, in that degree it is serviceable to the grafters who preside over the destinies of the church.

The drama in "Polygamy" consists in the efforts of two God-fearing and devoted young Mormons to preserve their monogamous marriage in the teeth of the church's authority. In support of their position there is, of course, the repudiation of polygamy that has been on the lips of the Mormon leaders themselves. But, backed by the celebrated sworn testimony in the case of Senator Smoot, Mr. O'Higgins makes the Prophet condemn the recalcitrant husband to a secret polygamous alliance, and he reveals that God wills this alliance to be consummated with a woman who loves a black sheep of the Mormon flock, an "apostate" who loses no opportunity to sneer at the faith which he sees as a snare for fools. The "apostate" confronts the formidable council itself. He defies them and all their works. But the power of the religion over the two women assailed keeps the institution inviolable. Fearful of God, humanly anxious to placate the power that can jeopardize her husband, the young wife assents to polygamy against every aspiration of her life.

But when the new spouse is brought into her monogamous household, the process of emancipation—or, if you prefer, apostacy—is accelerated alarmingly in the breast of the young wife. She has induced her husband to conform, but conformity is beyond her own power. She is still a Mormon, but the one tenet essential to her subjugation she resists with all the frenzy of an individualism tasted, found ravishing, and forbidden. The leaders of the church suspect this disloyalty, and they make the husband's financial future, and the proof of his goodwill, contingent on the birth of a child by his new spouse. Ignorant that both her husband and the inveigled bride repudiate this doom, ignorant that the interloper has fled from the house, the first wife comes to her bedroom, finds it locked, and spends the night—as has actually occurred in real life under such circumstances—in one of those physical eclipses that nature provides for women institutionally revolted.

The upshot of "Polygamy" is not tragic. But the tyranny which it portrays is tragic, and so long as the actors avoid apparent hysteria the drama is profoundly moving.

The dominant actress in "Polygamy" is Miss Mary Shaw. As a sardonic, polygamous wife, disillusioned but acceptive, she makes of her small part a memorable portraiture. As the young wife Miss Chrystal Herne traces the chart of varying emotion with a fine though somewhat thin etching-needle. As the interpolated wife, lovelorn and desolate, Miss Emmet does not succeed in differentiating her emotions sufficiently from those of Miss Herne. Mr. Mack is the apostate. He thrums with indomitable pertinacity a single string.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

IT is almost fifteen years since S. S. McClure went down from London into Surrey, and spent an evening at Box Hill. After dinner was over he and George Meredith climbed to the châlet, where they sat up until two o'clock, talking about Meredith's novels. By asking Meredith "how, in the light of his own experience, he would define genius," Mr. McClure drew this answer: "It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge mass themselves without any effort of the will, and become effective." Mr. McClure would hardly, I suppose, in the light of his own experience, define genius so. From his autobiography, which I didn't happen to read in *McClure's Magazine,* but which I read every word of, the other day, at one excited sitting, I infer that *he* would be surprised to hear his gifts called genius. They clearly reveal that "extraordinary mind," however, and any account of it must begin with what he calls his "native virtue," credulity.

Mr. McClure's particular credulity is a power of seeing the world he lives in as unfinished, of believing that what has been shall not be, that there is something new under the sun. Born into a world where news was syndicated and fiction wasn't, where *Harper's, The Century, Scribner's* and *The Atlantic* seemed the only magazines possible, he proceeded to syndicate fiction and to invent a new kind of magazine. He faced and overcame what he says every young man must face and overcome, the "delusion of the completeness of the world." As a boy, transplanted from the north of Ireland to the Middle West, he had hungered for things to read. His intimate knowledge of the Middle West convinced him that many boys in that part of the world, and many grown persons, too, were suffering from the same hunger, which he was credulous enough to feel certain he could appease. His life has abundantly justified that credulity. He has given his readers what they wanted, and he has done this by a method which sounds, as he describes it, alluringly simple: "I bought and printed what interested me, and it usually seemed to interest other Middle Westerners."

Books on the psychology of invention tell us that the likeliest way to have good ideas is to have a lot of ideas. No contemporary magazine editor has been richer than Mr. McClure in ideas, which mostly occur to him when he is on the move. One of his master ideas, however, was an exception to this rule. It came to him while he was taking a quiet vacation, after months of routine office work. "One evening in East Orange," he says, "I sat down and in a few hours invented the newspaper syndicate service which I afterward put through. I saw it, in all its ramifications, as completely as I ever did afterward, and I don't think I ever added anything to my first conception." Such a crisis of inventiveness must be great fun for the inventor. With equal suddenness, you may remember, some of the leading ideas in his most widely known book unfolded themselves before M. Gabriel Tarde, when he was rambling alone on a hill above the valley of the Dordogne. In the course of a few hours' walk, stopping now and then, or sitting down at the foot of a tree to make a few notes in pencil, he sketched what afterward became the first chapter of his "Laws of Imitation."

Very different is the case of Mr. McClure's second great invention, the magazine. He didn't see it steadily and see it whole before he started it. He created it as he went along, by separate concrete strokes of inventiveness, and also by what he regards as accidents. Many of the articles which now seem to us, as we look backward, most McClurish, which differentiate the magazine most sharply from all its predecessors, came into existence rather casually. But the essential McClurishness of *McClure's,* though it took shape twig by twig, had really one tap-root, fed by Mr. McClure's conviction that men who could write usually didn't know, that men who knew usually couldn't write, and by his resolve to pick out people who could write and to pay them for taking time enough to get knowledge. In your judgment, particularly if you are a specialist, the knowledge gained by the early *McClure* writers may lack the last thoroughness, and their writing may be too emotional for your taste, but you cannot deny that by pleasing himself Mr. McClure invented a magazine which talked to the American people, about themselves and their interests, more intimately than any magazine had ever talked to them before. The fairies endowed Mr. McClure not only with a belief in the incompleteness of the world, but also with likings which, when they had a chance to express themselves, gave *McClure's Magazine* a physiognomy as distinct and recognizable as Uncle Sam's. Either talent would have been of little value without the other.

Mr. McClure's life has brought him acquaintance with many famous writers, whose work he published sooner or later, usually sooner, and seldom too soon. My only disappointment in reading the autobiography has been in its failure to turn a new light on these authors. Mr. McClure is no portrait painter. What he has known about authors is chiefly whether they would do. A person with keen eyes can make out a sign, say, a long way off. It tells him whether he is on the right road. Another person, walking with the first, can't make the sign out until they are much nearer. They pass the sign, they leave it behind, and the second person has noticed and can recall the shape of its letters. The first person has noticed nothing so superfluous. Mr. McClure is like this first person. He can make out as much as he needs to know a long way off, further off than the next man. What he says of George Meredith's novels, for example, would be just as applicable to the novels of ever so many other writers, but he foresaw, very punctually at the right moment, the increase of Meredith's popularity in the United States.

Upon second thought, however, I'm not so sure that Mr. McClure couldn't have put many good portraits with his book, for the only full-length it contains is admirable. He has done himself as a boy and as a young man in words that move us and leave him immoved. The description of his early years is a story of unbelievable hardship endured with light-hearted courage. Other boys, as eager to get an education, have gone without fuel and clothes and food. He not only did these things but did them in a most cheerful spirit, without a touch of dour desperation. Surely there never was a gayer and pluckier youngster, or a readier to make the money he needed by the hardest kind of work. Fine loyalties are here, too—loyalty to his future, to the young girl he waited for through seven years, loyalty to his dead. Through the years when he was living dangerously he was helped by a wife who believed in him as he believed in himself, and who has watched him overtake at last the hopes he had pursued so long with passion and gaiety, with flexibility and courage—qualities which would have been worth while in themselves, even if they hadn't accomplished *McClure's Magazine.*

P. L.

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Maurice Barrès

THE instinct of the French mind to climb to a mountain-top with a few kindred spirits and discuss the view, makes the French novel a guide to the movements of national life and thought. In a country where every baker hands out a reasoned *aperçu général* of the political situation with your morning rolls, small wonder that almost every decade produces its "typical" novelist who embodies the special series of ideas for which men fight and bleed. In the works of Anatole France and Romain Rolland, for example, the curious reader has followed the important intellectual conflicts of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. If, at the same time, he has listened to the insistent voice of Maurice Barrès, he has had a gradual preparation for the traditionalist renaissance in life and literature which, growing stronger as the omens of European trouble multiplied, has received sudden confirmation from history itself.

Anatole France, the last Parisian to indulge a fastidious humanism at the book-stalls along the Quais, stands out in perspective as the last descendant of Taine and Renan, final spokesman of an age when faith yielded to doubt and truth had many faces. He has analyzed life through the glass of his own personality and, like Renan, has attained his subtlest irony by clothing subversive matter with rare purity of style. Rolland, whose style and form reflect the introduction into the French literary and educational scheme of the more inchoate Russians and Germans, is, spiritually speaking, a son of the *Affaire Dreyfus*. That revolutionary crisis gave him a new faith, the faith of social justice and internationalism which for a time inspired the best elements of intellectual France. Barrès, the most striking figure of the present hour, typifies, on the contrary, reaction against foreign influence, return within the frontiers to the "classic" national tradition. The rising of his star coincides with the decline of that of Anatole France, and it is suggestive that Jean-Christophe, symbol of the Franco-German *rapprochement*, should have drawn his dying breath soon after the *coup d'Agadir*, just as the book-stalls began to flourish the tricolor of the younger generation.

The revival by the nationalists of the old terms classic and romantic is convenient, though only doctrinaires like Maurras can find them all-inclusive. To such critics the classic is the *route nationale*, the one highroad for writers who would express the general and eternal in French life; built in the *grand siècle* on foundations of reason and discipline, it is a sort of Via Aurelia that leads Gaul back to Rome. Romanticism they regard as a mere gypsy-trail blazed by a band of revolutionists and fit for free-thinkers, vagabonds and egotists. For sheer life, as Hugo or Tolstoi or Balzac or almost any of the great English novelists see it, the classic novelist must accordingly substitute a criticism of life in accordance with inherited ideals and allegiance to old institutions like the family, the province, and the Roman church. So far as form goes he must return from the model of "Madame Bovary" to that of the "Princesse de Clèves"—a rather brief story, very carefully constructed, in which a few strongly marked or delicately indicated characters find a rapid development about some central moral problem.

Those who remember Barrès as the author of "Le Jardin de Bérénice" and "L'Homme libre," which made his fame with the symbolists and aesthetes of the early nineties, will marvel that he should have been the most considerable influence in the change. For these early works, too fluid in form and substance to fall under any recognized classification, reveal him as a sort of Renanian poet-sceptic, whose mobile sensibility and penetrating intelligence are beguiled by many forms of exotic beauty and thought. The Barrès of the "Culte du Moi" had, however, a second self, with a fervent local consciousness nourished by memories of 1870 in his native Lorraine village of Charmes-sur-Moselle; and we soon see him in the "Roman de l'Enérgie Nationale," forging a doubly restrictive doctrine, expressed simultaneously in politics, which not only rejects the civilization of the "Barbarians," but declares continuity with the generations that have succeeded one another on a single soil, loyalty to "the earth and the dead" and to the *petite patrie* within the large, to be the true source of national vitality. Thus "Les Déracinés" deals with the "uprooting" effects of the philosophy of Kant and of the life of Paris on young provincials. Foreigners find it and its sequels stiff reading; the seven young Lorrainers have more intellectual than human distinctness. But there are chapters like the beautiful one called "The Moselle Valley" in "L'Appel au Soldat," that nobody who would understand the source of the now fashionable "regionalist" theories should fail to read—especially if he be interested in the Franco-German frontier.

It is, however, two novels of the "Bastions de l'Est," published during the last decade, that have given Barrès a real place among classic novelists, and, through the new light they cast on the Alsace-Lorraine problem, a profound influence over the younger generation. The first of these, "Au Service de l'Allemagne," points out, to the confusion of narrower advocates of *la revanche*, that an Alsatian can best serve Alsace, not by fleeing across the frontier, but by loyalty to French traditions in the disciplined performance of German duties. Still more does "Colette Baudoche," which describes with admirable brevity and lucidity the conflict of the French and German civilization in the heart of a simple daughter of Metz, bring home the conviction that France is not a matter of boundaries, but a *réalité morale*, a persistent spiritual entity, handed on from one age to the next. Colette herself, her smiling eyes so wide open to the hard facts of life, is an exquisite silhouette, clear cut as a Roman bas-relief, of the quintessential Frenchwoman.

Perhaps it is only the French *jeune fille* who can be both spontaneous and docile. Certainly the special group of young nationalists who call Barrès master seem as yet to be merely repeating a lesson, though they have added to the old allegiances to province, church and family, the infusion, as André Lichtenberger puts it, of *"le sang nouveau."* No sooner had the famous *enquêtes* on French youth appeared than a crop of novels sprang up whose heroes, generally the sons of selfish individualists of radical sympathies, were vowed entirely to the renaissance of the classic tradition, through sacrifice to a great institution like the army or the church. Such are "L'Appel des Armes," by Ernest Psichari, "Les Hasards de la Guerre," by Jean Variot, "L'Enfant chargé de Chaînes," by François Mauriac. Their authors were evidently not torn, like the young men in "Les Déracinés," between the symbolic claims of the plane-tree of Taine and the tomb of Napoleon. They would never allow themselves, as Barrès does even now, a recuperative journey to Toledo or a sojourn on the *Colline Inspirée*. They march straight ahead, colors flying, along the *route nationale*. Even M. André Lafon, the most lyrical and gifted of the group, whose "L'Elève Gilles" won the important new literary prize from the Academy in 1912, is again betrayed in his latest book, "La Maison sur la Rive," in an attitude of adoring discipleship.

Nationalism has traps as obvious as its aesthetic and emotional appeal. Barrès himself almost avoids them, because he has invented his doctrine anew for his age. While

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making the Moselle "the most academic of French rivers," he, at least, keeps the thrill of running waters in our ears. Yet is not his ability to catch the ear of succeeding generations of diverse views due to something far more flexible than the principles he advocates? Never able wholly to sacrifice his romantic gifts on the classic altar, or, while preaching obedience, to stop analyzing and doubting, he still touches the heart of sceptics and dilettantes. Meanwhile the Catholics find him the best defender of their churches—"La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France," published last spring, is at once a political tract and a passionate poem to the old monuments despoiled by the Separation—and the classicists their best champion. Pragmatic youth declares him with reason "a man of action." But there is something doctrinaire and detached about him, something almost morbid in his seductive mingling of intellectualism with sensibility, cold analysis and invective with symbolic ecstasy, that raises the question whether posterity will accord him a place in the great French line comparable to Anatole France's. His nationalist followers, who claim for their school a monopoly of the ancient domestic and stylistic virtues, should reread "Le Livre de mon Ami" and "Sylvestre Bonnard," as well as Rolland's "Dans la Maison," which so critically and tenderly penetrates the walls that protect French family life. If nationalism is a dangerous dogma, the fact remains that the creative inspiration of French literature is national, in a broad and even in a very intensive sense. The "Gallic trumpet," as Meredith called it, does rally all Frenchmen to one standard; and if these bitter days hold any promise for art, it surely consists in the strengthening, in the hearts of youths who have seen their *Ile de France* defiled, of the bond of poetry and blood that binds them to their ruined fields.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

A New Kind of Novel

The Death of a Nobody, by Jules Romains. Translated by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

CONTEMPORARY fiction, if asked why it has created fewer characters than the fiction of sixty or seventy years ago, may truthfully answer that it has been more interested in attaining some of the many other ends which novels may have in view; that whatever it may have lost as a creator of character it has gained as a minute and sensitive and endlessly curious observer. Even suspicious persons, whom this answer leaves about where it found them, imprisoned in the conviction that every novelist would try to create characters if he thought he could, must admit that many modern novelists don't appear to try. In "The Death of Nobody" Jules Romains not only doesn't try: he has invented a novel according to the law of whose being the novelist mustn't try.

Another book by Jules Romains, "Sur les Quais de la Villette," is almost as free from characters. Most of its stories, told in various first persons, describe how the emotions of a group are born and grow, how soldiers brought from barracks in the provinces to Paris, where a general strike is threatening, are gradually united in a willingness to attack and kill the strikers; how a group is pervaded by the will to conquer; how the men in a Paris street, so separate and so opposed in their habitual feelings, are fused into a group by the sudden impulse to lynch two insolent apaches; how the news of Ferrer's death, or of the St. Petersburg massacre in January, 1905, make a Paris crowd something different from the sum of its parts. The structure of the stories bids the novelist observe that more than a very little time given to character-drawing would be time lost.

"Sur les Quais de la Villette" represents group feelings to which important moments give momentary life. In "The Death of a Nobody," as the title indicates, the occasion has in itself no importance at all. It was a nobody who died, and the persons affected by his death are nobodies.

When Jacques Godard was about sixty years old, he was living by himself in Paris, not far from Père Lachaise, on his pension as a retired locomotive engineer. One day he climbed to the top of the Panthéon, and looked down for the first time on Paris. Its size impressed him, made him "reproach himself for having only understood so late what energies lay under cover of the city smoke. How many things had followed the windings of these streets, driven and directed by how many different forces! What criss-crossing of interests and relationships, just like the iron trusses reinforcing a block of concrete! And nothing of all this life had ever passed the threshold of his little widower's flat!" To Godard it seemed as if he really didn't exist, as if no one in Paris ever thought of him. "It wouldn't make much difference," he said to himself, "if I died."

He was partly right. Hardly anybody in Paris ever did think of him. He had no children, and his life, "as far as his own consciousness was concerned, was a meagre affair; in the consciousness of others it scarcely existed at all." It existed faintly and occasionally in the consciousness of the men and women in his tenement, of old railway engineers who hadn't quite forgotten him, of the members of a club called "Les Enfants du Velay," to whose meetings he didn't often go. Even in Velay, where his image in somebody else's consciousness was least faint, it was the image of a much younger Godard. His old father and mother, still living in the slate-roofed house where he was born, remembered him oftenest as he was in youth. Only when a letter came from him did they see him at his actual age, with wrinkles and gray hairs. At such times, too, the rest of the village remembered him, for "the news that a letter had come ran up the village street, scattered and went in at any cottage door, like the chickens from other people's yards."

But Jacques Godard was wrong in thinking his death would not make much difference. He died soon after his visit to the Panthéon, died alone in his two-room flat, where the hall-porter found him before the body was cold, and at once his image, which in his lifetime had lived so faintly in the consciousness of a few persons, began in their consciousness a more vivid life. His image and the thought of his death united in a group feeling the other persons in his tenement, and some of their neighbors. The news of his death, sent by telegraph to Velay, drew his father to Paris, by diligence and train. The other travellers in the diligence, when they first learned that old Godard was on his way to his son's funeral, felt it a duty to think about the dead man. A little later, this duty being done, "his image returned of its own accord. It passed from one passenger to another, hanging for a little between a couple who could each of them perceive it vaguely behind his own ideas, just as one may see a child too shy to come forward, hiding behind grown-up persons. Or it would mingle and dissolve in everything, only leaving in the mind a kind of brackish after-taste. Then suddenly it would condense again."

The appearance of the dead man's image in the consciousness of a good many persons, the degrees of intensity with which it lived there, how it grew distinct and was blurred again, the common emotion in which his death united several groups—these form the subject of this

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original and distinguished book, which rises to climax when the funeral procession, feeling so small on its way through alien and respectful streets, is united in fear as it nears a spot where strikers and gendarmes are fighting, is united in triumph when the fighters stop and draw back, not without signs of reverence for the fact of death, and let the procession go by.

The danger for a novelist, when he has planned a book as reasonably as Jules Romains planned "The Death of a Nobody," is that he will follow his plan even when it takes him away from observation and first-hand feeling, that there will be dead places, travelled by the author solely because he had chosen in advance a way leading through them. In this book there are no such dead places. Wherever Jules Romains goes he keeps his sensitiveness and his imagination. His story is constantly renewed and refreshed by precise descriptions of vague feelings, by precise descriptions of the melting of one vague feeling with another, by details of the visible world exactly and delicately noted. Seldom has a novelist, so faithful to the beauty of a design determined in advance, succeeded with fewer interruptions in realizing the other beauty of strangeness.

Of course a novelist who seeks his material in the life-like surprises of consciousness is tempted to find it by knowing more about the consciousness of his persons than they would themselves be likely to know. M. Romains has not always resisted the temptation. And doesn't he, if one may assemble one's reproaches and be done with them, tell us a little too explicitly and insistently that Jacques Godard did not really die until his image, appearing for the last time in anybody's consciousness, had disappeared and was gone forever?

To say these things, however, is only to say that Jules Romains, having created a new kind of book, has also created for himself new technical problems. And about the newness of his book, which Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow have translated extremely well, there can be no doubt whatever. He shows us individuals as no more significant, one by one, than single words, and shows us how they gain significance, and live a common and intenser life, when they are united in rhythm.

The Game

The Great War. The First Phase [From the Assassination of the Archduke to the Fall of Antwerp], by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

IT was Goethe, I believe, though it may have been someone else, who said something to the effect that if he knew what a man thought about Shakespeare he would know what the man thought of life and destiny and the universe. There are such key-subjects which unlock your mind, so to speak; lay it wide open and reveal your true emotional bend. Such a key-subject is the war which is now being fought over us. Whether one agonizes over its horrors, or fulminates against the wickedness of one nation or another, or views it all as a great pageant, is supremely indicative of one's own temperament and predisposition.

In this book by Frank H. Simonds one sees the war not as a tragedy but as a game. There is no allusion to atrocities or to the ordinary barbarities of war, and you do not gain the sense of men freezing in trenches, of wounded soldiers dying of thirst, of decaying corpses. You see cool-headed generals, remote from the battlefield, playing out their gigantic war-game, outguessing each other, concentrating their efforts upon decisive factors, avoiding battle when outnumbered and seeking battle when able to bring superior forces to the pivotal point, unswayed by romantic conceptions of war, impassive and yet filled with the joy of the game.

And the game is terrible and fascinating. We feel the tremendous sweep of it as the great German armies on the west, at first slowly and then gathering momentum, more swiftly move over the Belgian plains. We do not think of the gallant Belgian defense but only of this stupendous German force, growing stronger, as it would seem, with each effort at resistance, overcoming Liège, Tongres, Tirlemont and Diest, repelling the great French counter-offense, overflowing the French frontier, and then day after day forcing the western Allies, fighting at each step, back upon Paris. And then, as we watch the French and British line bent back upon itself, as a steel rod immovable at one end might be bent back by a heavy weight laid upon the other, as we see this rod, hardened by its hammering, spring back the moment that the weight upon it is released, we hold our breath in a suspense as painful as that of the actual combatants. The German line, beaten but not broken, reforms on the Aisne, and day by day each army stretches forth in a desperate effort to encircle the opponent and crush him. And as the men on the battlefield dig themselves into the earth, and the western army lines stretch zig-zag to the North Sea, we gradually lose our sense of soldiering and individual heroism, and there emerges a vague consciousness of a new magnitude of struggle, a struggle between nations so great and powerful that their power cannot be conceived, a struggle between such unimaginable multitudes that all personal distinctions of strength or valor, all differences even of race are lost in the human average.

It is a game transcending comprehension, and yet a game which, within the rules, men direct. In this book of Simonds's we seem to see again the old exaltation of leadership. No longer does the commanding general charge upon the enemy as Bonaparte did at Lodi. No longer can he even view the field of battle. But somewhere back of the armies are the highly specialized military staffs, working out their chess game, acceting repulse here and defeat there, retiring or advancing in obedience to grandiose, infinitely complicated, yet infinitely simple plans. We see Hindenburg planning to drown the Russian troops in the swamps and lakes of East Prussia, and we see the silent Joffre, retreating day after day, holding in leash the troops, so urgently needed immediately, but destined to win a greater victory later. It is a game in which chance plays a rôle always great but always lessening; a game more of science than of luck; a game in which battles are to the strong, the many and the prompt, and in which God fights on the side of the big battalions.

This to me is the chief value of the Simonds book, that it gives the sense of bigness. What it also gives is the sense of contemporaneity. The book is compiled from articles appearing almost daily in the *New York Evening Sun*. These articles, interesting, informing and brilliant, interpreted day by day the great drama as it slowly unfolded itself, and as the author was bold enough to predict (for interpretation of present happenings means prediction), it was inevitable that he should predict falsely as well as truly. Some of these errors, only half-corrected, survive in the book, but these errors, as well as a certain repetitiousness and a lack of unified conception, are fully pardonable. On the other hand the very fact that the book is based on these successive impressions give it a sort of cinematographic quality, a rapidity of movement which would be more difficult to obtain if the account were written after all the issues were decided. W. E. W.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I New York, Saturday, December 19, 1914 NUMBER 7

IN an interesting letter published in another column of this issue, Mr. Robert Herrick states as the first and presumably the most important lesson of the present war that the "one sure way to precipitate war is to prepare for it." The inference from this assertion is that the best way to avoid war is not to prepare for it. American history does not encourage us to accept this inference. The United States was absurdly unprepared for war in 1812, but its unpreparedness did not prevent it from going to war with a light heart. It was relatively still more unprepared when President Cleveland challenged England in 1896, but every one who remembers the public sentiment of that time knows that the overwhelming inferiority of effective naval force would not have prevented this country from fighting. We were saved from war by the forbearance of England, not by the pacifism of unpreparedness. Finally, we went to war with Spain about two years later without having made any previous preparation, and consequently a great many thousand American lives were unnecessarily sacrificed. Nations do not avoid war by preparing for war, but neither do they avoid war by being unprepared for war. Lack of preparation means merely that when war comes the disarmed nation is either more likely to be beaten, or, if successful, is successful at a heavier cost. The way to avoid war is not to disarm, but to adopt any means which are necessary to eradicate the causes of unrighteous war. What the present convulsion does demonstrate is, as ex-President Eliot of Harvard says, the impotence towards permanent peace of international law without sanctions, of pious wishes, of economic and biological predictions, and of public opinion unless expressed through an agreement behind which stands an international force. The conclusion is, as Mr. Eliot also says, that "when that international force has been permanently established, it will be time to consider what proportionate reductions in national armaments can be prudently recommended."

THIS is a bad time for propaganda. Propaganda lives by the assertion that its particular goal at the moment is the most important issue in the world. No preacher of reform can argue with any effect that what he wishes to see realized is of tenth-rate significance, yet that is just about where most movements find themselves in these days. How to restore peace and how to relieve immediate want are absorbing most of the energy of reform; unless a particular reform can demonstrate some close relation to these two problems, it will fail to attract much attention. Yet good causes cannot afford to close up shop. They must bid against each other for remnants of public enthusiasm, attach themselves as best they can to the larger passions of the war. The suffragists, perhaps, have the best chance to do this. They can promise with perfect sincerity that political power for women will introduce into government a finer sense of human values, and confront the reckless diplomacy of men with a personal recognition of its costs.

OF all words in the vocabulary of politics none is so easily used as economy; it may mean anything from sheer niggardliness to the intelligent spending of money, a policy of penny-wise and pound-foolish or a real intention of making effective the public revenue. In criticism of the Federal Government the word economy must mean not a reduction of public services, but a more concentrated, deliberately planned use of the money to be spent. This of course implies something more than a general paring down of the estimates amidst the barking of Treasury watch-dogs. As Mr. Taft pointed out the other day in his speech before the Lawyers' Club in New York, economy implies the development of a system by which the responsibility for the year's expenditure can be centered in the President. For until the executive department is permitted to present a budget to Congress, until the executive is given the leadership in financial

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policy, economy in politics will mean either a brick to hit your opponent with or a panic-stricken attempt to pander to the taxpayer. The country owes a good deal to Mr. Taft for having made so clear the only course by which wise economy can be effected. By putting his finger upon the lack of financial leadership in the government, by pointing out that sensible appropriations for a central government cannot be log-rolled out of the local interests of men who do not have to spend the money, Mr. Taft has diagnosed the essential weakness of our administrative system.

IT is significant that a Democratic Postmaster-General, like his Republican predecessor, brings forward a plan to nationalize our telegraph and telephone systems. Such a proposal from such a source indicates that our states' rights doctrine is dying of old age, and will not much longer form a serious obstacle to a policy of nationalization. But it is doubtful if the present time is propitious for such a taking over of the telegraph and telephone. Our telephone system is still in a period of rapid experimentation, where private initiative, under effective government regulation both of services and rates, is more likely to be fruitful than government ownership. As for the telegraph, which in recent decades has developed so slowly and at present faces a growing competition from the telephone, we should be ill-advised to invest in an industry with so dubious a future.

FOR some time observers who love their country but like to leave it occasionally have been complaining about the way this great nation houses its diplomatic representatives abroad. Judging from these critics, the directions for finding our ambassador in a European capital are something like this: Walk until you reach that magnificent edifice which represents imperial Roumania, thence three blocks east to the bird store and ask the boy; on the fourth floor rear you will find the United States embassy but not the ambassador, because he is probably out on a bicycle delivering diplomatic notes. This issue, somehow, never burned very brightly. It was the prevailing American opinion that one did not require a large space to be diplomatic in—at least diplomatic enough for mere foreigners. We admitted that we were not supporting our representatives in the style to which they were accustomed, but we were singularly unexcited about it. When the international crisis came, those roomy European embassies seemed fairly congested with inefficiency. If we may credit recent reports, many a foreign ambassador whose place of business looks like the Pennsylvania Terminal is now casting about for light, congenial employment in undiplomatic fields. On the other hand, our Whitlocks, van Dykes and Pages, once confronted with real tasks, lifted the cat out of the office chair and performed them amid admiration that was not confined to their own countrymen. Now—such is the interesting construction of the American mind—having disproved the efficacy of large establishments, we shall no doubt proceed to build some.

SO many subjects were given honorable mention in the President's message and in the administration program that it was rather surprising to find unemployment ignored. Many people are asking the reason. Certainly no more acute problem is immediately before the country. In human importance it far outweighs for the moment either the conservation of water power or the proposed shipping bill. It is the evil above all others from which wretchedness and despair are flowing, about which every person who looks ahead is now troubled, and about which even the least sensitive will be disturbed when the unemployed begin to clash with the police. Unemployment, moreover, cannot be dealt with by local effort alone. The essential machinery even for a beginning is a national organization of the labor market. A proposal looking towards this is before Congress in the Murdock Bill. In view of all this, how can an administration claim to be meeting the country's emergency when it is silent upon its most urgent need? Is it simply that the Democrats are too busy, or is it that they are afraid for political reasons to face the fact that bad times are upon us? If they tell us that their program is too full, they will have to admit that they themselves have filled it; they seem prepared, for example, to rush into a somewhat offhand reversal of our immigration policy. If, however, they simply do not wish to confess that business can be bad under Democratic rule, they will only make it worse by this policy of averted eyes.

WE are coming to recognize in this country that the real cure for corruption and ineptitude in politics is not to seek out abstractly honest men, but to draw into the public service men of a scientific tradition and public imagination. Such men have a revolutionary effect on the ordinary small change of politics. The little personal bargainings and clan loyalties, the windings of old habits and formalisms, do not impede the thinking of men who have a genuine technical sense of what it means to face facts and carry out a job. The spirit of the engineer, his pride in himself as a representative of a new way of dealing with issues, is the most effective answer to the dreary, unkempt lounging of the political "war-horse." How significant is the change can be felt by anyone who will compare the qualities of the old-fashioned office-

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holder with the qualities manifest in an address such as that made by Morris Cooke, Director of Public Works in Philadelphia, at the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The simplicity and directness of tone are in themselves effective, but what is most important perhaps is the awareness of the relation between the layman and the expert. "It is one of our duties as technical men to carry on a propaganda which will show to the public the difference between those problems of policy and public interest that are properly settled by public opinion and those scientific problems which are improperly settled unless they are settled according to the facts." Further on Mr. Cooke overthrows the greatest danger of the expert, that picture of him as the keeper of esoteric mysteries. "I admit," he says, "that as a part of my work as a public official I put in a great deal of thought on what may be quite properly called advertising."

THE annual report of Postmaster-General Burleson again raises the question whether the magazines of the country should receive a concealed subsidy from the Post Office and how large that subsidy should be. In the fiscal year just ended, over one billion pounds of newspapers and periodicals were carried at the flat rate of one cent per pound, although, according to the Congressional Commission created in 1911, the cost of carrying this second class matter was six cents a pound, and the total loss to the Government fifty millions a year. Mr. Burleson now proposes that the rate for magazines be increased to two cents, while the rate for newspapers remain one cent. We see no excuse for this exception in favor of newspapers. Nor do we see any reason why the higher rate, two cents per pound, should not be made applicable to magazines. It may be desirable in the interest of the dissemination of news to carry magazines and newspapers at a rate lower than cost, but there are limits to such a policy of subsidy. The legitimate interests of newspapers and periodicals would not be destroyed by the adoption of a flat rate of two cents.

WHAT is there about certain American contrivances that makes them the victim of popular jocularity? For a long time it was the railroads that came in for most of this chaff. There was a famous ballad about the B. & O., which could either be sung straight or accompanied by a sort of sea-lion flip-flop, highly ornamental. It began with the disingenuous statement: "The B. & O. is the best by far," and one verse ended with a plain advertisement: "Reaching Kokomo in two directions, via Peoria and Pe-ru." Another ballad averred that the poet did "really believe that Adam and Eve built the Erie." This was sung without a dance, to the funeral march. The new butt is the automobile, with humor centering on one of the cheaper cars. They say that a man recently tried in vain to dispose of one of these cars after two months' use, but although he advertised it at a very low figure he did not receive a single answer. The car got on his nerves and he finally decided to get rid of it by advertising that he would leave it unprotected all night on his front lawn. When he pulled up the blind in the morning it was still there, with four others of the same make.

A VALIANT fly dipped his six legs in pure color and started to crawl over the fly-paper which protects a dozing world from needless buzzing. The paper was sticky and the fly struggled furiously. This is impressionism. A student found all the broken pieces of a young world. He plastered them joyfully into a brilliant mosiac. But the cracks were wider than his vision. This is post-impressionism. A child was given a birthday gift. He began to build a new world with many brand new blocks. This is cubism. A young man rushed toward the future. The future, like a friendly giant, intending an embrace, hit him clean between the eyes. This is futurism. A Chinese god stretched his bronze limbs and flew over many deserts for a night's chat with the sphinx. They smiled over an ancient secret. And that was art.

"NOBODY but men stop to rubber at this." "This" is a comely maiden in a drug-store on Broadway who sits in the window by the hour, folding and unfolding a convertible pocketbook. For all the crowd cares, it is a padded fly-trap the girl is demonstrating, invented by the anti-cruelty society in advance of next June. They would stop just as long if she were advertising a cut-price gas plant, convertible into a greenhouse or a musical conservatory. It is the prettiness of the large-eyed girl that rivets them to the window, and holds them as she lifts those eyes and lets them fall. A clever advertisement, do you think? Clever indeed. And will the proprietor be willing to put his wife there next week, and his young daughter the week after? Broadway would "rubber" all the more eagerly if a sign hung behind the smiling woman: "Look her over, boys. She's my wife."

A PORTRAIT of the pig, by M. Paul Claudel, offered without animus in an earlier number of this publication, has been taken very unkindly by the *Kansas City Times*. Stigmatizing this restrained picture as "injustice to the hog," our contemporary rushes temerariously to the defense of that animal. For ourselves we frown upon such heat. We are not insensible to the virtues of the

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hog. We like the hog. We like him broiled best, but we like him fried, baked or even boiled. We like his head, his hams, his chops and his trotters. It is, however, as an animate fellow-creature that our contemporary would thrust him upon us, and this we resist. M. Claudel remarks of the hog that "his tastes do not run to the transient perfumes of flowers." Our Western friend asks querulously, how does he know, how does anybody know? In the same way, we answer, in which we know and deprecate the musical insensitiveness of the snail. It is true, mayhap, that a hog is not all gluttonous, that he cannot be induced to eat a pawpaw. But is this refusal really a sign of "potential refinement"? Do not the inhabitants of Kansas eat pawpaws, and are they not potentially refined? We admit that in depicting a wallowing hog M. Claudel ignored the genteel modern hog moping on a concrete foundation. But while this effete type exists, it is our opinion that only a pure optimist would credit to the hog himself the refinement that he suffers, without initiative, referendum or recall, on a model farm. We assert that on this delicate subject M. Claudel was perspicacious, sedate, admirably free from hysteria; and we affirm a melancholy belief that there is a profound if marble-hearted wisdom in the paradox that the only way to cure a hog is, first of all, to kill him.

ARE we not prone, in view of the unexpected efficiency of the submarines, to exaggerate the role which these boats are likely to play in maritime warfare? Already men are opposing the construction of all new battleships, and are suggesting that the only secure place for a dreadnought is a safe-deposit vault. The increase in cruising range and in general effectiveness of the under-water boat cannot of course be denied, but in the great naval battles of the war we have heard nothing at all from the submarine. While it may continue to succeed in naval sniping, in picking off an occasional battleship, it is probable that when finally the German and British fleets engage, if they ever do engage, the victory will depend far less on the submarine than upon the dreadnought and super-dreadnought.

MOVING pictures taken in Belgium by the *Chicago Tribune* and now being shown make evident one absurdity of modern fighting. It is happening on streets where anyone might live, along country roads where anyone might go bicycling. That men should be wrecking towns in the midst of trolley-cars and restaurants and bookshops and policemen makes war look more like the Baltimore fire than anything else. One contribution to documentary history, however, is made by these pictures, the sight of Belgian soldiers in the belfry of Antwerp Cathedral using it as a lookout.

Agricultural Credit

THAT the administration will do its utmost to secure a reform of the agricultural credit system cannot be doubted. It remains to be seen whether the habits of mind and the political principles of the party in power are such as to fit it well for the task.

Banking reform and rural credit reform appear at first inspection to be closely related problems. Examined in detail, however, the two problems disclose fundamental differences. Banking reform involved the reconciliation of differences of opinion—often extreme and bitter, to be sure—but not of conflicting interests. There was never a question of the interests of the borrowers versus those of the lenders, of the interests of finance versus those of industry. The agricultural credit problem, on the other hand, bristles with conflicting interests. The farmer demands relief from what he considers heavy rates on agricultural loans and the onerous conditions attending such loans; from the still higher rates on personal loans, and from the extortionate prices of supplies and machinery resulting from the system of book credits.

Again, the reform of the banking system involved not the creation of new resources, but the mobilization of resources already existing. It was not lack of banking reserves that threatened widespread disaster in time of panic, but such an irrational disposition of reserves as made it possible for hostile forces to conquer the banks in detail. Accordingly the problem admitted of a mechanical solution, entirely in harmony with the classical economic logic that has always appealed so powerfully to Democratic leadership. The crux of the rural situation is the scarcity of loan funds. The borrower is forced to pay high interest rates and to accept conditions, such as the early maturity of the loan, that place his whole property in jeopardy, simply because there is so little capital to be had. The problem is one of diverting funds from other fields of investment, whether through governmental subsidies or otherwise; and this is a problem not easily to be solved through application of the principles of *laissez faire* or of the New Freedom.

Finally, it is impossible to overlook the fact that social-political, rather than economic motives give force to the demand for agricultural credit. The American farmer does not ask regulation of the price of hired labor. His grievance is that inadequate credit handicaps him in his efforts to gain independence and maximum efficiency, and thus expels him, if he is an ambitious man, from the field of agriculture.

So long as we had unlimited free land on the frontier, the young man without capital had only to make his way to the edge of a settlement and es-

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tablish a home of his own. To-day he serves as a hired laborer until he has accumulated sufficient capital and credit to set himself up as a tenant, in which stage he remains until he can make the first payment on a farm of his own, reduce the mortgage indebtedness, and finally, if he is successful, be possessed of an unencumbered farm. Agricultural credit thus plays a part to-day analogous with the part played by the frontier in an earlier time.

If it were impossible for the young farmer to secure machinery and supplies on credit, he would hardly be able to enter upon the tenant stage before his thirtieth year. If it were impossible to purchase land under mortgage, he would be well past middle life before he could hope to live on his own land. The independent farmer has been an essential bulwark of American democracy, and his fortunes are far more than a purely economic issue. A rural credit system that involves exorbitantly high charges on personal loans prolongs the wage-laborer stage in the farmer's life; together with high interest on mortgage loans, it prolongs the tenant stage and the stage of encumbered ownership. And the prolonging of these stages does not merely postpone the attainment of complete ownership; it discourages effort, and forces the acceptance of a permanently inferior status. The agricultural credit system is all that stands between us and the formation of permanent classes of agricultural laborers and tenants. Accordingly it behooves us to make it as efficient socially as possible.

The independence of the farmer is not, however, the only issue involved. It is important that he should secure an unencumbered holding, but it is hardly less important that this holding should be of appropriate size and well stocked, else he will have scant reward for his thrift. Recent investigations have shown that the typical American farm is a capital unit too small for efficiency. In the northern half of the United States the farmer with property worth less than four thousand dollars usually makes little more than bare wages. He would be better off economically if he sold his land, put the money at interest, and hired himself out by the month. A farmer operating property worth twelve thousand dollars has an excellent chance of prosperity. The enormous waste in agriculture from farms that are too small or inadequately equipped is closely bound up with the system that makes it hazardous to acquire capital through loans.

In commerce and industry the man who proves unusually efficient readily secures through loans all the capital he needs. It is this process of concentration of control in the hands of the more efficient that lies at the root of modern business progress. In agriculture the man of recognized efficiency can borrow up to a conventional proportion of the value of his land, but this is only slightly affected, if at all, by his ability to make the land yield good returns. Personal efficiency may receive a certain recognition in the form of more liberal loans from local banks, but short-term loans are not well adapted to agricultural needs. On the whole, the control of capital by the efficient farmer is increased only as he accumulates savings. This fact has much to do with the relative unprogressiveness of agriculture. Given a similar situation in commerce and industry, and they would still be in the eighteenth century stage.

Agricultural credit is thus very far from a mere problem in finance. It is desirable to provide agriculture with cheaper and more abundant capital; but this is not the essential point. Much more depends on the proper distribution of the capital to be loaned. Suppose that a vast capital were raised through the sale of government bonds and loaned at low rates. Let us suppose loans are made not to all comers, but only to those whose objects are in harmony with clearly conceived social interests. Cheap money would be available for the tenant who wished to become an owner, but not for the owner who wished to possess himself of an automobile for pleasure, although the security offered by the latter might be equally good. Such a system, moreover, might be employed in the control of agricultural production. It might withhold funds from communities persisting in a ruinous specialization upon a single crop, and dispense them freely in communities following a more rational plan. Under such a system, our government would not confine itself to the dissemination of tons of advice—good advice, as a rule, which cannot be accepted for want of funds—but would assume a partnership with the farmer in the social work of improvement.

All this, it may be said, smacks of Utopianism. From the point of view of *laissez-faire* economics, such a plan is indeed Utopian. Let us remember, however, how readily we accept analagous policies when applies in other fields. We are loud in our praises of German and Japanese efficiency in foreign trade. A large part of this efficiency is due to the fact that those nations, when seeking to cultivate trade in a given region, throw overboard the theory of the adequacy of private interest. Branches of banking institutions subsidized and controlled by the home government are established in the regions to be developed and these offer abundant and cheap capital to their nationals for every project, in trade or mining or manufacturing, that shows promise. Is not the cultivation of corn in Texas as important to us as the bean trade in Manchuria to the Japanese? It is mere tradition that makes the foreign field seem a more proper subject of governmental solicitude than the domestic field. It is mere tradition that foreign trade requires governmental subsidy, while domestic pros-

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perity will take care of itself. But it is a tradition that has a powerful hold on us all; more powerful, perhaps, on the party in power than on any other. Accordingly, we may wonder what are the odds that the achievements of the present administration in the field of agricultural credit will parallel its achievements in banking reform.

Railroad Regulation on Trial

ACCORDING to the newspaper reports, the railroads are to obtain their increase in income. The obstinate resistance of the Interstate Commerce Commission to a generally higher level of rates has finally been worn down. In all probability the demands of the railroads have not been granted as completely as the newspapers intimate. The Interstate Commerce Commission must have attached certain conditions to its concession, but whatever the conditions, the decision will be interpreted as a victory for the railroads. Assuming that the railroads have won a victory, what effect will it have on the relations between the railroads and the nation? Will it help or hinder the prevailing principle and method of railroad regulation?

Public opinion will probably acquiesce in the decision with comparatively little protest. What most of our fellow-citizens want more than anything else at present is greater business activity, and if the increase in railroad rates contributes to a trade revival, the opponents of the increase will not get much of a hearing. But even though public opinion does acquiesce in the decision of the Commission, such acquiescence merely removes the most conspicuous cause of friction between the railroads and the nation. Other causes almost equally important will remain, and unless they are removed the principle and method of regulation will be so far unsuccessful that the alternative of national ownership will be forced on popular attention.

American public opinion needs to realize more sharply the difficulties and responsibilities of the existing experiment in national railroad regulation. It needs to realize that regulation will never be a success unless more arduous, loyal and intelligent efforts are made to bring about success. An industry so vast and complicated as that of the railroads can never be converted into a genuine public utility against its own will by a series of merely disciplinary measures on the part of a supervisory commission. The regulation of such an industry by an administrative authority in the public interest implies a readiness to cooperate for certain purposes on the part of the directors of the industry and of the public authorities. It implies also that the administrative body shall be granted power commensurate with the scope of its task, and that it shall be organized and equipped in order to meet the great number and wide diversity of its responsibilities. Up to date such cooperation, such adequacy of power and such efficiency of organization have not been secured.

The railroads on their part have been persistently sulky and obdurate. They have admitted the necessity of regulation in words, but have opposed any effective application of the principle. They have never consented until consent was forced upon them. Neither have they shown any disposition to meet the Commission half way and voluntarily provide remedies for manifest abuses. They continued to give illegal rebates until the practice became dangerous. They continued to distribute passes until forced to abandon the practice. It has taken legislative acts or administrative orders to introduce improvements into the rate structure, to bring about the general use of safety devices, and to install a scientific accounting system. In spite of the general acceptance at the present time of the desirability of regulation, railroad directors are still far from adjusting themselves to the idea that the roads are primarily public servants rather than sources of private profit.

On the other hand, the railroad directors may fairly complain that they were not justified in accepting many recent administrative orders, and in even trying to cooperate with many of their administrative masters. The railroads have been unpopular and in the name of regulation they have been worried and baited because of their unpopularity. The state legislatures and railroad commissions are responsible for most of this worrying. They have been as aggressive in regulating the railroads in the interest of their own states as the Intersate Commerce Commission has been in the national interest, and Congress has so far neglected or refused to make the authority of the national authority paramount. The Interstate Commerce Commission has not the power to convert the railroad system into an essentially national utility and to protect it against the exasperating and injurious exercise of local public authority. The railroads can fairly complain that, unlike public utilities, they suffer all the disadvantages of regulation without enjoying any of its advantages. Legally they are still supposed to be competing economic units. They are not allowed to enter into agreements for the purpose of establishing rates, dividing territory or reducing unnecessary expenses. They are denied the privileges needed for the successful operation of a genuine national utility.

The railroads can probably be converted into loyal and efficient national utilities, but not by any means which Congress has as yet authorized or to which the railroads have as yet consented. National utility cannot be imposed upon them by an adminis-

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trative policeman that interferes from the outside with all the details of their management. It must be partly the work of the railroad directors themselves, and the railroad directorate is never likely to undertake it until its form has been reorganized. What the Interstate Commerce Commission needs is representaion on the boards of all interstate railroads, so that it will know what is being done and have a voice in the actual management of the companies. An expedient of this kind might abate the unpopularity of the companies, provide for a better understanding between them and the Commission, and bring about the cooperation which is essential to the success of the existing policy of regulation.

THE NEW REPUBLIC would like to see the existing policy of regulation succeed. Not that it has any preference in favor of regulation as contrasted with public ownership. On the contrary, it anticipates that eventually the railroads will have to be owned by the nation, and operated, subject to national control, by an organization of railroad employees. But precisely because it believes in eventual nationalization, it would like to have a fairer trial given to the current experiment in regulation. Nationalization, whenever it comes, should not be adopted as a desperate alternative to an unsuccessful policy of regulation, but as a consummation and fulfillment of the very work of regulation itself. A regulation which succeeded in converting the railroads into loyal and efficient national utilities without impairing their credit would have done much to nationalize them in substance if not in name.

Pan-Americanism

GREAT crises bring with them extraordinary opportunities. The war in Europe can be made to advance the cause of peace in America. It provides our statesmen with a unique chance of reaching a better understanding with Latin America and of converting Pan-Americanism from a word and an aspiration into a more definitely formulated international system. James G. Blaine began this work. Elihu Root carried it on. But they could only indicate the direction. The practicable road has been revealed by the war; and it remains for the present administration to seize the opportunity and to compose an American international concert out of the materials furnished by European international discord.

What the two Americas need is a broader sanction and support for the permanently valuable idea contained in the Monroe Doctrine—the idea of a specifically American international system. The Doctrine as originally defined and ordinarily interpreted combined an admirable intention with a dangerous contingent liability and an ambiguous underlying meaning. Superficially it was nothing more than a declaration of the foreign policy of the United States with respect to Latin America, and it derived its standing from the ability of the United States to compel its recognition by other nations. At bottom, however, its validity really depended on a certain kind and amount of international acquiescence. Had it been challenged by Europe and the United States been compelled to fight on its behalf, Latin America would have been protected from its possible European enemies only to be in part subjected by its American friend. The republics to the south of us have always understood and apprehended this danger. They united a keen appreciation of the utility of the Doctrine with an anxious suspicion of their powerful neighbor. They wanted protection without incurring the humiliation of being protected.

Fortunately Europe has never compelled the United States to fight on behalf of the Monroe Doctrine. The Latin American republics have enjoyed protection without any sacrifice of their independence. Some of them have been growing so strong and stable that they are much more capable than formerly of protecting themselves against either a European enemy or an American friend. Increasing national strength justifies them in assuming a different attitude towards the Monroe Doctrine. Their suspicious acquiescence in the Doctrine is capable of being transformed into active and responsible support, partly because their acquiescence has come to have a greater military value, and partly because their suspicions are disappearing. Thus the Doctrine may obtain the international sanction in this hemisphere which was needed both to minimize its dangers and to eradicate its ambiguities.

The behavior of the United States since the Spanish American War has naturally availed to diminish Latin American suspicion. This country had plausible excuses both to remain in Cuba and to intervene in Mexico—excuses which would have been used by an essentially aggressive power. But with the exception of one brief aberration we refrained from armed intervention, and when we did intervene we backed out of our exposed position with conscientious celerity. The acceptance of the A. B. C. mediation, and the conference at Niagara Falls, did more to transform the Monroe Doctrine and modify the relations of the United States with Latin America than any other recent act of our government except the building of the Panama Canal. The conference placed the United States in the position of sharing its peculiar international responsibilities in the western hemisphere with the three strongest Latin American Powers, and in

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this way giving to the Doctrine a much more positive and express international sanction.

The European war increased the desire and the necessity for a cooperative international policy in the two Americas. It has revealed an unexpected community of interest among the American nations. The Monroe Doctrine has been vindicated. Latin America, in spite of its racial, cultural and commercial bonds with Europe, has discovered the existence of a still deeper bond with the United States. We Americans have the good luck to be emancipated from aggressive national ambitions and international hatreds and fears. Each American state has its place in the sun, and is occupied chiefly with the cultivation of its own garden. As long as Europe was at peace the importance of this distinction was undervalued, but it can be undervalued no longer. The war has proved that pacific and trading communities may gain a distinct advantage from close association for political and business purposes. If the Latin American countries had depended upon the United States chiefly for their capital, their supplies and their markets, none would have suffered as much as they have suffered from the economic effects of the war. In addition, the interests of all the American states as neutrals are similar, and they need to take joint action to secure the utmost practicable freedom for neutral commerce. These common interests and purposes are so substantial that it should be possible to embody them in some kind of American international declaration and convention.

Such a declaration and convention would constitute the beginning of a specifically American and intentionally pacific international system. It would be the first conscious and intelligent attempt to organize peace. Inasmuch as it is experimental and might operate in an unexpected and disconcerting manner, care should be taken to keep the agreement close to the foundation of national interest. The several contracting powers should not be committed to engagements which under the pressure of circumstances they would be likely to break. But even so, substantial results could be obtained. The organization should and could provide for some regular method of mutual consultation, for some better definition of neutral rights, for some form of occasional joint diplomatic action and finally for some way of adjusting their own possible disagreements.

By entering into such a system the United States would be making a greater sacrifice than would her Latin American sisters. She has the chance of gaining much more from isolation than they have, and the burden of morally and physically financing such a system would fall largely upon her. Nevertheless it is worth her while so far to compromise her own independence of political action, because only in this way can the Monroe Doctrine be relieved of its ambiguities and dangers. Only in this way can the Doctrine itself be morally justified. Pan-Americanism would then cease to be a mixture of rhetoric and geography and become a definite official international political program. It might grow until it converted the world to a pacific system of public law, or it might prove to be ineffectual and disappear. In any event it would constitute a justifiable attempt on the part of the New World, not merely, as in the days of Canning, to redress the balance of the Old World, but to repair some of its mistakes and to renounce some of its evils. If the attempt were successful the people of this country might gradually reconcile themselves to the lack of a national name, because whatever the United States might lose in freedom of political action, America would gain. Perhaps the day is coming when the word American will be a sufficiently, if not an entirely, accurate description of what the people of the United States really are.

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A Policy of Industrial Education

THE habitual American attitude towards public education is, to say the least, paradoxical. Belief in publicly supported education is the most vital article of the average citizen's creed. Money devoted to educational purposes makes the largest item in the budget, and payment of taxes for school purposes is accompanied with the least amount of grumbling. The man who ridicules his legislature, who is suspicious of his judiciary and openly flouts his police system, is enthusiastic about public education. But the connection of the public with its schools ends for the most part with their support. There is next to no provision for public control, and that little is generally felt to be a nuisance when it extends its activities beyond the financial support of the schools under its nominal charge. The direction of educational policy is no part of statesmanship; the divorce of school from politics—which presumably means matters of public policy—is thought to represent the ideal state of things. Educators have reciprocated by taking an astonishingly slight interest in the public functions attached to their own work. Social settlements, amateur philanthropists and voluntary associations, rather than professional educators, have agitated the questions of child labor and juvenile crime, of adequate recreative facilities and the wider use of the school plant, and even of preparation for making a livelihood.

That our *laissez passer* methods have worked as well as they have indicates a certain soundness in our social life, as well as at least a temporary adaptation to our needs. That these methods will work as well in the future may be doubted. The formation by Congress of a Commission on National Aid to Vocational Education, composed of two Senators, two Representatives and five laymen, reflects both the traditional system and the feeling of need for its change. Not one of the five lay members is a professional educator. While the Commission recommends the giving of aid, and drafts a bill which would involve an initial annual grant to the states of a million and a half dollars, rising to the sum of seven millions through a period of years, there is no thought of provision for a minister of education. The Federal Board in control is to consist of the Postmaster-General, with the Secretaries of the Interior, of Agriculture, of Commerce and Labor. The Commissioner of Education is to remain an executive clerk, although with somewhat enlarged clerical duties. The proposal is characteristic of our tradition. We are far from the day when direction and supervision of publicly supported education will be a public function.

Meantime the existence of an official Federal Commission is evidence of the changing situation. Congress is hardly likely to pass the bill which is recommended. Legislative action is of doubtful value till the subject of industrial education has been more thoroughly discussed. It is more important that it be treated as part of a general statesmanlike policy toward education than that immediate isolated steps be taken for furthering the agricultural and trade instruction of youth over fourteen. There is as yet no public opinion as to the standpoint from which education for industry should be approached, or the aims which should control the undertaking. The reasons thus far advanced for making industrial training an organic part of public school education are an undigested medley. The need of a substitute for the disappearing apprenticeship system, the demand of employers for more skilled workers, the importance of special training if the United States is to hold its own in international competitive commerce, figure side by side with the educational need of making instruction more "vital" to pupils.

The oft-cited experience of Germany as to the importance of industrial education must be weighed in connection with the purpose which has dominated her efforts. This has been frankly nationalistic. The available statistics indicate that the effect of industrial education upon wages has been almost negligible, skilled workers receiving but little more than unskilled. But the effect of industrial education upon the worker's individual wage or happiness was not the animating motive. Germans claim with justice that their systematized and persistent applications of intelligence to military affairs, public education, civil administration, and trade and commerce, have a common root and a converging aim. The wellbeing of the state as a moral entity is supreme. The promotion of commerce against international competitors is one of the chief means of fostering the state. Industrial training is a means to this means, and one made peculiarly necessary by Germany's natural disadvantages.

One does not need to grudge admiration for the skill and success with which this policy has been pursued. But as a policy it is extraordinarily irrelevant to American conditions. We have neither the historic background nor the practical outlook which make it significant. There is grave danger that holding up as a model the educational methods by which Germany has made its policy effective will serve as a cloak, conscious or unconscious, for measures calculated to promote the interests of the employing class. It is the privilege of large employers of labor to supplement public schooling by classes which they themselves support in order to give the special knowledge and skill required in their operations. There are many interesting and successful attempts of this kind. It is natural that employers should be desirous of shifting the burden of this preparation to the public tax-levy. There

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is every reason why the community should not permit them to do so. Class against class, there is no reason why the community should be more interested in the laboring class than in the employing class, save the important reason that the former constitutes a larger part of itself. But every ground of public policy protests against any use of the public school system which takes for granted the perpetuity of the existing industrial régime, and whose inevitable effect is to perpetuate it, with all its antagonisms of employer and employed, producer and consumer.

In the lack of enlightened public opinion as to the place of industrial training in the public schools in a would-be democracy, even the enumeration of commonplaces may be of some help; unfortunately they are not as yet current commonplaces. In the first place, its aim must be first of all to keep youth under educative influences for a longer time. Were it not for historic causes which explain the fact, it would be a disgrace that the larger portion of the school population leaves school at the end of the fifth or sixth grade. Irrespective of its causes, the continuance of this situation is a menace. Meagre as are the efforts already put forth in adapting industry to educational ends, it is demonstrated in Chicago, Gary and Cincinnati, that such adaptation is the first need for holding pupils in school and making their instruction significant to them. In these places the aim has not been to turn schools into preliminary factories supported at public expense, but to borrow from shops the resources and motives which make teaching more effective and wider in reach.

In the second place, the aim must be efficiency of industrial intelligence, rather than technical trade efficiency. Schemes for industrial education thus far propounded ignore with astonishing unanimity many of the chief features of the present situation. The main problem is not that of providing skilled workers in the superior crafts. Taken by itself, this is a comparatively simple problem. But it cannot be taken by itself, for the reason that these crafts are the ones already best organized and most jealous of efforts to recruit their numbers beyond the market demand, and for the reason also that automatic machinery is constantly invading the province of specially trained skill of hand and eye. Wherever automatic machines develop, high specialization of work follows. In the larger cities even the building trades now represent a grouping of a very large number of separate occupations, demanding for the most part simply skill in managing machines. The automobile is a complicated machine, nevertheless ninety-five per cent of the labor of manufacture in the cheaper cars is unskilled. Such facts are typical. The rapid change by means of new inventions of the forms of machine industry is another controlling consideration. The mobility of the laboring population in passing from one mode of machine work to another is important. Such facts cry aloud against any trade-training which is more than an incidental part of a more general plan of industrial education. They speak for the necessity of an education whose chief purpose is to develop initiative and personal resources of intelligence. The same forces which have broken down the apprenticeship system render futile a scholastic imitation of it.

In a word, the problem in this country is primarily an educational one and not a business and technical one as in Germany. It is nothing less than the problem of the reorganization of the public school to meet the changed conditions due to the industrial revolution. In view of this consideration, the absence of all educators from the Commission on National Aid to Vocational Education has a peculiar significance. Professional educators are not free from blame, because of their indisposition to face the question of educational reorganization. But to leave educators out of the discussion of an educational problem is a curious proceeding. They will have to take a large share in the execution of any plan which may be adopted. If they cannot be trusted to have a responsible share in the making of the plan, the chances of their successful execution of it are indeed slight. The situation also adds peculiar significance to the fact that the Commissioner of Education is made by the bill an executive clerk of various departments of the Government which have direct concern with certain forms of industry but none with education. It is not an immediately important question whether there be a minister of education in the Cabinet. It is a fundamentally important question whether or no a Federal policy with respect to industrial education be initiated which relegates the educational interest to the background.

JOHN DEWEY.

Life is Cheap

WHEN a military expert wishes to be very technical and professional he refers to the killed, wounded and missing as the wastage of an army. To those who do not share his preoccupation with the problems of grand strategy, the word connotes a cold and calculated horror based on a fatal disregard of human cost. It is natural, then, to fall back upon the old platitude that in war life is cheap; cheaper than guns, cheaper than dreadnoughts, cheaper even than intelligent diplomacy.

If we go behind this simple idea, however, we find curious distinctions reflected in ordinary feeling about the war. There was General Joffre's statement that the French would not waste men in furious assaults. In England this was received with approval, mixed with the feeling that the British were standing the worst of the racket. Most curious, however, was the English attitude towards the Russians. The Russians were conceived as an inexhaustible horde which could be poured endlessly against German guns. The value of individual Russians was ridiculously low as compared with individual Englishmen. In America the loss of two thousand Austrians would seem as nothing

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beside the loss of two thousand Englishmen. If the Canadians were to suffer heavily, we should feel it still more, no doubt.

When the *Titanic* sank, it was very noticeable that the anguish of the first-cabin passengers meant more to the newspapers than did that of the crew or steerage; and of the first-cabin passengers, it was the well-known people in whom was dramatized the full terror of the disaster. When a man is run over, the amount of space given to a report of the accident seems to depend very closely either on his social importance in the community, or on whether he is injured under circumstances which might apply to highly regarded elements of the population. The injuries of foreign-born laborers on construction work are hardly reported. It is estimated that one man is killed for every floor added to a skyscraper, but the fact does not rise to the level of popular interest. The value of a life seems to increase only as it emerges from a mass and becomes individualized. So long as great populations remain politically inert, so long as they can be treated in lumps, so long as they can be manipulated from above, they will be lightly used or easily disregarded.

It is in time of peace that the value of life is fixed. The test of war reveals it. That is why democracies tend to be peaceful. In them the importance of each person has been enlarged, and the greater the equality, the less able are small groups to use their fellows as brute instruments. Democracies are compelled to look toward peaceful adjustments because the cost of war is too tremendous for them. The mere fact that at a certain level of comfort and self-respect the birthrate declines makes the conservation of life imperative. It is in democracies based on fairly well distributed economic opportunity and a modicum of education that birth ceases to be a wholesale accident and becomes a considered purpose. France is such a democracy, and France does not spend life easily. The large measure of equality which she has achieved by a prudent birth-rate, a tolerable level of well-being, and a tradition of human rights, has made dreams of lavish conquest forever impossible to her. She will defend what she has with superb courage, but she cannot dominate the world.

There, perhaps, is the most important relation between social reform and the problem of peace. The aggressors of the future are likely to be the nations in which life is cheap, and the hope of international order rests with those countries in whom personality has become too valuable to be squandered. This is why the whole world waits the democratization of Germany, Russia and Japan.

But even the so-called democracies are far from a decent sense of the value of life. Here in America life is extraordinarily cheap. There is almost no task so dull, so degrading or so useless but you can find plenty of human beings to do it. You can hire a man to walk up and down the avenue carrying a sign which advertises a quack dentist. You can hire rows of men for the back line of the chorus, just standing them there to fill up space. You can hire a man to sit next to the chauffeur; he is called a footman and his purpose is to make the owner of the car a bit more comfortable and a great deal more magnificent. There are women known as lady's maids whose business it is to dress up other women. There are flunkeys whose mission it is to powder their hair, put on white stockings and gold-trimmed knee-breeches and flank the threshold of great houses. It is possible to hire any number of caretakers for empty houses, bellhops to fetch for you, even mourners to mourn for you.

Every city is full of women whose lives are gray with emptiness, who sit for hours looking out of the window, who rock their chairs and gossip, and long for the excitement that never comes. Unloved and unloving, and tragically unused, the world seems to have passed them by. Our cities are full of those caricatured homes, the close, curtained boarding houses to which people come from the day's drudgery to the evening's depression, the thousands of hall bedrooms in which hope dies and lives the ghost of itself in baseball scores and in movies, in the funny page and in Beatrice Fairfax, in purchased romance and in stunted reflections of the music-hall.

It is not strange that in war we spend life so easily, or that our anxiety to lower the death-rate of babies, to keep the sick alive, to help the criminal and save the feeble-minded, seems to many a trifling humanitarianism. The notion that every person is sacred, that no one is a means to some one else's end, this sentiment which is the heart of democracy, has taken only slight hold upon the modern world. It is still hardly questioned that men should die to protect concessions, to collect debts, to hold markets, to glorify their king, to avenge imaginary insults. In the industrial world men are used as "hands," kept waiting in idle crowds to fill casual jobs, put at work that exhausts and pays almost nothing, blocked in occupations from which they cannot learn, from which they become forever unfitted to escape. Women are used as drudges, as recreation, as things to jest about or to appropriate, because all through our civilization there runs an appalling insensitiveness and disregard. We have not yet made life dignified and valuable in itself, we have not yet made it a sufficient treasury of good things, have not infused it with the riches which men will not wantonly waste.

Human life will become valuable as we invest in it. The child that is worth bearing, nursing, tending and rearing, worth educating, worth making happy, worth building good schools and laying out playgrounds for, worth all the subtle effort of modern educational science, is becoming too valuable for drudgery, too valuable for the food of cannon. It is because for some years we have been putting positive values into life that this war appalls us more than it would have appalled our ancestors. And just so far as we can induce the state to sink

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money and attention in human beings, by just so much do we insure ourselves against idle destruction.

This is the best internal defense against those amongst us who may be dreaming of aggression. Every dollar and every moment of care devoted to increasing the individual importance of people, all skill and training, all fine organization to humanize work, every increase of political expression, is a protection against idle use of our military power, against any attempt to convert legitimate and necessary preparation for defense into an instrument of conquest. It may be said with justice that the man is dangerous who talks loudly about military preparation and is uninterested in social reform. It is the people engaged in adding to the values of civilization who have earned the right to talk about its defense. WALTER LIPPMANN.

The French Yellow Book

THE great, the unique service of the French Yellow Book is that it discloses diplomacy actively and competently at work, at work at the precise task diplomacy is supposed to deal with, and not at the task of preparing a case to satisfy the moral sense of neutral mankind or to justify the actions of a nation which distrusts its own witnesses before the "court of civilization."

Read the British White Paper, and from start almost to finish it is plain that the ministry of Great Britain, the whole diplomatic machinery, is devoted to amending the verities and improving the morals of Europe, to avoiding ineluctable war, not to preparing the British nation for what was inevitable from the first moment of the Servian crisis.

Shaw is wholly right when he extols the clairvoyance of Sazonoff, who from first to last, while giving every proof of patience and moderation, did not conceal his conviction that only war could come. Shaw is wrong when he ascribes this virtue wholly to Sazonoff. Jules Cambon at Berlin was at all times quite clear in his own mind as to what was to come, was in fact clear a year ago, when he sent to his government that remarkable document which is the first chapter in the Yellow Book.

In 1913 the French Ambassador at Berlin perceived certain things. He discovered a state of mind in German officialdom and out of it. He saw that this state of mind could mean but one thing and he told his government so. His observations were confirmed by others in the service of the French government. Their reports are now a part of the public record of the Yellow Book.

French diplomacy as early as 1913, then, observed certain signs. These signs meant war between France and Germany. Russian diplomacy made similar discoveries. This latter fact is unmistakable in all that Sazonoff said after the Servian crisis began.

Go through the whole collection of documents the French have now submitted, and the outstanding fact is that at all times French diplomacy was abreast of the truth. It was not deluded, put off its guard, led up the side alley of humanitarianism. Of all the Great Powers France had most to fear from a general war. Precisely in the same way it was France which was best informed at all stages, was able to act always in the daylight, was able thus to avoid all wavering, all hesitancy, all irresolution.

Reading the record now supplied by the French government, there is patent the fact that the day the Austrian government despatched its ultimatum to Belgrade, official France and official Russia knew that a general war was to follow. This was because Russian and French diplomacy had envisaged the fact that there was in Germany a state of mind. To the French and Russians it might seem a spirit of aggrandizement, of deliberate determination to dominate Europe. To Germany it did seem merely the natural consequence of perils impending, forced upon a peaceful nation. But the European fact was this state of mind.

All this British diplomacy refused to recognize, British statesmanship refused to accept. Thus for a whole week we have the eager, feverish industry of Sir Edward Grey. Every capital in Europe is the scene of British effort to solve what was insoluble, because there was never any conceivable basis of agreement. Austria accused Servia of incendiarism in Austrian territory, assumed the right to deal drastically with the incendiary, refused on the request of Russia to let the offender off with a reprimand, an empty gesture of menace, knowing full well that it would be but the prelude to more fires. Russia insisted on the right to regulate the dealing of a neighbor with an adjacent nuisance.

Short of permitting Russia to assume the full charge of her Balkan affairs, Austria never could recognize Russian pretensions to protect Servia. It was not necessary for Austria to raise the question, she did not need to deliver an ultimatum. But Austria having done this, there was no chance at any time under any circumstances of composing the trouble unless Russia renounced a right she had assumed as the "Big Brother Slav" to protect the little Slav from the consequences of his own acts, not in the specific case of the assassination of the Archduke, where his alibi was impressive, but in his general campaign to "redeem" Servians in Austria.

British diplomacy all the time busied itself with an effort to persuade Germany to urge Austria to yield to Russia, to modify its demands upon Servia. British diplomacy was aghast at the tone of these demands. Sir Edward Grey rightly described them as without precedent. They were meant to be. Austria's house had been set on fire. German

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diplomacy was quite as ready with the suggestion that England tell Russia to keep her hands off, to let the little pyromaniac be duly punished by Germany's friend.

In all this, neither German nor British diplomacy would recognize the fact. Each deceived the other, but in what was vital both deceived themselves. French diplomacy, on the contrary, neither deceived nor was deceived. At the proper moment France and Russia assured each other and the world of their solidarity. The French ambassador at Rome obtained the all-vital assurance from the Marquis di San Giuliano that Italy would stay out of the war. The French ambassador at London laid before Sir Edward Grey the statement of views, not a declaration of purpose, be it understood, that France and England had exchanged long before, covering the existing situation.

It was of utmost importance both for France and for Germany to know what Great Britain would do, and it was plain all through the critical week that Great Britain herself did not officially have the remotest idea of what she would do. Yet up to the very last moment Germany was satisfied that England would stay out, and France never, during all the anxious hours, seemed to have the smallest fear that her neighbor across the Channel would prove disloyal. French diplomacy was right. It was informed about this as about all other things. It recognized that there was in London, as in Berlin, a state of mind.

The truth of course is that there never was the smallest doubt that England would join in a general war if Germany attacked France, or in any way, save under direct provocation, went to war with the republic. Most well-informed Englishmen knew it, had known it without acknowledging it, for ten years. The German realizes this now and rages because his own state of mind is being generally exploited and the British state of mind disguised, concealed behind details and circumstances he realizes are incidental and fortuitous.

No one has described this British state of mind so well as Shaw. But what is useful to note now is that the French understood it. Their allies, the Russians, saw it through their eyes and understood it. France and Russia acted steadily with this knowledge. Germany misunderstood it. German diplomacy failed to grasp the fact, wholly misunderstood Sir Edward Grey's activity. Hence that panic of Berlin when England at last acted on her state of mind. Hence the present hatred of England, a hatred based on the fact that Germany misunderstood England's mind and believed that England misunderstood her own interests, the most impossible of all contingencies.

Thanks to the Yellow Book we now perceive that French diplomacy and statesmanship misunderstood neither the British nor the German state of mind. Knowing the British state of mind, France knew that England was bound to fight Germany, but not until she had endeavored to prevent a war that was not preventable. Hence France patiently shared in all the efforts of Sir Edward Grey. Knowing the German state of mind, she was aware of the certainty of the failure, but that Germany might have no second Ems warrant for war, she observed every diplomatic convention with almost pathetic fidelity.

In July the Germans believed what they did not know, because it was pleasant; the British refused to believe what they knew, because it was unpleasant. But French diplomacy from the very start recognized the fact, terrible as it was for France. That is why now, when Briton and German are filling the world with their explanations, the Frenchman has nothing to explain. Being a Latin, what he had long foreseen did not surprise him.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

International Rivalry in Science

A COMPARATIVE estimate of the scientific work accomplished in the several countries involved has loomed prominently since the beginning of the war. Unfortunately the literary men who have been most active in the appraisal know little of science, and the scientists themselves have on the whole been far from dispassionate. Very few are able, like Haeckel, to combine high veneration for alien cultures with a fervent patriotism; and fewer still are those who, like Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, and Max Verworn, the physiologist, rise above the limitations of nationalistic sentiment. Sir William Ramsay, in a recent issue of *Nature* (October 8, 1914) seeks to belittle German science and proclaims to a willing public the far from original discovery that the Germans are adapters and plodders but lack originality. When a first-rate chemist indulges in this sort of talk, absolution must be granted to yellow journalists.

We may at once dismiss the notion that any one of the West European peoples is racially better fitted than the rest for scientific work, whether creative or not, as a piece of anthropological nonsense. First of all, the national limits do not coincide with the racial boundaries. Secondly, if they did, all the "races" concerned would still be so closely allied from a biological point of view that a far-reaching difference in intellectual endowment is simply out of the question. The only problem that can be discussed with any satisfaction is whether in some countries the historical development has created conditions that are more favorable to the highest grade of scientific work. And if we face this problem at all impartially, the international character of science stands out clearly.

Take three of the greatest scientific generalizations, the law of gravitation, the principle of the conservation of energy, and the theory of evolution. Newton did not create the law of gravitation out of nothing. The German Kepler had derived the

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law for planetary motions; Galileo, the Italian, had discovered the law for the velocity of a falling body; and Huygens, a Dutchman, independently solved the problem of several bodies affecting one another's motions. German and English scientists—Helmholtz, Mayer, Joule, Kelvin—share the honor of establishing the principle that energy can be transformed but never destroyed; but according to an impartial German historian of physics, Professor Ernst Mach, the crowning glory of the achievement belongs to a French predecessor of all of them, Sadi Carnot. Evolution is popularly associated with the name of Darwin; but Darwin had for his precursor the Frenchman Lamarck, for his most ardent follower the German Haeckel. The problem of heredity was first seriously broached by the German Weismann, Mendelian inheritance was the discovery of an Austrian monk, and evolution by leaps rather than by gradual variation was postulated by the Dutch botanist De Vries.

The three generalizations have been chosen more or less at random; we may be confident that, except from accidental causes, other fields of research would yield the same result. Unfortunately the whole subject is clouded for the lay mind—and alas, for the specialist often enough—by the deep impression received from the popular reputation of scientists. To many it will seem that among the names mentioned those of Newton and Darwin easily lead the rest. But popular reputation is a remarkably unsafe guide to scientific worth. How many educated men in the United States know that European judgment places the late Willard Gibbs above all other American scientists? The real contribution made even by the greatest thinker as compared with his predecessors and compeers is a problem that requires the most intensive historical study, and even then, often enough, the doctors disagree. In the whole range of science no name is so universally honored as that of Newton, but he must not be conceived as a giant walking among pygmies. Mach thinks that in mechanics the intellectual achievement of Newton had been fully prepared by Kepler, Galileo, and Huygens, and that its distinguishing trait was power of imagination. But, on the basis of careful documentary research, the most recent student of the subject, Mr. Philip E. B. Jourdain of Cambridge, England, denies that Newton owes his unique place to any unusual feat of the imagination, attributing it rather to his mathematical insight. When we turn to the history of Newton's mathematical discoveries, we find a rival in the person of Leibnitz. The story that the great German plagiarized his English contemporary is an exploded myth. Among those who dispelled the charge may be mentioned the English mathematician De Morgan, who showed that Leibnitz was honest and ingenuous, and that in the course of incidental incursions into mathematics he had "produced one of the greatest of its inventions almost simultaneously with one of its greatest names." Popular fame in justly honoring Newton has unjustly aggrandized his achievement at the expense of others.

What can be established by historical research for the case of Newton, the supreme intellect of science, requires no particular research in the case of Darwin. His influence on thought has been enormous, and the lay mind jumps to the inference that such influence could only have been achieved by a supreme mind. But what are the facts? Huxley, who knew Darwin, loved him, fought for him, and was probably the all-round best judge of Darwin's ability, would have nothing to do with the colossal-intellect myth. He granted to Darwin a clear, rapid intelligence, a great memory, and a vivid imagination; he would not place him above Lamarck or Johannes Müller or Karl Ernst von Baer.

The history of science, as popularly conceived, is shot through with Carlylean hero-worshipping myths. In reality there are great outstanding figures, but no Brobdignagians. Even granting that it were possible to indicate in every field the supreme name, no one would be able to decide satisfactorily whether such supremacy were or were not outweighed by the cumulative influence of two or three somewhat lesser reputations representing some other nationality.

In the place of this futile estimate rises the conception of science as a cooperative undertaking of numerous trained workers: instead of Carlylean heroes, Carlylean "able men." From this point of view a genius who in ignorance of history should unwittingly duplicate Newton's discoveries, would acquire only the social value of a tight-rope walker or a heavy-weight lifter. Comparison of national achievement in science thus ceases to be a fruitless bickering over the relative merits of a few great men whose value is usually incommensurate. Instead we are confronted with the problem as to which country has most effectively organized scientific effort. And here there can be but one answer, even on the hostile side: Germany. All that has been said against German scientific work is but a ruse to offset the glaring fact of the supremacy of its total output. The alleged mediocrity of many German scholars need not even be discussed. Where there are more workers there will be of necessity more men of merely average endowment. The amazing thing is that these mediocre men do work that is above the average, owing to the very machine that itself teaches being original, even in a small way. Again it is said that organization stifles personality. No more manifest psychological falsehood has been uttered. The mathematician is not hindered in the development of his work by the use of tables and calculating-machines. The perfect systematization of all intellectual work is thus not only no hindrance to individual development, it is the prerequisite to full and free development of personality. It enables the genius, no less than the able man, to realize his very highest possibilities. From a social point of view its value is immeasurable. Clear, rapid intelligence for a lever, system for an Archimedian standing-ground, will suffice to lift the universe out of its hinges.

Robert H. Lowie.

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War and Thinking

ONE of the first effects of the war was to reassure everyone who confidently specializes in human affairs that his particular enthusiasm was justified. The pacificists flattered themselves that they had at last a cogent and unmistakable demonstration of the rottenness of the *para bellum* argument, the "ghastly swindle," as Mr. Creel calls it. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt and the *para bellumists* assume that their contention is now proved beyond cavil. Both suffragists and anti-suffragists are confirmed in their conflicting faiths by the same disaster. Cardinal Farley sees a long-suffering God punishing the nations for their blasphemies, and Pastor Russel reports progress in the unfolding of "the divine plan." Does this mean that the opinions and inferences of all these earnest people are worthless, or does it mean rather that each has used the great conflagration to warm up his own particular *pot-au-feu?* To the outsider this would imply a rather narrowly domestic attitude of mind.

The general emotion which has controlled and determined thought about the war is of course national prejudice. We were all prepared for that, and it has brought only one surprise. Englishmen and Americans and the few Frenchmen whose utterances have reached us have exhibited about the range and intensity of sentiment that might have been anticipated; the Germans, on the other hand, we have found difficult to understand. We looked forward to some variety and conflict of opinion among them, to at least a mild protest against the war on the part of the socialist leaders, or the expression of a reservation now and then as to the emperor and the army in the letter of some learned professor to an American friend. But a fierce outburst of national feeling has driven reason into hiding and left the field to arrogance, hate and suspicion.

The propositions upon which Germans of all classes appear to agree are the following. The German people are inherently a superior race who have developed a civilization (*Kultur*) of unprecedented perfection, of which their military organization, with its marvelous discipline and applications of modern science, is the essential safeguard against the jealousy of decadent nations, like France and England, and the barbarism of the Slavs. Germany is now meeting the attack which she has long anticipated, under the natural leadership of her emperor; her occupation of Belgium was amply justified by the straits in which she found herself through no fault of her own. These propositions, in spite of their very startling nature, are assumed rather than defended, and Germany's apologists seem surprised and deeply pained that we in the United States do not take them for granted when they are presented to us. This failure of ours to see the truth can only be explained by the assumption that we are enmeshed in the lies of Germany's enemies or bought with British gold.

We, on the other hand, are only too conscious that no British gold is flowing our way, and we feel not only that the Germans have had an opportunity to tell us all that they have to say about themselves, but that they have freely availed themselves of the opportunity. Germany's most noted men have set forth her case jointly and severally, and her agents and friends on this side of the water have given us the very "truth about Germany" and made clear the "vital issue." As for the case of the Allies, we have heard very little from Russia; France has held her peace; Belgium has satisfied herself with a dignified appeal or two, and even our cousins across the Atlantic have manufactured but little opinion for export. At first we thought we had a very simple explanation of the war and of the attack on Belgium; we said that the great mass of the German people had been misled by the Kaiser and the war party. Then we waited patiently for some German to say this, and we even went so far as to suggest this means of exonerating the nation.

But no German welcomed our well-intentioned suggestion; on the contrary, all Germans bitterly resented the notion that the Kaiser and the army were not the divinely appointed means of saving the nation from destruction. Eucken and Haeckel took the lead in showing us our mistake. Never before in all their lives had they agreed on a single thing, but when it came to defending the war and Germany's part in it they laid aside all philosophic differences and joined in a strident duo of invectives against "perfidious Albion." Romain Rolland, laboring under the same delusion as we, wrote a high-minded letter of appeal to his friend, Gerhardt Hauptmann, only to receive a scathing rebuff. When English clergymen tried to explain to Harnack how he ought to feel, the eminent church historian told them to mind their own business, that Germany was not an *energumen*, possessed of a devil to be exorcised by English prayers.

Only gradually are we coming to see that we have not reckoned with certain national presumptions of the gravest import for the world, which are so effectively inwrought through education into the fibre of German life that even those whose intellectual experience has been wide and varied—men like Eduard Meyer, Brentano, Sudermann and Wilamowitz—accept them unquestioningly. Just at a time when all the older notions of race are being undermined by anthropologists, historians and biologists, the Germans would have us accord them a position of racial supremacy; just when the world is becoming unified economically and scientifically, the Germans clamor for an exceptional position in the brotherhood of nations; just when the principle and

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practice of war is attacked on every hand, the Germans produce the classical defense of war and exalt its practice to a fine art; just when monarchs by the grace of God are disappearing from the earth, the Germans would have us listen devoutly to the archaic utterances of their king and emperor.

As yet no German writer has showed the slightest glimmer of appreciation of these considerations which we feel so deeply. All German apologists, however distinguished for their intellectual achievements, have confined themselves mainly to invective and the expression of unworthy suspicions. Their best friends are disappointed in them, and are forced to face the problem of how obtuseness is to be reconciled with all the admirable intellectual traits which we have come to associate with Germany.

In any attempt to solve this problem two things must be remembered; first, that the preoccupations of most scholars and scientists in no way fit them directly or indirectly to have sane opinions upon public affairs. To have gained distinction by one's researches in Pali, chromosomes, X-rays, fossil dolphins, or hendiadys among the Patagonians, does not insure but rather tends to prevent a liberal play of the intellectual in a great human crisis. Why should the opinions of professors of chemistry, physics, geology, sacred history, romance philology and comparative anatomy be worth more than those of any other industrious mortal when it comes to the rights and wrongs of a European war?

Of course we might reasonably expect more from historians and philosophers and students of literature, but one can be a distinguished historian or philosopher or philologian and still remain a babe in arms in one's complete ignorance of what is going on around one. But what shall we say of the economists and those who specialize in social organization and international relations? The more competent they are the less prone are they to pass hasty judgments on situations the complexity of which they realize so much more fully than the ordinary observer. Perhaps of all men those whose opinion is best worth listening to are the modern story-tellers and playwrights—Wells, Galsworthy, Anatole France, Brieux, Shaw—and certain philosophers-at-large, like ex-President Eliot or Lowes Dickinson. Germany also has many men of this class, but so far they have only uttered incoherent cries of rage.

The second element in explaining our disappointment in Germany is that its very idea of efficiency must inevitably discourage and hamper free criticism of public affairs. Every German has had an education designed to make him blindly loyal to Germany and its government, just as a Jesuit has an education which makes him loyal through life to the Roman Catholic Church and its head. All the men to whom we look in vain for breadth, imagination and perspective in the present crisis have had a German education, have accepted the German legend of Teutonic supremacy in their impressionable years, and there is almost no hope of their escaping from it. The pitifully feeble appeal to "the civilized world" signed by the best known scholars, scientists and men of letters in Germany is but the sign and seal of the success of German *Kultur* in making all her subjects accept the Kaiser and his decisions in exactly the same unquestioning and dutiful spirit in which the Jesuit accepts the organization of the Roman apostolic church and the decrees of its head.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

Democracy its own Critic

THE educational influence of cooperation may be seen in this, that in every working hour the principles of the self-managed life have to be practiced. That fateful question, "What will the people do when they get power?" has explicit answer among more than twenty millions of working cooperators. Large sections of these have got this power. They have got the most difficult and most important form of it, that which mainly determines their own economic and business life. In two generations they have nowhere seriously abused it. If cooperation succeeds, it is the one school in which no mere phrase-maker, promoter or get-rich-quick adventurer has the slightest chance, the one school in which the large and airy claims of every "ism" are roundly brought to book.

Cooperation shuts the door upon no revolutionary suggestion, but insists that those who promise big things shall make good. In great variety it offers actual field practice where social theories may be put to test. Those who think that capitalists perform no useful service; that all middlemen are parasites; that the main deviltries are "social" and not in the individual; that competition is essentially an evil to be removed; that it is easy to build up and maintain large business and keep labor in good humor—all such have a chance in cooperative enterprise to confirm or to revise their opinions.

In the store, insurance, credit and banking, elevator, buying and selling associations, cooperation is, indeed, a history of revised opinions. The labor question is very largely a struggle over the control of applied inventions. Labor thinks there would be no trouble over putting in new machinery if only the machines were owned by the people. Yet in hundreds of cooperative factories and workshops the workers do own the machines and can do with them as they like. They are quick to put them in if no one is to be thrown out of a job. But when that danger is serious and immediate, the new invention is stiffly opposed, solely because men and women may then and there be dropped. These cooperators cannot make a scapegoat of capitalists, who are supposed to own all machinery. That most staggering of questions, how to keep surplus labor continually and productively at work, comes like a challenge into labor's own camp.

Without evasion, these fellow workers have to fight this out, with the result that not one of them

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is left wholly uneducated on this haunting problem which, thus far, no one in the world has had wit enough to meet.

To show that no fanciful claim is here made for the penetrating power of this self-criticism, we have only to look at cooperative industry and the markets which it has created in at least ten countries. When factories, mills and farms begin to produce for the cooperative market, thousands of working men and women have to be hired, as in private industry. English cooperators, for example, have more than 100,000 hired workers. The wholesale alone has 5,000 in its distribution and 13,000 in its production. In the very household of labor this raises every vexatious issue under which ordinary employers suffer. Cooperative committees chosen by workingmen have to deal with trade unions fighting for higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions.

There can be no sentimental shirking of these bristling difficulties. Shall the cooperative store or manufactory adopt profit-sharing? The entire bulk of academic discussion on this supposed remedy has very slight value compared to nearly fifty years of working-class experience with this device. Literally thousands of experiments with it have failed. Profit-sharing in the "self-governing workshop" is largely a record of disappointment. In the far more efficient consumers' cooperation, profit-sharing, after innumerable trials, has been pretty nearly abandoned. Though strikes are comparatively rare, this army of employees does now and then threaten to go, or actually does go, on strike, bringing sharply to the front the conflict of interest between the workman striving for high wages and the consumer asking for cheap products. There is no more momentous question than this in the future organization of industry, and it is being threshed out within the cooperative movement.

Those who run cooperative enterprises have to make their own working compromises on these points. Catherine of Russia told the philosopher Diderot that it was easy to manage men in the pages of a book, but "I have to write on the ticklish human skin." With wages, hours, prices, welfare work, strikes and piece work, cooperators are as close to the skin as the Great Queen.

I heard an old cooperator say, "We have one fat-head who thinks our shirt factory can be run on a five-hour working day without piece work, and another one who thinks wages should be paid 'according to need.'" This last purely communistic proposal, like the whimsical insistence of Bernard Shaw that everybody shall receive the same income, would nowhere get more drastic judgment than among cooperators who had built up a thriving business. It is they who have learned, like the eleven hundred cooperative gangs in northern Italy doing contract work, that "piece work," for instance, is as humanly necessary as it is useful. Wherever labor secures control, it often adopts methods and sanctions conditions which it had bitterly opposed when it was dependent on employers who withheld such secrets as capitalization, the salary basis, what was written off for depreciation, etc. The suspicion of labor has become so aroused on these points, so insistent upon knowing why its claims cannot be met, that our industrial peace is at stake. Labor's demand to know these things carries with it an invincible justice. Until it knows, labor will sulk, and will limit production, and breed no end of crude syndicalist revolts.

Now cooperation, though it will do but a part of the world's work, is the one educational field on which labor learns to know and to respect those severe economic exigencies under which production and distribution have got to go on in this world.

No seasoned cooperator can be fooled by fairy-tales about the motives of men engaged in earning their livelihood. The cry goes up just now for the "minimum wage." In its own interest, society has got to accept that principle and learn to apply it. It will require decades and be attended with sickening failures. Its adoption assumes that we frankly put a certain standard of life and security before and above profit-making. English cooperators have for years struggled with this issue of the minimum wage. From the first, cooperation eliminates the private profit-making principle. The whole mechanism of business is to be subordinated to the needs of life. Neither machine nor organization is there to victimize and enslave the worker. Both are there to serve him and to enrich his life. Many an American hustler has left an European cooperative factory with disgust because "they take it so easy." The observation is correct, but the inference at fault. These cooperators know perfectly well what they are doing when they knock off for a picnic or refuse some appeal to work overtime. They want a rational leisure more than they want a little more pay. They will tell you gaily, "We are not quite so efficient in this mill as some of the private profit-makers, but now that we control our own business, it is for us to decide under what pressure we will work." Twenty years ago, critics thought this lowering of efficiencies would prove fatal to the movement.

For years the English Women's Cooperative Guild has been agitating the minimum wage among its women workers. It was seen that the principle was already theirs. The difficulties of its application were, however, so formidable that not until last year was the matter decided. The long record of this discussion shows with what discrimination they have dealt with this thorny subject. The cooperative wholesale, in its distributive and productive departments, has some seven thousand women. It first cautiously granted the minimum wage to women in the distributive departments, and on January 1, 1914, to those in the manufacturing departments. The scale is set according to age from fourteen to twenty years. Thus in soap, boot-and-shoe, shirt, clothing, jam and hosiery works, the principle goes into effect, as well as in nearly two hundred outside distributive societies.

In this illustration we see one set of elected wage-earners acting as employers of labor, sobered

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by responsibilities which make men wise in the "science of the possible." Precisely because the rigors of the actual industrial world have carried their own chastening into these labor groups, we find them educated in the sobrieties on which all democracy must at last rest. It is both the charm and the promise of the movement that these rigors have left no chill on the idealism from which the cooperative fellowship sprang. Its history is that of democracy learning to know itself and its limitations in the world.

In noting finally the educational discipline of this self-criticism among the many thousands of distinctively socialistic cooperators, we shall see that no college in this or any other land offers sounder or more needed instruction both for social order and for social progress.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Egypt and the Caliphate

WAR has turned the international lawyer into a distinguished member of the unemployed. It would, for example, pass the utmost subtlety of his science to define the present position of Egypt. Was Egypt six weeks ago at war with Germany? Is it to-day at war with Turkey? It matters little what the answer is to either question. The British authorities were quite clear that they meant to treat Germans as "alien enemies," and they are equally clear that they mean to resist a Turkish invasion. Whether the Khedive is still the sovereign of Egypt is almost as doubtful as the other question, whether the Sultan is still his suzerain. The Khedive himself, safely quartered in a Turkish palace at Constantinople, makes anti-British statements to German journalists, which the British affect to regard as declarations made involuntarily under duress. The Prime Minister, who governs in the Khedive's name, continues to earn our confidence. We go our way imperturbably, as little affected by all this complicated make-believe as if we ourselves were Orientals, bred in a world of dreams. We have no legal status in Egypt, but we have thriven for thirty years under that disability and it does not incommode us to-day. We shall straighten out the tangle of international law when the war is over; to-day our business is to defend the Suez Canal.

What, meanwhile, is the attitude of the Egyptian people, as a Moslem army draws near which promises to free them from infidel rule? Seven years ago England would have had no doubt about the answer to that question, and it would not have been a reassuring answer. These were the golden days of Egyptian nationalism. It had a leader of genius in the person of Mustafa Kamel Pasha. His eloquence and imagination, his passionate, unbending idealism had fired the educated youth of Egypt with the belief that the independence of their country might be won, perhaps with Turkish aid, perhaps amid a European war, but preferably by their own efforts. His teaching spread a movement of revolt even in the secondary schools, and it forced into line for a time the disillusioned materialistic men in middle life. The strength of this agitation lay in the command of the vernacular press, its weakness in the fact that ninety per cent of the population of Egypt is illiterate. It did undoubtedly gain the masses in Cairo, and I have rarely been more deeply impressed by any popular demonstration than by the sight of the crowds which gathered to celebrate the first anniversary of the young leader's premature death. In those days the British authorities in Egypt, from Lord Cromer to the youngest subaltern, were undoubtedly nervous. Their anxiety showed itself in the painful incident of the Denshawai hangings, and even more clearly in the ultimatum issued to Turkey in 1906, when she encroached upon the Sinai frontier at Tabah. If the present war had surprised us then, there would have been a rising in Egypt.

The whole face of Egyptian politics has changed since Mustafa Kamel's death. His successors were little men, who quarrelled among themselves until a nascent popular movement became a war of factions and lost its impetus in jealousies and intrigues. It became, indeed, morally so negligible that it was possible for Sir Eldon Gorst and Lord Kitchener to suppress its public manifestations and to drive it underground. Its newspaper, under a stringent press law, ceased to appear; its leaders were forced into exile, and what was left of its idealistic impulse turned to a calmer and more compromising movement on behalf of parliamentary self-government.

Lord Kitchener, meanwhile, adapted to Egyptian conditions the policy of English Unionism in Ireland. He set to work "to kill nationalism with kindness." Lord Cromer had done much for the material prosperity of Egypt, but he was hampered by the traditions of his Victorian individualism. He would pass no factory act; he would create no ministry of agriculture; he did not interfere with the monstrous local systems of land tenure, based as they are on debt and usury and a species of peonage. Lord Kitchener, while he pursued a policy of "thorough" against the Nationalists, set himself to win the peasants. Sir Eldon Gorst carried a factory act. Lord Kitchener secured the peasant in the possession of a few acres which might not be alienated for debt, and devoted himself to a whole round of beneficent activities to improve agriculture, to further sanitation, to stamp out disease, and above all to combat usury. I cannot speak at first hand of the results, for I saw Egypt shortly after Lord Cromer left it. But I readily believe the friends

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who tell me that the peasantry were never so contented, and never so happily busied with their fruitful toil on the fields that yield three crops in a year. It was a poor percentage of all these harvests that used to go to the husbandman. A little more is left to him to-day to fill the bare hut of mud. It is probable that the chief thought in the mind of the *fellahin* to-day is not the coming of the Turks, or the doings of the English, or any echo from distant Europe where "ignorant armies clash by night," but the prospect of an abundant cotton crop. It is a simple, materialistic people, rather African than Oriental in its mentality, and long history has rendered it passive under alien rule. The young men of the educated class are doubtless in a mental ferment, but they are not a heroic race; they have no commanding leaders, and their aspirations must suffer from their isolation from the illiterate country-folk.

The religious question is rather more delicate. The British authorities have already decided not to put the feelings of the Egyptian people to the test by asking the native army to march against the Turks. It was a wise decision, and it will probably prevent such complications as resulted in South Africa from the mistake of demanding an active and aggressive loyalty from the Boers. Islam differs from Christianity in nothing so much as its eccentric objection to fratricidal strife. It is not quite true that Moslems will not fight against other Moslems. In the last days of the Mamelukes their cavalry raided Syria, and early in the last century Egyptian armies under Mehemet Ali fought against both the Turks and the Wahabis. But it probably is true that a pious Egyptian soldier would have felt himself in danger of hell-fire if he had marched under Christian commanders against the soldiers of the caliph. The ultimate result of this difficulty may well be to raise in regard to the Moslem caliphate a problem resembling the questions that used to center round the temporal power of the Papacy. Each of the three Allies, but above all, Great Britain, has become a great Moslem power. None of them can afford to leave the spiritual jurisdiction of their Moslem subjects in the hands of a ruler subject to German influence, if not to German dictation. When the guns of the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" won the command of the Golden Horn, they did in effect what the Constable de Bourbon and Napoleon did at Rome. They seized the spiritual arm.

A Moslem Pope may be formidable when he is independent, but he becomes actively dangerous when he is subject to a hostile country. The chances are that this war will end, if it results in a decided Allied victory, in a removal of the caliphate from Constantinople. The idea of the caliphate is not necessarily bound up with the Ottoman Empire. The caliph ought by tradition to be a member of Mohamet's tribe, the Koreish, and this the descendants of Othman are not. Primarily the caliph is the custodian of the Holy Places of Arabia, whose duty it is to ensure the safety of pilgrims. He is not a high priest but a temporal sovereign, who owes his prestige to the guardianship of certain roads and shrines. An official British statement has already declared that action may be undertaken in Arabia "for the protection of Arab interests against Turkish aggression, or in support of attempts by the Arabs to free themselves from Turkish misrule." This modest little communication, which most of the newspapers buried in small type, may possibly conceal a large policy. If the Arabs should free themselves from Turkish rule under one or other of the inveterate Yemen rebels, the Turkish caliphate would have come automatically to its end. The caliph will then be the Arab prince who succeeds, under England's protection, in commanding the roads that lead to Mecca.

I am not quite sure what the result would be. Would orthodox Moslems accept a caliph, even if he sprang from the loins of Mohamet, who owed his position to Christian aid? There might possibly be a schism; there would probably be a decline in the influence of the caliphate itself; but certainly the Sultan of Turkey would lose his position of pre-eminence in the Moslem world. It is not in the habits of the Foreign Office to pursue such an imaginative far-seeing policy as this with any steadiness. The "Goeben," however, by forcing it upon us, has revived an old idea that had long haunted Anglo-Indian statesmen, and if events should make its realization easy, then realized it will be. The Turks, by their plunge into war, have staked not merely their suzerainty in Egypt, their possession of Armenia, and the guardianship of the Dardanelles; they have risked the creation of an Arab caliphate under British protection.

There comes back to me, as I write, the memory of a strange old man whom once I met, a prisoner in Damietta. It was Osman Digna, the redoubtable lieutenant of the Mahdi, the De Wet of the Sudan. His gaolers called him mad. To me it seemed the madness of Sinai and Mecca, and I stood, while he talked to me, among the Companions and the Prophets. He unfolded to me his philosophy of history as he clutched his Koran. He was, he told me, the successor of the Mahdi. The crumpled old Koran was the badge of his apostolate. The English had captured him, and his Koran with him. God, he declared, had placed His Book and His Prophet in the keeping of the English. They had been sent as a scourge to Islam, which had forgotten the Book, and theirs it now was to protect Islam and destroy its foes. I have often thought since that day that the old man revealed the fundamental simplicity of the thoughts of Islam. It bows to power, and sees in victory the revelation of Allah's will. If an English victory should end the Turkish caliphate, it is possible that the simple masses of the Mohammedan world will think with Osman Digna, and hail the British sword as the appointed defender of the Holy Places. Islam is the religion of acquiescence.

H. N. Brailsford.

London, December.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Herrick on Armament

SIR: The Naval Auxiliary League, a self-constituted organization "boosting" from Washington for a larger navy, has recently opened an office in Chicago, presumably to further its propaganda in the Middle West by taking advantage of the present European war fever. This is but one of numerous indications that the people of the United States are being subjected to a systematic campaign in favor of armament. The press, so far as I see it, seems to be entering with enthusiasm on this "cause," propagating fears, creating hypothetical enemies ready to destroy us, urging America to imitate Europe in its delusive methods of "preparation." This increasing agitation is of course one of the evil results of the European insanity that must be expected; it is also a vivid illustration of modern methods of creating hysteria in a democratic state. For the war spirit, whether caused by an illusive fear or an instinct for aggression, is as much a form of hysteria as any pathological state, and Americans unfortunately are only too prone to suffer from attacks of this sort of hysteria.

Without entering into the arguments advanced for increasing our army and navy, I wish to state three propositions that the present war has proved so far as it has proved anything: first, the one sure way to precipitate war is to prepare for it, a truth that psychologists have long been aware of. Europe prepared for war intensively for two generations—it was only a question of time when it got war. If we want war with Japan we are doing our best to bring it about, and have been especially since the anti-Japanese agitation, expressed in certain timorous legislation in California. Second, armaments, no matter how up-to-date, are always out of date unless immediately employed, and give their possessors merely a paper advantage over an imaginary foe. As Mr. Wells urged on his countrymen before the outbreak of the war, "dreadnoughting" is both an expensive and delusive game, while intelligence, technical skill, and invention are perpetually changing the terms of warfare. Third, a final decision—to use the current military phrase—is the one result modern war does not produce. War has apparently degenerated from tactics through massed force to the decision by physical exhaustion—its logical conclusion. To speak any longer of the "arbitrament of arms" is as silly as to speak of a trial by combat or other medieval fantasy.

Putting aside sentimental or ethical considerations, we can agree that the one reasonable sort of warfare for which America should be prepared, admitting that any form of preparation is called for, is a strictly defensive war. Defensive—not in the German sense, however. Intelligent preparation for such warfare would seem to imply, first, a close alliance among all American peoples on the basic principle that no organized force can be permitted to land on this hemisphere; and second, the creation of an army-and-navy board capable of devising means for an effective self-protection and mobilization of all national resources without the creation of more worthless war junk than we already own, such as dreadnoughts that nobody will dread, forts that crumble before some new explosive, and guns that will be outclassed before they are mounted. Such a board of national defense had much better spend its efforts in fostering experimentation and invention, as Mr. Wells has suggested, than in stupidly imitating European methods of aggressive warfare. But the mere existence of a serious All-American Alliance and a serious purpose to prevent aggressive war on this hemisphere would probably obviate the possibility of such a war—if we might also add a law compelling every journalist and public speaker favoring armament to enlist and go to the front at the outbreak of war.

Apart from the waste and the folly of Germanizing our army and Briticizing our navy, I dread especially the influence of all this armament agitation on the spirit of our people, which has already too heavy an alloy of materialism and youthful arrogance in it. The possession of an improved military toy must inevitably rouse all the football pugnacity of young America: we should hear more of "Take Mexico—on to Panama!" and next, "Take Canada—on to the North Pole!" Meanwhile would be forgotten our one noblest reason for existence as a nation, which is to offer a reasonable opportunity to the unprivileged of all peoples for self-development, to create and educate a great democratic state, to solve finally the knotty social problems involved in property ownership, and in doing so to explode the delusion of a narrow, arrogant nationalism which masquerades as patriotism.

I am, faithfully,

ROBERT HERRICK.

Chicago.

Woman Suffrage and Strategy

SIR: The "painful lack of knowledge of constitutional history" displayed by the National American Woman Suffrage Association in its recent convention at Nashville is caustically discussed by Professor Charles A. Beard in your issue of December 12th. "Stultified," "invincible ignorance," "ridiculous," and similar terms are the medium through which the professor finds relief for his emotions.

Professor Beard is a member of the faculty of Columbia University, in the department of politics, which presupposes a considerable legal knowledge. Yet our audacity is such that we venture to remind him of the very first principle of the legal profession—namely, to examine the premises and the records before preparing his brief. The transactions of the Nashville convention (which we *have* examined, Professor Beard) show that the National Association adopted a resolution, not demanding any particular thing of Congress, but instructing its Congressional Committee "to investigate and promote" a Federal elections bill.

As to the nature of that bill, it is Professor Beard's own "genial assumption" that it is based upon the Fourteenth Amendment. If the convention, presided over by such feeble intellects as Anna Howard Shaw, Jane Addams, Laura Clay, Mrs. Desha Breckinridge, and others of their calibre, was indeed so childlike as to have thought that the Minor-Happersett decision could be reversed by act of Congress, it would appear that some kind outsider must have interposed the saving word. The proposed Federal elections bill is in fact based upon Section 4 of the Constitution, which, in the opinion of many good constitutionalists, reserves to Congress the right to say who shall vote for Senators and Representatives. The printed records of congressional hearings on this bill make this fact plain.

Professor Beard upholds enthusiastically the policy of opposing the political party in power because some of its leaders do not believe in woman suffrage. That is, he considers it good sense and good politics, while asking for

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the votes of Democrats in seven states, to conduct in nine other nearby states, and with the widest publicity, an organized campaign to defeat all Democrats because they are Democrats. He approves this policy knowing, too, that the particular Democrats thus marked for defeat are among the very best friends of the suffrage cause in Congress. And he reiterates his views notwithstanding the history of the recent campaign, in which the Congressional Union activities in Kansas, Colorado, and the other equal suffrage states not only defeated their own immediate aims in those states but contributed to the defeat of suffrage itself in North Dakota and Nebraska.

The term "political babes," so fluently employed by Professor Beard in discussion of the policies of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, seems to have a dangerous rebound. ANTOINETTE FUNK.
Washington, D.C.

The Married Teacher

SIR: In its contemptuous criticism of the New York Board of Education for its policy respecting married teachers, THE NEW REPUBLIC omits reference to the main point, that of the teachers' efficiency. Mother-teachers are proven, in a vital respect, inefficient. An investigation showed that the same group of teachers after marriage, even before they became pregnant, were absent between two and three times as often as before marriage.

The members of the Board, these "oldish and reactionary men," as you style them, are so belated that they consider the city should procure for its generous salaries a zealous, undivided service, not broken by frequent illness and wifely cares, the natural and inevitable result of extra responsibilities which the married woman assumes. Our school superintendents testify that their observation through many years shows that the duties of wife and mother reduce the teacher's interest in her class, her promptness to report in the morning, her readiness to assume special duties, and her zeal in the preparation of her work. When salary schedules are under discussion we are always assured that the work of teaching is exhausting and nerve-racking, and that teachers must devote to their duties several hours each day outside the classroom. This home work we are not surprised to learn that the married woman shirks, for we sympathize with her habit of giving precedence to domestic duties.

Male teachers would not be granted the absences which mother-teachers demand. Suppose a group of twenty men proposed: "We intend to start a cooperative business which will be a blessing to the state, and we request a year's leave of absence in which to study cooperation and to make a tentative beginning. After that we will return to the city pay-roll, though we shall devote our time before and after school to building up our business. Some time later we expect to enlarge our enterprise and will ask for another year's leave. Another spell of teaching and a third furlough will put us in position to run our business in after-school hours." Would any employer listen to such a proposal with patience?

You perceive that the Board of Education is contending for the preservation of the form of family in which the mother is exempt from the burden of earning her bread. Yet while you lament, among the injuries inflicted by modern industry, the "accidents which incapacitate the father and force the mother to become a breadwinner," you charge that the Board, in saving the mother-teacher from "being forced to become a breadwinner," is "using its broom to sweep back the waters"!

Truly, as you say, "it is deplorable that family life should be aborted, tortured and deadened." Then why jeer at the Board which agrees with you that one way in which family life is "aborted, tortured and deadened" is by "forcing the mother to become a breadwinner," and declines to accept the doctrine that the employer need pay father only enough to support himself because mother can also work to support herself?

If, as you announce, we must try "to preserve the family by prohibiting child labor," why is it so comic for the Board to try to preserve the family by prohibiting mother labor—a form of commercial exploitation proven just as destructive?

"To preserve the family" you further allege that "woman must be made independent economically," which is your euphemistic phrase for "woman must be a breadwinner," a necessity which in an earlier paragraph you deplored. It seems that if the woman is forced by her husband's accidental death to become a breadwinner she is a pitiable victim; while if her husband is alive and prosperous and she is still forced to become a breadwinner, she enjoys "economic independence," which women must all accept, forsooth, in order "to preserve the family," though doctors, factory inspectors and health officers offer volumes of proof that the commercialized work of married women "aborts, tortures and deadens the family."

You assert that "the Board of Education desires the wrong thing. They are seeking to preserve the family by depriving the woman of an economic independence after marriage." Yet with the same drop of ink you demand workmen's compensation acts, which are based on the legal assumption that the wife is dependent for support upon the husband, that she is "deprived of an economic independence after marriage." It is her economic dependence which constitutes her just claim for compensation.

It would hardly be possible for the Board of Education to return the compliment you pay to it by declaring you "superior to the processes of logic." It will, however, judge you charitably; for it is clear that THE NEW REPUBLIC'S desire to see every woman earning her own bread is not due to its being "wilfully cruel," but to its want of practice, being about a month old, in thinking straight. As you remark: "Torquemada was not a cruel man"—only "stupid and bigoted."

JOHN MARTIN,
Member of the New York Board of Education.

Soldier Memories

SIR: Referring to Sergeant James's letter and your interpretation of it in your issue of November twenty-eighth, "for the truth of history" I venture to give you my recollection of the night passed in Kinston while it was occupied by the Union forces. After their defeat the Confederates retreated through beyond the town, forming a line of battle about two miles away.

I was one of the officers of the guard, was about the town during the night, and was one of the last to leave it. I did so with the impression that, aside from the foraging for food, it had not suffered seriously. Doubtless there were cases of excess, and empty houses were entered, but there was no "pillage and wanton burning of a defenseless town," nor was there any such absence of discipline or riot.

I have delayed this statement until I could confirm my recollection by interviews with other officers and a search into regimental histories. A. H. H.
Boston.

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The Play and Its Cast

THE other night I arrived at a meeting just as a patriotic Irishman was starting out to declaim "Dark Rosaleen." Few as are the great poems written by Irishmen in the English language, this ode of Mangan is divine fire itself, the most beautiful expression of passionate patriotism. But nothing is so wildly beautiful as to be proof against the manner of the platform. This particular declaimer was bound to impress his auditors by every art known to the teacher of public oratory. He had a powerful baritone voice, and he was portentous, but somehow Mangan's music was unsuited to him, and though he grew red in the neck in emphasizing the lines, and drew loud applause, he managed to turn into rhetoric one of the rare unrhetorical nationalist poems. Immediately after him came a plain middle-aged woman with a strong accent who recited a poem of her own. The poem protested that every sod in Ireland had been conferred on the Gaelic Irish by the hand of God, and not one inch should be given up to the Ulstermen. It was a simple effort, but it came from the depths of an unaffected nature, it was delivered naturally, and no one could have heard it quite unmoved. Here, by chance, was a typical contrast in presentation. On the one hand there was an incontestably fine piece of literature, on the other hand a commonplace verse, but by virtue of a difference in rendering the commonplace verse became significant, the inspired poem became banal. What the occasion illustrated was surely not the weakness of Mangan's poem. It was the dire possibility of a dramatic misadventure, the chance that a part misinterpreted may lead to a fatuity from which even a poor subject can be rescued by an artist rightly attuned.

It is this interrelation between the author and his interpreter that makes theatric values so elusive. From one viewpoint, the drama depends solely on the dramatist. If he fails in situation, in delineation, in feeling, the actor is as dumb as a bell without a tongue. But equally influential, though far less apparent, is the relation of the actor to the dramatist. The degree in which an actor impregnates his rôle is the inexhaustible surprise of the theatre, the factor that makes dramatic judgment so difficult and so nice. One of the most signal examples of the power of an actor to modify his dramatist I recall from a special performance some years back. Long an admirer of Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen," I remember nothing more disconcerting than a performance of that play in which Mr. Holbrook Blinn took the part of the tramp. As Synge conceived the tramp, he was a true vagabond, superstitious, ragged, penniless, but an untrammeled being, a piece of nature, at home in the enchanted woods. The word tramp, however, proved the undoing of Mr. Blynn. It made him think of an Irish-American hobo or "bum," and when he came to act the part he made it coarse and gruff and hoarse, as if his tramp had panhandled along the Bowery rather than lived free with hare and grouse on the Wicklow hills. At a certain point, of course, this perversion gave itself away. The very lines betrayed the character that Mr. Blinn had misconceived. But by the time that point was reached the play had earned a little laughter, and few in the audience were alive to the incongruity of its later speech. Such a misunderstanding would, naturally, be impossible to the Irish Players. Neither the conventional tramp of the American stage nor the conventional emphasis on superstition would have misled them. Often characterized as amateurish, the Irish Players are reverentially professional in this, the essence of their art.

For another type of false emphasis, take the performance of Mr. George Nash in "The Miracle Man." Cast according to custom as a child of darkness, a mean and crafty crook, Mr. Nash is required to see the light toward the end of this play and to convince the audience that he believes in the prophet whom he has hitherto despised and deceived. It is an unexpected conversion, but by no means preposterous as psychology. Persuasive in the sinister rôle, sneering and suave, Mr. Nash leaves no doubt whatever as to the nature of the man whom he portrays. But when the moment comes for him to suggest the dawn of his faith, it becomes painfully clear that he has, by intonation and by-play, fortified the contrary conception so thoroughly that it refuses to yield. He attempts to carry his audience by much physical agitation. He bites his lips, works his features, droops his confident chest. But so thoroughly has he established himself as cynical and base that all his perturbation is little better than grimace. To have him make good would necessitate a revision from the start. Knowing the end from the beginning, the part of course lends itself to a directing sympathy throughout. In this, from some lack of attention or imagination, the actor fails, and the result is a theatrical botch. It is the beauty of Mr. James C. Marlowe's performance in the same play that nothing he does as the Flopper deprives a similar conversion of credibility. His rôle is not less difficult than Mr. Nash's, but his comprehension of the sympathies of the audience—his establishment of what Charles Lamb called that "judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain"—prevents the hollowness which betokens an imperfect moulding, a crack in the bell.

In misconception it is the actor who belies the dramatist, in miscasting it is the producer. For its lesson on this aspect of theatrical exigency Mrs. Patrick Campbell's recent benefit performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" deserves more than perfunctory attention. It was in this play, first produced in 1893, that Mrs. Campbell, as the handbook felicitously phrases it, "set the seal on her reputation." It would be hard to imagine a drama better suited to her allurement at that time. The poignancy of her part depends almost solely on our sympathy for a woman with a past, a woman beautiful but misunderstood, dependent but ostracized, anguished but rebuffed and contemned. Acted by Mrs. Campbell in her appealing youth, the cruelty of conventionality and social prejudice was emphasized by the charm of its victim, a cruelty hard to be endured. Converted, however, from lissome youthfulness to honest maternal amplitude, there is something about the later Paula Tanqueray that leaves the observer calm. In the case of a woman so frankly mature, and quite conceivably in the wrong social pew, chivalry seems a little impertinent. She arouses our reasonableness rather than entices our pity. The lines are, indeed, still pat, the craftsmanship accomplished, the faculty for effect unmitigated, but to give depth to the later Paula the dramatist would have to provide a spiritual as well as a social situation, a soul as well as a grievance. In the absence of these, it becomes apparent that it was Mrs. Campbell who primarily franked Pinero out of an endowment which care, a crabbed bookkeeper, has already foreclosed. The revival could only have occurred to persons who ignore the chemistry of time. Perversions like these bring out the deep personal contingencies of the acted drama, an art dependent on variable and subtle interrelations, telling most of its tale between the lines

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

IN fulfilment of a promise made by the United States more than eighty years ago, "the Cherokee nation, with its senate and house, governor and officers, laws, property and authority, exists no longer." The Cherokees "have been lifted as American citizens into full fellowship with their civilized conquerors." "Surely there is something fine in this slight bit of history. It takes hold upon the imagination and the memory, arouses dreams of the day when the Indian shall be wholly blended into our life, and at the same time draws the mind backward over the stumbling story of our relationship with him." The reservations where the Indians mostly live "are little more than expanded and perhaps somewhat idealized orphan asylums." Our duty toward the Indian is to substitute "a new standpoint for one long taught by fathers and grandfathers. Truly such a transformation is not to be worked like some feat of legerdemain, by a turn of the wrist. Bayonets cannot do it; money cannot do it." It can best be done by teachers, "men and women with enthusiasm and sympathy, not learned but wise. The teachers we need are helpers, farmers and nurses, who may not know how to write ideal reports but do know how to trust and secure trust."

These quotations are from the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane. Surely he must realize, if ever he has time to take stock of himself, that a man may know a lot of other things and still know how to write an ideal report. How many years is it since you have discovered, in any departmental document sent out from Washington, such sound and cheerful English, such a human liveliness? Perhaps it is only one year, for this is Secretary Lane's second annual report. Being in the Cabinet often enables a man to choose, when the time comes for retiring, among many attractive jobs. I hope Mr. Lane will choose to keep on writing the English language, and to let the public see what he writes.

Has the great war stimulated the sale of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, "The Encounter," which the Century Company published in October? The war has boomed Nietzsche, I believe, and Miss Sedgwick's Ludwig Wehle is a study of Nietzsche, a very brilliant study of his character, written with sympathy and pity and a fine sense of comedy. In her picture his doctrine has the place it deserves. She makes you feel, when she will have it so, that you are in almost blinding contact with his poetry and dogma. Miss Sedgwick's specialty is comedy with sympathetic understanding. She sees deepest when she smiles.

Even the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, although they are not timid men, seem a little nervous about one of the articles in their December number, by Edward Garnett on English and American novels. How, except as a sign of nervousness, is one to interpret this introductory note? "The author was invited to speak his mind with complete freedom. The reader must understand that his critical estimates are entirely his own." Mr. Garnett himself is less nervous, though there is a propitiating touch in his declaration that the editors "invited me to speak with candor." From those assurances, and from internal evidence afforded by the article itself, I conclude that Mr. Garnett has been candid. The trouble is that he has also been courteous, much too courteous. His manner resembles too closely that of a tobacconist, considerate and expert, whom his host has invited to say what he really thinks of the cigars. If he wanted his article to draw blood he should have avoided urbanity. He should have modelled himself on Mr. Michael Finsbury, whose motto was "anything to give pain."

Not that such a revolt against courtesy would have been easy for Mr. Garnett. His article consists partly of quotations from book reviews contributed to the English reviews, and these quotations are every bit as courteous as the paragraphs he has written specially for the American market. Although I've read his opinions with interest, I am even more interested in Mr. Garnett himself. He appears to have read more contemporary novels, English and American, than most of us could read in a lifetime, if we read nothing else, yet his mind has not been debauched. How has he preserved his mind? By some such expedient, no doubt, as that which saves the whiskey tasters. "After twenty years of hard tasting in the whiskey market," so one of these gentlemen begins, while we ignorantly await a conclusion more alcoholic than what we get, which is often a restrained, sober-blooded assertion "that the samples of Old Parentage submitted to me contain unmistakable evidence of having been stored many years in wood." Just as the taster's habit of not swallowing preserves him from intoxication, so some habit equally prophylactic, and more mysterious, preserves the professional novel-reader from imbecility.

This habit is not so necessary to the advertiser of novels. Its formation might conceivably do him harm. But it would keep him from composing a circular which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have astonished their customers by issuing. "Dear Reader," this circular begins, "Over in Paris, right now, a woman sits in a little room stitching, stitching—hour upon hour, day after day. She is Edith Wharton, American citizen, writer of books, society woman and traveler. With her in this little room sit other women, also stitching, stitching, as the hours slip by. . . . She and her friends are paying them to sew for the wounded. It is characteristic of Edith Wharton that she should thus be found in the very thick of things, actively at work. All her life she has done the unusual. There was no financial need for her to write. But the force of genius compelled Edith Wharton to put aside all personal desires and write—because she had to, because the divine flame drove her to self-expression. Edith Wharton is read and loved in every civilized country of the world. Her books . . . are eagerly read by millions who want to know the truth about the world which Edith Wharton knows so well."

I like this circular, especially the "society woman" and "the world which Edith Wharton knows so well." I like the subdued pathos of "stitching, stitching." And is it not agreeably novel to think of Mrs. Wharton, who is a cold, deliberate artist, driven "by the divine flame" to write books which have made her "loved?" She has lived "in the very thick" of rather thin things, she has observed more than she has felt, has guessed more than she has experienced. To say that "all her life she has done the unusual" is to deny the lesson of her novels, which teach us that great and sedulously cultivated talent may make a little experience go a long way, that even in a rather light emotional soil a book like "Ethan Frome" may grow—a book where the picture of intense, angular passion is almost as masterly as her wintry New England landscape.

P. L.

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Paul Claudel's East

The East I Know, by Paul Claudel. Translated into English by Teresa Frances and William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

THE East that M. Claudel knows is one of glamor and thought, a Japanese print done by a Monet. This series of impressions of pagodas and stone gardens and Chinese tombs, of the dim tangle of streets at night, the haze of autumn, the odor of grain, the perfume of the harvest, the vast and yellow river, bells and pine trees and rice fields, fuses into a shimmering picture of astonishing unity. In his wanderings through town and countryside the poet has absorbed and assimilated this East, and converted all these unrelated impressions into the color and contour of his own mystic soul. But always there is the sense that his own soul is much more real than the things he mirrors. And always behind the things lies the sense that they, too, are but the symbols of something which he sees through them. The scenes are only an interpretation to the poet of the mystery beyond, an iridescent veil upon which it projects its outlines.

For Claudel the East does here what his characters do for him in his poetic dramas. Read "L'Echange" and "La Jeune Fille Violaine," and they seem almost incomprehensible until the realization comes that the characters are but appearances, a kind of personal phantasm projected upon the screen of your consciousness to interpret to you the ideas which they represent. This is a very different thing from allegory. The ideas are too complex and subtle; they are as complex and subtle as personality itself. The characters are, therefore, not robust enough to be allegorical. The plays are genuine dramas with genuine characters, but with characters that are personal ghosts of ideas. This is the reason for the strange power and beauty of the dramas, with the implication that people are more than themselves, are inextricably woven with a thought and glamor that are deeper than life itself.

It is not strange that this elusive poet should have had to wait twenty years for recognition. Even now, when some of his dramas have been produced in Paris, and the "Connaissance de l'Est" is translated into English, it is likely that the beauty of Claudel's expression captivates, rather than the mysticism of his thought. His critics are wary about interpreting him. They know that he is a Catholic mystic, whose work is a "long pilgrimage towards God," but the symbolism of some of his plays is equivocal. It is interesting to find this haunting beauty in a man about whose outward life we know nothing except that he was for many years in the French Government Service in Cochin-China, and has served as Consul in Boston and New York. Indeed, it was while he was at Boston in the early nineties that "L'Echange" was written, with its curious American setting and its picturesque antithesis of characters—the dreamy poet, torn between the fiery courtesan and the patient wife faithful to every convention, and the deliciously preposterous American plutocrat, bluntly offering his mistress to the poet in exchange for uncritical loyalty. This poetry, written in long, grave, unrhythmical lines, with almost a Biblical imagery and detachment, has the same beauty as the imaginative color of the prose of "The East I Know." Long monologues, beginning far away from the idea and groping their way towards it, would seem strange and purposeless, did they not give the solemn setting for those ideas.

Like his impressions of the East, Claudel's ideas in the dramas are bathed in the slowly moving day, in sky and air and sea, but mostly they are bathed in light. So often the East is seen in the flaming opal of dawn or the deepening colors of twilight. Light is the symbol of the mystery towards which he journeys. The plays are framed in light, as in "La Jeune Fille Violaine," with its theme of blindness and recovery. Claudel sees the world of the spirit and the mystic searchings of the soul with the eyes of a true French impressionist. The universe, both outer and inner, is in its reality light; and things and ideas are vague contours, vantage-points and interpretations of the light that is through all things. As he says in a passage from his little sketch "November," which expresses all this poetic yearning:

> "By the dark roads of the villages, among pines and tombs, and along the far-stretched fields, I am the setting sun. Neither the happy plain nor the harmony of these mountains, nor the alluring color of the verdure on the ruddy harvest, can satisfy the eye which demands light itself. Below in that square moat, enclosed by the mountain with a rude wall, the air and the water burn with a mysterious fire. I see a gold so beautiful that all nature seems to me a dead mass; in comparison with that light the clarity which she can diffuse is darkest night. Desirable elixir, by what mystic route will I be led to participate in thy avaricious waters?"

"Fear and Conventionality"

Fear and Conventionality, by Elsie Clews Parsons, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

AN idler, who had read none of Mrs. Parsons's books, and who knew nothing about her, might be led to suppose, if he turned over the pages of "Fear and Conventionality," that she had spent her whole life in a library, taking notes. This rather short book contains more than five hundred references to authorities. Hardly anywhere can you read half a page without striking a reference to the author of "The Golden Bough," to the second volume of Dobrizhoffer, to Zeyneb Hanoum, Terence, Westermarck, Castiglione, or some contemporary treatise on "Manners and Social Usages." Mrs. Parsons's pages are stiff with citation. They look as if their author were the most industrious woman on earth.

This same idler, if he stopped to read here and there, would assuredly find some of the facts cited less important than others. He would wonder at the triviality of the less important. Among the shorter ways of saying goodbye are "tamtara," which is Abipone for "I shall see you again"; "roaroa," which is Fijian for "the morning of to-morrow," "au revoir" and "auf wiedersehen." The discovery of these facts, and of others such as these, does not make an idle reader glow. A passage like the following is hard to forgive:

> "Among the Akikuyu a little girl is called *ka-ré-go*, a little boy, *ká-he;* a big girl or boy not yet initiated or circumcised, *ki-ré-gu* or *kí-he;* a girl or boy after initiation or circumcision, *moi-ré-tu* or mú-mo; a woman betrothed or married, but not yet a mother, *mu-h'-ki;* a warrior, *m'wa-ná-ke;* a married man, *wa-ka-ny-u-ku*. . .

and so on for half a page.

But it is not page by page that Mrs. Parsons should be read. If you read "Fear and Conventionality" through, you cannot help perceiving that she has put these odds and ends together so that they form a pattern. Her mosaic, when she has finished it, does give you, in spite of the over-abundant details, a clear picture of that part of the past

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and the present which she set out to show you. Equally clear is her picture of the future, again in mosaic, patiently formed by placing side by side the opposites of truths which once were, and which are now fast losing their truth. Her book is chiefly a description of the conventionalities, the "customs in decomposition, more or less conscious of their own decay," which more or less gregarious societies have erected as barriers against the direct action of personality. In a concluding chapter called "An Unconventional Society," he foresees "a society in which so much of our fear of one another will have disappeared," and of which the *raison d'être* will be "the play of personality upon personality." Mrs. Parsons looks forward to a time when, "unsuspicious of one another, unafraid of mutual influences, men and women will no longer avoid one another because they are different," but "will seek one another for the stimulus of their very differences, natural differences."

Perhaps one would not quarrel with the overabundance of the details which Mrs. Parsons has lavished upon us in the hope of impressing her meaning upon our stupidest, if they had not so nearly excluded her from her own book. By how much she overestimates the importance of many of her facts, by so much does she undervalue the importance of her own comments, which she is as likely as not to hide in footnotes, where she often scores neatly. It is in a footnote that we read: "A lady is told, for example, that she 'should not be under obligation to a man for presents that plainly represent a considerable money value' (Morton, p. 206), the idea being, I suppose, that her favors are purchaseable."

But such few impressions of the author as one does get from this book are distinct impressions. She is not merely the laborious note-taker and the efficient arranger of notes who produced "Fear and Conventionality" in collaboration. She has found time to meet a great many men and women, to travel and to lead an outdoor life. Her method of composition reveals her as a humorist. She lays a fact about manners and customs in Uganda alongside an analogous fact about manners and customs in New York. From this juxtaposition she derives a remote, private, *pince-sans-rire* sort of amusement. And she is amused, too, not only by the relation between the Uganda fact and the New York fact, but by the New York fact in itself. She watches her contemporaries with cool detachment, and makes without smiling endless notes about their little ways. But though she never smiles, she is mirthlessly diverted, quite as diverted when her models move in her own world as when they don't. She likes the resemblances between our American behavior, in high circles or circles not quite so high, and the behavior of savage tribes. It would please her to read, in the third volume of Warazynkowski on the Trantesians, his description of the after-dinner ceremonial:

> "When the meal is over, and the women have withdrawn a little space into the forest, the chiefs sit together for about half an hour, smoking and drinking small cups of k'nàk. Then the chief who pays for the feast rises and exclaims, 'Glown'f-ar'-m'nas?'* The others rise also, and precede their host to that part of the forest where the women are assembled, engaged in various occupations designed to screen their expectancy. When a chief draws near one of the women, she always looks up and says to him, 'El-ney-et-m'wan?'†
>
> *Trantesian for "Shall we join the ladies?"
>
> †Trantesian for "Well, have you been settling the affairs of the nation?"

Was Mrs. Parsons ever surprised? The question comes up while you are reading her book, and stays up after you have finished. Was she born calm? Or did she stalk this Final Imperturbability through patient years before running it down? It is hers now, no matter how she came by it. Impossible to catch her off her guard, whether she be at Cody in Wyoming, on the Gold Coast, at dinner in New York, in Tokio or Seringapatum. By extracting many books and making many notes, by arranging and remembering, she has mastered the natural history of the right thing, curiously, a little disdainfully. In all countries she could choose, in the light of full knowledge, between observing and ignoring their conventions, herself a free spirit even in the act of conformity. Nothing could be more deliberate than either the conformity or the freedom. She would be as free when conforming in Thibet as when she was in New York and non-conforming; no freer when she declined to say, despite the wistful look in the eyes of the New Yorker on her right, "What awful weather we've been having lately," than when she broke fluently into the standard small talk of Senegambia.

Town-Planning and the Law

WE are too prone in this country to believe that anything like a bold application of the art of town-planning, as practised in Germany with such impressive social and artistic results, is impossible to emulate here because of the excessive reverence with which our legal and judicial principles treat private property in land. At a time when the intelligent public is becoming more and more attracted towards the ideal of a closer social control of city development, a book like Mr. Flavel Shurtleff's "Carrying Out the City Plan" is highly important and encouraging. Here we have the first clear summary and discussion of what the American municipality can and cannot do under existing law. And in spite of diverse state codes and judicial interpretations there emerges a distinct suggestion of progressive tendencies in legislation, and in the ideas that lie at the back of the court decisions on the application of town-planning principles.

The success of any town-planning scheme, whether it be concerned with the laying out of a new district, the construction of parks and parkways or the alteration of existing streets, depends upon the ability of the city to acquire land easily, to control the street plans, and, to a considerable extent, upon the class of buildings to be erected upon them. Overshadowing the whole practice there is, of course, the universal constitutional limitation of the power of eminent domain, namely, that land cannot be taken unless necessary for the public use. Furthermore, it must be for a specific public use. This principle at once limits seriously the power of the municipality in its efforts effectively to control its own growth, and design the building-up of the city and the public improvements which it undertakes. Although this strict provision of a specified use does prevent the abandonment of a town-planning project when once the land has been acquired, yet, on the other hand, it possesses the grave disadvantage of preventing the city from acquiring land at favorable opportunities and then holding it against the day when it will be required for public purposes as yet unspecified. As a consequence, the principle of "excess condemnation," or the condemning of more land than is required for the public improvement, in order either to control its development or to sell it again and obtain for the city the increased valuation, has been declared unconstitutional in this country, though Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Ohio have recently amended their constitutions so as to permit such excess condemnation.

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To obtain its share of the increased valuation, the American city has almost universally preferred the method of "special assessment," by which the cost of the improvement is borne by the property benefited. From the financial point of view this may be an adequate substitute for excess condemnation. But from the town-planning point of view, as Mr. Shurtleff rightly finds, this constitutional limitation is a serious disadvantage. The value of a new parkway, for instance, and of the land about it, is often largely nullified by the fact that contiguous property is left cut into small remnants of lots that are unavailable for building, or available only for structures of a character unsuited to the parkway. Consequently there is a good deal of sentiment among American town-planners for the adoption of the French method of allowing the city also to condemn all such remnants.

Until that is done, or the principle of excess condemnation is otherwise incorporated into American law, it is encouraging to learn that much the same result may be obtained by the city through the purchase or condemnation of easements on the property fronting the improvements. In this way the city obtains the power to prescribe whatever it wishes, even to the extent of requiring, as in the case of certain Boston parkways, the approval by the public authority of the architectural designs in detail. Notwithstanding the disadvantage that such easements, to be of the highest effectiveness, must sometimes cost almost as much as the property itself, the idea suggests unsuspected possibilities and powers latent in the municipality, which, intelligently and courageously used, could ensure to our newer parkways and boulevards as fine and consistent an architectural character as the well-planned European cities present.

It is these indirect means of control over town development which are easiest and most effective, and the success of town-planning depends largely upon their deliberate use. Many of the same means of exercising control over the laying out of new streets and the building up of districts, exist already here which, utilized by the German authorities, have produced the striking beauty and opulence of their newer cities. The simple process of not accepting a street officially until the buildings on both sides have been finished has done more in Germany to secure the fine homogeneity of the solidly built blocks in the newer suburbs than any official compulsion could have done. American cities also may use their power of supervising street plans to secure similar results. In Massachusetts, for instance, the development company may be bonded to insure the carrying out of the approved plan. One effective means of control is to refuse for record any plan of proposed streets or lots which has not been approved by the municipal authorities. This refusal to accept as a highway a non-conforming street throws all the cost of maintenance upon the owners of the property, and thus, while it does not act as an official prohibition, is, at any rate, an effective discouragement.

These indirect methods of control certainly seem more promising than the uncertain extension of the police power. The time will perhaps come when the common sense of the community and the courts will consider standards of beauty worthy to rank with those of safety, health and morals, in whose interest the police power is at present exercised. But thus far all attempts to suppress, for instance, the billboard nuisance have been thwarted by the courts' refusal to legitimize the use of the police power to guard the amenities of life. The most valuable use of this power in the interests of town-planning has been to limit the too intensive use of land. The United States Supreme Court itself has ratified the limitation on the heights of buildings; and the creation of building zones, in which the relative heights are regulated by ordinance, has also been held legal. The courts' interpretation of the police power is constantly growing as public opinion enlarges its idea of what constitutes a "nuisance." Who knows that the time may not come when the ugly and dilapidated will seem as sure a violation of social comfort and decency as the present offenses which are outlawed by the state?

The conclusion is irresistible from Mr. Shurtleff's book, which is said rather to understate than to overstate the situation, that it is not so much the power that we lack in this country to make fine cities, as the will and the knowledge.

R. S. B.

A Danish Epic

Pelle the Conqueror: Boyhood, Apprenticeship, by Martin Andersen Nexö. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net, each volume.

FROM the moment when the Swedish boat lands little Pelle and his old father Lasse on the shores of the island of Bornholm, our imaginations are caught in this northern world which, strange as it is in its primitive simplicity, is yet made glowingly real by the sympathy of genius. Few foreign stories place you more seductively in the very heart of the life they depict than this epic of a workingman's life in modern Denmark. Only a rare spiritual fidelity to personal experience could produce the color and movement and wisdom and good-will of this story. We are told that the author was himself a shoemaker's apprentice in the Baltic island, and then, like Pelle, was sucked away into the many-towered capital. Here he worked as a bricklayer until he was rescued by one of the "people's high schools," those wonderful Danish popular universities scattered about the land, where farmers and bricklayers, kitchen-maids and clerks, come to spend a few arduous and fascinated months of their lives in the study—oh, these sober northern people!—of history and literature. This education permitted him to become a teacher, then the author of short stories and a book of reminiscences of a bright Spanish trip, and now there comes from him this four-volume story of his own life or the lives of such as he, the first volume of which, appearing in 1906, has already become almost a Danish classic.

The two volumes which have been translated into English take Pelle to the time when he leaves his island to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. The life of the boy and his simple, patient old father as farm laborers at Stone Farm, with its background of wind-swept heath and the distant sea; the rough, jovial society of milkmaids and stablemen, with the fierce irascibility of these little-tamed Norsemen; the holidays and the drunkenness and the lovemaking; the mystery of the old farmhouse with its kind, sensual master and the woe of the jealous mistress; the grim old Protestant superstitions of the community; the life of the small farmers lived so hardily against a cold and niggardly nature; the reiterated themes of peasant life, the wresting of a homestead from the moor, the seductions, the fatalistic waiting of the old people for death; all this, seen through the aimless play and riotous imagination of childhood, makes "Boyhood" a book of such charm that one scarcely knows whether to admire it most for its poetry or its realism, its imaginative power or its loyalty to life.

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The New
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A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I | New York, Saturday, December 26, 1914 | NUMBER 8

IF men must hate, it is perhaps just as well that they should make no Christmas truce, that the stench of battle should rise above the churches where they preach good-will to men. A few carols, a little incense and some tinsel will heal no wounds; a love that men have not yet learned to live for they will not create by celebrating its glory. Yet as they turn away from their devotions this Christmas time, sick with the irony of it all, facing, it may be, another year of war and the revengeful decades that may follow, they will not long admit that they are beaten. The festival, so empty to-day that it jeers at us, may still appear like a finely-wrought chalice fit to contain a splendid wine. It is a reminder of the saying that there is a pathetic capacity in men to live nobly if only they would give one another the chance.

WE publish this week as Part II of THE NEW REPUBLIC a description by Dr. John Andrews of a national system of labor exchanges, the first of a series of expert studies designed to supplement the running comment of our ordinary columns. In working week by week all journals face the difficulty of handling any one subject with sufficiently comprehensive detail to make the results available for the immediate test of practical life. A weekly like THE NEW REPUBLIC is not a technical magazine in which specialists work out their intimate problems. It is rather a representative of the layman who meets the expert, acknowledges him, and endeavors to relate his work to the larger issues and more generalized business of ordinary living. For example, we have repeated insistently that a national system of labor exchanges is the way to begin an organization of the labor market, and that without such organization unemployment will be permanently baffling. But we have not the space to work out the details of such a system; moreover, even when expert knowledge is to be had, it is, as Dr. Andrews himself points out, not the whole of the story. Unemployment is a disease requiring more heroic treatment than is implied in a system of labor exchanges. But any treatment to be effective must rest on something more than a few generalities, it must work with the careful technique and the long experience which Dr. Andrews brings to the discussion. We offer his study as a part of this journal, not only to perform what seems to us a useful and timely service, but to present an example of the kind of effort which should lie behind the agitation of reform.

NO matter how sincerely desirous a President may be to cooperate with Congress, the time always comes when the interests of his great constituency oblige him to enter into a fight with one or both branches of the legislative body. Perhaps that time has come for Mr. Wilson. The Senate has begun to reject his nominations for certain offices, not because they are unfit, but because the nominees are not expressly approved by the Senators from those states in which the patronage is situated. The newspapers declare that the President does not intend to yield. He certainly ought not to yield, for he is fighting in a good cause, but good as is the cause, he will have to be something more than a good fighter in order to win. No President has ever succeeded in persuading or forcing the Senate to accept Presidential appointments against the will of a reluctant Senator. On other questions the Senate may be an irresolute and a discordant body; but in the matter of defending its illicit control over government patronage, it is as resolute and united as a regiment of German soldiers. All differences of party, of section, of social training and of economic interest are wiped out by the terrifying threat of Presidential freedom of appointment. On this question the Republican Senator votes with his Democratic enemy, the immaculate Progressive with the grimy Penrose, the farmer from North Dakota with the manufacturer from Pittsburgh, and the eulogist of Jefferson with the biographer of Hamilton. They are all brothers in patronage. President Wilson knows how to fight with courage and tenacity, but if he proposes to see this business through, he will need more of both than any President has yet been able to muster.

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THE unanimity which is shown by the Senate in defending its control over patronage is a most formidable fact. When a body of men who are divided one from another in every other conceivable respect unite and remain united upon a single question, that question evidently involves one of those issues which lie almost too deep for words. The issue involved by the present fight is the fundamental one of administrative independence. The American bi-partisan democracy has since the days of Jackson always disliked and resented any assumption of independence on the part of administrative officials. It has always been morbidly afraid of the gradual creation of an official class, which would escape popular control; and the system of rotation in office and Congressional nomination of Federal appointments was invented for the purpose of reducing to a minimum the possible independence of the administration. During a period when democracy was essentially local and partisan in its nature and when administration was not primarily a matter of expert training, this method of democratizing the administration had certain advantages. But during a period in which the party organizations have ceased to be representative of popular aspirations, and when administration is becoming increasingly scientific in its standards and methods, the old system of appointment has lost its propriety.

What the system means now is the partial subjugation of the Federal administrative system to merely local interests and needs. Just as Congress log-rolls in order to secure local appropriations, so it log-rolls with greater effectiveness in order to control local appointments. The official who owes his appointment to a Senator rather than to the President will be far more solicitous to please his unofficial than his official master; and the Senate is fighting at the present time for precisely this right to interfere with the administration and divide its allegiance. The only hope of the organization of an administrative system adequate to the more exacting needs of the future depends upon the destruction of Congressional influence upon administrative officials. President Wilson is too well-informed a student of American politics not to understand the importance of the issue, but he also must understand the strength of the opposition. He must know that he has arrayed against him both the Congressional and the two-party system, as well as strong local prejudices and interests. He cannot carry this fight through without becoming as alienated from Congress as were Presidents Cleveland and Roosevelt. But he needs Congressional co-operation for his legislative program, and in the long run he is not likely to assume any attitude with respect to patronage which will prevent him from obtaining it.

LET us not be discouraged about low wages in America. What though half our working girls can barely maintain life? What though many unskilled workmen fail to support themselves even with the work of daughters and perhaps of wives? Conditions are improving. For, according to Professor Frank Frost Abbott of Princeton University, wages were still lower in the age of Diocletian. The unskilled workman of the year 301 A.D. earned only fifteen cents a day and even the house-painter had to content himself with a beggarly wage of forty-three cents. Prices also were lower, to be sure, for beef and mutton cost less than five cents a pound and eggs could be bought for five cents a dozen; still, conditions were undoubtedly worse. If then, in the short space of 1611 years we have advanced so far, may we not hope that in another 1611 years, say by December, 3525, we may have at last reached a stage where we can confidently look forward to a gradual approach through the millenniums to a real living wage?

THE New York *Sun* published this week some correspondence from Rome in regard to the Pope, which is interesting even if it is untrue. It is reported that the Catholic emperor of Austria-Hungary may be excommunicated for making an alliance with the Moslem caliph who has declared a holy war on Christianity. It must be a difficult situation for the Pope. Francis Joseph is the only Roman Catholic left at the head of a Great Power in Europe, and he finds himself fighting on the side of the Moslems against the Christians of the near East. All this is somewhat complicated by the persistent rumor that Great Britain is again to send an Ambassador to the Holy See. It would be interesting if the excommunication followed, for it would show us Protestant England, which rules Egypt and India, whispering to the Pope that he should defend the faith. We are happy to reflect that the tangle is not for us to unravel, and we leave it with the reflection that while religion may count in diplomacy, religion certainly does not guide it.

ABSOLUTE Prohibitionists are said to take great comfort from the fact that though their amendment failed to muster the necessary two-thirds, it did receive a majority vote in the House. Let them not base too many hopes on the Hobson's choice which the Representatives faced. Those poor bewildered men had to choose between voting for the ill-considered, panic-stricken tyranny of a minority, and laying themselves open to the charge that they were supporting the liquor interests. On one side all the emotions of home, purity, and mother; on the other, the sinister lobbying of Demon Rum. On one side, the easy way of voting for righteousness in general; on the other, the difficult

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task of meeting a complex problem with intelligence. Using this dilemma as its weapon, it is not difficult for a persistent group of Prohibitionists to stampede a legislature against its instinct and its good sense. For to oppose prohibition in the United States is to run counter to a sulky vein of Puritanism which succeeds in befogging every "moral" question with the blankest unreason. It is so much easier to pass a sweeping law than to consider the enormous problem of regulating personal habits; it is so much easier to legislate goodness than to achieve it. But in a democracy it is futile, for no law so intimate in its effect can achieve anything but dishonesty and evasion if it is imposed against the real assent of an overwhelming public opinion.

DURING all the discussion over the military unpreparedness of the United States, the aspect of our national policy which does most to disqualify this country from fighting under any circumstances has been wholly ignored. We refer to the Federal system of military pensions. A nation which has not fought an important war during forty-nine years and which is still paying approximately $160,000,000 a year to its surviving veterans and their widows—such a nation simply cannot afford to go to war. Modern warfare is costly enough in material, equipment and all manner of preparation, but if to these necessary costs is added the obligation of a service pension, the nation would gradually be drained of its economic vitality for the benefit of a comparatively small class. People with an aroused social conscience object to war not merely because it brings with it so much agony and brutality but because it diverts to essentially wasteful purposes the product of so much good human labor. Our pension laws raise this wasteful diversion of American labor to the highest available power, and as in other cases of economic waste, the excessive costs are only the outward sign of a grave spiritual disability. By practically declaring that American citizens must be bribed with partial subsequent support for having served their country, they imply a moral unpreparedness for war far more dangerous and less remedial than any lack of physical preparation. Of course neither these physical nor moral disabilities would prevent the American nation from going to war on any sufficient provocation, but under the circumstances the economic and social consequences of such a step are nothing less than terrifying.

KINDNESS of heart is certainly never to be chided, but has not someone spoken of the danger that in excess of virtue lies? The recurring discussion of the use of force takes us back to tender sentiments expressed by Patrick MacGill in "Children of the Dead End." "I never saw Joe kill an insect," says the author of this semi-autobiography. "He did not like to do so, he often told me. 'If we think evil of insects, what will they think of us?' he said to me once. As for myself, I have never killed an insect knowingly in all my life. My house for so long has been the wide world, that I can afford to look leniently on all other inmates, animal or human. Four walls coffin the human sympathies." For those of us whose hands are imbued in the blood of countless mosquitoes, this standard seems to put Mr. MacGill on a pinnacle almost alone. What would he think of a callous country whose motto is "swat the fly"? But the rich humor of Mr. MacGill's philosophy is not best tested by references to the Hackensack meadows. It needs to be lined up with Mr. Roosevelt's startling tales of those Brazilian insects that develop the ill-bred habit of dining on his shoes and socks.

THE late Mark Twain proved from statistics that the only safe place to live is on a railroad train running sixty miles an hour and that the most dangerous place in the world is in bed. The number of deaths upon railroad trains is small; you may travel no one knows how many hundreds of millions of miles before, on the law of probabilities, your train dashes over an embankment, whereas the number of deaths occurring in bed is simply appalling. By much the same use of statistics, opponents of workmen's compensation seek to prove that if you want industrial accidents, all you need do is to compensate for them. Enact a good law and your accidents increase. They quote the recent report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics to show that during the last five years the number of Federal employees insured by the government increased only 20% (from 82,650 to a trifle over 100,000), while the number of reported accidents increased 122.7% and the amount of compensation paid, 6%. But does this show that there are more accidents, or merely that more accidents are reported? Moreover, the figures when analyzed are not really portentous, for in the fiscal year 1913 the total cost of compensation was under $400,000, or less than eight cents per week per employee insured.

SAYS Mr. George W. Perkins to the National Civic Federation, "Before laboring men had the advantages of our broad educational system, before they could think well, could reason well, they approached the subject of wages about like this: 'We are getting $2.00 a day. We would like $2.25 a day, and we are going to strike for it.' And they did. When they got it, the $2.25 looked good for a while, and they then struck again in the same way for $2.50. But, suggests Mr. Perkins, when

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the laborer does finally begin "to think well," "to reason well," he will not ask for higher wages, but will content himself with a share of the profits, if there are any, and that share will not be determined by strikes but by an employer, who presumably will also have had "the advantages of our broad educational system." Of course before any profits at all are made, fixed charges must be met, and these fixed charges will be based upon a capitalization, fair or excessive, but over which in any case the wage-earner has no control. If there are no profits, or seem to be none, the wage-earner naturally loses his share. We doubt therefore whether laborers will not continue to prefer their present ignorance and their strikes for higher wages, to shadowy profits which may never eventuate.

AN idea persists that Harry K. Thaw does wrong in using his wealth to hire lawyers who can take advantage of the law's technicalities. It may be worth remembering that Thaw is making a fight for his life, and that if society is foolish enough to leave great wealth in his hands, foolish enough to swaddle justice in legalism, it is expecting a good deal of Harry Thaw to ask that he should proclaim himself a social reformer.

The Radical

THERE seems to be a point in some people's lives where they see in a flash the uselessness and horror of poverty. They may for years have felt a certain pity for the poor, and known in a leisurely, abstract way that poverty was a "problem." It was a subject to be considered along with civil service reform, boy scouts, and Ibsen. Then suddenly, perhaps for reasons too intimate for analysis, the idea of what poverty means begins to burn into them, they are tortured with the thought of it, they can no longer be easygoing about it, they resent it and hate it and want to end it. The feeling goes deeper than their reason, draws upon desire within them that is stronger than theory, and makes the war on poverty the central passion of their lives. Every bedraggled slum they visit is a personal horror, every record of wretched wages and overwork and under-nourishment becomes part of their own indictment against society. And all those who do not feel as they feel appear to them to be seeing the world through an intermediate veil.

They snatch at hope. When the desire to do has become strong enough, obstacles seem small; the difference between what is possible and what is impossible sinks out of sight, and the mind will endure no interruption in its course from the horror of what exists to the promise of what should be. Almost anything begins to look feasible, and almost any theory which seems to consider the present evil can command them. The reason why socialism is capturing the ablest and most imaginative students in colleges to-day is that socialism alone seems to have the evil thoroughly in mind, and to offer a way out of it. It has literally no competitors. In the ordinary courses on economics the pupil is taught a great deal more about what cannot be done than about what can be. In the ordinary speeches of politicians he hears almost nothing about the things he most wishes to hear about. In the ordinary newspaper he finds either silence or platitudes about the poor. Of course he turns to socialism, and because he finds in it a large and generous and sensitive scheme of reconstruction, it commands his loyalty.

He goes about preaching it, and for the most part he is able to annihilate the objections which other people raise. The real gulf, however, is not one theory, but of will and desire. The bent of all his prejudices is determined by his revulsion against existing facts, and by his faith that they can be changed. But the people he meets do not have this revulsion, feel only in a faint way about these facts, and are not preoccupied with changing them. They are busy with other things; the propagandist's voice seems shrill to them, and it does become shrill in its desperate effort to break through their indifference. A creed reiterated too often becomes mechanical, a belief battered against brute opposition hardens and becomes inflexible.

Then, if the propagandist sets out to apply his theory, he meets the relentless complexity of the real world. No theory fits the world snugly. Every theory is too simple, and every scheme must be distorted and compromised in its realization. He has to choose between the symmetry of his idea and the intractable nature of the facts. He begins to see that anything so vast as a reconstruction of society can only be accomplished by an immense number of little steps, a constant readjustment of theory, and a depressing amount of compromise. The dilemma is a hard one. If he clings to his well-ordered doctrine he must insulate himself against experience, and he becomes a doctrinaire, becomes that terrible nuisance, a man with a fixed idea who is incapable of learning, and he gives up his effort to change the world in order to coddle his theory.

Yet if he faces the facts and sets about loyally adjusting himself to them, he may easily be smothered in detail. Little questions of procedure absorb him, technique perhaps fascinates him, and he becomes utterly impatient of the people who think that big changes can be easily made. Instead of a doctrinaire, he may become a specialist who is grudging, niggardly, and complacent. He, too, gives up the large effort to change the world in order to back and fill within some petty phase of it.

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He settles down into some expert job, and the fighting impulse dies.

The hardest of all attitudes to achieve is a continuous desire expressing itself in varied forms. But that is just what the war on poverty requires. It requires people who can abandon a theory without losing their purpose, who are loyal to their end and opportunist about their means. The moment there is confusion between instruments and ends, between what you want to achieve and the way it is to be achieved, danger sets in. Stake passion on a creed, passion will die with the creed. The history of disillusionment is the history of those who identify the failure of an idea with the failure of a purpose. For if you sentimentalize a doctrine, you risk more upon it than it is worth; and the secret of abiding faith is a readiness to abandon its instruments.

There lies most of the difficulty between some radicals and others. Working on the same impulse but on different theories, they find themselves in irreconcilable opposition. Out of it arises that curse of reform, the creation of pig-headed sects, each bent on doing a thing in a particular way or not at all, each forgetting that the only element in all their doctrines which is not open to doubt and experiment is the passion which inspires them.

Here, too, lies the real difference between the liberal and the stand-patter, between those who care and seek to find a way, and those who don't care and object to any way. To the man who hesitates because he sees real difficulties in a plan, every one owes the most honest attention. There are difficulties, and it is stupid to shirk them. But the trouble is that so many intellectual scruples are really only the cloak of indifference or laziness or private interest. Many a man conceals his lack of good-will by the appearance of nice discrimination, and what looks like a thoughtful hesitation is really blunt obstruction. With him a conflict of will is inevitable, and no compromise is possible short of a spiritual conversion. He and you want different things, and though you two appear to argue about ideas, you are bound to beat against each other because your purposes are opposed.

But men and women who are agreed on the ends, who really desire to carry on a crusade against poverty, can afford to search for varying methods without fundamental clash. Which road they take, how fast they travel, are of infinitely less importance than that they should take some road. For if the desire is there, freshly renewed, it can afford to try theories and abandon them, to experiment and fail, and the loss will not be serious. A mind determined to find a way goes on inventing, the springs of its energy flow. But a mind which lacks the desire to find a way will invent nothing, will obstruct everything.

Peace and Publicity

SINCE the war began, a sharp difference of opinion has emerged in respect to the probable effects of "pitiless publicity" on peace. According to European pacifist democrats, full publicity in the conduct of foreign policy constitutes an indispensable obstacle to war. Yet many American pacifists, who also have been fastening the responsibility for Armageddon upon secret diplomacy, are now favoring the discouragement of publicity in the interest of peace. The publicity which they wish to discourage is only indirectly connected with diplomacy; but the principle is the same. They are just as much afraid as a foreign diplomat of a full and candid public ventilation of questions involving the momentous issues of peace and war.

While much difference of opinion has existed among doctrinaire pacifists about the causes of the war, they all united in denouncing secret diplomacy. They all agreed that the war was contrived as the result of diplomatic intrigue, and that its calamities could have been averted if only popular opinion had been fully informed as to the course and the exigency of the negotiations. How far such ventilation of questions of foreign policy was to be carried has not been definitely stated, but it must certainly require the publication of the reports of diplomatic agents and their full discussion in the legislative assembly and in the press.

Although the United States has never become as deeply involved in secret diplomacy as have the European nations, a similar practice has existed in this country. Our diplomatic agents are responsible immediately to the Secretary of State and ultimately to the President. The President is independent of Congress, and he has always insisted upon his right to withhold from Congress papers or information whose publication would, in his opinion, be prejudicial to the public interest. No President has availed himself more liberally of this right than has President Wilson. From the beginning of the Mexican difficulty the information on which the President has been acting has been kept as secret as it would have been in Germany or Russia. The files of the State Department must contain a large number of consular and other reports which, if published, would help public opinion to understand what the conditions in Mexico really are; but none of them has been allowed to see the light. At the same time, the President's friends have resented criticism of his Mexican policy as a kind of national disloyalty. They have tried to discourage the public discussion of the situation on the ground that it embarrassed him in dealing with its appalling difficulties.

This suppression of information and this disparagement of public discussion have undoubtedly

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been prompted by an anxious desire to avoid war with Mexico. The President has failed to take the public into his confidence because the revelation of what occurred and was still occurring might arouse hostility to Mexico and help the advocates of intervention to force his hand, as President McKinley's hand was forced in the spring of 1898. In this as in other cases, responsible public officials who have to deal with the issues of peace and war almost always behave as if peace depended upon secrecy, and as if the one sure way to provoke war is to alarm and inflame public opinion by a full disclosure of the facts.

Ever since the agitation over American military unpreparedness began, many American pacifists have displayed for similar reasons a similar dislike of "pitiless publicity." They opposed a thorough investigation of the weakness of our present military establishment because they dreaded the possible effect on public opinion of a translation of the facts into newspaper headlines. They denounced the agitation of this dangerous subject, particularly at the present time, as unnecessary and unpatriotic. They declared in substance that the best way to get rid of the baleful agitation was to safeguard its provocation. Back of their attitude was a profound suspicion of American public opinion and of its liability to hysterical eruptions. If publicity endangered peace, they were for peace rather than publicity.

In truth neither publicity nor secrecy offers any guarantee of peace. A responsible executive is sometimes obliged to refuse information to the public because he realizes both that the facts may be perverted or misinterpreted, and that their publication may start an unmanageable wave of popular fear or anger. If the dispatches contained in the first part of the French Yellow Book had been published in 1913, when they were written, would they not have tended to precipitate rather than to postpone war? Yet those dispatches depicted truthfully the dangerous state of mind which was gathering in Germany; and the French nation was exceptionally well served by diplomatic agents who saw the truth so clearly and reported it so dispassionately. As long as nations are potential enemies and cherish aggressive designs against one another, peace will depend sometimes upon disclosing facts and sometimes on suppressing them. Calculated indiscretion has always been one of the devices of secret diplomacy, and the power to decide whether discretion or indiscretion is the better part of policy must always be left to a few trusted executive officials.

Nevertheless in a democracy the presumption is always against the man or the system which seeks to attain a public good by the road of secrecy. Publicity is not the indispensable safeguard of peace, but it is both the indispensable safeguard and the essential leaven of a democratic nation. In any democracy there will always be agencies of publicity, such as the Hearst newspapers in this country, which will seek systematically to use sensational and damaging facts as a means of public intoxication, and the best way of providing against this poisoning of the wells of public opinion is a serious question which has never been sufficiently considered. Yet of one truth there can be no doubt. Useful immediate results, such as the preservation of peace, may sometimes be attained by the suppression of facts and the prevention of public agitation, but a democratic society in which such a suppression is frequently or persistently necessary is an inferior or a deteriorating democracy. A democracy must in the long run take the risk of publishing all the dangerous and disagreeable facts and agitating all the doubtful questions. It may make more mistakes as the result of "pitiless publicity," but the great object of such a society should not be the impossible one of avoiding mistakes. Its great object should be that of learning as much as possible from both its successes and failures, and in the absence of thorough publicity its experience can never obtain this desirable and essential educational value.

Crime and Punishment

AMONG all the novels about murder the most salient is probably Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." In that great novel, written by a man who had endured prison life and who knew at close range the criminal and the insane, the punishment of the murderer is his murder. In the end Raskolnikoff invites justice himself and seeks peace in expiating his crime, but the reader feels, and is intended to feel, that the worst penalty of his heartless act is his own piercing realization of it. For him the wages of sin is something worse than death.

A generation or two ago the stern voice of the Old Testament was often heard in English fiction, but of recent years nothing has been more frequent than the accent of commiseration and pity. Men of action like Rudyard Kipling keep up the tradition of the Day of Judgment, the march of inexorable law, but much more characteristic is the note of John Galsworthy in plays like "Justice" and "Strife." In all of Mr. Galsworthy's work, indeed, there is almost a monotonous recurrence of the contrast between the definite masterful, disciplinarian type of the older generation and the agnostic, reflective, indulgent type of the new. The humanitarian tendency or bias comes out in everything that Mr. Galsworthy has to say about the ruling classes and existing institutions, and never more than in "Justice" has he shown his ironical sense of

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the cruelty of "letting the law take its course." He does not emphasize, any more than Tolstoy or Dostoevsky emphasized, man's strong tendency to evil. He emphasizes, on the contrary, man's never-dying tendency to good; and the dominant appeal of his art is an appeal to sympathy and understanding.

This appeal, on the whole, finds response among people in America. In no other country is lynching so possible, and in this country, certainly, there are robustly vengeful citizens who seem to rejoice in the extreme reprisals of the law. But despite this evidence of red-blooded enthusiasm for punishment, there is a powerful latent mercifulness, an almost incorrigible tendency to forgive. Even among persons who are quick to demand instant "justice," a miscarriage of the law is felt to be acutely tragic, and popular sympathy is apt to rush to anyone whose lawyers can raise a reasonable doubt. Americans have not the stolid respect for the law that is characteristic of Britons. Their attitude is far more personal. And even when they know that a man is guilty, they tend, on reflection, to seek mitigating circumstances and to be imaginatively rather than legally reasonable. If the men are, as a rule, "red-bloods," the women are preponderately "mollycoddle." It is they especially who espouse the humanitarian code of Mr. Galsworthy and who believe most earnestly that Dostoevsky understood his murderer's soul.

There are times, however, when it is fair to question whether this psychology for the guilty is not too simple. When a sensitive and introspective human being commits a crime—such a human being as Raskolnikoff—it is certain that no external punishment can afflict him as much as his own conscience. His conscience may, in reality, be a creation of human society, but it is not the direct attitude of society that causes him to suffer. It is guilt, self-accusation, remorse. But if there is anything certain in this world, it is that all creatures are not sensitive and introspective, all equally possessed of "conscience" and equally alive to guilt. From the standpoint of those who desire justice, it is comforting to believe that its process is automatic, that even if society does nothing conscience will be at work and the law of compensation will be fulfilled. But one has only to remember the terrible ironies to which Thomas Hardy has devoted a lifetime of observation, to realize the falsity of this comfort, and to step out from the warmth of *laissez-faire* to the cold world of injustices and complaisances, of liberties that nothing but vigilance preserves.

Last week a man was tried in New York State for the shooting of his son-in-law, who had seduced his daughter. He was acquitted of murder or manslaughter on some unintelligible point of unwritten law. The trial was brief but exceedingly painful. At great cost to herself, the widow of the murdered man came to give evidence. Resisting her father's embraces in the courtroom, she still testified in order to save him, though she made it clear to everyone that she loved the man who had been killed. Her father confessed he was drunk when he killed the youth, but he said the youth was of evil life, and this allegation, tending to give horror to the seduction, probably weighed greatly with the jury. At any rate, they acquitted him, amid the cheers of a friendly crowd.

So long as one could assume ordinary human comprehensions on the part of the acquitted man, this verdict need not seem dead loss. In some ways it approximates the ideal of many people, leaving the culprit to his own conscience. But even if this is pure romanticism, the acquittal could be condoned if the trial had made some effect. Hear, however, some reflections of the exonerated citizen, imparted to a reporter of the *World:*

"This is without doubt the merriest and happiest Christmas of my life. True, my daughter is not herself, but I guess she will be all right in a few days. * * * Do I think she saved my life? Why, no! I am sure that even without her help I would have been acquitted. You see, I did not know what I was doing; so how could I have been guilty? Anna knew she had disgraced us and so she wished to do all that lay in her power to atone.

"While I certainly would undo my act if it lay in my power, I feel sure Anna will be happier with us than if she were the wife of Eugene Newman. Marriages of that kind always end in misery, whereas now she will just take up the threads of her former life and be happy. She intends to resume her music. She is a splendid pianist. When she recovers her health all will be as before.

"I never said I was going to sign a pledge never to drink again. I always have drunk like a gentleman.

"Has my daughter forgiven me? What do you mean? What has she to forgive? Our relations are most loving. She was always a most obedient child—quiet, unexpressive, but with a sweet disposition. I could not understand her disobeying us the way she did by going with this boy and marrying him in view of our expressed objections. But now that is all over, and she is again our sweet loving daughter."

The daughter, according to the reporter, is completely crushed. She loved her husband, but she guesses her parents knew best, for "see what her disobedience has done."

"Nobody has any right to be ashamed of human nature," says Arnold Bennett; "human nature *is.*" With this truism only a theorist would quarrel. But, although human nature *is,* there are occasions when every decent human being feels the impulse and the right to vindicate its better possibilities.

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Contemplating a fellow creature like this, is our word one of compensation? In this case it was the duty of citizenship to effect compensation, a duty in which it blindly failed. There is something too human in such blindness to justify contempt; but it makes us feel that the jury as well as the homicide need to be educated, need some searing application to themselves of the suffering they so cheerfully condone.

Wanted—An Immigration Policy

A FRIEND of ours, a comfortable otiose philosopher, languidly expatiates upon the folly of answering letters. "Lay them away in the drawer," he advises, "and after a month or perhaps six months they will all have answered themselves."

In much the same spirit our Congressmen now assembled at Washington are advised that no immigration policy is necessary, that if they will but leave the pending Immigration Bill alone, they will not have abjured labor in vain. The immigration question, left to itself, will answer itself. The alien will become an American, the capables absorbed into our national organism, the incapables rejected or excreted. Moreover, the countries from which our migrants come will gradually lose their surplus of men, and immigration will cease without legislation as our own westward migration to an ever receding frontier ceased of itself when our free lands became exhausted.

This theory of an automatic drying up of the sources of immigration has been emphasized more strongly than ever since the outbreak of the war. Already the westward tide ebbs, and in October only 30,000 immigrant aliens arrived as compared with 134,000 in October of last year. If the war lasts a year or more, millions will be killed by wounds, famine and disease, and other millions will be permanently incapacitated.

But even though population does decline, it does not follow that the emigrating impulse will be lessened. The rapid decrease in the Irish population during the half century after the famine did not retard but actually accelerated the emigration. It is not from countries with lessened populations but from countries with lessened economic opportunities that emigration proceeds. And it is exactly this lessening of economic opportunities that we have to fear as a result of the war. The delicate, intricate industrial system by which we all live will be deranged. Capital will be dissipated, credit shattered, and whole trades, the learning of which has cost years of arduous labor, will be for the time discontinued. The system will accommodate itself only slowly to the sudden withdrawal, and later the sudden replacement of millions of wage-earners.

If then, as is to be feared, new armies of ragged and unemployed men are to be enrolled as soon as the armies in uniform are disbanded, if wages fall and life becomes insecure, the outward pressure upon the huge wage-earning populations of Europe will be overwhelming, and those who have the means will seek to emigrate. There will be restless millions of former wage-earners in whom the fierce emotions of war have made an end to all those industrial ambitions and acquiescences so habitually ignored or disesteemed, and yet vitally essential to the mere existence of society. Others, having lost their farms or their little shops and houses, or their wives and families, and still others who have had their country and their patriotism swept away from under their feet, in fact all who have had the thin thread of custom snapped, will be discontented and mobile. The world will be full of foot-loose adventurers, good and bad, filled with romantic illusions or else utterly disenchanted, and to these broken lives America will appeal with a freshness of attraction such as she has not possessed since the days of '48, when the defeated revolutionists of Germany turned westward to a land which to them embodied the liberal principles for which they had struggled, the land of freedom, the refuge of the oppressed and the defeated of all the world.

And recalling, as we must, this high reverence for the America of that day, and this ideal picture of her which may still be found in the hearts of boys risking their lives in the cold trenches—recalling this, does it seem sinister to close the doors upon this misery, to make the wretchedness of the European our excuse for debarring him? It may be sinister. Yet what else has been or can be the justification of that policy of self-defense which we seek to express in some adequate restriction or regulation of a swelling immigration? Wretchedness is infectious, and no contagion is more deadly than that of poverty. It is the poverty and the resourcelessness of the immigrant, which, handing him over to the exploiter, renders him so dangerous to himself and others. We need not enter upon the enumeration of that long calendar of social diseases—ignorance, congestion, low wages, long hours, political corruption, divided counsels and so many, many others, to the propagation of which the alien, especially when impoverished, so innocently contributes. To justify a policy of regulation we need only oppose the wisdom of facing problems concretely and courageously to the folly of leaving things as they are. If we are to protect ourselves and the immigrant from exploitation, impoverishment and a fierceness and lawlessness of economic struggle, which too often brands the victor with an indelible brand and leaves

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the victim crushed and demoralized, if not actually dead, we must work out a statesmanlike policy of immigration, and end our listless method of sitting grandiloquently at the gate and letting all enter, irrespective of their needs or ours, provided only they have thirty dollars and ungranulated eyelids.

All of which does not mean that we favor the bill at present before Congress or even the principle of the literacy test. The value or valuelessness of such a test is a matter of proof, and the burden of such proof rests squarely upon its advocates. Is this test really a test? Is it truly selective of the best? Or is it merely repressive, like decimation, a cutting down of the number of immigrants without regard to merit or capacity, as a law excluding blonds or red-headed immigrants would cut down the number? Is illiteracy a real disqualification to an immigrant, and is it the fault of the immigrant, or is it a part of the very conditions from which he has the courage to flee?

We ask these questions without too definitely suggesting our answer. We do not, however, conceal our preference for some form of immigration policy larger, more constructive, more educative and human, and less rigidly restrictive than that which is now proposed. Such a policy as we have in mind would enable highly trained and highly paid government experts, resident in Europe, to meet the aspirant for immigration months or even years before he started on his travels, and it would keep the government in touch with him during a period not less than five years after his immigration, and perhaps during the entire course of his alienship. In other words, the plan which we should like to see elaborated is a Federal system of supervision of the alien, of advice, of protection, of education, based upon his special needs and his peculiar legal status, a system for his benefit, and incidentally for the benefit of the rest of us, a system supported by special taxes paid by aliens, and also, if desirable, by contributions out of the general treasury. Such a system could be rendered workable by lengthening to five years the period during which the government has the right to deport, though in our opinion this right should in each case be subject to an appeal by the alien to the courts. Given this right, however, the Federal government might exercise over the immigrant the same sort of benevolent guardianship that the state now exercises over the legal infant. Not only could it provide special facilities for his education, but it could make the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge necessary for success in America a condition of his continued stay in the country. It might advise the alien in every stage of his career, establish interstate employment bureaus, and constitute itself a clearing-house for information concerning industrial and social conditions in all places to which the immigrant might be tempted to go. It could do much to prevent the extortion and exploitation of the immigrant, and it could diminish that unequal distribution of aliens which leads to congestion, unemployment, and the aggravation of many social evils. It would enable the nation to be a friend and adviser to the man or woman who above all other men and women in the world most needs friendship and advice.

We do not pretend that such an immigration policy, establishing a more permanent and definite relation between the alien and the government, could be established on the spur of the moment, nor without careful study. But the plan here sketched is at least in harmony with our present tendency towards an increase in Federal responsibility, and whether or not we apply tests of eligibility to the arriving immigrant, we shall not long be able to evade what may be called an internal immigration policy, a policy of promoting an adjustment between the aliens resident in our country and the economic and social conditions which surround them.

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London's Imagination in War-Time

IN one of Hans Andersen's fairy-stories the hero, an enthusiast for the "good old times," finds himself suddenly transported to a medieval city and has the opportunity to realize something of its disadvantages. So it has been with London during recent weeks, since the ha'penny press took the "German-invasion" scare to its bosom and induced the city fathers to reduce the streets to semi-darkness. That London has not protested more loudly is due not at all to any real fear of Zeppelin bombardment, but entirely to the democratic anxiety to be "in the movement."

No Londoner is really afraid of Zeppelins. He knows for one thing that were there any real danger, the order to darken the streets would have come not from the civilian but from the military authorities. As a matter of well known fact, not Lord Kitchener but the London County Council was responsible for the mildly absurd attempt to hide London; and, worthy body as it is, no one regards it seriously as an authority on home defense. Nor, again, is any Londoner likely to fear Zeppelins while he regards with equanimity the far more deadly danger of motor-buses careering through dimly lighted streets.

The real reason why London welcomes the Zeppelin scare, just as it welcomes the German spy scare, is that it has a purely theatrical idea of the meaning of war. It has known nothing of invaders or invasion since the days of William the Conqueror; it realizes that it has but the smallest chance of being invaded during the present war and, at the bottom of its heart, it is a wee bit disappointed—not in individual cases, but in that great mob-consciousness which has so little to do with the feelings of the individual. From the drab monotony of long years of peace—so one may imagine the soul of London arguing—the world has suddenly awakened to the fiery intoxication of war; if I, drabbest of all peace-cities, am to be denied any nearer view of it, let me at least make pretense. And, accordingly, corporately the Londoner does things of which individually he realizes the absurdity.

Few things, for example, have caused greater satisfaction than the provision of sandbags. A popular rumor has it that Buckingham Palace has almost disappeared in a burrow of sandbags, sky-directed, and that the royal family live twilight days in the cellars. It is the simplest of excursions to prove for yourself that Buckingham Palace stands where it did stand, and that royalty goes unarmored about its daily business. But that does not prevent all loyal subjects from concentrating their attention on the sandbagging of their own roofs. A comic paper recently produced a picture of an East-End householder painting on his humble roof the warning inscription: "This is not the British Museum." I know one old lady of Chelsea who goes regularly to bed in the dark, for fear, as she says, "of attracting airships." And I know another small householder who asked a jobbing gardener for an estimate of the expense of covering her roof—it happens to be flat—with garden-mold, as sandbags were so expensive.

It is a curious fact that neither householder—nor, I expect, the "British Museum" gentlemen either—had the faintest expectation that a Zeppelin would ever attempt to drop bombs on his roof. They had, on the contrary, absolute faith in the defensive measures taken by His Majesty's forces, and were you so much as to hint at possible reverses, would probably fall upon you *vi et armis*. But they scent a possible excitement, of which, fortunately for themselves, they can never realize the painfulness, and if they may not actually share in it, they unconsciously do all that they may to simulate the feeling. In the same way, despite the anguished appeals of shopkeepers to buy early in the day, now that illuminants are so strictly limited, your true London housewife shops the more determinedly after dark. It may be inconvenient to do your purchasing in shrouded gloom; it is quite delightfully exciting.

The outburst of spy mania, for which the Londoner has been so unjustly blamed by the uninstructed, is only another phase of the same thing. Your Londoner is not at all afraid of spies—he has been rubbing shoulders with foreigners all his life and has found them altogether human. But your "foreign emissary" is not at all human; he is an idea; he is almost an ideal. For half a century at least he has been the most popular figure of cheap literature and the cheaper drama; an unearthly figure, it is true, constructed on the ruins of the simple villain of the old Transpontine drama. He has always been dark and moustached and svelte and aristocratic, usually a count; and he has always made a handsome living by stealing mysterious documents of incalculable value and selling them mysteriously to mysteriously unnamed powers. He has earned his immense popularity by lightening whole millions of otherwise dull lives; he has been loved of many, but he has never been feared at all. That was inevitable, for to end the story or the drama happily, his machinations must be brought to naught by the young British hero, usually a naval officer with a love affair.

When, therefore, the press came out with alarmist statements that London was honeycombed—a favorite word, that—with German and Austrian spies, London prepared itself for a delightful thrill. The footlights were to be done away with, romance was to invade the dullest suburbs. It is true that the snuffy little German barber round the corner was not, externally, so attractive as the splendid foreigner of the stage. It was true that no living

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creature supposed that he could possibly steal documents from the War Office, or that he would know what to do with them if he could. But even upon a foundation so unpromising it was possible to build up quite an imposing superstructure of romance. Accordingly the Teuton barber or baker was dragged from his shop and set to work upon the most amazing adventures. He was to poison waterworks; to dynamite underground railways; to infect the milk-supply with typhoid germs; to rise in his millions all over England, ready-provided with uniforms and Mausers and *pickelhaubes*. He was to kidnap King George, to shanghai Lord Kitchener. He was the "Foreign Danger," the "Enemy in Our Midst," the "Evil That Walks by Night."

Perhaps one sane person in a million seriously believed these things. (I except the newspaper reporters, who have their living to make, and, as we know, never write what they do not believe.) The rest of England set valiantly to work to convince themselves and each other and enjoyed it. You might have no personal feelings against your neighbor who was unlucky enough to have a German-sounding name; you might even go on buying your bread from him or being shaved by him; but there was always the glorious "if." What if his bedroom were full of bombs? What if he had a fully equipped wireless installation in the third floor back? What if his cellar was packed with machine guns or smallpox bacilli? It was your duty—the daily press was never tired of telling you so—to denounce him at once to the police. And you did. If he happened to be as English as yourself in all but name it was his business to prove it. You at least had done your duty; and during the half hour while you were concocting your letter to Scotland Yard you topped the very mountain-peaks of rapturous romance.

You must know your Londoner very well indeed to understand him, and accordingly the acutest foreign observers have been altogether at sea in their diagnosis of post-war-declaration London. London is neither panic-stricken at the thought of Zeppelins nor panic-enraged by the supposed iniquities of spies. The one imperative need for every true Cockney, a need more pressing than that of bread, is for something that will put a little rose-color into the dun clouds of day-by-day existence, that will set him on speaking terms with romance. Other great cities feel the same need, though proportionately the less as they are themselves less great and less gray. The Zeppelin and the spy are to the Londoner God-given opportunities. Can you blame him that he enjoys them to the very full while he may?

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Five Weeks of War in the East

FOR Americans the best parallel for the second German offensive operation in Poland is the Battle of Chancellorsville. In that Civil War combat, it will be recalled that Lee, hopelessly outnumbered by Hooker, won a triumph of considerable proportions by sending Jackson from his own right flank straight across the whole front of the Union Army and throwing him against the right and rear of Hooker, crumpling up the Federal force, and ultimately compelling its retirement beyond the Rapidan and the collapse of the second great offensive toward Richmond.

On a tremendously magnified scale this was the operation undertaken by Von Hindenburg in Poland, which is still continuing when this review is written. When the German movement began, one Russian army was inside the German frontier in East Prussia moving toward Koenigsberg. Two more were approaching Cracow far to the south, one moving west through Galicia, the other south through Poland. In addition Cossacks were again in Hungary, and so threatening had this invasion become that Austria was already recalling troops from Servia, whose departure presently made possible the great Servian victory of December.

The fourth Russian army, that against which Von Hindenburg directed his attack, was advancing along a broad front from the Vistula to Lodz in Poland, but its mass was due west of Lodz along the Warsaw-Frankfurt railroad, which crosses the Silesian frontier just west of Kalisz. To the north a small detachment of Cossacks had already penetrated into Posen, which for the first time in the great war was now invaded.

In this situation it was impossible for the Germans and their Austrian allies to meet all four Russian armies with equal numbers. It was impossible for them to meet the fourth or Polish army, advancing on the Frankfurt line with equal strength, but it was conceivable that by some combination Von Hindenburg might, as Lee did in Virginia, bring a superior number to a decisive point. It was vitally necessary that he should do this, because the onrush of all four Russian armies was now becoming exceedingly perilous to German fortunes in the east. But if he could decisively defeat the Polish army and drive it east, it was probable that the Russians would withdraw troops from Galicia and East Prussia to reinforce their defeated Polish army, and thus relieve pressure north and south and rescue Cracow, now on the point of investment.

What Von Hindenburg did was just this. His main army stood on the Silesian frontier facing Kalisz, with the Russian Polish army in front of it. Leaving a small force here, he put his masses on trains and transported them due north on the German strategic lines which follow the frontier, and

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detrained them on a front just south of the Vistula and Thorn. Thence he marched them rapidly into Poland, striking southeast along the Thorn-Warsaw railroad. Precisely in the same way Jackson had moved across the whole front of Hooker's army.

Unlike the Union army in Virginia, the Russians were not surprised, but they had no immediate remedy. Railroads were lacking to them, the Germans at Thorn were nearer Warsaw than they were at Kalisz, and it was inevitable, therefore, that the Germans would get between the Czar's forces and Warsaw, cut their line of communications with the Polish capital, and threaten them on flank and rear. Still they retreated as swiftly as possible, followed by the German troops left in their front. When they had reached Lodz, half way between Warsaw and Kalisz, the inevitable had happened, and the Germans were swirling round their flank and in their rear, having broken through the thin line that defended the Russian flank between the Vistula and Lodz.

Substantially the same thing that happened to the Federal right at Chancellorsville now happened to the Russian right and centre about Lodz. They were threatened with destruction, swept back in a half circle away from Warsaw, and at the same time attacked in the front by the German troops advancing from Kalisz. But once more the enormous resources of Russia in numbers saved her from disaster. Gathering up all the garrison and reserve troops in Warsaw and the nearby fortresses, the Russians pushed a new army out from Warsaw which took the Germans in the rear. Thus by a sudden turn of fortune the Germans, who had half surrounded the Russians at Lodz, found themselves caught between the Russian troops in Lodz, and those coming along the Warsaw railroad and operating south of Lowicz and Skiorniewicz

A few days before, Berlin had claimed a decisive victory. Petrograd now began to talk of a German Sedan. But German military skill met the crisis, the gravest for Germany in the war. While the troops in the Russian net cut their way out to the north and west, new troops were hastily brought from Flanders and France to the danger point and covered the broken corps as they emerged from the Russian vise. Some of the most desperate and costly fighting of the war took place at this stage. But when it had terminated, Russians and Germans faced each other in a double line across Poland from the Vistula to Galicia, and the campaign resolved itself into a deadlock. The Russians, straightening out their line, evacuated Lodz and stood just west of the Warsaw-Cracow railroad.

The German offensive had thus failed to relieve pressure upon their armies in East Prussia and Galicia, and had won no decisive victory. So far the offensive had been a frightfully expensive and relatively unprofitable effort, for the conquest of Polish fields and cities was without military value. It was necessary to continue and to devise some new plan of campaign. This Von Hindenburg did, but not until he had called still more troops from the Western field, and thus compelled the surrender of the offensive in France and Flanders and the abandonment of the drive to Calais and the Channel.

The second plan was really a development of the first. The Russian troops drawn from Warsaw to save the Russians at Lodz were not very numerous. When the lines straightened out they became the right wing and stretched from the Vistula to Lowicz north of Lodz. By massing his new troops against this right Von Hindenburg might hope by sheer weight of numbers to force it back upon Warsaw, through Warsaw, and give his Emperor the Polish capital for a Christmas present. His success or failure would depend upon whether the Russians could concentrate enough troops at the danger point, and their means of transportation were incomparably less than the Germans'.

Accordingly the German drive along the south bank of the Vistula continued, pushed the Russians back, until on December 20 they stood at the Bzura River, about twenty miles from Warsaw, in the last defensive position west of the city. This river coming north enters the Vistula a little west of Socharew, which is on the Warsaw-Lodz railroad. In addition to the river the marshes in this region make the position strong for a defensive fight. Meanwhile from all available points reinforcements were being poured through Warsaw to the battle line, and it seemed unmistakable that if the Russians could hold on a day or two longer the second invasion of Poland, like the first, would fail almost within sight of the suburbs of the capital.

Warsaw captured, the Germans could expect the Russians to draw back along the front from the Carpathians to the Baltic, abandon the siege of Przemysl for the second time, retreat from Cracow. Already Berlin was celebrating the official announcement that the Russian invasion of Posen and Silesia was no longer to be feared. Warsaw in German hands might be the eastern outpost of the empire which had now made Antwerp a western bulwark. Russian retreat assured, troops might be sent back to the west to resume the offensive.

But if Warsaw did not fall, if Von Hindenburg had a second time to retreat, to go back over the wasted Polish lands now beaten upon by a northern winter, followed by fresh Russian masses, if a new invasion of Posen and Silesia were presently threatened and all the expenditure of life and material in this great invasion proved in vain, the German people would then have to face the grim prospect of a defensive fight on both frontiers, on the east inside their own frontier. New troops might have to be drawn from the west, the allied offensive in France and Belgium might prevail by sheer force of numbers.

Such, briefly, was the general character of the last six weeks of the Eastern campaign. In detail it resembled the Chancellorsville fight, in conception it was Napoleonic, reminiscent of Napoleon's

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most famous strategic venture, when he took his army over the Alps, and, coming down on the Austrian rear, won Marengo. But actually the problem was one of transportation, more to be compared with the task of the operating department of a railroad than with the popular notion of military maneuver. The locomotive had replaced the war horse. FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Legendary John Reed

THOUGH he is only in his middle twenties and but five years out of Harvard, there is a legend of John Reed. It began, as I remember, when he proved himself to be the most inspired song and cheer leader that the football crowd had had for many days. At first there was nothing to recommend him but his cheek. That was supreme. He would stand up alone before a few thousand undergraduates and demonstrate without a quiver of self-consciousness just how a cheer should be given. If he didn't like the way his instructions were followed he cursed at the crowd, he bullied it, sneered at it. But he always captured it. It was a sensational triumph, for Jack Reed wasn't altogether good form at college. He came from Oregon, showed his feelings in public, and said what he thought to the club men who didn't like to hear it.

Even as an undergraduate he betrayed what many people believe to be the central passion of his life, an inordinate desire to be arrested. He spent a brief vacation in Europe and experimented with the jails of England, France, and Spain. In one Spanish village he was locked up on general principles, because the King happened to be passing through town that day. The next incident took place during the Paterson strike. Reed was in town less than twenty-four hours before the police had him in custody. He capped his arrest by staging the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden, and then left for Europe to live in a Florentine villa, where he was said to be hobnobbing with the illegitimate son of Oscar Wilde, and to be catching glimpses of Gordon Craig. He made speeches to Italian syndicalists and appointed himself to carry the greetings of the American labor movement to their foreign comrades. He bathed in a fountain designed by Michelangelo and became violently ill. He tried high romance in Provence. One night, so he says, he wrestled with a ghost in a haunted house, and was thrown out of bed.

He lived in those days by editing and writing for the *American Magazine*. But that allegiance couldn't last. Reed wasn't meant for sedate family life, and he broke away to join the staff of the "Masses." They advertised him as their jail editor, but as a matter of fact he was the managing editor, which even on the *Masses* carries with it a prosaic routine. For a few weeks Reed tried to take the *Masses'* view of life. He assumed that all capitalists were fat, bald, and unctuous, that reformers were cowardly or scheming, that all newspapers are corrupt, that Victor Berger and the Socialist party and Samuel Gompers and the trade unions are a fraud on labor. He made an effort to believe that the working class is not composed of miners, plumbers and working men generally, but is a fine, statuesque giant who stands on a high hill facing the sun. He wrote stories about the night court and plays about ladies in kimonos. He talked with intelligent tolerance about dynamite, and thought he saw an intimate connection between the cubists and the I.W.W. He even read a few pages of Bergson.

But it was only a flirtation. Reed's real chance came when the *Metropolitan Magazine* sent him to Mexico. All his second-rate theory and propaganda seemed to fall away, and the public discovered that whatever John Reed could touch or see or smell he could convey. The variety of his impressions, the resources and color of his language seemed inexhaustible. The articles which he sent back from the border were as hot as the Mexican desert, and Villa's revolution, till then reported only as a nuisance, began to unfold itself into throngs of moving people in a gorgeous panorama of earth and sky. Reed loved the Mexicans he met, loved them as they were, marched with them, raided with them, danced with them, drank with them, risked his life with them. He had none of the condescension of the foreigner, no white man's superiority. He was not too dainty, or too wise, or too lazy. Mexicans were real people to him with whom he liked to be. He shared their hatred of the *cientificos,* he felt as they did about the church, and he wrote back to us that if the United States intervened to stop the revolution he would fight on Villa's side.

He did not judge, he identified himself with the struggle, and gradually what he saw mingled with what he hoped. Wherever his sympathies marched with the facts, Reed was superb. His interview with Carranza almost a year ago was so sensationally accurate in its estimate of the feeling between Carranza and Villa that he suppressed it at the time out of loyalty to the success of the revolution. But where his feeling conflicted with the facts, his vision flickered. He seems totally to have misjudged the power of Villa.

Reed has no detachment, and is proud of it, I think. By temperament he is not a professional writer or reporter. He is a person who enjoys himself. Revolution, literature, poetry, they are only things which hold him at times, incidents merely of his living. Now and then he finds adventure by imagining it, oftener he transforms his own experience. He is one of those people who treat as serious possibilities such stock fantasies as shipping before the mast, rescuing women, hunting lions, or trying to fly around the world in an aeroplane. He is the only fellow I know who gets himself pursued by men with revolvers, who is always once more just about to ruin himself.

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I can't think of a form of disaster which John Reed hasn't tried and enjoyed. He has half-spilled himself into commercialism, had his head turned by flattery, tried to act like a cynical war correspondent, posed as a figure out of Ibsen. But always thus far the laughter in him has turned the scale, his sheer exuberance has carried him to better loves. He is many men at once, and those who have tried to bank on some phase of him, to regard him as a writer, a correspondent, a poet, a revolutionist, or a lover, lose him. There is no line between the play of his fancy and his responsibility to fact; he is for the time the person he imagines himself to be.

Reed is one of the intractables, to whom the organized monotony and virtue of our civilization are unbearable. You would have to destroy him to make him fit. At times when he seemed to be rushing himself and others into trouble, when his ideas were especially befuddled, I have tried to argue with him. But all laborious elucidation he greets with pained boredom. He knows how to dismiss in a splendid flourish the creature

"Who wants to make the human race and me
March to a geometric Q. E. D."

I don't know what to do about him. In common with a whole regiment of his friends I have been brooding over his soul for years, and often I feel like saying to him what one of them said when Reed was explaining Utopia, "If I were establishing, it, I'd hang you first, my dear Jack." But it would be a lonely Utopia.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Where the Irish Radical Stands

AT the present moment a very serious question is proposed to the people of Ireland. Will they, or will they not, fight to maintain the British Empire? On their answer, without disguise, hinges the future relations of the two countries.

So far as the Englishman is concerned, this war presents a clear issue. He has inherited the greatest Empire in the world. Reluctant to support the heavy military responsibilities that go with imperial power, he has availed himself to the full of all the protection that his prestige and diplomacy could give him, and he has waxed wealthier and more dominant year by year. He has refrained from direct provocation to his enemies, but at last nothing, not his skillful alliances nor his formidable navy, could save him any longer from the one mighty antagonist to whom his interests are opposed. Regarding those interests as legitimate, the Englishman does not for a single moment doubt that their assailant is malignantly immoral. He cannot comprehend any different supposition. He is proud of his Empire. He believes that he stands for public law and democracy, that his enemy stands for militarism and predation. But he realizes that his system, his civilization and his home are threatened with injury and even disaster. He did not invite the terrific emergency, but he is ready to meet it, at heroic sacrifice, and he counts on imperial unity in a struggle that involves the fate of all.

It is hardly credible to the Englishman who feels in this manner that anything but a failure in gallantry could account for disaffection now. The enemy in the field he can understand, but he is in no mood to bear with disloyalty or even criticism at home.

It is, however, precisely because the Empire is the real issue of this war—not Servia or Belgium or Russia or France—that the Irishman, as distinct from the Englishman, is obliged to consider his position. He is a subject of the King, but an involuntary and disaffected subject, and his interest in the maintenance of the British Empire is a thing which neither he nor anyone else has a right to assume.

Such an attitude in a time of peril may well provoke impatience and even scorn, but if anyone has a right to consider his position in this war it is the imperialized Irishman. It is true that at the present moment the Irish nationalists are under no legal compulsion to define their exact relation to the Empire. Recruiting is still voluntary. But if the war is prolonged and England demands troops, where will the Irish stand? That is a question of supreme importance to all who call themselves Irish nationalists; and even if the question of compulsory service does not arise, the question of voluntary service remains, equally searching for a people that believes itself to be honorable and gallant.

With conscription a possibility, a clear decision in advance is essential. No one doubted the goodwill of the international socialists, but their compromise on conscription cost them their ideal. Once they submitted to that, with the accompanying policies of big armaments and secret diplomacy, they let the camel of imperialism put its head into their tent. They were themselves unwilling to use violence on behalf of the noblest principles they could conceive; now they are employed in killing and being killed in the name of a "necessity" they cannot define. Few of them really believe in that necessity, but they compromised with it, and as a result they are pouring out their blood.

Between Ireland and England, as everyone knows, there is just as definite an opposition of principle as between the socialists and the imperialists of Germany. It remains to be seen whether the Irish nationalists will stand by their ideal, or submit, like the Germans, to a well-oiled governmental machine.

The Irish nationalists, I have said, are involuntary and disaffected subjects of the King. For an Englishman this may be hard to understand, but

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perhaps I can make it clear. Let us suppose that Germany smashes England in this war and takes over the government of England. Let us suppose that all the English people are swept like vermin to the mountains of Wales, and the shires of England are planted with German junkers. Let us suppose that the governor of England is a German princeling surrounded by German younger sons, and that all legislation for England is made by Germans in Berlin. Let us suppose that laws are passed in Berlin making it illegal for the English to export any article that could possibly compete with Germany, making it criminal for any Englishman to own property or be educated or practise a learned profession. Let us suppose that all young Germans are taught to believe that the English are poor and dirty and lazy and low, and that all Germans are righteous and God-fearing and plucky and "play the game." Let us suppose that education is at last introduced into England, education of a wretchedly inferior character, and that the English are taught to sing, in German, "We are happy little German children." Let us suppose that, under the benevolent German regime, a famine occurs in which one-eighth of the population, or over 4,000,000 dirty English people, die simply of starvation. Let us suppose that the English revolt and are finally allowed to send representatives to sympathetic Berlin, where, after many years' agitation, they are graciously permitted to buy their land back from the junkers, but are reproached continually for poverty, ignorance and sloth. Let us suppose that the tenacious Englishmen in Berlin keep up their agitation, always struggling to get a parliament established in London, and are finally told that the thing is practically impossible because the descendants of the Prussians in Yorkshire and Lancashire feel safer in the hands of Germany. Let us suppose, however, that finally a bill is drafted which half-heartedly concedes a limited measure of Home Rule, but that the German army refuses to go against the rebellious Yorkshire and Lancashire Prussians. Let us suppose that the bill is eventually passed, subject to Yorkshire amendment—and a war breaks out against the Japanese, in which the Germans turn to the English and say: "Come, fellow Germans, to the defense of your Empire." Under these circumstances, would it be surprising if one found the English "involuntary and disaffected subjects" of the German Empire?

In suggesting this situation I have deliberately selected the one-sided nationalist Irish view. There is another side, the side of English imperialism, English efficiency, English superiority, English "Kultur." There may be something to be said on that side, but no one, at the present hour, seems to think very highly of "Kultur" forcibly imposed.

And now, what to do? For my part, as an Irish nationalist, I can think only of the program that is being bruited in Ireland. Base as were the methods, nauseating the philosophy, and evil the fruits of British imperialism in Ireland, there is, as I see it, no particular good in Ireland spiritually or physically affirming its antagonism to the British Empire at the present time. It is true that the government has already suppressed every extreme nationalist paper in the country and is preparing, as usual, to keep alive the spirit of nationalism by the unfailing method of coercion. But unless the Irish want to commit themselves to the belief that statesmanship is bankrupt and that the only way to impress England is to injure it, there is still a sane way by which the principle of nationality can be reconciled to the principle of Empire. To find that way is the real nobility, if Ireland is not either to default like the socialists or to be turned into a suicidal slaughter house by the efficient secretary of war.

And first, before speaking of this scheme, I may point out that the recrudescence of separatism in Ireland, to which the open split from Mr. Redmond and the murmurings of the Irish Volunteers give testimony, is not by any means strange. The government of the United Kingdom is, as everyone knows, a party government, and by party machinery the people are organized into a whole. But simply because the Irish people have cared for nothing but Home Rule, they have never entered into the calculations of the ministry except as a dim and truculent crowd with whose representatives they were willing to bargain but who themselves needed never to be seen. When you reflect that the ministry is the chief spokesman of Empire in England and Scotland, and when you realize that the voters of Ireland have as little personal contact with British ministers as the voters of Kansas or Nebraska, you gather the utter fictitiousness of the imperial "bonds" that are now supposed to be taut. The British public has some idea of foreign policy. It has some notion of its government's aims and some confidence in its government's plans. But except for perfunctory visits to Dublin and Belfast the statesmen of Great Britain have never made the slightest attempt to keep in touch with the people of Ireland. As a result, apart altogether from the nationalist preoccupation, the democracy of Ireland is practically outside the Empire, and for this predicament the imperialist politicians have themselves to thank.

To remedy such characteristic indifference at the eleventh hour, when it is desired that 300,000 Irishmen, instead of 150,000, shall go to the continent to fight for the Union Jack, is a problem to task even such an intermediary as John Redmond. In the opinion of those Irishmen who say that revolution is brooding, it can only be solved by a definite fulfillment of Home Rule. Such is the only fair method by which nation and empire may be annealed. The suspension of that measure fobbed off the Orangemen at an awkward hour, but it has left the nationalists in a state of sickened suspense. Ready to respond, even now, to some proof that England is fully capable of treating Ireland honorably, they ask for governmental candor. If instead pusillanimous silence is preserved, they are prepared, the extremists, to do anything that can injure the Empire to which they are unwillingly allied.

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If Ireland learns now that Home Rule is to remain intact, conceding Ulster some guarantee such as a veto on all Ulster legislation, the real impediment to good-will will be removed. This impediment exists because the government has jockeyed with Ulster. It has loudly affirmed that Home Rule is a fair democratic measure, yet it allows Ulster, propertied Ulster, to make it stand off from Home Rule, nervously counting the cost. If that is the way of Empire, it hardly inspires Irishmen to offer their lives.

Since Parnell committed Ireland to a constitutional program, the separatist policy has seemed to lose its hold. But in the last year many thousand nationalist Irishmen have learned the use of arms. In spite of Mr. Redmond's efforts to rule these men, the most spirited among them are now absolutely determined to force Irish demands to an issue, and nothing except prompt governmental concession can keep them from taking a stand. If the government, as is feared, begins wholesale arrests and coercion, the result will be an abortive revolution, sure to be suppressed but evil in every possible way. The only honorable scheme by which this can be averted is the remittance of Ireland's acceded dues.

Until this supreme obligation is fulfilled, in advance of any draft on Ireland's manhood, the maintenance of the British Empire cannot be of real concern to the majority of Irishmen. If they cannot avail of boasted "public law" and "democracy," many are sufficiently desperate to be ready for the alternative militarism of "Kultur."

FRANCIS HACKETT.

"Good People"

AN Irish friend of mine says that he finds this war so richly exciting that he feels very sorry for anybody who dies within the next year and thus misses its adventures and dénouement. I myself feel sorry for any one who misses such documents as the journal of a citizen of Senlis, which I found in a recent French magazine. In this breathless account of the German occupation of early September, there is one story of a timeless flavor that suggests that the world has not yet lost its high symbolic sense.

It seems that the German soldiers, in their foraging about occupied towns, are in the habit of stamping with their approval the houses where they are amiably received and food and drink presented to them. This they do by chalking upon the doors, in their cabalistic Gothic script, the words "Gute Leute"—"good people"—as a notice to the army of the deservingness and excellence of the inhabitants within. In Senlis there lived an old German woman who had been with a French family for more than thirty years. She was still attached to the country of her birth, but had also come much to love the French. Torn between these conflicting sentiments, she perpetrated upon the Fatherland, when the Germans entered Senlis, the most innocent and delightful of treasons. In the dead of night, armed only with a piece of chalk, she sallied forth into the town, and did not rest until the doors of all the households that she knew had been inscribed with the mystic, "Gute Leute." Next morning, Senlis was full of "good people."

There is something infinitely significant in the thought of this old German woman, going about the town like a good angel, fixing her sign of protection, like the blood on the lintels of the Israelities in Egypt, on the doors of her friends. Thirty years had quite obliterated in her the distinction between Teuton and Gaul. And even thirty minutes had been enough to obliterate it partially in the minds of the Prussian soldiery who had made the same beneficent sign. A recent sunny April noon in Senlis enables me to see very vividly the dogged little troop marching into the fair and peaceful age-old town, moving in little informal groups about its silver-grey streets, or drawn up before the Mairie, parleying with the officials. And what did they ask—blood and ransom? Simply a dinner at the best hotel, and an assurance that the street-lights would be left burning all night! Were not these polite, acquiescing Frenchmen immediately "Gute Leute" to them? And as the individual soldiers scattered about the town, did they not find "Gute Leute" around them? How naive, too, may have been their test. A little wine and bread, perhaps, and the givers became "good people," to be marked with the sign and protected from rapine. Such warfare conducted by the individual becomes almost idyllic in its quality. One appreciates the almost helpless embarrassment of the invaders, and their perplexity as to what to do with all this that they have so completely and innocently at their mercy. As the soldier roams carelessly about, perhaps more than one question comes into his mind as to why he is there to fight "Gute Leute" at all.

And then, crash! The sudden shots of *franc-tireurs* at the outskirts of the town, the shock and panic of betrayal, the swift coalescence of these scattered Prussian units of amiability into an army —no longer moved by a trace of the individual sentiments that were operating a moment ago. With a click, all the "Gute Leute" are merged into a solid, cruel mass of Senlis, the enemy's town, to be struck, ruthlessly, irrevocably. The mayor who has unintentionally deceived the Germans is taken out immediately and shot, the neighboring houses are set on fire, the public building ravaged. This new gaunt, incalculable body, without reason or emotion but with only a will, sweeps its red way to the east. And these things are done in no sense by the men who were so lately parleying with their "Gute Leute," but by the coagulated, disciplined mob which formed at the instant of the attack.

So they pass from Senlis, leaving the old German woman to wonder at this madness of war which sets a sword between the "Gute Leute" that she knows her Prussians to be, and the "bonnes gens" of Senlis.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

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Reconstruction in Europe

IT is just possible to conceive something worse than the ruin and slaughter of the conflict in Europe. The something worse would be the discovery that it had all been futile and vain.

It is this haunting fear which explains the pathetic readiness of the crowds of civilized men who compose the belligerent nations, to discover an ideal meaning in this war. In spite of our hatreds and fevers, the curious and hopeful aspect of the various popular idealisms is their almost Christian disinterestedness. We are all fighting to liberate our enemies. The German wearers have sworn to free the Russians from Tsardom, while the British and the French are resolved to rescue the Germans from militarism. Each of us can see with the pitiless insight of enemies how partial, how partisan is the idealism of the other.

These are the ideals of partisans. Can we discover some meaning more universal? It is too soon to be confident. We shall not know what really were the dominant motives of these warrior masses nor shall we read the sacred thoughts of the statesmen who judge them, until the peace is signed. There is always the ghastly possibility that the present conflict may bring with it nothing more than the drums and tramplings of earlier conquests—cessions, indemnities and debts. But an issue was none the less clearly stated before the war began. A retort by the German Chancellor spoken during those brief conversations which led with such vertiginous speed to war, might serve us as its motto and explanation. Sir Edward Grey had proposed that a conference of the four relatively disinterested Powers should sit in London to propose an equitable settlement between Austria and Servia. "That," replied the Imperial Chancellor, "would have the appearance of an Areopagus."

Here was the typical answer of old-world particularism, or shall we call it nationalism. Nationalism is the individualism of a continent. It finds its dignity offended, its majesty infringed, by the suggestion that others may intervene to settle its disputes, and it is capable of persisting in this attitude, even when it becomes apparent that these others are not impertinent strangers, but neighbors who will presently be shedding their own blood and treasure because mediation has been refused.

For a century and more, since the ideal of human solidarity was first preached at the French Revolution, the thinkers and poets have been giving reasons why our neighbors' affairs are also our own. The new organization of Europe has brought with it a reason more cogent than any preaching. I may deny that I am my brother's keeper, but I am certainly my brother's ally. With all the Powers closely knit in two rival groups, no quarrel can be isolated or localized. For ten years and more the only possible war in Europe has been a universal war. It needed a demonstration to bring home this fact to Europe. The next step in this terribly practical syllogism is clear. The only way to prevent another universal war is by the constitution of an "Areopagus."

We have evaded this conclusion with a really remarkable obstinacy. This war which has come at last in 1914 over Servia, is the war which we just escaped in 1905 and in 1911 over Morocco, in 1909 over Bosnia, and in 1912 over Albania. At each crisis the solution has dawned upon statesmen. They put it from them as Utopian. There would have been war over Morocco had not France very reluctantly consented to submit her claims to the conference which met at Algeciras. Unluckily, after France had shown—too late in the day—that she had the European mind, she made her submission of no effect by flagrantly disregarding the findings of the Conference, and embarking on a career of undisguised conquest. In the Bosnian affair, Germany and Austria were the offenders who refused the Russian proposal of a conference. Only in the Albanian question was this method accepted from first to last. Throughout this troubled period the principle which would have brought appeasement has found half-hearted backers and whole-hearted opponents. Each Power has appealed to it in turn, and each in turn has flouted it. None of them has steadily seen that it cannot be combined with the struggle for a Balance of Power and the system of alliances. A council is doomed to failure if each Power enters it bound to maintain the thesis of its ally. The organization of European solidarity has made some progress. We have solidarity enough to render any war a universal war. We lack only the solidarity to make a permanent peace. It is possible that this colossal conflict may prove to be for Europe what your Civil War was for North America—the final affirmation of the indissoluble unity of a continent.

Psychologists are puzzled by the curious intimate sense of recognition which sometimes comes over us when we see for the first time a house or a landscape which none the less appears familiar. What past experience is it that we relive in these movements? Europe is going through an experience of that kind to-day. A century ago we were just emerging from another universal war, and, so little is there anything new under the sun, the statesmen of that generation also were endeavoring to found a permanent peace by the creation of a European Concert. The Holy Alliance is execrated to-day in the memories of all liberal-minded men. But when the Tsar Alexander first conceived it, nothing is more certain than that it was inspired by an ideal of liberty and peace. The mystical and reactionary influences which overcame him in later life were powerful enough to wreck a beneficent dream. The

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reasons for the degeneration and failure of the Holy Alliance are still instinctive. The English of that day under Canning and Castlereagh looked askance at it. They were willing to enter continental politics only at a crisis. If their neighbor's house blazed so furiously that their own thatch was threatened, then they would rush to put out the flames. But they would not help to keep up a standing fire brigade. The Holy Alliance failed, in the second place, because the Emperors who controlled it aimed not merely at maintaining European peace, but also at conserving the threatened institution of monarchy, and the dogma of divine right. It failed, finally, because they planned their concert with France omitted. She was the disturber of the world's peace, and the Alliance was formed to control her, to police her, to isolate her.

No one would dream to-day of making a Holy Alliance to defend monarchy. But the concert of to-morrow may be wrecked by two of the same causes which destroyed the concert of a century ago. We still suffer in these British islands from the same cautious empirical temperament which made our forefathers so useful in the task of destroying Napoleonic tyranny, and so useless in the greater work of rebuilding Europe. England's inclination will always be to intervene on the Continent in a crisis, but to refuse our aid in the permanent organization which alone can avert catastrophic crisis.

The other danger is even more apparent. If the Allies win in this war, the average sensual man in all three peoples will desire not merely to crush Germany, but to isolate and ostracise her. He will want a concert with Germany left out. It would of course be otherwise if a revolution were to happen in Germany, but I have little hope of a German revolution. "The Germans," as Queen Victoria once said of them, "are a good people." There will be change enough in Germany if Prussia makes an end of the three-class franchise. The way to the world's future, if the Allies win, is precisely their handling of a beaten Germany. If they should be able to humiliate her (an unlikely result), then she herself will refuse to sit in any Concert with them. If they have the grace to wipe out the past, if they have the charity to remember that they also have on occasion torn up "scraps of paper" and devastated the territory of their enemies, it will only be after a battle with envy, malice and all uncharitableness, sharper and harder than any which has been waged as yet in European history. By violence we shall constitute no Concert. The real battle is to come. Our fathers lost it a century ago. We may be destined to win it. I shrink from the pessimism which sees in history only a dismal succession of stoic cycles and fated repetition of mistakes.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Baiting the Commerce Commission

IN Wall Street, the first day of open trading on the Stock Exchange since the beginning of the war, I found men buying railroad securities for a rise, believing that at last the carriers were going to be permitted to raise their rates. At the same time they were denouncing the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"For what?" I asked. The answers varied in texture, content and color, but were alike in feeling. The Interstate Commerce Commission, though pretending to perform a judicial function, was against the railroads. And it always had been. Although it was about to grant the railroads a living wage, no thanks were due either to its intelligence or to its fair-mindedness. There had arisen an irresistible public demand for right treatment of the second most important industry in the country. Not until then had the Commission been able to see the light of reason. It was intolerable. Something would have to be done about it.

Knowing Wall Street fairly well, I suspected that this feeling was not wholly spontaneous, and I intercepted a regular financial writer in his goings-about to ask him what it meant. "It's an agitation from the top," he said. "You'd be surprised to hear what some of the big bankers are saying—men you'd expect would have a more detached point of view. My opinion is that the railroad people and the bankers together are trying to take advantage of public sentiment favorable to the railroads to bring about a radical reform in Federal regulation of railroads."

I went to talk to some of those bankers, and was surprised at the pitch of their feelings. The Interstate Commerce Commission, they said, was an obsolete, dilatory body, with arbitrary powers over a business which, as everyone ought to know, requires prompt decisions; it combined the work of prosecutor and judge; it was in politics and could not help being biased on that account; it was biased against the railroads, and it had no constructive policy.

One way of dealing with a man whose mind is behaving in that way toward an institution which, though obviously imperfect, is yet very important and may have done some good, is to ask him a question like this: "Granted that the Interstate Commerce Commission works slowly—which is a hardship to business; that it is conscious of political situations, as all other of democracy's institutions are; that it acts both as prosecutor and judge, although willing to receive all the evidence unhindered; and that it has no constructive policy—granting these and other imperfections, yet if by a word you could abolish it, would you say the word?"

He may decline to answer, but if he answers at

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all he will say no. And he will answer that way because he knows that the Interstate Commerce Commission, created primarily to protect the public from the railroads, has, in so doing, protected the railroads also. It protected them first from themselves and then from the big shippers, and it is now the carriers' only hope of continued protection from the vexing, irrational and contradictory regulation by individual states.

That what the Interstate Commerce Commission has done for the railroads is so commonly undervalued or forgotten may be due to the fact that the benefits in every case have been conferred upon protesting carriers. Never have they received them willingly or believingly, but always as calamities, like children to whom remedies are administered sternly.

Looking back upon it now, one cannot understand the furor of panic with which the creation of the Commission in 1887 was met by the railroad people. All of them believed that railroad credit was ruined. It was an intolerable and disastrous interference of government in the management of an industry in which private capital was necessary. Phrases have not changed much since then. James J. Hill said that though the railroads might survive, the country would be ruined. He predicted that within thirty days, or as soon as people could see what they had done, Congress would be assembled in special session to repeal the law. Wall Street was extremely "bearish." Shrewd men announced that they would have none of their money in railroad securities. The terrible powers originally conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission were so limited as now to seem futile. All the Commission could do was to require publicity of rates, denounce unfair rates, and act in certain prescribed ways against discrimination in rates between persons and places.

What happened was unexpected. Even this moderate interference of government with the freedom of private capital in railroads marked the beginning of a stability of rates such as had been utterly impossible before. Previously the railroads had been run not by their proprietors, not by their bankers, but by their traffic managers, who were intimidated by big shippers. Rate wars were the nightmare of finance and the source of much scandalous speculation on the Stock Exchange. When other things seemed propitious, Wall Street would be expecting prosperity and rising prices, when out of a clear sky would break another rate war, and down would go stock prices with a crash. The weaker roads were always the worst offenders. They could not be persuaded to keep any agreement. At one of many conferences between bankers and railroad heads in New York, the president of the Chicago and Great Western refused to be bound, saying, "Gentlemen, I would trust any of you with my watch, but none of you in a rate agreement."

Publicity of rates hampered the traffic managers, and open rate wars presently ceased; but it did not destroy the whole of their practice. Nor did it deliver the railroads out of the hands of the big shippers, who continued to demand costly favors and to play one carrier against another. They were very cunning. They required the traffic manager to make a new rate when they could use it to best advantage, to publish it afterward, and then suddenly to put it back where it had been, before their competitors could use it at all. Failing in that, they required advance and secret notice of an impending change. Also, they still demanded and still received the indefensible rebate. It was years before the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, gradually enlarged by precedent and legislation, were sufficient to make rates stable in spite of the railroads. At last, in 1906, it received the power from Congress to determine and fix reasonable rates, and to suspend changes proposed by the railroads pending investigation of their reasonableness. Then for the first time the railroads were freed from the greed of big shippers, and from the false theories of traffic managers. Then for the first time could they say to the favored big shipper: "We can give you only what we give everybody else. Sorry. It's the law."

The railroads protested very bitterly. Wall Street pretended to think that the distrust of railroad securities in the panic of 1907 was owing partly to the Hepburn Amendment, which transferred control of the railroad industry from the owners therof to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Railroad securities had no future. That was the expression. The distrust of railroad securities, however, was no greater than the distrust of other securities. As for the prediction that capital would cease to be invested in the carriers' business, in the ensuing five years, 1907-1911 inclusive, the total capital so invested increased four billions and six hundred millions of dollars—about 31 per cent; the proportion of stocks paying dividends increased from 66.5 per cent to 67.6 per cent; and the average rate of dividend on the dividend-paying stocks increased from 6.03 to 8.03 per cent.

To all this the railroad man answers that neither the cessation of rate wars nor the present stability of rates can be ascribed to the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rate wars, he says, would have ceased because they were ruinous, and stability of rates was bound to eventuate from the dictates of common sense. To say that the railroads could not now trust each other to maintain rates on which they should all be able to live, merely because once they were unable to do so, would be to say that they had learned nothing, which would be absurd.

Yet when the railroads, by reason of the interference of the Interstate Commeerce Commission, were unable any longer to compete in rates, they were still able to compete in service, and they have down to this day competed in service as recklessly as ever they did in rates. Hence the faster freight trains that run on almost passenger schedule between distant points, e.g., the "third morning delivery" between New York and Chicago, or "second morning delivery" between Boston and Albany. They

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run with half loads or less of dead freight, such as castings, ax-handles and chemicals, that ought to move more economically in slow trains better loaded. Hence, also, the eight or ten palatial passenger trains between two cities where two or four would do. Nothing has recently been so much wasted in this country as railroad transportation, in consequence of competition in service. Railroad men say, "But service is the only thing we have left to compete in." They do not deny waste. They complain that nobody can stop because nobody will.

It is true, as its critics say, that the Interstate Commerce Commission was created out of a spirit hostile to the railroads, and it is very possibly true that traces of that original bias survive. Against this is the fact that no experienced railroad man, reviewing the ethics of the business in the time of his youth, would deny that the public needed protection. That is confessed, indeed, in the formal plea of the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission that they should not be held accountable for sins of the past; that bygones should be bygones.

The criticism that the Interstate Commerce Commission is a dilatory body will bear examination, although dilatory is not the word. It is an overworked body. Too much is required of it, especially by Congress in its demands for investigations; and much work now painfully and patiently performed by the Commission itself might very wisely be delegated to referees and subordinate experts. An improved, stronger and more efficient Interstate Commerce Commission is greatly to be desired. There are few things that could not be improved, strengthened and made more efficient.

But if the railroad people mean to complain that in a season of more or less desperate need it has taken too long to get permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to raise rates, let them ask themselves if, without the Interstate Commerce Commission, they could raise their rates at all. They were never able to control rates before there was an Interstate Commerce Commission, any more than they have been able to control competition in service since.

GARET GARRETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Play-Streets?

SIR: When the People's Institute took an instantaneous census of the children playing in streets of Manhattan on Saturday afternoon, April 19, 1913, it was found that the 120,197 children who were trying to satisfy their natural, healthy desire for play had to do so in the streets. No other recreation ground was convenient.

Street play is dangerous for two reasons. The obvious first danger relates to traffic, which in a city as vast as New York is necessarily heavy. The fact that an average of 300 children are killed every year while playing on the streets exhibits this cruel reality. The cold truth is that here is a big loss to the city in dollars and cents. Up to the age of fourteen a child is a liability, cared for at the city's expense. It is only when he starts working that he begins to repay society for its care of him. If 300 healthy children die every year through street accidents —but why continue? It is a simple problem in arithmetic.

The second danger is subtler, therefore harder to combat. The census taken on April nineteenth found 30,427 grown-up loungers—idlers—on the lookout to develop new recruits for the underworld. This contact constitutes the chief danger of the streets. It is not a problem in arithmetic, but an incalculable moral menace, as has been proven by several investigations made by the People's Institute in the year 1912-13 regarding the relation of delinquency to recreation.

Why not close certain streets in each district of the city daily in the late afternoon, and let the children play in them, guarded from evil?

In New York City Police Commissioner Woods has shown not only interest but willingness to cooperate with the People's Institute in solving the No-Place-to-Play problem. He has closed certain thoroughfares to traffic from three to six in the afternoon and stationed a policeman at each end of the block. The People's Institute has formed a committee to operate five play-streets in widely divergent sections of the city as experiment stations.

We look forward to the time when play-streets will be as normal to the community as the great trucks, the ships of our local industry that ply their lumbering way, sometimes crushing life like great Juggernauts.

HELEN RUTH RICHTER.

New York City.

Strong Words vs. Us

SIR: Your review of Mrs. Parnell's book has brought to me a great light. When I read the book some time ago I disliked it. But at the time I was under the spell of obscurantist morality. I thought that a man like Parnell, who bore upon his conscience the trust of a people's destiny, was infamous for imperiling that trust by a guilty flirtation. I thought too that the disguises, the aliases, the backstairs intrigue that characterized the liaison were odious and contemptible. In fine, I judged the book, both as literature and as morals, as quite decidedly wretched.

But your reviewer lets me perceive that in the new literature and the new morality the old standards of taste and decency are as ridiculous as the superstitions of Zanzibar. Not only is the book a work of "consummate significance," but the adulterous episode was a "true love" that "honored human nature." Having been awakened to this, I beg you to go on. Strip away more of our hypocrisies. Can't you have a ringing word in praise of ambush and assassination? Can't you abolish our fetish called honor, and portray the temperamental loveliness of deceit and cowardice and shame? And above all, will you not deliver a last attack on the falling fortress of good taste, intellectual sanity and despotic conscience, so that epileptic emotionalism and unprincipled degeneracy may rule without remonstrance? It is a vast program, but having begun so well, why should you despair?

WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN.

New York City.

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Professor Royce on his Reviewer

SIR: The reviewer of my book, "War and Insurance," in your issue of November fourteenth, while criticizing my special plans for applying the principle of insurance to international affairs, very kindly lays stress upon what he calls "an idea of extreme importance" which, as he says, my book has "contributed to the cause of peace."

I lay little stress upon the details of my plan for international insurance—details which, as my book says, are still wholly tentative. I lay a good deal of stress not only upon the general "idea" which your reviewer attributes to me, and which in its most general statement he to some extent commends, but also upon the introduction into that idea of the general principle of international insurance. Your reviewer doubts that international insurance in any form would have the value that I attribute to it. Let me venture then to answer one of your reviewer's comments upon the social workings of the insurance principle as it is at present applied, namely, within the limits of our ordinary civil life.

Insurance, says my reviewer, has "not as a rule" "provided a means" in civil life whereby "we may free ourselves" "from strife-breeding hardships." To show this to be the case, my reviewer uses as an illustration the burning of a house. "If," says my reviewer, "my house burns down uninsured," that misfortune does not cause me "to raise my hand against my fellow man." Yet on the other hand, as I myself in my ignorance of insurance suppose, a social order which is so constituted as to force millions of its members to live homeless, contains various "strife-breeding hardships" which would tend to be removed, and would be greatly reduced in magnitude, if into that social order there were introduced a form of business, a well-organized institution, which, without interfering with the rights of individuals to acquire and to hold private property, opened a new way by which thrifty men in great numbers, could gradually acquire homes of their own. I suppose also (still very ignorantly) that one way in which a young and poor but thrifty family can acquire, in our present social order, a home of its own, involves buying a house and land upon which somebody loans money, and then gradually paying for the advance while using the home with that sort of independence and with that consciousness of ownership which are made possible through loans secured by mortgages upon real estate. I not only suppose, but know, as my reviewer also knows, that a part of the security which is required to make a mortgage upon a house a reasonable investment is due to the fact that a house can be insured, while the lender of the sum needed to build the house is the beneficiary of the insurance policy.

Were there no insurance of houses possible, there could therefore be no acquisition of homes through such plans as the ones just suggested. As a fact, millions of persons living in our own present social order actually get and keep homes of their own by using plans and cooperative devices that involve employing insurance as a security for loans. This peace-breeding potency of insurance is due to the fact that a man insures in general not merely the creature of a day called "himself," but also, through the mediation of an insurer, the possibly very enduring being—man, corporation, heir, creditor, or what not—who is his beneficiary.

Such is an indication of the reasons why I believe that in the social life of each modern nation which has developed large enterprises that make use of the insurance principle, the peaceful organization of society has been promoted by this principle. The thoughtless private individual usually supposes that he is insuring himself against risks by purchasing a policy. My reviewer knows as well as I do that a man's relations, in case of his insurance contracts, are with his beneficiary still more than with the corporations or individuals who sell him the insurance. And these relations to one's beneficiary are not only "logical" but indirectly, yet very powerfully, "psychological" in their influence, because through one's beneficiaries one gets united, in stable fashion and in a loyal spirit, to the whole social order, if one only insures enough undertakings and takes part in enough insurance enterprises.

My argument in "War and Insurance" is that the principle which is thus potent in our present society would tend to become still more potent for peace if it were internationally applied. In order to apply it, one would have to devise some such "organ" as my reviewer recognizes, and in a measure commends, namely, some such "organ" as my proposed international board of trustees. One would also have to define some such "object" as my reviewer also names, and in a measure commends, namely, just such a group of objects and plans as the international board of insurance trustees would devise and make feasible. In my book I have mentioned a few risks against which international insurance would already be possible, if the "organ" that I propose were already in existence—that is, if the international board of trustees were already at hand to undertake the task of proposing special objects for international insurance, and of devising plans for the conduct of such insurance.

My reviewer says that if insurance against pestilences were in question, those countries that are non-pestilential would not insure. I reply that there are no countries that are not afflicted with pestilences, such, for instance, as tuberculosis. An international campaign against such pestilences will be necessary if ever they are to be stamped out. An international board of trustees, such as my plan proposes, would constitute the best possible "organ" for conducting the campaign.

My reviewer holds that social insurance can wisely be left to individual nations, if only they can first solve each its own social problems. I reply that whenever we reach the point (as we shall soon reach the point) where insurance against strikes comes to be a question of the day, such an insurance could be much better undertaken through international cooperation than through any other form of social effort. An international insurance against strikes, with the international trustees as the meeting-ground both for the comparison of opinion concerning the problem and for putting into practical operation the plans needed, would once more be precisely the "organ" for dealing with the object in question.

In view of the foregoing considerations bearing upon the way in which the insurance principle has actually worked to remove strife-breeding hardships from our civilization, I contend that we have excellent empirical grounds for looking forward most hopefully to the peaceful influence which the workings of the insurance principle would introduce into international affairs, whenever we once begin to make use of a form of insurance whose beneficiaries would tend from the first to become the subjects of the most various nations.

It is, therefore, the indirect very much more than any direct result of international insurance that, whenever this principle of insurance has once been introduced into international affairs, will work for peace. This is the essential "idea" which my book has tried to define.

Josiah Royce.

Boston.

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH I have often travelled in the same train with you, and have sought you carefully, I am not even now certain that I know you by sight. Not in the exalted chair which should be yours, but undistinguished, unremarked, you sit obscured by your companions. Publishers and novelists and critics may think they have found you at last, and resolve to keep you under surveillance, yet every year brings its evidence that their eyes were upon the wrong woman. For you, madam, are the average reader. Upon you depends the fate of every novel. To your hands the future of the American novel, for better, for worse, has been entrusted. If you say, let there be lightness, light books will be written. If you yearn for a tragic novelist, some obliging American mother, hailing from Germany, perhaps, or Russia or Scandinavia, will before long give him birth.

You do not, I regret to notice, appear to realize the responsibilities of your position. You are accused, sometimes contemptuously and highbrowedly, sometimes with hottest fury, of putting your powers to the poorest uses. Much you care. No fury, though hot as molten metal, can touch you, and to be highbrowbeaten you wholly refuse. At this moment, where a chivalrous volunteer is hurrying to your defense, you take no interest in my approach. It matters nothing to you whether I deny that your preference for happy endings is dictatorial, or admit this and affirm that your dictation does no great harm.

In life, which has sometimes been contrasted with literature, this liking for happy endings is one of the most innocent of your many innocencies. One day this autumn, when you were forced to change cars at a small place in the country, you stood on the station platform and watched your abandoned train pull out. Behind you there came a hurry of feet. An average man, whom you did not know from Adam, dashed by you in pursuit of that receding train. Would he make it? Would he lose it? You stood and watched, rather tensely rooting for that unknown man. His past might have been scarlet. His heart might be black. In some city up the line there might be a hundred guiltless men against whom your train-chaser had been concocting an after dinner speech, and who would be happier and not unwiser if he lost his train. You, while watching him sprint, thought of none of these things. You wished that man well. When he had swung aboard the last car you turned away, relaxed, relieved, nor did you stop to consider how utterly the desire for a happy ending, that well-known tyrant, had held you in thrall.

The scene changes. Winter in town. You look down from your high-built room upon the glaring street, where the lights bewilder and blind. Two illuminated surface monsters are clanging towards one another, each on its appointed track. A woman, any woman, frail if you compare her to either of the oncoming cars, tries to cross the street ahead of both. Will she be caught and dragged and mangled under your eyes? No, not she. The poor creature has done the impossible, she has gained the sidewalk unharmed, and you, the spectator, thank whatever gods you believe in. For you the incident has had a happy ending. And for her, too, although she may finish her evening near the radiator, opposite some sedentary, taciturn monogamist who is as sleepy as your own husband.

This is the kind of happy ending that you desire when you sit down to read. But people mistake when they say that because you have this desire they can tell what you think about life, the world, the soul. They can tell nothing of the sort. Yours is a case where a great deal of wish may imply very little opinion. You, who share Sir George Croft's "honest belief that things are making for good on the whole," have a weakness for happy endings, and so have I, though I'm not quite certain what things are making for. You would like happy endings no less if your beliefs were as vague as mine, and I should like them no more if my optimism were as symmetrical as yours. A liking for them is found among persons who see life pink, who see it black, who see it gray, and also among persons who don't see it.

As you have already begun to suspect, if you have kindly read as far as this, I don't quarrel with your preference for happy endings. If you insisted upon unhappy endings you might tempt our novelists and publishers to quite as conventional a routine. And a tragedy which is tragedy only in intention, which supplies an abundance of death or other calamity while omitting all tragic feeling, is less excusable, in my eyes, than the staple foolish happy-ender. My quarrel is with your desire to have that man-who-caught-the-train youngish, resourceful, bold, and in love; with your desire to have that woman-who-wasn't-run-over young, in love, self-sacrificing and devoted to an ailing mother. I suspect you, besides, of not considering love curiously enough. Richard Wagner was more exacting. He said that only the love of the strong for the strong was love, and he made a list of the imitations—such as the love of the strong for the weak, of the weak for the weak, of the weak for the strong. He called for what he deemed the real thing, and would accept no inferior substitute. Aren't you perhaps a little too ready to accept anything that's labelled love and anything that's labelled happiness?

One of these days, when I unfold my morning paper and learn from the help-wanted column that the position of creator is vacant, I shall apply for the job. Not long after organizing my staff I shall set about re-creating the average reader. To me this shall be as near a concern as the ordering of my food. Under my altering hand she shall lose a little of her fondness for meeting standardized feeling in new settings. She shall be pleased to meet new feeling in settings new or old. She will enjoy watching the oldest feelings in the world turn, as she sees them through the novelist's observing and self-observing eye, to newness. Books which not only talk about love, but which consider and communicate it, shall be dear to her; books where—as in Mr. Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower"—love itself is the subject, and where the lover is, and is meant to be, only a glass into which life pours different-colored passions.

But the average reader, when these and other alterations had been completed, would still retain many of her existing traits. Although she would demand strangeness in her novels, although she would insist upon having her manly men less like one another than they have been in the past, I should not insist upon her foregoing her attachment to manly men, womanly women, self-abnegators, high ideals and elemental feelings. I shouldn't even require of her a suspicious attitude toward big subjects. By letting her keep these preferences I should hope to avoid the weakness of re-creating her in my own image, a weakness which has cramped more than one creator's style.

P. L.

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Hardy's "Dynasts" Staged

The Dynasts. By Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker. Kingsway Theatre, London, November, 1914.

THE search of an idea for an author to introduce it into the world must be as difficult an enterprise as the search of a child for suitable parents. And it must have been a particularly perplexing task for the idea that is the soul of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," because of its vastness and subtlety. It is an attempt at the philosophy of history, an explanation of the periodic dismemberment of the world by the wars of the nations, a cold examination of the toppling towers that men rear when they begin to build not for beauty but for height and remarkableness.

Now and again, it seems, there arise men who are possessed by a strange passion to found dynasties. It is merely a prodigious appetite, a large kind of greed, a monstrous development of the vulgar passion for "making a show." It does not even indicate a strong imagination, for the imaginative man finds no man, not even himself, glorious enough to serve and worship only Art and the Causes. And those who are afflicted with it, having no high aims by which to build their greatness, send the dull herds on purposeless journeys always ending in the grave. A rotund little man led the courage of France to Moscow and left it in the snow because he wished an obscure Corsican family to have a rise in the world. And this morning I look from my window down a broad valley of stubble-fields and watermeadows, and know that in all the land, even to that dark wood which sweeps like an eyebrow on a distant hill, there are to-day but two able-bodied men. All the rest are standing in icy trenches or drilling on Salisbury Plain, because a distant personality, envisaged here in Hertfordshire chiefly as a rampant moustache, wants the family of Hohenzollern to be better than their neighbors. Always the common people of the world have been preyed on by such trivial desires as these.

Which author could best handle so vast an idea? Certainly none of our professed poets, since Shelley died; and our other imaginative writers have difficult personalities. "Mr. Meredith would talk about it," one can imagine the Idea saying pathetically, as it went on its quest, "and forget all about me. And if I pass on to the younger generation, they're so—intelligent. Mr. Bennett, for instance, would turn it into a documented history of a Staffordshire private, and discuss the economic influences affecting his conduct at the battle of Albuera." So the Idea was driven to turn Mr. Hardy, that mind which bridges the gulf between the Victorians, with their absorption in anecdote and hostility to ideas, and the moderns, with their contempt for personal events save as manifestations of forces. Certainly it must have suffered in its enfoldment by this powerful, inelegant, repellent genius. For although Thomas Hardy is the wisest of men and understands man as a rider understands his horse, he is of all writers the most uneducated. His mind has never grasped any mental formulae; each book is as thick-tongued and inexpert as the last. "The Dynasts" is typically mixed magic and clumsiness. There are places as rough and bare as the wall of a barn, as vagrant as the path along a cliff; but never before was so large a vision of the lot of man.

Now that "The Dynasts" is trying to fight further into the human mind by way of the stage, it finds the choice of a producer almost as embarrassing as the choice of an author. It is said that Mr. Hardy, on being asked what form the Spirit of Time should take in the production, replied that he wanted it to be "a beautiful voice speaking from a vast void"; and indeed that impossibility was the only thing possible for "The Dynasts." It wanted above all things a producer whose imagination worked on the plane of voids and vastness, who, given the written script, could fill the stage with scenes of suitable cloudy greatness. Instead it has fallen into the hands of Mr. Granville Barker, who, in spite of the fact that creative minds are always bad at arranging things, and that Wagner was never clever with dragons, insists on squandering his genius on theatrical management. Nearly always his productions are the filtrations of other producers' ideas through his vigorous personality, and it unfortunately happens that "The Dynasts" is presented in the terms of the metaphysic not of Mr. Hardy, but of Mr. Gordon Craig. On each side of the stage there sit in high thrones the two women who declaim the speeches of Time, the Pities, and the many spirits; in front a Reader sits and gives out the descriptive passages that link the scenes together. On the stage there are towering curtains and pillars, an illusion of height, vastness in the vertical dimension, dwarfing the little bright figures that strut at its base.

It is a method of presentation which Blake often used in his mystical drawings, and it is suited to drama such as "Hamlet" where the soul is seen overshadowed by God or Destiny. But it is the very essence of Mr. Hardy's work that he sees life not under height but in the midst of infinite breadth; from the soul the earth stretches away to far horizons, and there is nothing above it but the empty skies. Everything grows out of the soil beneath our feet. Fate does not bend down from a seat in the clouds, but is a pulse beating through the earth, affecting all its fruits, sometimes touching a crop with blight, sometimes withering a home with tragedy. One wanted above all things, if Mr. Hardy was to be anything but frustrated, the very effects of breadth and wide perspectives that this production consistently refuses.

But in spite of this wrangling between the author and the producer, and the truncation which time made necessary, "The Dynasts" emerged as one of the greatest plays that have been on the English stage. There were glorious times when one looked on the stage as into a magic crystal and saw some surprisingly true vision. There was that scene which showed a group of deserters drinking with some women in a bare Spanish hovel. They sang thickly, and the sun lit up the red coats of the men and the flowers in the women's hair and the white face of the girl who had died in the dust while they were busy drinking. An officer stumbled cursing down the steps and drove them out with threats of shooting to their regiments, with whom they doubtless faced death serenely in some later battle. That was war, the dark bloodstain on the world. And we saw Nelson, that queer little creature who was less honorable than a man and more heroic than a god, give up his life at Trafalgar. We saw Sir John Moore buried by men who could not spare the time to mourn him because there were many more men to be killed. We saw Napoleon fall into a sick stupor as the dull people from England pressed to him across the field of Waterloo, treading down into the mud the imaginations of the Arch-Dynast—saw Napoleon's fiction of remarkableness vanish like a contradicted lie.

It was unquestionably great and marvellously beautiful. As the Reader slowly shut the book and the curtain fell for the last time, one rose with a rather baulked feeling, as though one had had the most beautiful poem in the world read to one in a mumbling undertone, and wondered if some day one might see it again more carefully and imaginatively produced—large scenes that were not afraid to be as

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vague as a changing scene, hidden voices, more mystery. But that, one remembered, while the voices crying news of a less merciful war than any of these told one that another ship had gone down and England was the poorer by eight hundred men, will not be an enterprise for this embarrassed country for some years ahead. The neutral countries must be kind to Art today, and remember that here she too has been struck by shrapnel.

REBECCA WEST.

London, December

A Study of Joseph Conrad

Joseph Conrad, by Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

THE fifteen years or so during which Joseph Conrad has been before the public have been for English literature a period richer in ideas than in art. The new century brought with it a far more than ordinarily acute consciousness of the time-spirit. The "intellectuals" consequently have held the center of the field, men of wit and of a critical and sociological temper, capable of interpreting the movements and types of charcter that stand for change rather than the abiding relations of life. But one decade undermines another. If the production of this period has been largely a production of the brain and of immediate necessity, the influences at work underneath have been of a totally different nature. Russian literature, to an amazing degree, has taken hold of the English mind, and fertilized it with a fresh and profound feeling for the elemental at the very moment when the English intellect was beginning to grate upon itself. And undoubtedly this fact has prepared the way for an appreciation of Conrad.

For Conrad is anything but a novelist of ideas; and Mr. Curle in his critical study has probably done right in discussing him purely as a writer; probably: for although Conrad is himself not a novelist of ideas he is supremely the cause of ideas in others. That is to say, he is a phenomenon, a figure not more remarkable in himself than in his relations. It is remarkable enough that a man should become a great master of style in a language of which, until he had reached maturity, he could neither read nor write a word; but with Conrad that is only the beginning of the puzzle. The natural history of his art, baffling as it is, is of the greatest importance and should receive the greatest attention, because in the English tongue he has done several hitherto impossible things. He has been, as Mr. Curle says, "thrillingly" romantic, without one lapse into sentimentality, without a moment's departure from the most rigorous moral austerity, and in the face of an almost bitterly anti-romantic epoch. He has, unlike Henry James and every other writer who in this respect approaches him, combined the utmost subtlety of style with an exclusive interest in large issues. He has preserved that elemental integrity which as a rule springs from being rooted in one spot and growing out of it, as the novels of Hardy grow, through an experience of the earth's surface greater than that of Stevenson or even Pierre Loti. Morever, in his "revolt against revolt," as Mr. Curle phrases it, in being "volcanic without being anarchic," he has acclimatized in our own language the very mood for which we have gone to Russian literature.

In most of these matters the ground has been prepared, not for Conrad perhaps, but for his reception. Twenty years of warfare against sentimentality have purged the romantic spirit and left it the unequivocal purity of a thing that has been tried by fire and knows its office. Twenty years of the warfare of ideas have made many of us hungry for the return of romance. Technically, too, Conrad comes in on the top of the wave. The artfulness of Stevenson, the precision of Henry James, the sense of form that has come from a very general familiarity with French fiction, have created a public for him, just as they have made it impossible for any novelist bred in the older English tradition to attain the first rank. But his greatest good luck lies in the fact that he satisfies the revolutionary appetite of his epoch while remaining perfectly free from each and every type of revolutionary theory. As Mr. Curle says, "He has the Slav capacity for comprehending the minds of to-day without placing them, so to speak, in the problems of today." Not that, like Chesterton, he turns the tables on so-called advance thought, stealing its thunder for the cause of a dynamic orthodoxy; but he shares in his own world, which is not social at all, but artistic and moral, this very advantage which Chesterton has boldly snatched out of an epoch of alien turmoil. In Conrad the spirit of revolt, of "unrest" is prefigured; and as with Tolstoy, its only satisfaction, if one can speak of satisfaction in so ironical a universe as his, is moral—to be attained, that is, not by changing things but by holding fast, in his own words, "to a few very simple ideas." Himself anchored in the deep places, he is a kind of magnification, endowed with genius, of the "plain man"—in fibre not a man of letters but of the elements.

Such ideas, extra-literary to a large extent, are only typical of a world of speculation which gathers about Conrad and his work, and into which Mr. Curle only occasionally enters. He is right, for his book, as he says again and again, is a pioneer book, and the first and most important thing is to make his author known as an author pure and simple. And one can hardly praise too much the minute and scrupulous fidelity with which he has checked each impulse to express himself rather than to expound his theme. This literal and faithful stepping from point to point, this somewhat pedestrian method—strictly a method of presentation and scarcely at all a method of interpretation—succeeds in doing just what Mr. Curle wishes to be done: it gives a *rationale* of Conrad and will undoubtedly enlarge his public.

There are, however, two or three statements about Conrad which can hardly be passed without question. "Nor does he," says Mr. Curle, "in his best work, as is so often charged against him, achieve his effects by redundancy. Quite the reverse." But surely Conrad, both in style and theme, is the most fugue-like of writers, returning upon himself, embroidering and re-embroidering the substance of which it is one of his chief glories to be so economical. Again Mr. Curle says that "there is not a trace of preciosity in Conrad's prose." But what would he say to a passage that begins in this way ("The Nigger of the Narcissus," chapter IV): "On men reprieved by its disdainful mercy, the immortal sea confers in its justice the full privilege of desired unrest. Through the perfect wisdom of its grace they are not permitted," etc., which is more sophistical in words than "intellectuals" are wont to be in ideas.

By taking hold of his problem in a somewhat matter-of-fact way and concentrating on the tangible substance of a man whose intangible implications, as it were, are so perilously fascinating, Mr. Curle has given us all the more appetite for the very best things that Conrad has to offer. That certainly is the triumph of a disinterested piece of criticism. It gives edge, moreover, to the occasional passages where Mr. Curle refers to the submerged and all-illuminating fact about Conrad, that is to say, his Slavonic nature. It is a pity to be too afraid of the obvious, and

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although nothing is easier and more foolish than to dwell overmuch on the influence of race, there are two or three phrases of Mr. Curle's that show how enlightening would be a special study of Conrad considered from that angle. "There are cruel moments in Conrad's intellect, extraordinarily incompassionate and cruel moments," is one of these phrases, and it records a trait that no one wholly ignorant of the Slavic nature could ever reconcile with another profoundly Slavic trait of Conrad's, which Mr. Curle also records, a "melancholy which is at once full of belief in goodness and full of despair at life." But most remarkable in this way is Mr. Curle's explanation of something which has puzzled at least one reader of "Lord Jim"; that such a tiny, doubtful, unconscious lapse from honor could ever have so relentlessly pursued a healthy young Englishman. And the explanation is that though Jim is presented as an Englishman, we may suppose that he was unconsciously conceived as "a melancholy and passionate Pole."

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Coningsby Dawson's Novels

The Raft, by Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

ONE cannot help wondering whether Mr. Coningsby Dawson, before planning his second book, "The Raft," decided consciously against repeating his first, "The Garden Without Walls."

Such a decision, if it was conscious, could hardly have been easy. It required Mr. Dawson to turn his back upon a world that he evidently loves, a world of simile and metaphor, a world where thoughts bay like bloodhounds in the brain, where vice is a lean hound and remorse a lean greyhound, where clouds are like greyhounds and sunsets are panthers crouching, where Italy is like a courtesan, fair and deep-bosomed.

By chopping up Mr. Dawson's figures of speech in this way, and by sweeping the fragments together, you can give a rough notion of one among his prepossessions. To give any notion of his manner you must make a longish quotation—like this, for example, where his hero recalls bathing in the Adriatic: "When I look back to that sunny July afternoon with the blue and silver Adriatic singing against the lips of the land, the warm wind blowing toward the shore from Egypt's way, the daring flashing of slim white bodies tossed high by glistening waves, and the undercurrent merriment of laughter and secret love-making, I know that I had ventured as far as is safe into the garden which knows no barriers."

An injustice, however, is always done to Mr. Dawson by selections, because selection cannot suggest either the luxuriance with which landscapes flourish in his world, or that "shining speed" by dint of which his narrative takes us through all this landscape at such a pace that we do not feel the luxuriance as oppressive. Although what we are always escaping to is always more of the same, the sense of escape somehow manages to abide.

This world of "The Garden Without Walls," consisting so largely of landscape seen in metaphor and simile, is not largely but wholly a world of sex. Many things happen to the hero. He gets a first class and a fellowship at Oxford, he specializes in Renaissance history, he falls heir to a baronetcy and seven thousand pounds a year. These things do not matter much. What matters is women. Three women love him. One of them he is never in love with, nor does he desire her; one he loves and desires; one he desires and doesn't love. He is always thinking of women. But this sex-hearted hero is also half-hearted. "From the first," he says, looking backward when he is something more than thirty, "my pagan imagination, at war with my puritan conscience, lured me on." Other observers would describe his career in other words. Despite his willingness on one occasion to elope with a married lady who thought better of it, he is a hero divided against himself. The lesson of his career is that a hero divided against himself cannot fall. He doesn't fall until page 485, when the book is nearly over.

One attributes to Mr. Dawson's hero, perhaps unjustly, a belief that you cannot think too much about sex if you are careful at the same time to think with studied lawfulness about marriage. As a charm against overvaluing sex, against allowing it more than its due proportion in our imaginings, this belief is not sovereign. Not by its aid, but by an almost lyrical open-airness, has Mr. Dawson saved "The Garden Without Walls," so sex-pervaded, from seeming sex-obsessed.

An abundance of rather facile near-poetry, growing quickly out of his interest in sex and landscape and wandering and children—this is the distinguishing sign of Mr. Dawson's first book. Take these interests from him and there wouldn't be much of him left. His second-ratenesses would protrude—his liking for such names as Dante Cardover, Ruthita Favart, Fiesole Cortona; his apostrophes exchanged by men and women in intimacy, "little devil," "you adorable witch-woman," "you virgin man," "my word, Ruthie, you're a dainty little armful"; the unreality of his talks between men; the mediocrity of his character-drawing. "The Garden Without Walls" has these weaknesses, but they don't count heavily, don't deprive us of our pleasure in watching the hero go his sex-pursuing, sex-frustrated way.

Yes, it must have been hard for Mr. Dawson, when he set about doing "The Raft," to decide against repeating himself. Yet there is evidence that he did make this decision, He has not seen so many metaphors and similes in the landscape. His interest in sex, although still strong, is much weaker. His taste in proper names is more sober. For mere variety's sake he has introduced a great many characters, neither necessary to his story nor in themselves good enough to be worth while. Of his genuine interests only his love of children gets more space than it had in "The Garden Without Walls."

"The Raft" would hardly be worth noticing if Mr. Dawson hadn't written it. Since it is his, the notice it deserves is something more than the obligatory remark that the second book does not fulfil the promise of the first. Why do people so often write about novels as if the normal course of a novelist were a steady progress from his first and worst book to his best and last? Nothing whatever is proved by "The Raft's" inferiority to "The Garden Without Walls." Mr. Dawson's third book, for aught any one knows to the contrary, may be better than either of them. Or his fourth, at the end of long life given over to novel-writing, may remain the best of all.

"The Garden Without Walls" did not mean what Mr. Dawson thought it meant. "The Raft" aggravates one's suspicion that he has not the special kind of imagination by which an author is enabled to charge a whole book with one meaning. Mr. Dawson is young yet, and a longer experience may prove in his case to be also a wider experience. Life may bring him many subjects. While he is waiting for experience, and even if, having an unexperiencing nature, his writing should prove useless, there still remains the subject of sex. Why should he be afraid of repeating himself? He might do us a modern Hippolytus, in a hunter's landscape or an explorer's or a mountaineer's, stone

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deaf to the voices of women. With greater risk of repetition he might do us a hero who tried to steer his course between the Scylla of continence and the Charybdis of sin. After all, though sex be your chief interest you may still put this same interest into books of many patterns, sex in self-tones, the wedded-bliss fabric, sex with an edge of danger, sex with broad murder-stripes. The world of sex is wide.

California and Japan

The American Japanese Problem, a Study of the Racial Relations of the East and the West, by Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

FOR thirty years Dr. Sidney L. Gulick was a Christian missionary in Japan. A short time ago, when the cordial relations between that land and the United States began to cool, the thought came to Dr. Gulick that there was no way in which he could better fulfill his mission than in helping to break down the rising wall of misunderstanding between these two countries. He could not consistently preach Christianity when the nation from which he came was acting toward the nation to which he was accredited in a manner which he himself was compelled to admit was profoundly unchristian. Perhaps, too, he came to believe that pious aspirations and injunctions to turn the other cheek would be far less efficacious in warding off a conflict than knowledge, statistics, facts and a fair, balanced mind to interpret them. And so, after much thought, this missionary of the Gospel became in a narrower sense a missionary of peace and understanding, and the book that we now have before us is one of his new ministrations, an attempt to mediate between California and Japan, and in a larger sense between the Occident and the Orient, between the white and the yellow and brown men, and as far as possible to lay down the principles upon which a *modus vivendi* between these antipodal races may be secured.

The book is not profound, nor is it philosophical, and it does not lay claim to these qualities. But it is sane and commonsensical, informed with a spirit of fairness and humanity, not uneloquent and not unoriginal. If it sometimes overemphasizes the good and understates the less desirable characteristics of our Japanese immigrants, if it is occasionally overzealous in its defense of a despised and persecuted minority, surely these are faults which may be forgiven. Dr. Gulick seems to believe, and I think believes truly, that race prejudice is in part at least a cultivated taste, that our own minds rear the barriers between the races, and that if you refuse to see these barriers they cease to exist. I wonder if our sense of the greatness of the difference between us and the "enigmatical" Japanese is really as acute as that which the Crusader felt as against the "unbelieving Jew," or the pious French Catholic against the Huguenot.

In any case that question is not immediately involved. Both Japan and the United States are willing to prevent any wide contact between the races in California, and since 1908 there has been a so-called "gentlemen's agreement" by which Japan herself restrains her nationals from emigrating to America. As a consequence, the number of Japanese aliens in California, which is now fifty-five thousand, is bound to decrease year by year. For the most part these Japanese are earnest, industrious, capable people, with a reasonably high standard of living, and in their present numbers in no sense a menace to any of our institutions, good or bad.

If California really were confronted with the peril of an unrestricted Asiatic immigration, it would be justified, even according to Dr. Gulick, in taking any adequate measures of defense. To throw three or four or it might be ten millions of Chinese into the Pacific Coast would mean an expulsion of the whites as surely as the coming of the English adventurers in the seventeenth century meant the expulsion of the Indians. But Chinese immigration is prohibited by us and Japanese emigration by the Japanese. It is not that Japan wants her people to go to America; all she wants is freedom from invidious and humiliating distinctions. An analogy may make this clear. Americans do not wish to migrate to Norway, but if that country were to pass laws prohibiting the immigration of Americans and of Americans alone, making Americans ineligible to citizenship and prohibiting our acquisition of land in one of its counties, we should not unlikely be resentful. And the Japanese are quicker in honor than we are, as well as less secure of their place in the esteem of the world, and they have been more and longer subject to racial discrimination, calumny and misrepresentation.

It is to end this calumny and misrepresentation that Dr. Gulick writes his book. It is perhaps a very small poultice on a very large sore, but after all, if we may change the metaphor, candor has a way of propagating itself, begetting candor even in opponents, just as prejudice begets counter-prejudice. And this is the contribution of Dr. Gulick, far more important than his ingenious—perhaps over-ingenious—proposal of a new Oriental policy, which I shall not describe but merely recommend to the thoughtful consideration of the reader.

W. E. W.

Mere Adventure

The Mutiny of the Elsinore, by Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AS a mere tale of adventure, a stirring account of a voyage round the Horn, Jack London's newest book is entirely satisfying. A person who is lured by "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" as a title cannot meet the mysterious rascals who are introduced in the first pages and be content to put the book down till he has found out just how much villainy they are allowed to perpetrate before they meet their just fictional deserts. Mr. London knows how to arouse interest in the fighting of brutal men, and in that is the interest of this story. There might have been a bigger interest. The Elsinore with its murderous crew, tossing helpless in the Southern seas, gave a chance for something that an artist could have managed superbly. But Mr. London only feebly touches it. He has put his primitive men upon the sea without putting the sea around them. Take it, as the author obviously somewhat wishes, for a study of the sea's effects upon a man whom civilization has lifted as far as it can from the primitive, and it is not possible to take it seriously. The hero is not nearly so refined a product as the author thinks he is. He may quote his friend De Casseres by the page, recite Arthur Symons to the heroine, find George Moore ever so "irritatingly fascinating;" but he is not a convincing subject for such an experiment. And the "hardness" that the author finds on the sea is the same hardness he would find in Alaska, or in drink, or anywhere his plots lead him. To take the "punch" out of Jack London would be criminal; but it would enhance his art if he could learn that to be effective it is not necessary to emulate the Fourth of July.

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PART TWO

A National System of Labor Exchanges

By John B. Andrews
Secretary American Association for Labor Legislation

"THE first step toward a solution of the problem of unemployment is the organization of a connected network of public employment exchanges."

This was the most emphatic point in the resolutions adopted by the First National Conference on Unemployment when it summed up the results of its two days' deliberations in New York last February. The conference, held under the joint auspices of the American Association for Labor Legislation and the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment, was composed of delegates from twenty-five states and fifty-nine cities. Among those who took part were representative trade-unionists, employers, economists and government officials. Their reports on the state of employment in their respective localities formed a solid foundation for the discussion of constructive remedies. The conference not only made suggestions for further investigation and recommendations for expansion and improvement of state and municipal labor exchanges, but voted unanimously to urge that in the federal Department of Labor there be established a bureau "with power to establish employment exchanges throughout the country, to supplement the work of state and municipal bureaus, to act as a clearing house of information and promote the distribution of labor throughout the country."

Shortly after the conference in February the New York Board of Aldermen adopted an ordinance providing for a municipal employment bureau in the chief city of the country. The office, opened for business on November 19, 1914, is the best equipped in America. Mr. Walter L. Sears, for eight years head of the Massachusetts system, is its efficient superintendent. The state legislature in New York, also, at its session closing at the end of March passed a bill which provides for a state system of free employment bureaus. Other cities and states have for many years been developing similar agencies, and the question now before the country is that of forging into the chain the necessary third link, a federal system of public labor bureaus to coöperate with the state and municipal exchanges.

I

It is apparent to any one who knows anything about the subject that our labor market is unorganized and that there is a tremendous waste of time and energy in the irregular and haphazard employment of workers. It is this very great social waste which we are just beginning to appreciate, but every method for overcoming it so far tried in America has been painfully inadequate.

The first and simplest method of bringing workmen and work together is by unsystematic individual search. A man not recommended for a position by a relative or friend often follows the easiest course, that which involves the least immediate expenditure of money and thought. He starts from home and drops in at every sign of "Help Wanted."

"Help Wanted," scrawled on a piece of cardboard, is the symbol of inefficiency in the organization of the labor market. The haphazard practice of tramping the streets in search of it is no method at all. It assures success neither to the idle worker in his search for work, nor to the employer in his search for labor. On the contrary, by its very lack of system, it needlessly swells the tide of unemployment, and through the footweary, discouraging tramping which it necessitates often leads to vagrancy and to crime.

It is impossible to reckon the cost to the community of this methodless method. Beyond the tremendous waste of time, there is the waste incurred by putting men into the wrong jobs. The law of chance decrees that, under such lack of care, misfits must be the rule; and society now permits

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the daily process of attempting to fit a round peg into a square hole.

A second common method of connecting employer and employee is through the medium of advertising. About 2,000 newspapers published in New York State carry every year some 800,000 columns of "Help Wanted" and "Situation Wanted" advertising, at a cost to employers and employees estimated at $20,000,000—an expenditure of about $5 for every worker in the state. If the money spent brought commensurate results, there would be less ground for complaint. But at present an employer advertises for help in several papers, because all the workers do not read the same paper. The employee lists the positions advertised, and then starts on the day's tramp. At one gate fifty or a hundred men may be waiting for a single job, while in other places a hundred employers may be waiting, each for a single employee. Unnecessary duplication of work and expense by both parties is apparent. In addition to the expense, newspaper advertising also possesses inherent possibilities of fraud—210 formal complaints of this particular sort have been investigated by the New York City Commissioner of Licenses in one year. It is difficult for the newspaper, even if it always tries, to detect misrepresentations, and misrepresentation breeds distrust. The victimized employee very rarely seeks legal redress. Either he is ignorant of his rights, or the game is not worth the candle to a man who owns but one property, labor, upon the continuous sale of which he is dependent for existence.

Philanthropic employment bureaus fail mainly because of the taint of charity which justly or unjustly clings to them, and have become for the most part merely bureaus for placing the handicapped. Self-reliant workmen are inclined to shun such agencies, and employers do not generally apply there for efficient labor. Charging small fees or none at all, these offices are unable to compete with the more active private agencies which spend large sums of money developing clienteles among employers and employees. Trade union "day rooms" and offices maintained by employers' associations have to contend with mutual distrust, while their benefits are at best limited to one trade or industry.

Private employment agents, doing business for profit, have sprung up in all large centers, no fewer than 800 of them being licensed in New York City alone. While many of these operate with a reasonable degree of efficiency, their general character is picturesquely if not elegantly indicated by their soubriquet, "employment shark." In the year ending May 1, 1913, the Commissioner of Licenses of the City of New York reported the investigation of 1,932 complaints against registered employment agents, resulting in nine convictions, the refunding of more than $3,000 to victimized applicants, and the revocation of thirteen licenses. Among the worst evils laid at the door of the private agencies are charging extortionate fees, "splitting fees" with employers who after a few days discharge a workman to make way for a new applicant with a new fee, collusion with immoral resorts, sending applicants to places where there is no work, and general misrepresentation of conditions.

Only recently the writer heard from a northern New England labor official a harrowing story of the lumber camps, where workers had been sent from private agencies in New York and were fined and imposed upon to an extraordinary degree. Eight men, including a printer, a painter and a clerk, were sent by another New York private employment agent to what was described in their contracts as "construction work, machinist and contract work." The men found themselves in a Pittsburgh steel mill, before the furnaces. Physically unable to do the work required of them, they had to apply to the office of associated charities for assistance in finding work at their trades. Although an investigation was made, New York State was unable to take any action, as none of the complainants was within its jurisdiction. Such examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Public employment bureaus, designed partly as an offset to the abuses of the private agencies, date in America from 1890, when Ohio authorized the first state system. To-day there are between seventy and eighty such bureaus, maintained by nineteen states and by a dozen or more municipalities. These offices (with one backward exception) charge no fees, maintain a neutral attitude in time of labor disturbances, and fill positions, according to the official reports, at a cost ranging from four cents to two dollars apiece. In Wisconsin, where there are four state exchanges well organized on the most approved lines, the cost in 1911 was about 35 cents per position filled. In Illinois, during the twelve years 1900-1911, there were 589,084 applications for employment, 599,510 applications for workers, and 512,424 positions filled. Illinois now appropriates over $50,000 a year for direct support of its state labor exchanges, of which eight have already been established.

Notwithstanding the work of a few, these public bureaus are still far from furnishing an adequate medium for the exchange of information on opportunities for employment. Fewer than half the states are represented. Many of the managers are political place-holders of worse than mediocre attainments. Some of the offices exist only on paper. A uniform method of record-keeping has yet to be adopted. Statistics are non-comparable, and frequently unreliable if not wholly valueless.*

*Mr. Solon De Leon furnishes an admirable and crushing analysis of existing statistics, in the American Labor Legislation Review for May, 1914.

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There is practically no interchange of information between various offices in a state or between states. In short, workmen are still undergoing want, hardship and discouragement even though often within easy reach of the work which would support them, if they knew where to find it.

Nor does the evil end there. Every one who has studied the problem realizes that method and system in putting men and opportunities for work in touch with each other will not of themselves prevent over-supply of labor or of jobs. They will do so no more than the cotton exchange guards against an over- or an under-supply of cotton. They will serve merely as levelers in the scales of labor supply and labor demand. Besides the unemployment which is due to the failure of men and jobs to find each other, there is much due to other causes which even the best system of employment exchanges would not directly eliminate.

But every one realizes that these other causes of unemployment cannot be successfully attacked without a basis in comprehensive, conscientiously collected information such as cannot be furnished by our present machinery for dealing with the problem. Under present methods there exists no automatic, cumulative means for collecting the facts. That results, of course, in exaggerated statements in both directions. Our paucity of information on this complex and vital question has continued, even though labor problems in one form or another have taken the lead as subjects for legislation. Any scientific law-making on the programs of social insurance—especially unemployment insurance—and of vocational guidance must be grounded on facts of relative employment and unemployment of the workers tabulated by trades, by sexes and by ages. Without a nation-wide system of labor exchanges, no basis can exist for anticipating in an accurate manner the ebbs and flows of the demand for labor. Without concentration of the information now collected and now held separately in thousands of separate organizations throughout the land, the possibility of looking into the future, or of profiting by the past, is out of the question.

II.

It was a growing realization of the foregoing facts which inevitably led to the demand for a federal system of public employment bureaus. Such a system would cover the whole country. Without superseding either the state or the municipal exchanges already in existence, it would supplement and assist the work of both, dovetailing them with its own organization into an efficient whole. Country-wide cooperation and exchange of information would then be an accomplished fact instead of merely a hope. Statistics for the study of unemployment and for the progressive development of new tactics in the campaign against it would be coextensive with the national boundaries and comparable between different parts of the nation. The regulation of private agencies would be a natural function of the federal bureaus, and the troublesome "interstate problem" would be solved by an interstate remedy. Finally, the greater resources at the disposal of the federal government would provide better facilities for carrying on the work than the states could provide, and would command the services of more able social engineers than are found in most of the state exchanges at present.

To the question of whether such a system is feasible, the answer is that Great Britain already has one. The successful British national labor exchanges, established by the act of September 20, 1909, already form the most thoroughly organized and most widespread system of their kind in the world. Work was begun in February, 1910, with eighty-two agencies. By July, 1913, in the eight administrative districts into which the country was divided there were 430 agencies, staffed by full-time officers, with which were connected 1,066 local agencies for the administration of unemployment insurance. The total regular staff of these 1,496 offices was 3,536 persons, of whom about 600 were women.

The following table shows the number of applications for employment, the number of vacancies notified by employers, and the number of vacancies filled, for specified months since the system has been in operation:

Growth of Operations of British Labor Exchanges, by Specified Months.

Month	Applications for Employment	Vacancies Notified by Employers	Vacancies Filled
March, 1910	126,119	......	20,395
March, 1911*	142,382	47,811	37,711
March, 1912	178,317	72,650	55,650
March, 1913	209,901	95,862	68,783
March, 1914	222,204	99,089	74,578

*Five weeks

The following table shows the usefulness of the exchanges for the first four years of their existence:

Growth of Operations of British Labor Exchanges, by Years.

Year	Applications for Employment	Vacancies Notified by Employers	Vacancies Filled
1910*	1,590,017	458,943	374,313
1911	2,010,113	886,242	719,043
1912	2,423,213	1,286,205	1,051,861
1913	2,739,480	1,158,391	874,575

*Eleven months

The percentage in 1912 of vacancies filled to vacancies notified was 77 per cent (men, 81.1; women, 73.2; boys, 67.4; girls, 73.4).

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In Germany there are 323 public bureaus, all maintained by municipalities, it is true, but bound together in a national system which harmoniously operates throughout the empire. In France and in Switzerland also, not to mention other less important countries, government subsidies are offered to local exchanges which conform to certain national laws. The suggestion of a national system of public employment offices for this, perhaps the most highly developed industrial nation of the world, comes therefore not as an untried notion, but as a workable, proved possibility. The only question is one of method.

To combine into an efficient organization the results of the ripest experience, a national bureau of employment should comprise three main divisions: (1) the central office at Washington; (2) a number of district clearing houses; and (3) the local labor exchanges.

Let us briefly sketch the special functions of each.

The central office, from its vantage point in the national capital, and as an integral part of the federal Department of Labor, would have the task of organizing the entire system, coordinating its various elements, and supervising its operation. The first activity in connection with such a national bureau is the establishment and conducting of public labor exchanges. These should be built up, with careful regard to existing state and municipal bureaus, as rapidly and in as many parts of the country as circumstances require and as finances permit. The number and location of exchanges need not be constant, but can be varied in accordance with the needs of the labor market, inactive offices being closed and new ones being established in promising localities. Nor should the bureau be limited to establishing its own agencies. Very frequently exchanges are initiated by states or municipalities, which occupy strategic points but which through shortage of funds or perhaps through improper management do not make a "go"; these the federal bureau should be able to take over at its discretion, by mutual agreement. Whether private agencies should also in some cases be taken over is less certain, but there are arguments in favor of that. Still another possibility is that of joint action by the federal bureau and an interested state, county, or city, to maintain in cooperation an employment bureau where needed, each furnishing part of the funds. Such an arrangement has for several years existed between the state of Wisconsin and the city of Milwaukee with results eminently satisfactory on both sides. State agricultural or immigration departments might also be eager to enter into an agreement of this nature.

A second large duty of the federal bureau would be that of cooperating with, encouraging, assisting, and to some extent regulating all the public employment offices conducted by other subdivisions throughout the country—state, county, town or village. The lack of cooperation, the failure to interchange information of vital importance to workmen and employers, is one of the sad features of the public employment bureau situation at the present time. Here is a great field for the standardizing activities of a federal bureau. The scattered public agencies must be brought into full cooperation with the federal system and with one another. Information of industrial opportunities must no longer be locked within the four walls of each office, but must flow freely to other offices and to other states. In the hands of the proposed federal bureau more than in any other agency lies the opportunity of bringing order out of the present chaos. It could devise, in cooperation with public employment officials, a standard record system, encourage its adoption by the various agencies, and assist them in installing it. It could encourage the adoption of a uniform method of doing business and of appraising results. There is even a suggestion that the federal government offer a money subvention to state and city exchanges which conform to the federal rules, as in France and Switzerland. If this step is inadvisable, the same result might be attained by penalizing nonconforming exchanges by refusing to cooperate with them.

A third duty of a federal employment bureau would be the division of the country into districts and the inauguration therein of district clearing houses. The United Kingdom, with an area only one twenty-fifth as vast as ours, has been divided for the purposes of administering its employment bureau system into eight districts—six for England and Scotland, one for Wales, and one for Ireland. The duties of clearing houses in the American system will be discussed later.

Fourth among the duties of the central office would be to carry on a campaign of the fullest possible publicity on the condition and fluctuations of the country's labor market. For this campaign it would draw upon the information contained in the short-interval reports of the local exchanges and of the clearing houses, and it should also be empowered to engage, in localities where neither of these exist, special correspondents. The information of labor supply and demand thus secured could then be compiled and published in a number of attractive ways which opportunity and ingenuity will suggest.

Periodical bulletins should present "the information gathered through the labor exchanges about the state of the labor market in different parts of the country," and should combine therewith other facts essential to the workman who is considering a position. Chief among these facts may be men-

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tioned wage rates and cost of living in the different districts, expansion or decay of trades or industries, important strikes and lock-outs, business booms or depressions, and any other occurrences tending toward either abnormal under-supply or over-supply of labor. The bulletin and other information should be printed in such languages as will most enhance their usefulness.

The fifth and last important function of a federal employment bureau is the troublesome one of regulating private employment agencies. The American Association of Public Employment Offices, at its second annual convention in September, 1914, went on record as recommending the abolition of all such offices operating for profit. An initiated measure which would accomplish practically the same result was carried at the November election in the state of Washington. Whether we are yet prepared to go as far as that, considering the inadequacy of our present public employment bureaus, is disputed by many students of the problem; but in no quarter is there lack of recognition of the need for stringent regulation. Agencies which confine their operations to jobs and men within the state are under state jurisdiction. But these are only a small part of the total number. Most private bureaus engage also in "the business of securing work to be performed outside the state where the business is carried on and which involves the transportation of the workman from one state to another." Engaging in such interstate business brings an agency properly under federal control.

The district clearing houses already mentioned are quite distinct from the local labor exchanges, and must not be confused with them. The clearing house finds no positions. Its functions are to exchange information between the local exchanges, and between other correspondents in its district, to receive daily reports from all public exchanges within its jurisdiction and reports from private agencies at least weekly, and to compile and publish these data for its district. It also carries on an interchange of information with the clearing houses in other districts. It is the channel through which all the offices in its district would keep in constant touch with the national headquarters, and also through which information from Washington would reach the district.

The functions of the ultimate units in this system, the local labor exchanges, may all be summed up in the words "bringing together workmen of all kinds seeking employment and employers seeking workmen." The good superintendent of a public employment office will not wait behind his counter for employers and employees to hunt him up and to use his office as a medium for coming together; he will take active steps in the process. By judicious telephoning, issuing circulars, newspaper advertising, newspaper publicity and in other ways he will constantly bring his office to the attention of those who should use it. He will build up a clientele among both parties to the labor contract. In the projected system he should report daily on a uniform blank to the clearing house of his district, which in due season would submit the report to the national headquarters.

Thus the jurisdiction of the projected federal bureau would extend throughout the country over every organized interstate agency for the securing of employment or of workers. Not only its own and other public offices would be amenable to its regulation, but also private money-making enterprises and philanthropic bureaus, in so far as their activities transcended state borders. In addition to its regulative activities, it would operate exchanges on its own account, build up a clearing house system for employment information, and publish and distribute that information as widely as it could. In short, in the words of Mr. Frank P. Walsh, an advocate of the system, it would "do everything possible to aid in securing the fullest application of the labor force of the country."

In the foregoing hasty summary of the functions of the various essential parts of a national system of employment bureaus, much administrative detail has naturally been omitted.

In selecting the director of so powerful and important a bureau great care would have to be exercised to secure a man of impartiality, character and ability. The New York State employment bureau law requires that the director must have "recognized executive and managerial ability, technical and scientific knowledge upon the subject of unemployment and administration of public employment offices, and recognized capacity to direct investigations of unemployment and public and private agencies for remedying the same." Under this provision there was selected as director of the state bureau one of the best equipped men in the country, Mr. Charles B. Barnes. Some such group of qualifications should be embodied in a law establishing a federal system.

The director, superintendents of clearing houses and of branch offices, and all other employees should be under civil service. They should be able to feel secure in their positions as long as their work is faithful and up to the mark. The salaries, however, should most emphatically not be rigidly fixed by law. As a device for killing incentive and interest, and for turning out a body of chair-warmers, a salary fixed by statute and incapable of increase for merit or of decrease for inefficiency has no equal. The rates of pay for subordinates should —within limits, of course—be in the hands of the appointing authority, who can then reward efficiency or penalize its opposite.

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Reports of the local exchanges to the clearing houses must be made daily if the information is to be fresh enough to serve any useful purpose. The farmers of the country would little thank the weather man for a neatly lithographed forecast of last week's weather; and a detailed arithmetical report on how many jobs or workers might have been had at some previous date will be just as little helpful to industrial managers or to employees.

The administrative difficulties which would beset the operation of a system like that here projected would be many. Among the most serious would be that of maintaining a strict balance of impartiality between employers and employees. The establishment of state employment offices has on the whole been favored by workmen, on the ground that it would do away with the abuses perpetrated by the private agencies, and has been opposed by employers on the ground that it would be unduly coddling labor. In the matter of a national system for the United States, however, the main opposition has come from the side of organized labor, which has apparently feared control of the system by the employing class. "Beware of the Greeks when they come bringing gifts," warned President John H. Walker of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, when the project was broached at the New York conference on unemployment. And he continued: "You know we have been double-crossed and deluded so often that when anything is held out to us the first thing we look for is to see where we are going to get the worst of it; and one of the first things that came to my mind was that it was possible that these well-intentioned people, taking an interest in this question of unemployment, might organize the labor exchange bureaus in such a way that the entire unemployed army would be mobilized and that the employers would have such access to it as to be enabled to use it at any point, at all times, to break down the things that the organized workers of the country have already established by fighting for them hard and long." Mainly through Mr. Walker's efforts, the resolutions adopted in favor of a federal system contained the proviso that "such distribution shall not cause the deterioration of the present standards of wages, conditions and hours of employment of American workers, or impair their efforts to improve them."

In order to prevent distrust of this sort, which would cause friction and impede the work of the bureau, there should be for the central office and for each of the local exchanges a "representative committee." A representative committee should consist of equal numbers of employers and employees, elected by the respective groups, and should have a disinterested chairman selected by the other representatives jointly. The committees would assist the director and the superintendents in determining policies and in selecting employees for the offices, insure impartiality in labor disputes, prevent the bureau's being used to depress or unduly elevate wages, and aid in all other matters relating to the management of the bureau. The importance of such committees in gaining public confidence for the bureau cannot be over-estimated. It was recognized by the British labor exchanges act of 1909, and by a French decree of 1911 establishing the conditions under which the more than 150 municipal labor exchanges of that country might share in the government subvention. Without express legislative stipulation, representative committees have under the Wisconsin Industrial Commission become an indispensable adjunct to the public exchanges in that state, and the New York State law of 1914 made them mandatory. By an error of judgment the British act provides that the committees must be appointed by the administrative head of the system instead of being elected by the jointly interested groups themselves, and this error has been followed in the New York law. If the purpose of the committee is to inspire public confidence in the unbiassed conduct of the office, it is evident that the representatives of both parties to the labor contract should be representatives indeed, elected by their constituencies, not "appointed from above."

Perhaps the most controversial point in the administration of the bureau is the policy to be pursued in times of actual labor strife, in the days of strike or lockout. The first Illinois law establishing state exchanges in 1899 was four years later declared unconstitutional because of the provision that applications for help to fill places vacant because of a strike were not to be received. Wisconsin had a similar experience. The healthy instinct of which this prohibitory clause was an unskillful manifestation has been satisfied in most American exchanges by publicity. The prospective employee is informed of the existence of the dispute at the same time that he is informed of the position, and it is left to him to decide whether or not to take the work. In Massachusetts it is even the practice in case of an industrial dispute to stamp the introduction card which the employee is to present to the employer with the words "There is a strike on at this establishment." Under the publicity policy very few applicants take strike-breaking jobs. Employers and labor union representatives are thoroughly satisfied, and consequently the exchange escapes the rocks of disaster on either side. In the words of a resolution adopted by the First National Conference on Unemployment, these agencies must be held true to their character as belonging to the public and remain neutral in all trade disputes.

As an important corollary to this, there must be the further provision that no applicant is to suffer

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any disqualification or prejudice at an exchange if he refuses to accept an offered job on the ground that a strike or lockout exists or because the wages offered are lower than those current in the district for the same work.

Frequently the very man needed to fill a distant position is without the railroad fare necessary to reach it. This problem has been met in some European countries by advances of transportation in certain cases. In America only an inconsiderable number of the public exchanges make any provision, although several of them act as intermediaries in turning over to applicants, under some system of control, the transportation advanced by prospective employers. Administrative officials of a federal system will no doubt find it necessary to work out an adequate policy of handling such cases.

An important and delicate part of the work of an employment bureau system is the placing of juvenile workers in positions which are suited to their capacities and which will offer opportunities of development and advancement. Unfortunately, among American labor exchanges the possibilities and the duty of this sort of activity are all but unknown. One state, Massachusetts, reports making consistent effort in this direction, and the 1914 New York law devotes considerable attention to the matter, but elsewhere little or nothing is done. This failure to respond to the opportunity to do constructive work is in painful contrast to the English system of close cooperation between labor exchange and school. In Edinburgh, under a special act for Scotland, a division of work has been arrived at between exchange and school by which the latter furnishes the advice and the former furnishes the information concerning situations; an officer of the exchange occupies a room in the school building to facilitate the transfer of information.

The New York State law provides that applicants between the ages of fourteen and eighteen may register at school on special forms, which when transferred to the employment office are to be treated as personal registration. The superintendent of the office and the school principal are to cooperate in finding suitable employments for children, and all this side of the work of the office is to be assisted by a special sub-committee on juvenile employment, consisting of employers, employees, and persons with knowledge of education or of other conditions affecting children. I believe there are great possibilities of cooperation between the school system which trains the child for work, the department of health which grants work-permits, and the juvenile department of the labor exchange which furnishes knowledge of openings for fit employment. A federal measure would be incomplete without some such provisions.

III

A bill looking to the establishment for the United States of a system as here outlined was introduced in Congress on April 29, 1914, by Representative Murdock of Kansas, and was at once referred to the House Committee on Labor. The bill provides for a Bureau of Employment within the federal Department of Labor, under the direction of a commissioner of employment to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The original advocates of this legislation favored the creation of representative committees in connection with the offices, as previously urged in a report of the City Club of New York through Mr. Morris L. Ernst, chairman of the Committee on Public Employment Exchanges.

The House Committee hearings upon the measure during June and July evoked widespread interest. Among the organizations whose spokesmen appeared in its favor were such representative bodies as the North American Civic League for Immigrants, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment, the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, the National Religious Citizenship League, the Conference upon Unemployment among Women, the Committee of One Hundred of Massachusetts, and the National Liberal Immigration League.

Action was repeatedly deferred, however, and the bill allowed to languish in committee, to permit the federal Industrial Relations Commission, which publicly announced that it had begun work upon the problem, to bring in a measure of its own, which it was felt would embody the results of wider investigation and more expert opinion. Commission hearings on the subject of unemployment were held in New York, Chicago, Seattle, and in other cities. Although the European war threatened a repetition of the wave of unemployment which caught the country napping in the winter of 1913-1914, the expected measure did not materialize. When, on October twenty-fourth, Congress finally adjourned, both it and the commission had still failed to rise to the obvious emergency. A set of eight "Tentative Proposals" were drafted by the commission and were widely circulated for advice and criticism, but as late as November tenth the statement was made that "the problem of revising this plan is now before the commission, but so far no action has been taken upon a revision."

Obviously this delay prevents the possibility of organizing a national employment bureau to meet the pressing need of the present year. But both Congress and its investigating commission should be spurred to some action without further costly delay.

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The proposals as they stand are in most essentials practically identical with those of the Murdock bill, differing principally in greater amplification of detail which, in some instances, might better be left to the administrative officers, and in a few additions, the chief of which is the idea of district clearing houses which has been incorporated in the foregoing outline.

Important as an efficient nation-wide network of public employment exchanges is as a first step in solving the baffling problem of unemployment, the fact must not for a moment be forgotten that it is but a beginning of the whole solution. For the employable there must be in addition regularized business and adequate unemployment insurance such as Great Britain has already been farsighted enough to establish. To fill in the gaps caused by the uncontrollable fluctuations of private industry there must be some provision for public work of permanent value to the community. Finally, for the unemployable, there must be a wider development of the relief agency, the hospital, the reformatory and the industrial farm colony.

But here and now the incontestable first duty of Congress with respect to the unemployment problem, which every one now sees lowering upon the country with the approach of bitter weather, is to enact an adequate bill for national labor exchanges.

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The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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THE protest of the State Department against the rigors of the British interference with American commerce comes late, but it comes better late than never. American merchants have seen an ever-increasing burden of restriction laid upon their right to trade not only with belligerents but with neutrals, and they have seen their own State Department and public opinion submit meekly to the British exactions. Because we sympathized with the Allies, we have allowed them to do what they pleased with American commerce. Finally, however, American sympathy was over-strained, and the State Department has come to the assistance of the American merchant. An attempt will be made to prevent the British sea power from suppressing almost entirely the right of neutrals to trade with the enemies of England. That the British Government should wish to increase in every way the military advantage which it enjoys from control of the sea is natural. As a result of this control the Allies can purchase all the military supplies they need in this country and Germany cannot legally protest. Also as the result of this control, Great Britain can prevent the shipment of military supplies to Germany, in which she is within her rights. But when a large amount of innocent commerce is prevented or handicapped under the cover of belligerent necessities, neutrals may well believe that British sea power is becoming objectionable to them as well as to Britain's enemies. It is convenient to England to lay down rules and definitions which suppress innocent with guilty trading, but it is very inconvenient to us. She will do well not to attempt to assess any more of the cost of her quarrel with Germany on American trade.

GOVERNOR Colquitt of Texas has made a venomous attack on Mr. Wilson, which appears to be the opening gun of a concerted campaign against his renomination. The President is criticized for everything that he has done and for everything that he has failed to do, but particularly for his failure to govern the country chiefly in the interest of Texas and the Southwestern states. The spirit and substance of the proclamation is sectional, narrow, blind and factious. It ought to rally to Mr. Wilson's defence every Democrat who has any sense of fair play, any conception of the extraordinary difficulties of the President's situation, any desire for Democratic success, or any statesmanlike view of American national interests and problems. The mere publication of Mr. Colquitt's array of grievances would be sufficient to condemn the attack to futility, were it not for one menacing and sinister consideration. The state of Texas and in general the Southwest is suffering from a business prostration even more complete than that which prevails throughout the rest of the country. The deprivation is widespread and acute. Some of the economic legislation of the administration has appeared to discriminate against the agricultural products of that region. Nothing adequate has been or could be done to relieve the distress. A condition has been created which may result in a local agrarian revolt, which will be aggressively sectional, and which will be too preoccupied with its own grievances to consider the welfare of the Democratic party or that of the rest of the country. An onslaught at once so bitter and so narrow must become either comparatively negligible or extremely dangerous.

ATTENTION is called in another column of this issue to the novel and important work which is being undertaken by the Research Department of the Harvard School of Business Administration. Mr. Melvin T. Copeland and his associates are investigating the conditions of efficiency in various branches of the retail trade, partly for the purpose of preparing systems of accounting which will help small retailers to conduct their business at a low cost. In so far as the retailer is willing to benefit from their work, he will be able to standardize his business and to cut out many sources of waste. It puts at his service the results of the same scientific analysis of business efficiency which hitherto has been available only to the large merchants. How far he will benefit by such as-

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sistance remains to be seen, but unless he is willing to benefit, the importance of his function in the system of distribution is bound to be steadily curtailed. He is beset on every side by aggressive and able enemies, such as mail-order houses, department stores, chains of stores, and cooperative consumers' associations. All over the industrial world his more resourceful and better organized competitors are forcing him to the wall. The mortality among small retail traders is enormous and brings with it much economic waste and much individual suffering. The retailer has the advantage of intense personal preoccupation with his business and frequently of indefatigable industry; but he has a poor chance against his competitors unless he can secure some of the benefits of organization and standardization. The attempt to supply him with these advantages may or may not succeed. In our opinion some more cooperative form of retail distribution has a better chance of ultimate success. But as long as the small retailers are fighting to maintain their position, every intelligent effort to increase their efficiency should be welcomed. The more efficient they become, the more efficient any substitute for them will have to be made.

IN an earlier issue we found occasion to question the propriety and expediency of a program of publicity put forward by the American Electric Railway Association. The program involves "influencing the sources of public opinion" through the formulation and teaching in our colleges of what the Association considers correct principles on public service questions—these "correct principles" having to do with such matters as capitalization, rate regulation, franchises, etc., in which the members of the Association are deeply interested. A correspondent whose communication we print elsewhere assures us that the integrity of college instruction is in no wise threatened by such a special interest propaganda; let the paid advocate shower fallacies upon teachers and students; are we to suppose that these fallacies will be swallowed whole? Such was certainly not our supposition. We should be the last to believe that college instructors and students would prove susceptible to the blandishments of even the most accomplished publicity expert. Nor was it our belief that the members of the Electric Railway Association are "ravening wolves." We assume that they are gentlemen of ability and integrity. But we also assume that they are good business men, ready to defend their own private interests, which are at times harmonious with the public interest, at times antagonistic to it. For this reason we are compelled to reject our correspondent's view that the question at issue is one of theoretical versus practical instruction. It is rather a question of disinterested instruction versus special pleading; and the introduction of the latter into our educational institutions is certain to be prejudicial to the interests of the companies and of the public alike. It is a frequent complaint of the franchise companies that they are hampered in their endeavors to serve the public by the unreasoning popular distrust resting upon them. Why take measures calculated to increase that distrust? Our correspondent adduces excellent instances of the unfortunate results of "mis-publicity." The Colorado coal operators are certainly in a better position to offer "practical" information on the labor war than are most persons who have written about it, yet even our correspondent treats their carefully composed pamphlets with contempt.

THE *Electric Railway Journal,* in its issue of December fifth, asserts that we have quite mistaken the purposes of the Association program: "We hasten to reassure the alarmed critic, whose fears for the purity of the well-springs of knowledge would perhaps be justified if he had correctly understood the American Electric Railway Association proposals as to educational propaganda." What the Association is really aiming at, the editor sets forth, is that "the teacher and student of economics shall have practical as well as theoretical experience. . . . The most successful teachers in engineering, as well as in medicine and surgery, are those who give part of their time or have given a large part of their time to practical work in their chosen fields . . . and who conduct their study of the science in which they are engaged outside as well as inside the college walls. We believe that the same rules should apply to a thorough prosecution of the study of railway economics." It appears to be a fair inference that the Association proposes that courses of instruction dealing with such matters as capitalization, rates and franchises should be turned over to men who are in the employ of the companies, or at least have given much of their lives to such employment. This would be a wholly acceptable proposition if the questions at issue did not always involve some conflict of interest between the companies and the public. It is the right of the companies to make the best terms they can, and it is the duty of the public to hold the companies down to the lowest terms compatible with good service and a due regard for private rights. The situation is one in which all manner of misunderstandings, injurious to both parties, will continually recur. Educational institutions, if they succeed in maintaining a strictly neutral position, may do much to eliminate such misunderstandings. Let them, however, once appear to have listened sympathetically to a partisan propaganda, and their influence for harmony will become nil. This is why one of our oldest and most

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conservative institutions recently found it necessary to accept the resignation of an able professor who had effected that happy reconciliation between "theory" and "practice" which the *Electric Railway Journal* wishes to see generally in vogue.

PRESIDENT Wilson's unpleasantness with the Senate about patronage has become more sharply defined. The President is not trying to break down the Senatorial privilege of naming the Federal office-holders. He is only refusing to appoint the nominees of certain Senators, such as O'Gorman, Reed and Martine, who have apparently been making objectionable recommendations. Mr. Wilson is presumably right in rejecting the nominees of these gentlemen, and in this as in other cases he is to be congratulated upon the enemies that he has made within his own party, but the narrowing of the scope of the quarrel has curtailed its interest. Although Mr. Wilson is fighting against the specific effects of a bad system of appointment, he is not fighting on behalf of a better system. He is not making the fight on behalf of administrative independence and integrity. He has not raised the larger issue; considering his situation and responsibilities, he may be wise not to raise it; but some day it will have to be raised, either by him or one of his immediate successors.

ANOTHER Vice Report has just reached us, this time from Wisconsin. The committee which produced it was industrious; it has investigated a great deal. But the one thing it gives no evidence of having investigated is the question of its own prejudices and preconceptions. It has interviewed "madams," written down "typical life histories," looked into roadhouses. It has prepared a large number of bills for the legislature. It has delved meticulously into facts which everyone knows; it has slid gaily by the underlying conceptions which every one shirks. For in true American fashion the committeemen show no signs of having paused in the flight of investigation to ask themselves whether the alternative to vice was celibacy, or the dogma of sin a sufficient philosophy for men dealing with the modern world.

WE forget too easily the paradoxes which we ask our public officials to solve. We ask them to swear allegiance to the Constitution, including that section of it which guarantees freedom of speech. We ask them also to take an oath that they will preserve order. But when the constitutional right to say what you think leads to unpleasant and unconstitutional results, what is a Police Commissioner to do then? Which part of our rights is he to suppress first, our right to agitate, or our right to feel safe? A conscientious policeman in a modern democracy has a most uneviable position. He has to go to the street meetings, listen to hours of wind and rant, and then, with the nice discrimination of a prophet and psychologist, decide whether a forbidden statement is or is not likely to lead so directly to disorder that it falls within the prohibitions of the law. He makes these judgments scrutinized on one side by the Free Speech League, on the other by those watchmen of the night who protect civilization from the top of an editorial column. Neither can help the official very much, for the Free Speech League has a temperamental dislike of the policeman, and the editorial writers suffer inner panic whenever speech is free. No real effort is made by either wing to understand that a modern policeman is thrown without warning or preparation straight against the dilemma which sociologists contemplate and puzzle over under the words liberty and order.

WE are able to recall Socialist predictions a few months ago that Mr. Henry Ford had thrown a bombshell into capitalism, had finally and completely exposed it. At the same time a good many conservative newspapers agreed to regard Mr. Ford as one who would scuttle the ship. It looked as if he might. First he insisted on "spoiling" labor with wages that made the I. W. W. gasp, then, as if to add insult to injury, he reduced the price to the consumer. He shared profits with everybody within reach, and his profits, like the love which Dante speaks of, never grew less because they were shared. At the end of one year of madness, Mr. Ford receives the blessing of the New York *Times Annalist*—"his adventure in sociology has paid wonderfully." We wish we could join the chorus, but we are compelled to defer our own blessing until we hear that Mr. Ford has committed the supreme insanity of sharing not only his profits, but his power.

ON any of these clear, cold nights, when the stars possess themselves of the sky, is it sentimental to reflect that a few hours earlier these same stars wheeled their slow gaze over France, Belgium, Servia, Poland, Russia; over trenches, roofless walls, riddled huts, shattered woods, gunswept fields; over a stiffened horse, or a man stretched to heaven, turning eyes that will shine no more toward stars that will shine forever? The gaze of those warring millions is lifted, between baleful moments, to that serene procession overhead, "the army of unalterable law." And as our eyes look, too, do we not feel the simple earthly bond that makes one of us all, here in peaceful America and there in aching Europe? In the comradeship of night we may share the same enclosing beauty, voyagers together under a myriad suns.

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Lowes Dickinson's Plan

WRITING in the *Atlantic Monthly,* Mr. Lowes Dickinson attempts to point the moral of the war and to offer a way out. His theory is that wars are made by governments without the consent and against the interest of their subjects; they are made because the governmental mind is obsessed with the illusion that states are "natural enemies," that they have always been so and always will be, that force is the only arbiter between them. This fantasy of the governing caste, says Mr. Dickinson, is what rules the state, and through control of foreign policy and the press drags the population to slaughter. The remedy is to shatter the illusion, to assert against the criminal nonsense of the governing mind the humanity and commonsense of ordinary people.

This argument is put out with such personal feeling, it is so genial and lovable in manner, so obviously fine in its intention, that it tends to brush criticism aside and to make objection seem crass. But after all, Mr. Dickinson is engaged in something more than the writing of a literary essay, and the first question is whether he is dealing with realities. Peace will have to be built on a very hardheaded basis or it will be fragile and illusory. But it is just this hard-headedness which Mr. Dickinson's argument seems to lack. In our opinion he himself is building on an illusion, and if his doctrine prevails among the workers for peace their passion will be misdirected, and their disappointment will be as deep as their hopes are high.

To prove these assertions, we need not go beyond the example which Mr. Dickinson uses, the case of Russia and her desire to hold Constantinople. Mr. Dickinson dismisses this ambition with the statement that "for all purposes of trade, for all peace purposes, the Dardanelles are open. And it is the interest of all nations alike that they should remain so." What he is assuming here is that it makes no economic difference whether Constantinople is under one political government or another. This is the center of Mr. Dickinson's argument, and it rests on the doctrine of Norman Angell that "political power is a consideration irrelevant to economic power."

Is it irrelevant in a case like that of the Dardanelles? The Black Sea region is already a great agricultural exporting region; it is destined most probably to become the industrial center of Russia. But to carry out goods, Russian ships must pass through a narrow Turkish strait. Mr. Dickinson says that for all "peace purposes" the passage is free. Is it? Let us suppose that Mexico held New York harbor, or that Ecuador held Liverpool. Would these harbors be free to American and English commerce? They would be free if Mexico and Ecuador were highly efficient governments imbued with the doctrine of absolute free trade. Then commerce might pass through easily. But if Mexicans or Ecuadorians took it into their heads to exercise sovereignty by setting up a tariff zone around New York or Liverpool, who would regard political power as irrelevant to economic power? Certainly not the Manchester exporter as he paid his customs tax to the pleasant official from Ecuador.

Although England is in no danger from Ecuador, there are nations in the world which suffer just as fantastically. There is the case of Servia, shut off from a "window on the sea." Servia exports pigs, when she isn't fighting for the privilege of exporting them. But to export anything she has to run the gauntlet of an Austrian tariff to the north, Albanian and Greek discrimination to the west and south. Shut off from the sea, she is like a man trying to get out of a restaurant who has still to tip the waiter, the headwaiter, the girl who took care of his hat, and the boy who brushed it.

Political power is not in the least irrelevant to economic power. Mr. Dickinson has no doubt heard of a thing which we Americans call vulgarly "dollar diplomacy." European powers do not call it that, but they practice it. They call it staking out "spheres of influence," and there is nothing sentimental or illusory about it. The nation that can secure political control of an undeveloped country can decide who shall receive the mining rights and the railroad franchises, can fix railroad rates to favor its own manufacturers, can use all the methods which Americans describe as restraint of trade. It may have been dishonest, it certainly wasn't a delusion, when capitalists in those dreadful early days of this republic bought political power to further economic ends. A legislature or a governor was generally worth the price in this country, and we presume that they would be worth the price in Asia Minor. If German bureaucrats governed Morocco, they would, we suppose, be good to their friends, almost all of whom have at least a nominal residence east of Belgium, and French capitalists might then be prospecting fresh mines and pastures new.

Mr. Dickinson ignores these considerations when he speaks of national antagonisms arising "because a few men of the military and diplomatic caste have a theory about states, their interests and destinies." He ignores the monopolies, the use of tariffs, the special privileges of which political power is the instrument. He does not face the fact that in every country there are exporters of goods and capital, concession-hunters and traders, who stand to gain by the use of governmental power in half developed territory. To them at least it is not a matter of indifference whether Germany is politically supreme

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in say India or China. Since Germany has brought the doctrine of protection to its highest point, it would make a very great difference to the commerce of other nations if Germany developed a world-empire.

How little reality there is in Mr. Dickinson's contention may be seen by analyzing his concrete proposals. Apart from the shattering of the great illusion of the governmental mind by a propaganda, he suggests a settlement of Europe on the basis of nationality, capped by a League of Europe to maintain the peace.

Now there are all sorts of reasons for trying to found states on nationality, and the only reason against the proposal is the reason on which Mr. Dickinson's article is built. He tells us on one page that "ordinary people, in the course of their daily lives, do not think at all in terms of the state." Then what difference does it make to people of the same nationality that they should be under different governments, and how is the world's peace to be assured by gathering into one state people who do not care about the state? Either the people have an interest in the state or they have not, but surely it is futile for Mr. Dickinson to argue in one place against the German contention that their emigrants are "lost," and in another that the Danes of Schleswig-Holstein should go back to Denmark. And what does he mean by telling us that in the event of an Austro-German victory "Italy and the Balkans will be pillaged to the benefit of Austria, and Russia rolled back—though that would be all to the good—from her ambition to expand in the West." Is Mr. Dickinson also afflicted with the "governmental mind," that he should talk of "benefit" to Austria and pronounce it good that "Russia" be rolled back? What does he mean by telling us that "the English and the French must not take the German colonies, or the Russians the Baltic coast, the Balkans, or Constantinople," for what difference does it make, except to the "governmental mind," who exercises political power?

As for the League of Europe, surely no one here would wish to obstruct the plan. But if the League is to be based on nothing more realistic than an absence of governmental thinking, it will be a very precarious league. Every argument advanced by Mr. Dickinson is based on the assumption of absolute free trade in the world, yet in his plan of peace he says not one syllable about how tariffs and discriminations and monopolies are to be wiped out. The conflict between Germany and England is world-wide, yet Mr. Dickinson is thinking only of rectified frontiers in Europe.

When he proposes so readily a League of Europe with a police force to carry out its jurisdiction, has he considered the possibility of civil war within the League? If Germany and Austria rebelled against the League, they would presumably be attacked on all sides. But they are now attacked on all sides. We had on this continent a league of states with a central government, a Supreme Court, and an army. In 1861 some of the states seceded, and the struggle which followed, called a Civil War, was a terrible conflict. Has Mr. Dickinson faced the fact that a League of Europe would be based on the *status quo,* would be a sort of legalization of every existing injustice? And how does he propose to amend peacefully the constitution of Europe if some nation objects too seriously?

To no one of these absolutely crucial questions does he even suggest an answer. And the reason is that Mr. Dickinson is really trusting to a spiritual conversion, to so vast an illumination of reason and good-will that any plan would be worked. He is perfectly right. If the world could feel and think as he wishes it to, any reform would be possible but no reform would be necessary. It is a counsel of perfection, like that to which Bacon referred when he said that "as for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars, which give little light because they are so high."

Security for Neutrals

MANIFESTLY the most absorbing incident of the present war in the eyes of the Americans has been the violation by Germany of Belgian territory. The undeserved sufferings of the people of Belgium have touched them to the quick. The flagrant disregard of public law has aroused their indignation and apprehension. They have come to realize that the United States as an essentially neutral and pacific power had a peculiar interest in the inviolacy of Belgium. Other incidents and consequences of the war might be treated with disinterested neutrality as involving only European issues; but the tragedy of Belgium implicitly compromised the welfare of the United States and the future of all the American peoples. A world in which a Belgium could be violated was a world in which national inoffensiveness offered no security against attack, and in which a pacifist democratic ideal would have to fight for its life.

Interested, however, as Americans are in the case of Belgium, they read widely different lessons into the fact of her violation and its consequences. The idea that the United States should have made an explicit protest against such an international crime is regarded by many American lovers of peace as not merely foolish but vicious. Some of them go further and condemn the Belgians themselves for offering violent resistance to the invasion of Belgium. These pacifists follow the Germans in de-

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claring that the Belgians brought all their sufferings upon themselves by refusing to grant to the benevolent invaders the permission to use their territory as a basis for military operations against France and England.

Professor Charles Thaddeus Terry of Columbia University is a pacifist whose opinion coincides in this respect with that of the Germans. In his eyes Belgium is an awful example of the folly of resisting force with force. He is reported as saying: "If Belgium had had no armament at all her country would be intact to-day. Her thousands of dead would be alive and happy. Her people would not be scattered abroad and starving. . . . Yet her honor would have been vindicated in the court of world opinion, and any damage which she had suffered would have been required to be paid by the same world opinion." Professor Terry adds that he would not have had her yield without a struggle. He is quite willing for Belgium to put up a stubborn verbal resistance to German invasion. But she must resist only from the pulpit, the platform and the printing press. Inasmuch as her physical losses and suffering are great in proportion to her power of physical protest, she can avoid her sufferings and losses only by refusing to employ arms in the cause of her own inviolacy.

If Belgium had behaved as Professor Terry advises, no court of world opinion could ever have repaired the ensuing damage. Not even a decree of the Supreme Court can restore his lost self-respect to a coward. By allowing Germany to attack France and England through her territory, she would have become for military purposes a part of Germany, a useful accomplice which Germany would have treated eventually with deserved contempt. A German victory might have left her people for the time being "alive and happy," but only so long as France and England could no longer fight. Her "happiness" would have meant disaster for France and grave peril of invasion for England. If France and England had not been completely crushed, they would have been obliged in this war or the next to fight Germany for the possession of Belgium, and to reduce her to the condition of an Anglo-French instead of a German dependency. When an Anglo-French army invaded Belgium the Belgians would have lost their happiness as well as their self-respect. Their cities would be occupied, their resources consumed, their houses destroyed, and their country ravaged, and they themselves would be nothing more than forlorn spectators of the spectacle and lachrymose commentators upon it. They would have been the first people in the history of the world who were too civilized and pacific to compromise their happiness by defending their firesides.

Dr. Dernburg and the Germans declare, of course, that Belgium before the outbreak of the war had already become an Anglo-French dependency, and that consequently Germany was justified in her invasion. This defense of the German outrage has some force. As Professor Usher pointed out in these pages some weeks ago, Belgium had become "as clearly an ally of France as England was." The military plans of France and England were based upon the expectation that Germany would attack through Belgium, and that the Belgian army must delay the Germans long enough to allow sufficient time for French mobilization. But obviously this alliance with France and England was the immediate result of a threatened German invasion. Belgium had to choose between submission to Germany and military cooperation with France and England. She properly chose the latter because the alliance was far less compromising to her independence than the submission. Her understanding with the Allies was wholly defensive; but by submission to Germany she would have consented to the use of Belgian territory as an instrument for aggressive military operations against her neighbors and friends.

An inoffensive state like Belgium should not have been obliged to protect her independence by compromising her neutrality, but whose fault is that? Surely it is partly the fault of the other inoffensive independent and neutral powers, such as Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, and the United States. Belgium leaned upon France and England, because she knew that other essentially inoffensive states would do nothing to protect her and nothing to promote their joint pacifist interest. Neutrality, in order to be respected, needs to be energized, organized, and charged with positive ideas and purposes. As long as neutrality consists merely in not being belligerent, the probable belligerents will rule the world, and the neutrals will have to depend for their own security upon alliances with Powers capable of offensive military operations. But neutrality need not consist merely in not being belligerent. Neutrals have joint interests and ideals, and these interests and ideals will command a much increased respect whenever they have the armed support of a league of neutral states. If such states were pledged to go to one another's assistance as soon as the territory of any member of the league was violated, neutrality would no longer exist merely during the pleasure of a belligerent. A power like Germany would then have found an attack on France through Belgium less essential to her national safety.

Such a league of peace might not in the beginning constitute a very formidable military engine. Like Belgium, it could not fight effectively without having the support of a strong military and naval power. But it could certainly win such support, be-

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cause the possibly belligerent Powers would be bidding for the moral and material cooperation of the neutral league. Some one of them would always be ready to go to its assistance; and such assistance would not be as compromising to a group of states as it would be to a single state. Nations like Belgium would no longer exist on sufferance. If attacked they would not be crushed between the millstones of their mightier neighbors. They would have earned by common sacrifices a species of joint independence, wholly divorced from offensive belligerency, which would be a new thing under the sun and which might become the point of departure for a substantial and triumphant league of peace.

The Economists

AS one looked about at this year's gathering of the American Economic Association at Princeton, one failed entirely to discover the professor of fiction, that gracious, absent-minded, unworldly man, with ill-fitting clothes and iron-rimmed spectacles, whom we loved and venerated, much as our early ancestors venerated the insane. These latter-day professors looked more like highly trained business men, and if we had been told that this was a convention of steel manufacturers or of general insurance agents, we might easily have believed. The faces were for the most part clean-shaven, and there was a plentiful representation of clear-eyed, square-chinned, decisive young men, who seemed anything but absorbed in unrealities. The time has passed when the economist was a harmless devotee of white magic and the professor a lay monk.

There was a teacher in Princeton who lectured on political science to the average class of half attentive students, and later became president of the university and still later President of the United States. During his campaign hostile cartoons portrayed him as a pedagogue, the man with the ferule, the mere "professor" of politics. But somehow the intended reproach did not turn out to be a reproach. Mr. Wilson conducted his campaign capably, and as President ruled his party with tact and wisdom. The ultra-practical politicians, those ward-heelers on a national scale, did not succeed in "putting things over." Doubtless this academic President, when he faced the wire-puller, devisualized him, compared him with all the wire-pullers in history, reduced him to type, so to speak, and understood him, as an entomologist might understand a bug better than the bug himself. In any event, despite mistakes, Mr. Wilson proved that a man might have studied political science and still know politics, or might have learned and taught economics and still understand economic needs.

All of which was one time a paradox. Thirty or forty years ago American economists, of whom there were then few, were somnambulistically trudging the roads hewn out of the rock by Adam Smith and Ricardo. They were still for the most part closet professors, theoreticians with their theories ready-made, teachers of a "dismal science," "essentially hypothetical in character." Obstinately they clung to a system of *laissez-faire*, which condemned its adherents to a policy of doing nothing and suggesting nothing. While these economists were teaching eternal verities concerning the wage-fund, the theory of rent and the law of supply and demand, the world about them was changing, business and government, as well as science, were being specialized, expert knowledge was becoming necessary, and a demand arose for men who knew in detail all the facts concerning a given problem, and yet who could see the problem in its larger relations. History and statistics modified our economic thought, as did also a new sense of the relativity and capacity for change and adaptation of all economic institutions. Business and government called for a new type of economist, and the new type developed. Professional economists became the guides as well as the interpreters of the new economic movements.

We can trace this development through the twenty-nine years' history of the American Economic Association. The young economists who in 1885 founded that society were filled with the ambition to make economic knowledge count, to work out policies of government and business, to study not a Robinson Crusoe's island but the intricate economic conditions of the societies in which they actually lived. It is to these innovators more than to any one else that we owe the fact that today the specialized economist, whether a professor or not, is at work for the state, the industrial corporation and the trade union. We find him in government bureaus, legislative committees, judicial investigations, and we find him employed by peace societies, research institutions, philanthropic organizations innumerable, as well as by popular magazines, which have discovered that nothing is more sensational than the plain facts, rightly interpreted, of our economic life.

Especially in statistics do we discover this economic expert. The statistician, that measuring-worm of modern society, enters the employ of all our states and most of our businesses. Our insatiable curiosity concerning everything that can be weighed and counted grows even faster than does our statistical knowledge, though that grows astoundingly. "How many statistics are there?" a lady once asked us, and only yesterday we found the answer in a witty and thoughtful address by Professor Davis R. Dewey. "We know," said Pro-

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fessor Dewey, "how many eggs are laid in Alaska, we measure the glass surface of florists' establishments, we have laid bare the balance sheets of the counting room; in our census we distinguish between one-and two-seated sleighs; we can tell the proportion of checks to other monetary media; we know how much gold is consumed in dentistry." The labors of the statistician will endure forever, since of the making of statistics there is no end.

Yet even while we assess at a high value the services of the new economist, there are drawbacks which may not be left out of account. The specialized economist, the capable, alert man whom we see at this convention, has not perhaps the firm grip of the early economists, and he is prone to brush aside theoretical discussions with perhaps too intolerant an indifference. His very qualities carry defects. He may know everything about social insurance, and not as much as he should about general theory, or economic history, or agricultural economics, or mining, or forestry. The detailed knowledge of his particular subject which enables him to teach it in class-room and text-book, and renders him eligible for membership upon state commissions and invaluable in the drafting of laws, is paid for necessarily by a relative ignorance of many important subjects.

Moreover, something still more valuable is endangered by too narrow a specialization. The man who spends his life in studying the financial history of Georgia in the eighteenth century is likely to lose a real sense of large contemporary problems. A professor of economics may become director of the census or sit upon an industrial commission or revise the tax laws of a great commonwealth, but the lasting influence of such a man is less than that of one who gives to the world a new interpretation of our complex economic life. More than ever before, such interpretations are necessary now. A hundred years ago the economists became the intellectual leaders of the manufacturers then rising to power. To-day a similar industrial transition is occurring, and a new class, not yet fully conscious of its power or rights, not yet clear even as to the extent and nature of its constituency, is groping after some philosophy to explain it to other classes and to itself. Where in our American universities or in the American Economic Association is the scholar who will endow this class with a philosophy and an understanding?

Perhaps to-day, when the task is more difficult, the qualifications of the economists are less adequate. There is still a tendency towards too narrow a conception of the economic motives of classes and individuals, towards too mechanical and rigid a conception of industrial society. Economists do not yet seem to base their conclusions upon a study of men as they are, illogical, sentimental, and only semi-egoistic. Nor does the economist himself escape from illusions and predilections born of his individual experience. His right to perform great public services is often bought by unperceived sacrifices of scientific convictions. In the universities themselves there are entangling prejudices and a certain convention of academic decorum which are more repressive than any specific prohibitions. Do we find in our American universities to-day that complete intellectual tolerance and freedom, that *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* for which the Economic Association so definitely stands? Do our professors pin their theses on the university doors, and defend them against all without and within?

This is the paramount problem which faces the economists to-day. They are doing excellent work in university and in public life, in the teaching of boys and in the conduct of affairs. But their greater task remains unfulfilled.

Puzzle-Education

HOW righteously indignant did our teachers use to be if we ever precociously objected to learning our mathematics and grammar in school on the ground that if we were going to be doctors or policemen we should never have any use when we grew up for that kind of knowledge. Were we not entirely too young to know at all what kind of knowledge we should need when we did grow up? Did not our teachers impress upon us that in some mysterious way all was grist that came to our intellectual mill? Did we wish to know merely what we could use in the daily grubbing of bread and butter? Was not the fine flower of education knowledge learned for its own sake? We could thus be assured, as we cubed our roots or diagrammed our sentences, that all this work was "training the mind," so that we could almost feel our mental muscles growing in strength and elasticity. We were too young to see it then, but some day we should be heartily grateful to our painstaking teachers. Some day, when we were successful men, we should come to appreciate the superior wisdom of this educational system against which our rational little wills so smoulderingly rebelled.

In those days, would we not have given our young chances of promotion to see ranged up before the teacher a group of great grown men, the successful ones of the earth, to be put through the paces at which we kicked? Would it not have tickled us to see a class consisting of a state senator, a former lieutenant-governor, a manufacturer, a city official, a banker, a physician, a merchant, a lawyer, an editor, an engineer and a clergyman, trying to spell daguerreotype and paradigm, reconnaissance and

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erysipelas, guessing at the distance in degrees from Portugal to the Ural Mountains, locating the desert of Atacama and the Pamir Plateau, expressing 150° Cent. in terms of Fahrenheit, and finding the area of the base of a cylindrical 1 gal. can 10 ins. high? If it was true that we should all find this knowledge useful some day, then it would be preeminently these men who were finding it useful now.

Let the news go forth to all the children of the land who are questioning the why and wherefore of what they are learning, that this thing has actually been done. The eleven men have been assembled in Springfield, Ill. and have had put to them these questions and others, all taken from the prescribed work of the local public schools. The class constituted one of those inquiries conducted with the deadly accuracy of a laboratory experiment by the Russell Sage Foundation. The results, it need hardly be said, were a complete demonstration of the intuition of our childish precocity. Not one of these eleven successful and intelligent gentlemen made so much as a passing mark in any subject. In the spelling-match the best record was six words out of ten, while one man, probably the editor, failed in every word. Only one of the pupils knew the capital of Montenegro, while neither he nor any of the others had the faintest reaction to Atacama or the Pamir Plateau, much less to the length of South America or the distance in degrees from Portugal to the Ural Mountains. Only one of the eleven could do the thermometer problem—he must have been in Paris once in January—and not one knew the specific gravity of alcohol when 2 liters weigh 1.58 kgms. As for the ten historical dates selected from ninety-one, the only date that as many as ten men knew was the attack on Sumter. Only one identified the date of the Mexican War, only one the surrender of Cornwallis.

It must have seemed very curious to the eleven to be presented with these questions, and then have the answers labelled "knowledge." How many of them drew the conclusion that our public schools were little more in the higher reaches than a glorified puzzle-party, where recitation is often more like a guessing of riddles, or trying to discover the answer from the teacher's tone, or the putting together of a puzzle-picture? Look at the average school text-book, with its neat and logical divisions, and see if you can't hear the dry crackle of the author's wit as he has worked out his ingenious riddles, pieced his cunning examples together, hunted the dictionary for words to spell, dissected his history, carved up a continent. The intellect feeds on syllogisms. Syllogisms are so much easier than appreciations. And really it is far easier to reason than to interpret. In the first you have merely to follow the beaten track, in the other you must break new paths and put the thing in your own new language. Yet this whirling around of the mental engine with the belting off is represented to us as a process of "training the mind." You might as well say that an athlete could best train his legs by standing on his head and waving them.

It is this scheme of puzzle-education which this Springfield inquiry—a characteristic flash, we take it, of American genius—has so tellingly shown up. And this riddle-curriculum tends to get worse instead of better as the science of text-book-making waxes and the machinery of scientific pedagogy accumulates. The avowed aim of teachers and training-colleges in recent years has been to discover pedagogical methods that would do the work regardless of the personality of the teacher. The riotous absurdities of this scheme are being revealed by such inquiries as these in Springfield. They suggest that the policy of having our next generation's mental attitudes, stock of information, personal qualities, and moral biases cultivated by unimaginative teachers whose intellectual capacity has been just sufficient to acquire a few routine methods of "conducting" a class and keeping order in a group of restless children, may have become antiquated. Our genuine education—that is, a familiarity with the world we live in—must wait until we get out of school. That may partly explain why most children are so anxious to leave.

Some people might find in this inquiry not so much an evidence of the inefficiency of our public schools as of how little intellectual baggage one needs to become successful and eminent in these United States. But this is in reality only to make a heavier indictment. It is still primarily the schools that have failed to make the intellectual baggage important to the minds of their pupils, that have left uncultivated their tastes and horizons. It is for this reason that our American intellectual background is relatively thin.

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1914—The End of an Era?

IN its immediate effects upon the lives and fortunes of millions of men and women, the great war is unmistakably the largest human fact since the French Revolution. Since that tremendous deluge overflowed the frontiers of the Old Monarchy and began its resistless march from Paris to Moscow, from the Straits of Dover to the Syrian Coast, there has been no single disturbance of the whole system of nations and continents comparable with that which is now going on before our eyes.

Yet in the face of this almost limitless destruction there is patent on many sides a disposition to regard it as an accident, a piece of collective insanity on the part of races and nations certain to be followed presently by a sad return to sanity. Those who were but a few months ago assuring us that there never could be another general war are most vociferously informing the same audience that this will be the last. In the same sense there is the general tendency to assert that when it has come to an end we shall be as we were before, that after a temporary if terrible interruption nations and continents will return to the same tasks, the same ideas, the same ideals which they followed up to the fatal first of August, 1914.

Going back to the French Revolution, is it not quite as clear from any reading of contemporary comment that a similar expectation prevailed everywhere save in Paris when the Allies at last undertook the little "police expedition" into France which was to bring the French people to their senses, restore a Bourbon to the throne, an aristocracy to control? Was it not quite as inevitable in the minds of those who directed the first invasion of France, which terminated at Valmy, that in a brief time the world was to be exactly as it had been before 1789, as it is now to many minds, that the treaty of peace which closes the present chapter will send the world back to the precise point from which it started on this temporary explosion of madness?

Accepting this as possible, is it inevitable? Is it not a possibility that what is taking place marks quite as complete a bankruptcy of ideas, systems, society, as did the French Revolution? For Carlyle, in many ways the most satisfactory interpreter of the French Revolution, it was above all else a conflagration, a burning up of shams, of inveracities, a forest fire sweeping through woods long dead and become tinder, a total dissolution of a world which had become unreal, inveracious, devitalized.

Now it is at least plain that the very fact of a world war is a negation of all that the contemporary generation has believed, has accepted, has asserted. As a final evidence of the stability of the order existing before the war, we have been accustomed to point to at least four bulwarks, each a product of contemporary genius, each a prop and promise of the perpetuation of what was frankly conceded to be the best and the wisest social order ever devised by the mind of man. These four forces may be described as science, sentiment, high finance and socialism.

As to science, it will be remembered that twenty years ago M. Bloch quite convinced a willing world that war had become impossible because modern weapons had made the cost of battle beyond the resource of men or nations to pay. In that time the world eagerly read carefully prepared tables which showed that, given the power of modern artillery and rifle, battles would now be more terrible than any known to history. From this fact it was reasoned that men would not fight, nations would not dare to send their citizens to battle. Yet after twenty years it was fully demonstrated in the Balkan War that all the terrible destructiveness of modern weapons did not prevent men from fighting, and from fighting hand to hand. It was the bayonet and not the artillery which decided Monastir and Kirk Killisse. The Bulgarian "Na noge" was still the watchword of battle, and the knife terrible in European warfare as in African. To-day each report of battle brings the details of bayonet charges comparable with those that made Gettysburg famous and Waterloo immortal.

Thus science, which in twenty years has added much to the terrors foreseen by M. Bloch, has given us the 42-centimetre gun and the French "75," has in no degree weakened the spirit of man. As the Greeks, the Romans, the fighting races of all past time fought, so the great nations of twentieth century Europe are fighting. Science has made war more terrible, more costly, but it has not made war impossible, filled man with controlling terror. Thus it has failed.

Is it less plain that sentiment, the sentiment that was behind The Hague Conferences, the international arrangements, the endless "scrap of paper" and agreements, the indefinable thing we call humanitarian spirit, has failed quite as completely? It did not avail to prevent the invasion of Belgium, the laying in waste of East Prussia. Has there been any time since the Thirty Years' War when the map of Europe could show so many regions devasted, so many millions homeless, destitute? Has war ever been more horrible in its manifestations than this time, when the ashes of Louvain, the ruins

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of Belgium, Polish, Galician, French, and Prussian towns lie before a world? Has war ever been more dreadful than now, when we count in Germany alone not less than 1,500,000 men killed and wounded in five months? Yet in any nation at war is there any present agitation for peace?

High finance failed in the last week of July. Everyone remembers how, in the last days before shooting began, there was of a sudden a flurry in all the world of finance, a sudden report that at last the men who were the masters of millions had served their ultimatum on statesmen, threatened, commanded, bullied. That little interruption had its climax on July thirty-first. But on August first Germany declared war on Russia, and before the following week was over, the battle lines stretched straight across the Continent. There never was anything more complete, more decisive than the defeat of world finance when it undertook to take the helm in storm.

Last of all there was socialism. Ten years ago it was the fashion to believe that socialism, with its annex of internationalism, had quite permeated and conquered Europe. French and German workmen, faced by battle, were to ground their arms and fraternize. Bebel and Jaurès were to succeed Bismarck and William II. All France was in the hands of the socialists, the flag was on the dunghill, and the army was in disgrace. Pelletan was telling Frenchmen that a navy was of use merely as a school. Jaurès was describing an armed citizenry as the outside limit of legitimate self-defense, ideas strangely familiar to American ears just now.

Yet when the war came, instead of fraternization a Frenchman shot Jaurès; a socialist became the greatest French War Minister since the elder Carnot; Jules Guesde entered the ministry in France, Vandervelde in Belgium. The workmen of Moscow, on a strike which was mounting rapidly toward rebellion, voluntarily went back to work. The socialists in the Reichstag voted the war funds, and French socialists went to the battle line frankly affirming their desire to atone with their lives for their share in disarming France.

In sum, socialism, like all the other props, broke down instantly, and to-day no socialist ventures to say with assurance whether the end of the war will leave socialism a forgotten thing or place it on the seat of power; but all socialists recognize that the temper and the spirit of the men who are now fighting a great struggle holds out little present promise of any return to old pathways and ante-bellum ideals.

It is wholly possible that when at last peace comes, it will be proven that this war was the great accident most men now hold it, an illogical and unrelated interruption of the course of human ideas and ideals, all correctly established and asserted before 1914. But is it not quite as possible that a whole new order of ideas, ideals, perhaps a religious awakening, probably a new outburst of national spirit and patriotism in all races, may come? "All the king's horses and all the king's men" could not set the old order up again after the French Revolution; may it not be as impossible after this great war? May not 1914, like 1789, mark in human history the end of an era? FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The British Army and Compulsion

PARLIAMENT has just recently sanctioned the addition of a million men to the regular Army. We are not, however, to conclude that the War Office will immediately begin the embodiment of the whole million and will insist upon its completion. That would be impossible. The training now going forward of nearly a million and a quarter recruits is as large a task as we can at present compass, and it will be many months before they can be equipped for the field. But the new army vote means that the government is empowered to raise the land forces of Great Britain to something between two and a half and three million men. How far we shall be required to go in that direction depends, of course, upon the length and severity of the war.

"This is not the time for urging the need of universal training," said Lord Roberts, in the article which proved to be his farewell utterance (*Hibbert Journal*, October, 1914). It is quite evident that the view held by the most eminent British advocate of compulsory military service is not shared by all of those who count themselves his followers. Ever since the first weeks of the war the conscriptionists have been working and talking hard to drive the Government into an abandonment of the voluntary system. Towards the close of October, during the first stage of the terrific struggle for the Channel ports, their organs became insistent. It was known that they were being strongly reinforced from the War Office, and the opinion seemed to be general that conscription was winning. This reading of the situation was a mistake. The advocates of universal compulsory service have suffered a heavy reverse. Victory may be theirs in the end, but for the time being they are beaten.

The main points of the situation may be briefly stated. On the outbreak of war the Government obtained parliamentary sanction for an addition to the regular army of a million men. There was a call for 500,000 recruits, and immediately afterwards an appeal for the remaining half million. The business of enrolment was, for many reasons,

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some of them discreditable to the authorities, subject to great fluctuations. The first rush to the colors was too much for the recruiting department; the organization broke down, and the War Office committed all the blunders that seemed possible. Instead of devising a simple method of enrolment, independent, to begin with, of medical tests and preparations for training, they adopted an elaborate system of discouragement. Men were rejected for trivial reasons, or turned away at the doors for none. The age limit was absurdly restricted. The height standard was lowered, and then almost at once put back. The recruiting depots were badly run and meagerly staffed, so that volunteers were kept waiting in queues for hours and days. Worse still, thousands of those accepted were made to undergo the severest ordeals, through lack of bare necessaries, in the improvised camps. It was said ironically that the first batches of casualties handled in the Red Cross hospitals were cases of pneumonia caused among the recruits by the absence of bedding or by exhaustion due to a diet of bread and margarine. Above all, recruiting suffered by reason of delay and muddle in the payment of allowances to the soldiers' wives and families, and the failure of the Government to frame an adequate scale of pensions for disabled soldiers and for widows and dependents.

These things are slowly being put right. Order is emerging in the recruiting department, and the hardships of the camps, though still serious, have been diminished. The Government has not yet addressed itself to the problem of the soldiers' pay, but it has announced an improved scale of pensions to disabled soldiers and the families of those killed in action. The Labor Party has been conducting an agitation for a pound a week pay and pension, with five shillings for each child. The Government has not gone as far as this—we knew there was no hope of it. The old scale was five shillings a week for the widow; the new one is seven shillings sixpence, less than two dollars, with five shillings for the first child, and two shillings sixpence each for others. This marks a somewhat notable, if still most inadequate, advance.

Apart, however, from matters of money and management, the military authorities have displayed a genius for discouragement. The towns and villages have been placarded with appeals to the manhood of the nation—appeals which have been, quite fairly, ridiculed by Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells. In various forms the placards hold out the prospect of certain discharge at the end of the war, and in every other respect the publicity department of the War Office has exhibited an ignorance of psychology which would have disgraced the feeblest of advertising agents. In any case it may be doubted whether the myriad posters under which the walls of the whole country are buried have made the difference of a thousand recruits, whereas any story of heroism in the field that may have the luck to evade the censor produces an instant enthusiasm, good for tens of thousands of new men.

The upshot could have been foretold. The militarist newspapers announced a slump in recruiting. Correspondents in America contrasted the English figures with those which illustrated the fervor of volunteering in the Civil War. And, seizing what looked like an unequalled opportunity, the conscriptionists proclaimed that in the hour of the nation's supreme peril voluntary enlistment had collapsed.

Look, however, at the actual results achieved by the English system. It has put into the continental field an army of unsurpassed quality, and has fed this army with continuous reinforcements. It has brought contingents from every part of the Empire for service in the western battlefield or in Egypt and India. It has created an entirely new army, additional to the pre-war forces of 600,000 or 700,000, of not less than a million men—800,000 regulars for the foreign field and 200,000 territorials for home defence. There is, moreover, no doubt whatever as to the nation's ability to recruit a further million, should they be needed, without resort to compulsion. That no proposals for compulsion are in the programme of the Government at present is plain from the silence, disappointing to the conscriptionists, of the Prime Minister and Lord Kitchener at the Lord Mayor's banquet—the proper place for startling announcements. Nevertheless, special measures of recruitment will be needed, even if the press censorship should be cured of its folly and the actualities of the war be allowed to penetrate the popular mind. In the first place, the Government has sanctioned a poll of households—the compilation, by a parliamentary recruiting committee, of a register of able-bodied citizens ready to volunteer. A further and much more serious suggestion comes from Mr. Lloyd George, namely, that from each city, county, or district there should be required, according to population, a full tale of recruits. This, of course, is an historic expedient of our race, though it is ages since England has known it to be applied.

But why, the American reader may ask, should there be difficulty at all? Do Englishmen need any impulsion whatever beyond the knowledge that their country is in the extremity of peril? No, they do not. The Government could in two or three days get a further half-million men, at least, if the facts were put squarely before the people and the situation handled as its enormous gravity demands: if, among other necessary things, the press censor could be dethroned, the business of recruit-

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ing taken away from the infantile officers who now control it and given to men of sense and knowledge, and the newspapers induced to give up hiding the terrors of the mightiest conflict in history behind clouds of invention designed to preserve the illusion of German impotence and British invincibility under any and every set of circumstances.

London, November. S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Goethe and German Egotism

THERE are earnest people who have trustfully fed all their lives on the thoughts of Goethe, Kant and Hegel, but who find themselves somewhat disconcerted by the present attitude of Germany; and they wish to separate if possible those poetic and philosophic influences, which seem so suave and edifying, from the hard sayings of the Bismarckian era. The change, on the surface, is striking enough. A hundred years ago the *Zeitgeist* was humanitarian, cosmopolitan, romantic; now it is machine-loving, nationalistic, and aggressive. Such pervasive passions in the social medium color even the most original minds. Furthermore, the allegiance of reflective opinion to Christian morals—the native air of the modern world—has been profoundly shaken in the interval. For Goethe and Hegel, and even for Kant, the ultimate foundation of morals may no longer have been Christian; it may have become pantheistic or purely intuitive; yet this revolution was rather esoteric, and for them, as for the conscience of their day, the specific precepts of Christianity were still unquestionable. If you went in for precepts at all, which might be a trifle naïve of you, no precepts but the Christian could be taken seriously.

Goethe, no doubt, showed a certain benignity towards paganism and towards the senses; but it was the benignity of a romantic poet, a traveler, a scholar, a sage counsellor to a Christian government; it was not the complete revolt of a natural pagan. His Iphigenie and his Helena and his whole view of antiquity were full of the pathos of distance. He simply continued the Renaissance after that clerical eclipse of it which had dressed the seventeenth century in black; and he was more interested in enriching the life of Christendom with all sorts of speculations and pageantries than in organizing it politically and morally on a new basis. If his pantheist imagination was kindled at times by Spinoza, if he relished the thought that pity was bad and useless or that one who truly loved God could not wish that God should love him in return, he relished these ideas all the more, perhaps, because he took them to be paradoxical and more romantic than in fact they were; for in the system of Spinoza there is nothing strained or wilful about them. At the same time Goethe, who was nothing if not benign, showed an equal benignity towards Christian piety and mysticism; he never formulated, like Nietzsche, an anti-Christian standard of duty. Only the sourest Puritan or the inquisitor with the keenest scent for heresy would not gladly forget that so broad a genius was not quite Christian.

More explicitly than by his moral serenity Goethe was separated from the philosophy of Absolute Will, which German action now embodies, by his frank dislike of Fichte, its loudest representative, as well as by his admiration for Napoleon; and he was too Hellenistic and cosmopolitan to dream that the divine life could be wholly summed up in the German nation. Yet faith in Absolute Will has other modes of expression. Schelling, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche have shown how this faith, even in speculation, may become indistinguishable from a naturalism somewhat vitalistic or poetical in tone—the very philosophy Goethe inclined to, and Goethe himself in his personal life and in such writings as "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" set forth absolute romantic egotism to perfection. Egotism is but Absolute Will in operation; an egotism which of course must be altogether distinguished from a mean private selfishness without genius. The absolute romantic philosopher sets no particular limits to the range of his interests and sympathies; his programme, indeed, is to absorb the whole world. He is no wounded and disappointed egotist, like Byron, that takes to sulking and naughtiness because most of the world tastes bitter in his mouth. He finds good and evil equally digestible. The personal romantic egotism of Byron or of Musset after all was humble; it felt how weak it was in the universe. But absolute egotism in Goethe, as in Emerson, summoned all nature to minister to the Self; all nature, if not actually compelled to this service by a human creative fiat, could at least be won over to it by the engaging heroism of her favorite child. In his warm pantheistic way Goethe felt the swarming universal life about him; he could have no thought of dragooning it all, as sectarians and nationalists would, into vindicating some particular creed or nation. Yet this impartial fertility in the universe left each life free and in uncensored competition with every other life. Each creature might feed blamelessly on all the others and become if it could the focus and epitome of the world. The development of Self was the only duty, if only the Self was

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developed widely and securely enough, with insight, calmness, and godlike irresponsibility.

Goethe exhibited this principle in practice more plainly, perhaps, than in theory. His family, his friends, his feelings were so many stepping-stones in his moral career; he expanded as he left them behind. His love-affairs were means to the fuller realization of himself. Not that his love-affairs were sensual or his infidelities callous; far from it. They often stirred him deeply and unsealed the springs of poetry in his heart; that was precisely their function. Every tender passion opened before him a primrose path into which his inexorable genius led him to wander. If in passing he must tread down some flower, that was a great sorrow to him; but perhaps that very sorrow and his inevitable remorse were the most needful and precious elements in the experience. Every pathetic sweetheart in turn was a sort of Belgium to him; he violated her neutrality with a sigh; his heart bled for her innocent sufferings, and he never said afterwards in self-defense, like the German Chancellor, that she was no better than she should be. But he must press on. His beckoning destiny, the claims of his spiritual growth, compelled him to sacrifice her and to sacrifice his own lacerated feelings on the altar of duty to his infinite self. Indeed, so truly supreme was this vocation that universal nature too, he thought, was bound to do herself some violence in his behalf and to grant him an immortal life, that so noble a process of self-expansion might go on forever.

Goethe's perfect insight into the ways of romantic egotism appears also in "Faust," and not least in the latter parts of it, which are curiously prophetic. If the hero of that poem has a somewhat incoherent character, soft, wayward, emotional yet at the same time stubborn and indomitable, that circumstance only renders him the fitter vehicle for Absolute Will, a metaphysical entity whose business is to be vigorous and endlessly energetic while remaining perfectly plastic. Faust was at first a scholar, fervid and grubbing, but so confused and impatient that he gave up science for magic. Notwithstanding the shams of professional people which offended him, was not a private and candid science possible, which might have brought him intellectual satisfaction and plenty of exhilarating conflicts with hallowed humbug? Of course, and the fact would not have escaped him if he had been a simple lover of truth. But Absolute Will cannot be restricted to any single interest, much less to the pursuit of a frigid truth in which it cannot believe; for the Will would not be absolute if it recognized any truth which it had to discover; it can recognize and love only the truth that it makes. Its method of procedure, we are told, consists in first throwing out certain assumptions, such perhaps as that everything must have a cause or that life and progress must be everlasting; and the truth is then whatever conforms to these assumptions. But since evidently these assumptions might be utterly false, it is clear that what interests Absolute Will is not truth at all, but only orthodoxy. A delightful illustration of this is given by Faust when, emulating Luther for a moment, he undertakes to translate the first verse of Saint John—that being the Gospel that impresses him most favorably. The point is not prosaically to discover what the Evangelist meant, but rather what he must and shall have meant. *The Word* will never do; *the Sense* would be somewhat better; but *In the beginning was Force* would have even more to recommend it. Suddenly, however, what Absolute Will demands flashes upon him, and he writes down: *In the beginning was the Deed*:

> Auf einmal seh' ich Rat
> Und schreibe getrost: Im Anfang war die That!

Now, if it comes to making truth, magic can do it far more quickly and brilliantly than science. Magic is an experiment in omnipotence; it thinks to create facts by invoking them, as Absolute Will thinks to create truths by assuming them; so that after all we need not be surprised that Faust finds magic the best key to the universe.

Yet even in this exciting form, the life of thought cannot hold him long. He aches to escape from it; not that his knowledge of the world, as well as his magic, will not accompany him through life; he will not lose his acquired art nor his habit of reflection, and in this sense his career is really a progress, in that his experience accumulates; but the living interest is always something new. He turns to miscellaneous adventures, not excluding love; from that he passes to imperial politics, a sad mess, thence to sentimental classicism, rather an unreality, and finally to war, to public works, to trade, to piracy, to colonisation, and to clearing his acquired estates of tiresome old natives, who insist on ringing church bells and are impervious to the new *Kultur*. These public enterprises he finds more satisfying, perhaps only because he dies in the midst of them.

Are these hints of romantic egotism in Goethe mere echoes of his youth and of the ambient philosophy, echoes which he would have rejected if confronted with them in an abstract and doctrinal form, as he rejected the system of Fichte? Would he not have judged Schopenhauer more kindly? Above all, what would he have thought of Nietzsche, his own wild disciple? No doubt he would have wished to buttress and qualify in a thousand ways that faith in Absolute Will which they emphasized so exclusively, Schopenhauer in metaphysics and Nietzsche in morals. But the same faith was a deep element in his own genius, as in that of his country, and he would hardly have disowned it.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

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Academic Freedom—A Confession

TWENTY years ago I began life as a college professor, equipped with a Phi Beta Kappa key, a doctor's degree, and a very solid, respectable habit of academic conservatism.

After a few years' apprenticeship as instructor in one of our greater universities, a fairly comfortable chair was assigned me in a well known college. So far as the limits of this charge were concerned, no pent-up Utica confined my youthful powers. As economist, authority was mine to solve the problem of trusts, tariff, labor and socialism; as political scientist, to decide between democracy and representative government; and finally, as sociologist, to appraise the whole range of social institutions from the matriarchate to monogamy.

That these arduous and extensive duties were performed with dignity and discretion I call all my earlier students—now in sober middle age themselves—to witness. Frankly, mine was no iconoclastic spirit. Consciously and unconsciously my teaching matter and method had been formed under some of the most eminent and careful—especially careful—academic authorities of Germany and the United States. After all, scholasticism did not exist in vain nor is it yet quite dead. There are at least two sides to every question; most of those with which I dealt had more facets than the Orloff diamond. If bold propositions had to be made on definite issues like the tariff—and to my credit be it set down that made they were, both in speech and writing—still this could be done in temperate language, rendered extra dry, perhaps, by serried masses of facts and imposing tables of statistics. One of the achievements of that time which I recall with mingled emotions was the delivery of a course of lectures on the issues of a national campaign, at the conclusion of which the college paper gravely complimented me on their fullness and fairness, adding that I had injected so little partisan feeling into the discussions that my students were still unable to tell how I was going to vote.

In those days orthodoxy reigned; the Constitution was revered; McKinley and Mark Hanna were their prophets, and the people still worshipped. Public interest in academic utterances was weak. Certainly it did not occur to me that the subjects which I taught were particularly dangerous, at least not in the hands of seasoned and judicious men. To be sure there were the cases of E. Benjamin Andrews, of Bemis, of Ross and Howard, and of others. But I noted with satisfaction that the institutions which lost these men were so severely hurt by it that they showed little inclination to repeat the offense.

Promotion came in due course, to a prominent institution largely supported by public funds. With it my "settee" was cut down to a chair of reasonable proportions, covering one only of the three sciences which I had formerly professed. In my new location students have been numerous and appreciative. My relations with the faculty and trustees are most cordial. Reference to the studies of the Carnegie Foundation convinces me that so far as rank, salary and equipment go I have been more fortunate throughout my career than the majority of my colleagues. It must be understood, therefore, that no personal grief or grudge colors this confession. For confessed it must be that neither of those powerful talismen, my Phi Beta Kappa key and my doctor's degree, nor yet the mellowing effect of time and study, has kept me from developing what, twenty years ago, I should have deemed a horrifying radicalism.

To trace in all its details an evolution—a degeneration, if you will—of this sort is no easy matter. But some at least of the impulses that have been at work upon me can be indicated briefly. For example, it seems but yesterday that I was explaining to my classes the working of those two queer little Swiss toys, the initiative and referendum, and incidentally expounding the enormous differences between the tiny European and the great American democracy which made the adoption of such political devices in this country both improbable and undesirable. In my teaching to-day Swiss experience along these lines has sunk into the pale limbo of historical origins. The I and R have conquered an imperial domain in the West; they are fairly established in the constitution of the state next door, and are knocking for admission at the portals of my own commonwealth. Timid college presidents like Nicholas Murray Butler and G. W. Hinman are going into convulsions over this alleged approach of direct socialistic democracy. Perhaps it is my duty also to despair of the republic threatened by these dire dangers, but for the life of me I can't feel that way about it.

Socialism was then a menacing, blood-red specter that had grown to enormous dimensions under the weight of taxes and militarism in distant Germany. To-day it is a semi-respectable and wholly dull political party in our own United States. I am in constant contact with its members at public gatherings and committee meetings. From my present viewpoint they seem to have the true old-time academic type of mind, its respect for authority, its lack of imagination, its wholly mechanical processes of thought. And I note with surprise that they are not nearly so inclined to give a hearing to the I. W. W. as some of my own more yellow colleagues.

Only a short time ago the English constitution

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was perfectly balanced, eminently respectable, and thoroughly mummified. As it was, so I taught it. Then came that little, determined, gray-eyed Welshman, and now I find myself teaching workmen's compensation, old-age pensions, labor exchanges, minimum wage, town planning, income and super-tax, graduated death duties, and unearned increment tax. It has made the course throb with living interest, to be sure, but really, can one touch so much radical pitch and not be defiled? Even worse and more unsettling influences emanate from the one-time right-little, tight-little isle. There are Wells and Shaw and Galsworthy and that most subversive conservative, Chesterton.

All these influences might have remained purely academic and exotic were it not for the national campaign of 1912. In that year, for the first time in my experience, American politics began to speak a living language, to bristle with real issues, to put human interests in the center of political striving. All over the country professors and students woke up. Many of us seized the opportunity to put before the public convictions that had been forming in our minds for years. To us this seemed a civic duty; to others, no doubt, it was rank partisanship, pernicious political activity, notoriety seeking, or plain office-hunting. I am aware that all this is essentially commonplace, the experience of thousands of Americans outside as well as inside college walls. Professors in the field of politics, economics and social science, however, are face to face with certain vital questions as a result of their new point of view and new activities. Particularly is this the case in those pioneer institutions of the Middle West which to the ideals of teaching and research have added the ideal of public service. First in this field, the University of Wisconsin is already under fire from the ranks both of practical politicians and of the interests which have been skulking under the glare of the academic searchlight of that great institution. To those familiar with Western universities it is apparent that this is only the beginning of a general conflict which must be fought out in the course of the next few years.

American colleges both public and private are governed by boards. These boards are made up largely of men capable of commanding funds or influence, both of which, it must be admitted, they have given generously to the colleges. With few exceptions men of this type are conservative to the backbone. To most of them even the policies of the Wilson administration are dangerously radical and subversive of prosperity. Indeed, the word seems to have been passed about discreetly that of course no new endowments can be hoped for so long as the Democratic party is in power. Sincere and patriotic according to their lights, these men will neglect no means to get back to what they consider safe and sane conditions. It will be a miracle if the radicalism of our colleges, mild as most of it is, escapes their notice entirely.

It does not seem likely to me that there will be much heresy-hunting in the open. Small and backward institutions may attempt it; there are the recent cases of Professor Fisher at Connecticut Wesleyan, and of Professor Morse at Marietta College in Ohio. Large and established institutions are too well advised to go far in this direction. The recent conflict at the University of Pennsylvania is highly significant. What looked like a determined raid upon certain teachers in Wharton School of that institution collapsed almost instantly under a return fire of publicity.

Short of discharge, however, pressure of many sorts can be brought to bear. Appropriations for equipment or assistance may be cut down, thus throwing crushing burdens of routine work upon outspoken instructors; they may be deprived of various academic opportunities and honors; the "social chill" policy may be employed against them; promotions due in the ordinary course of events may be delayed or refused. Through many insidious channels the impression may be conveyed that they are "unsafe," "unsound," "unscientific." The great advantage of so stigmatizing a man is that it relieves one from the necessity of combating with fact and argument his teachings—a task which might be considerably more difficult.

But what of the glorious tradition of academic freedom? Alas, it is a tradition only. Many men in the quieter reaches of college life believe that the last occasion warranting appeal to it was in the case of Galileo. That they should want peace and endowments for research, above all things; that some of them should deplore all economic or political controversy likely to imperil these ends, is natural. But in the field of the social sciences new tendencies and new demands make imperative not only an appeal to the ideal of academic freedom, but a thoroughgoing definition of that appeal which will stand firm under criticism and direct assault.

Of course I am aware that, like all confessions, this is an *ex parte* statement. It will be repudiated, sincerely enough, by the elect company of the "safe and sane," who already "have all the freedom they want." It will be denied, from motives of policy and an ingrained habit of academic caution, by others who believe that private conferences and gentlemen's agreements are more effective than open discussion. But there the issue is, nevertheless. And upon its settlement, I am convinced, depends very largely the further democratic development or the aristocratic atrophy of American colleges and universities.

PROFESSOR ORDINARIUS.

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Municipal Research—A Criticism

IN theory a bureau of municipal research is an agency of citizen inquiry. In the language of which it is enamored, it is an agency providing through three hundred and sixty-five days a year non-partisan, non-political, continuous emphasis upon the methods and results of public business, as distinct from its personalities and politics. Like Wendell Phillips, agitator, it "must stand outside of organization, with no bread to earn, no candidate to elect, no party to save, no object but truth—to tear a question open and riddle it with light."

It was devised on account of an indifferent citizenship, indifferent because uninformed. It would remedy this condition at the source. It would get the facts. It would have an expert staff of men trained in research who could distinguish a reality from a pretension, who would know if an explanation explained. It saw the absurdity or the mere evanescence of emotional outbursts, of spasmodic indignation, of election-day citizen excitement. It would substitute judgment based on fact for emotional outbursts, knowledge for indignation, and continuous year-round interest for election-day excitement about the destiny of the republic.

Dr. Cleveland described the movement as an agency of citizen research and publicity. Publicity was truly regarded as its greatest ally in securing an efficient public service. It had enormous faith in the public's capacity to understand, in its willingness when informed to cooperate with officials, and in its reasonableness in demanding efficient government. It saw that success could be secured only by having its plan, method and program enter into the public consciousness and become, through reiteration and results made manifest, a dominant part of effective public opinion. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

It is, then, in theory a citizen's agency. Its purpose is to promote efficiency in public business. Its method is the method of research in discovering problems and solutions, and the method of publicity in "putting them over." It requires an informed public for its aims. It has faith in its own determination and in the public's intelligence. It has an insatiable curiosity. Its passion is improvement.

The influence of the municipal research movement has probably been decisive in the budgetry and accounting reconstruction now well under way in American cities. It has helped through its publicity in "giving heart" to citizen cooperation with government. Its service, if unabated, will help ultimately in dissipating the notion that politics is a game for the professionals and that amateur citizen effort is futile. It has made a fine beginning in its health work. Among its most noteworthy works in this field are the reports of the Child Hygiene Department in New York City and its Dayton report. It has touched public education most significantly in the field of state administration. Its Ohio and Wisconsin reports obviously accelerated results that would probably have lingered for a decade. It has developed a healthful literature of municipal government both in its reports and in the books written by its leaders. It has led the way in the movement for training men for public service through things that need to be done.

But the statement that a bureau of municipal research is a citizen's agency should be challenged at once. For public-spirited gentlemen to maintain an expert staff to cooperate with public officials looking to the improvement of the public service hardly merits the definition of a citizen's agency. However, there is one way in which such an organization may become, in a sense, a citizen's agency, or better, an agency of efficient citizenship. Its work is based on the citizen's right to know about his government, and on the citizen's right of access to public records. To make its work effective its final appeal must be to the whole citizenship. It must develop a technique of public information. Publicity methods are of its essence, and yet, taking the movement the country over, continuous or adequate information to the public is lacking, nor is the public taken sufficiently into its confidence as to "next steps." Without a wide basis of public understanding as to proposed changes, and specific information as to present conditions and recommendations, no changes either in governmental policy or governmental administration are likely to be secure. It may be admitted that bureaus of municipal research made mistakes in their publicity, but nevertheless continuous publicity must be an integral part of the policy of municipal research organizations.

There has been throughout the country a well marked tendency to make the municipal research work largely a matter of agreement between the bureau and the public official, the public getting the most meager details of what is happening. That much work altogether useful in its results has been done for departments in this way no one can deny. That much of the municipal research work now being done is of this character is also undeniable. Yet this private agreement about public matters is the rock upon which the municipal

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research ship may founder. We are dealing here with what municipal research likes to call the "citizen's business," and we should not interfere in it without making known what part we are playing in the procedure. The potentiality for good of the private method is equalled only by its potentiality for evil. Whether viewed from the standpoint of our democratic theory of government, or from the standpoint of the possibility of making governmental activity a matter of social education, or from the standpoint of advancing the municipal research movement itself, such a procedure is intolerable.

In the municipal research movement there have, from the beginning, been a number of good average citizens who lack what may be called a social compass. They have been good second men. They have loaded themselves with the details of governmental machinery. Their object has been the perfection of these details without reference to ultimate social purposes to be accomplished by the machinery. These men, prominent from the very start, are becoming heirs apparent to the thrones. With persons dominated by a social point of view, such as the original triumvirate directing the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, the subordination of accounting, engineering and other means to social ends is certain. The danger point is reached when the men holding mechanical views of government are made heads of bureaus of municipal research.

There have followed in the wake of municipal research a few "experts" in research methods who were never officially connected with the movement. These, to a great extent, have been fakirs. Successful armies will always have such camp-followers in the rear. There is a tendency, too, to commercialize municipal research. An organization of men now in the movement to supply "municipal research" at expert's rates *per diem* has been under discussion for some time. The commercial idea and the municipal research idea are incompatible. Municipal research at *per diem* rates would lose its social character, would lose its opportunity for constructive follow-up, would cease to be a significant factor in social education. A spasm of municipal research is almost as useless as election-day excitement about government among the citizenship. Municipal research must be continuous and permanent. A commercial organization is likely to seek jobs for its staff, giving occasional jobs to the parent organization, since trained men are available nowhere else. The result of this commercialization of the idea would probably produce unfavorable public reaction, as when Mr. Bruere left the directorship of the New York Bureau of Municipal research to become City Chamberlain. A bureau of municipal research must not possess the faintest shadow of a desire for office, or of merely personal interest of any kind whatever. It must be free of all entangling alliances.

Viewed from another standpoint this commercialization of the idea is also a nationalization of it. This phase is a matter for future development. The movement has progressed with unprecedented swiftness. Bureaus of municipal research have been demanded faster than the men to direct them could be trained. The danger in such a situation has been very evident in the past. The commercial proposition is an attempt to supply municipal research where it would not now be possible to establish bureaus of municipal research permanently. The inactivity or futile activity of some of the bureaus is evidence of mistakes in placing men. The attempt to serve prepared pancakes to other cities is evidence of the growth of the movement in advance of the trained man. A city of about 400,000 was asked to digest, practically without modification, the New York budget system and the Chicago civil service classification. In a moment of excessive enthusiasm this meal is characterized, in the annual report of the New York Training School, as "thrilling proof that cities want constructive leadership towards better acts and more efficient methods." The fact is a fact, but the proof is inconclusive.

Municipal researchers have been courageous in facing the problem of educational publicity. They have frankly addressed the public in what was recently called in the NEW REPUBLIC "the language of humanity." The technical vocabulary of the expert is eschewed as far as is consistent with brief, truthful description. Sentences of simpler construction are preferred to the more involved forms. The scaffolding of reports is brushed aside for direct presentation. These reports, having for their purpose the informing of the citizenship generally, are worded so that the man in the street can read and understand them.

The researchers have studiously avoided philosophizing and "hot air," and have devoted their reports to listing one fact after another, organized under general heads. This has given the reports a fragmentary character which was perhaps necessary in the attempt to hit high spots only. Some of these reports have unquestionably been superficial—partly, at least, on account of the terms of engagement. But the early habit of giving three-day surveys has been abandoned. Almost consistently, those reports have been instrumental in arousing public interest and have secured valuable social results.

The municipal research movement needs to be more critical of itself. It needs to re-examine its present procedure in the light of its philosophy, for, despite its disparagement of philosophy for the

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"fact basis," the movement has a philosophy, and it is an important and helpful contribution to organized political and social thought. It needs more emphasis on social ends than on the details of the political machinery. It needs everywhere to take the public more completely into its confidence in all its works. It needs a broader basis in citizen financial support. Its greatest need is critical introspection. EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

Scientific Business

COMMONPLACE business is a novel subject for extensive university research. Nevertheless such research has already been undertaken and is producing noteworthy results. In recognition of the increasingly scientific character of business and of the great opportunities for improvement, there has developed a general movement for business education in our colleges and universities. It is the task of business education to train men to cope with the problems of management and policy which are continually arising in every business establishment, large or small, and which can be satisfactorily solved only by scientific methods. As a sound basis for this training a full knowledge of business methods and practices is essential. Hence there is need of painstaking research.

Several educational institutions have now undertaken some form of business research. The methods and experiences of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research may be cited for illustration. This Bureau was established in 1911 by the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University to gather facts about business for purposes of instruction. Market distribution was naturally the field to which the efforts of the Bureau were first directed. For instruction in banking, insurance, railroading, accounting, and manufacturing, a more or less extensive literature was available, and published reports could be utilized. But for the big subject of market distribution, which constitutes so large a part of business, and must consequently be given a prominent place in any comprehensive plan of business education, there was and still is a dearth of accessible information.

Within the field of market distribution there are numerous subjects worthy of careful study. Take retail business for example. It is so ordinary that inexperienced men do not hesitate to become storekeepers. Thousands of retailers fail each year, but their places are quickly filled. To sell a pound of nails or a package of coffee appears so simple that the problems of buying, selling, stock-handling, accounting and managing are overlooked. The general public, on its side, shows its ignorance of these problems by talking lightly of middleman elimination. Although twenty to thirty-five per cent of the price paid by the consumer does go to the retailer, the services of the latter are far from being dispensable. It is much easier to say that his profit is too high than to show how his expenses can be reduced.

Manufacturers and wholesalers are deeply concerned with questions of retail trade policy. The retailer distributes their products to consumers. His good-will is a valuable asset to the manufacturer who can win it. His ill-will, on the other hand, may actually nullify a carefully nurtured consumer-demand. To secure his effective cooperation the problems of the retailer must be studied and appreciated. These problems have been further complicated by the development of department stores, chain stores, mail-order houses, and cooperative associations. Under these circumstances there is obviously widespread interest in a thorough study of retail trade, and the results are of vital importance to the success of business education.

The Harvard Bureau of Business Research concentrated its work at first upon the marketing of a single commodity. It undertook to learn the costs of marketing that commodity by different methods in all parts of the country under varying conditions. This plan seemed to promise the most practical and thorough results. The commodity selected was shoes, since, in general, the shoe trade is simpler than the dry goods, drug, hardware, or grocery trades. The shoe trade, furthermore, illustrates nearly all of the main channels of distribution. Shoe manufacturers sell their products through wholesalers, also direct to retailers, and even direct to consumers. In the retail trade independent shoe stores compete with chain stores, department stores, and mail-order houses, as well as with the manufacturers' own stores. It was at the retail end that the Bureau began. Recently the research has been extended to the marketing of shoes by manufacturers and wholesalers.

A similar study of the retail grocery trade was commenced by the Bureau in the summer of 1914. The grocery trade is a particularly promising field for research. Our grocery bill lumps big in our annual budget. In the grocery business the competition of different forms of retail organization is intense. And there appear to be many lax methods which can be corrected to the advantage of the storekeeper and his customers, not to mention his creditors.

In order to learn the exact costs of store operation, it early became apparent that a uniform accounting system was necessary. Many retailers

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were keeping no books at all. They had a memorandum of amounts due them from customers; an invoice file on a peg showed how much they owed manufacturers and wholesalers, and at the end of the year their bank balance indicated how much they had made. Not infrequently they were unable to state their total annual sales, much less their expenses. Is it strange that the road to bankruptcy is so short? Even among those retailers who did keep a regular set of books there was great diversity of practice. There were numerous retailers who did not charge their business with any salaries for themselves. When they owned their stores many of them did not charge rent. Occasionally interest on capital was overlooked. Nor was there any approach to uniformity in the definition of such items as selling-expense. With the aid of accountants and successful shoe dealers, the Bureau prepared a uniform accounting system which included every item of cost, profit, and expense, and gave an exact definition to each account.

The Harvard System of Accounts for Shoe Retailers was given to the trade in 1912. It has already been adopted by several hundred shoe stores and has become the standard of the trade. The Harvard System of Accounts for Retail Grocers, which corresponds closely to the shoe system, is now being adopted by grocers, large and small, in the East, in the Middle West, in the Pacific Coast states and even in Canada. In return for the valuable information which they furnish, the Bureau is able to provide the retailers with a comprehensive accounting system adapted to their needs. In this way the research has been made mutually advantageous.

The results of this research, however, are of greater value to the retailers than the accounting system itself. The retailer hitherto has had no standards for comparison. The shoe retailer, for example, has had no means of knowing that he ought not to spend more than eight per cent of his net sales for sales-force, or that more efficient stores spend only seven per cent for that item. Similarly, he could not know whether or not his rent expense was relatively too high. By working out actual trade standards from the detailed figures collected upon a uniform basis from a large number of stores, this research enables a retailer to know where he ought to stand. Already some of the retailers who have cooperated with the Bureau have utilized this information to effect savings of dollars and cents. The information from individual stores is, of course, kept strictly confidential; only the summaries for large groups of stores are published. The university, as a permanent, trusted, and non-competing third party, has a particularly strategic position for conducting such confidential research.

The accounting systems for the shoe trade and for the grocery trade are very similar. The same system has been found applicable to the retail drug, hardware, clothing, and jewelry businesses. Few changes have been necessary to adapt the shoe system to the use of the wholesale shoe trade, and the grocery system is being applied to the wholesale grocery trade. Hence eventually a wide series of comparisons, not only between stores within the same group, but also between groups, can be made.

The establishment of accurate standards and the comparison of costs is one of the chief objects of this research. Equally important is the study of problems of buying, selling, and stock-handling. A schedule of questions covering all of these subjects has been carefully drawn up for each of the trades investigated. By summarizing the answers from many stores the best trade practice may be ascertained.

Under "Stock-handling," one question on the schedule for shoe retailers, for instance, asks for the details of the stock-keeping system, if any, in use in the store. In addition to the answers to this question many stock-keeping forms have been assembled by the Bureau, and these have been studied and compared with stock-keeping forms for other businesses. The result is that a new system has been worked out and will soon be published for general use in the retail shoe trade.

An improvement in stock-keeping methods will be of advantage not only to the shoe retailers themselves but to the whole community. At present stock turns over slowly in the average shoe store. If shoe retailers can be shown how to turn their stock more rapidly, they will have less antiquated stock upon their shelves and consequently suffer less loss through depreciation, the likelihood of failure will be less, and a large amount of capital now tied up in dead or dying stock will be released to earn interest elsewhere. There are doubtless several million dollars thus tied up unnecessarily and unprofitably in American shoe stores. A model stock-keeping system is one tangible result of such research which will be beneficial to the public as well as to the retailers.

Business research of this sort provides the individual merchant with standards for judging his own results and aids him to make improvements. Through it the manufacturer becomes better acquainted with the conditions under which the retailer operates. The consumer likewise is informed of just what each of the retailer's services costs, and should be able to appreciate the burden imposed by the demands for additional service. This definite information, finally, should be of assistance in the framing of legislation on trade matters.

MELVIN T. COPELAND.

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A COMMUNICATION

Education With a Breadth

SIR: In THE NEW REPUBLIC of the twenty-first of November there appeared an article, "Education With a Bias," which has set a number of us old fogies to rubbing our eyes. Though not a member of the American Street Railway Association, I have been present at many of its meetings, have kept up with its publications and watched the trend of its activities, and as a sometime operating and now consulting engineer in the railway field and an educator in engineering, I have come into personal contact with the problems of our electric railways. But now I am forced to ask myself, like that surprised old lady of the nursery rhyme, can it truly be I? For if all the article states is true, it looks as if I and my co-workers will at once have to go to school again. It seems that it is necessary that we have our eyes carefully opened so that we may escape being poisoned by this oncoming noxious stream of instruction which, posing as a rill of purest information, is in reality a deadly source seeking to pour out upon our simple, all-believing college minds its torrents of fallacious dogma.

Some one has well said that the chief requisite for success in engineering is not to know what to do, but to know what not to do. Infallible memory, inventive and constructive ability, are necessary, but taken alone they will not carry the young engineer far along his road. Analytical and critical training must be his. Few come to us with these last qualities, and the duty of nurturing and stimulating them is one which our colleges are trying hard to perform. Can it be that our college departments are such dry, inflammable fields that not one of these spellbinders, these torch-bearers of this new code of the Electric Railway Association, may come among us for fear that his words, burning with the false logic of the special interests, may set us fanatically aflame? Or are our college students and their instructors such blind moles that they must ever be kept burrowing in the dark, musty earth of theory and never be permitted to emerge into the daylight of actuality? If all this is true, then are we indeed the one exception to Lincoln's pronunciamento, and as such we are in a parlous state.

Must we turn our students away from sources of wide and intensive knowledge, simply because the facts may be presented to them in the form of special pleading, and some facts may not be the whole truth and nothing but the truth? To you enlightened beings standing outside, we may seem like little Red Riding Hoods whom you must protect from being devoured by this masquerading wolf. Is it true that these emissaries who would thus preach among us are such deep-dyed wolves of prey? I, for one, cannot believe it; and I have been among them many years and have seen their ways from within and without. Every group of men associated together seems to have its large or small collection of sheep that are quite as white as the others, and the group forming the electric railway men of America doubtless is no exception. Every pioneer industry, like every pioneer state, offers fertile field for exploiters, and the railway field has not been and is not now completely free from them. But some of the finest men in the engineering profession, men of affairs, men of highest honor and upright bearing, are in the electric railway field. It is one of the promising signs of the railway times that the number of such men is on the increase. Moreover, the fact that their association has reached the point that it can put forward and support such a code of principles is one of these very signs.

The electric railways of America are to-day of indispensable value, and their proper maintenance and increase is a question of tremendous importance to every community. If all is not as it should be within this industry, you and I and our neighbor should know it and the sooner the better. The thing to do is not to tear down but to build up, and that in the best possible way. To do this properly we must get all the knowledge possible of the facts in the case. How are we to get at these inside facts, except by getting those within the profession to talk? By all means let us get them to talking, talking freely, so that we may not only hear what they have to say for themselves, but that we may heckle them to our heart's content and our mind's enlightenment. A noted baseball coach once said to his team, "Get the other side to throwing the ball around the bases by all the means at your command. It is only when the other team won't do this that I am afraid that we are going to get whipped."

What about the misstatements, the sophistry, the half-truths which may be showered upon the students in these talks? Not long since a certain city was agitated over the increase of lighting rates imposed upon it by the lighting company. To silence the agitation the lighting company brought in a professional publicity agent who proceeded to fill the newspapers with its talks. These took the form of advertisements with statements full of false logic, misstatements and half-truths. The first talk interested the community, the second amused, the third disgusted, the fourth and those following so angered it that it rose in its might and forced the lighting company to reduce its rates. In the past few years some of the trusts have done much the same thing. Several have sent out gratis to our libraries beautifully prepared books intended to win over the public to supporting them in their rates or monopoly. I have yet to meet a single person who has been won over by their pleadings. The opposite effect has been the more often produced. Many of our college libraries have refused to put these gift books on their shelves. Another example of such publicity gone wrong has lately been before us in connection with the labor troubles in the Colorado coal fields. Such mis-publicity fails completely as a cudgel with which to drive the public. It becomes simply a boomerang, dangerous only to its thrower.

As regards the ten heads of the newly drawn code of principles of this association, you and I may not be willing to approve in full any one of them. It is quite possible that many members of the association may not do so. But we and the railway people who serve us certainly must arrive at some common basis of understanding and agree-

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ment. How else are we to do so except by taking these ten heads or their equivalents and waging battle over each? Let us have all the pros and cons. Out of such discussion must come some code which shall serve at least as a gentlemen's agreement between the public and the railways.

The electric railways of to-day, financially and physically, are facing the most complex conditions in their history. Reforms and improvements must come. Frankly speaking, they cannot come from the outside. The public to-day more than ever before possesses tremendous power, and it can compel corporations to do its bidding. But care must be taken lest in its technical and economic ignorance it use this power merely to crush. The lasting reform and improvement can come only from within the organization, and the colleges and the thoughtful public should, and must, play a most important part in bringing this about. We of the colleges are training numbers of our men to become officials in the electric railway field while our other graduates, technical and non-technical, are passing out into active work in other walks of life. If these men have been properly trained they should have more than common knowledge and appreciation of civic problems. They should be an effective power acting to bring the railways and the public closer to each other. Our trouble lies in getting this knowledge and training to our students, knowledge of the good and of the evils.

Since such is the case, let us permit these emissaries of the American Electric Railway Association to come among us and freely preach their "business propoganda," if such it must be called. We need it. It is not less business that we need and want, but more and better business. It is not less touch with the business world that our college people need, it is more. If there is any one thing in which the college of to-day fails, it is in training for real life. It is too much out of touch with the world of actuality. It needs to be more in contact with the pulse of affairs, railway and other. If our graduates are to successfully fight the evils in any field, it will certainly not be when armed in innocence and ignorance.

Easton, Pa. JAMES THERON ROOD.

United States of Europe

SIR: Is it to late for me to send a note on the extremely frank and interesting statement of the European problem which Professor Simon N. Patten contributed to your issue of November fourteenth?

Professor Patten says, "The best way for an American to visualize the European problem is to compare it with our own situation." Then follows an argument which I will try to sum up in my own words: Would the territory of the United States be a better place for individual Americans to live and work in, or constitute a better factor in the civilized world, if it contained as many independent racial and national units as Europe? Ought New York to be now Dutch and independent, Louisiana French, Florida Spanish and Texas Mexican? Ought Lincoln to have allowed the Southern states to secede? But if Americans approve of that centralizing process which has made, often by force of arms, the United States one political and economic super-racial unit, surely they ought to sympathize with the same process when applied by Germany and Austria to Central Europe. In Professor Patten's own words, "We fail to see that the problems of Servia and Bulgaria are the same as those of Carolina, and that their repression would be as advantageous to Europe as the preservation of the Union was to us"; and again, "The melting-pot of civilization is . . . gradually creating new bonds that cement all races, creeds, and tongues into one harmonious whole. For this higher ideal the Germans stand, and against them are the passions, turbulence, and malice of a hundred discordant factions."

Now I am so far in sympathy with Professor Patten that I hope that there will one day exist something like a United States, if not of all Europe, at least of Central and Western Europe; and I have tried to ask myself with as much detachment as war allows whether Professor Patten may be right, and whether my own country may not be fighting against progress. I find myself answering, with what I hope to be sincerity, first, that the kind of unity which I desire for Europe cannot be brought about by the military victory of a single Power or group of Powers; and next, that if such a unity by conquest could come about, the traditional policy of Germany and Austria-Hungary would be unfitted for its achievement.

It is obvious that any attempt at unification by conquest is only good if it succeeds. Few students would, I believe, claim that even Napoleon's attempt, with the destruction of life and treasure and the cynical disregard of individual happiness which it involved, did more good than harm to Europe. But Napoleon undoubtedly cleared away many mountains of what Carlyle called "dead unveracities." The attempt which Professor Patten assumes that Germany is now making will, if it fails, leave behind it no good whatsoever to set against its evil. The present position of the war makes it appear likely that Germany, whether ultimately defeated or not, will not succeed in any vast Napoleonic scheme of conquest; and I believe that the balance of force in Europe is such that any similar scheme in the future, whether undertaken by Germany or by any other Power, will have as little chance of success; while half a century of indecisive wars of hegemony might go far to destroy the position of Europe in the world.

But even if unification by conquest were possible, I think that it would be a misfortune for Europe that it should be carried out by the present German and Austro-Hungarian governments, on the lines of their historical policy. Unification by conquest is really successful only when it wins the allegiance of the conquered. The Polish provinces of Prussia were conquered more than a century ago; Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine were conquered half a century ago; and the elections to the Reichstag still show few signs that the conquered populations accept their position. The incident last winter at Zabern would seem to illustrate the reason of this; and I cannot bring myself to believe that, even if every town in Belgium were treated like Zabern for three generations, Belgium at the end of it would be reconciled to her membership in a German "super-racial unit." Nor, if Austria-Hungary forcibly annexed Servia, can I believe that the methods which have failed in Croatia would succeed at Belgrade.

If Europe is ever to attain to such a measure of unity as shall make internecine warfare between the European peoples impossible or improbable, that unity must, come not from the final victory of a militant Power or group of Powers, but from the acceptance by all the European states of a conception of inter-state right which may ultimately approximate towards a federal organization.

London University. GRAHAM WALLAS.

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As the Wind Listeth

The Song of Songs, an American play in five acts, by Edward Sheldon, based upon the novel by Hermann Sudermann. First presented at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, December 22, 1914.

THERE was a time in the American theatre when the dramatist alluded to an "unchaste" woman as a rhetorician alludes to the behemoth. In France, it was pleasantly allowed, women graded anywhere from a faint pink to a scarlet too hot for naked eyes, but in America women were either as innocent as snow or as unmentionable as lepers. That a woman could "transgress" was admitted, but she properly stood on an island of monogamy surrounded by an ocean of disapproval, and that ocean was infested by every horror of the deep, serpents, sharks and sword-fish, beasts to which the male was more or less immune, but to which the female was as carrion to the crow.

And now, unashamed on the American stage, appears the open record of a woman who has no more prejudice about chastity as such than a broker has prejudice about loans. It is not as if Lily Kardos in "The Song of Songs" was a woman who came in out of her dark past as a person comes in out of the night, bringing on to the stage a faint suggestion of her passage, a few drops of rain on her veil. In "The Song of Songs" the four walls of assumptions about chastity are fallen completely away. We stand, probably for the first time in the history of American plays, in the world of instincts unquestioned. We stand before a woman who, in her heart of hearts, has not the least sense of obligation to conform to ordinary presumptions about her body and her heart.

This, in the American theatre, is something on which to dwell, especially as the New York audience accepts "The Song of Songs" without a single apparent moral twinge. But while there is nothing in the play to disguise for one moment Lily's absence of the sense of sin, it is hard to believe that the audience really sanctioned that absence, or took it for anything but a personal aberration. It is hard to believe that this play got its fidelity to feminine psychology under the skin of American men. Are men ready to admit that to a woman sexual intimacy, as such, means nothing but a ready instinctive concession in her search for the mate of her soul? If this idea is really being accepted, it marks a liberality toward woman which is not usually found in the personal reactions of American husbands, not to speak of brothers and sons.

When one perused Sudermann's novel, its version of Lily seemed continental. But there is nothing of what is loosely called Tuetonic about the psychology of Mr. Edward Sheldon's play. From the boardwalk bazaar of Atlantic City to the private dining-room of the Beaux Arts the background of Lily Kardos's life is thoroughly domesticated, and Senator Daniel E. Calkins, the old minotaur who marries the "chicken," is no more Tuetonic than the taste for beer. The scene in which Lily agrees to marry the Senator may seem far-fetched. But how do young girls come to marry their repulsive guzzling elders? The answer is not Tuetonism, however one may wonder at Lily's simple assent. Nor is there anything Tuetonic in the ease with which Lily accepts her rôle as Laird's mistress when the infuriated husband drives her out. Here if anywhere, a girl might "fight for her chastity," but there is nothing in Lily to make her resist the one man who loves her, the one man who wants her as she is. Similarly, it is credible that, never having loved this protector, Lily should respond to a series of lovers, seeking the one whom her soul loves but finds not. It is as natural in New York as in Berlin that, finally, she should meet her mate—and equally natural that, having got drunk under the guidance of that young hopeful's shrewd uncle—a scene that makes people guffaw in the theatre—she should be flung back to the establishment where her protector gives her a "home." The latter's persistent love is the one assumption that most people will question as a triumph of romanticism over typical fact.

Those who have read Sudermann's "Song of Songs" will remember the fulness with which the German novelist recounts the sexual career of his heroine. It is one of the faults of Mr. Sheldon's drama that he has labored so faithfully to reproduce so much of the book. Adopting a style very different from Sudermann's—a style occasionally poetized but usually brisk, pungent, coarsely amusing—Mr. Sheldon has not failed to make his characters talk American. In Lily's transition from shopgirl to Senator's wife at Tarrytown, N.Y., from wife to mistress in East Fortieth street, her context is honestly familiar and almost overwhelmingly reinforced. It is, indeed, in its energetic documentation that "The Song of Songs" is a burden to behold. Where the play sags is not, to my mind, in its reading of Lily but in its impossible attempt to give circumstantial value to incidents so crowded and so diverse. Excellently as Miss Irene Fenwick realizes Lily, there is no chance amid changes so harried and hurried to fix the needed conviction that Lily has a soul. The recurrent allusion to "The Song of Songs" is, I suppose, intended to exalt us to that conviction. Personally, such symbolism no more moves me than the protector's babble about Aphrodite. One visible indication that Lily hated to be parted from her lover, one touch of shy yearning or unconscious eagerness of desire, would mean more than the most deliberate emphasis on the song. To many people this refrain may spell beauty. To me it spells bathos, and marks Sudermann as theatric and crass.

Despite its limitations as a play, however, "The Song of Songs" is a real contribution to our theatre. In a civilization where the divorce between morality and instinct is pretty nearly complete, where vice and virtue are neatly tabulated, and the sexes decreed to observe conflicting egoisms rather than accommodate inconvenient aspirations and possibilities, it is well, though painful, to have a woman put before us who is acknowledgedly not persuaded by the standards which as children we ourselves were led to adopt. Call her a moral imbecile, if you like, or call her a "strumpet," as most of the men do in the play. She is still a woman, like unto most women; a "regular person"; and the characteristics denoted in her will recur in other daughters of Eve as the markings will recur on the leaves of the immemorial oak.

For most of us, perhaps, the acknowledgment that instinct is at war with morality, that the life-force is at war with chastity, is a reality pregnant with pain. We like to think of our wives, and ourselves, as faithful. We like to think of abiding love, of perfect candor, of conciliation, of thorough understanding, of equal desires and equal fulfillments, of adjustments consummate and final. But if individualism is ever to be effected satisfactorily, the invincible demands of instinct are the first things that we must prepare to admit. It is instinct that speaks to society in "The Song of Songs": "I called him, but he gave me no answer; the watchman that went about the city found me, they smote, they wounded me, the keepers of the walls took away my veil." Perhaps it is the only way to treat it? Or is that why Mona Lisa smiles?

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

A SOBER green volume, lately published by the Oxford University Press, and called "Essays by Matthew Arnold," reminds me of an evening I spent, almost thirty years ago, in the smoking-room of a German hotel, where I had no business. If anybody had asked me why I'd left my pension in another part of Dresden, and was hanging about that smoking-room, too young to give myself a status there by ordering a drink, I should not have told the truth. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who was inspecting the schools of Saxony, was staying in that hotel, and I hoped he might come to the smoking-room after dinner. At that moment there was nothing I wanted quite so much as to see him and to hear him talk. At last he entered. At last he talked. It would have been hard for me to say whether his appearance or his talk was the deeper disappointment. He sat down near a French actress, but what he said to her did not sound at all like "Faster, faster, O Circe, Goddess!" He said, "Avez-vous bien dormi?" Of Hungary, where he had lately been a circuitous wanderer, he merely remarked that in one town, where his host had an English wife, he had been very comfortable. Although he spoke of Virgil, he didn't even allude to the sense of tears in mortal things. He recited three or four lines of the Aeneid, just to illustrate by imitation the charmlessness with which English schoolboys pronounced Latin.

Young enough to feel disappointed, I was not young enough to stay so. After a few bitter days I began to admit that the best that is known and thought in the world cannot always be propagated after dinner, that sad lucidity of soul may be inappropriate to a hotel smoking-room. Being determined to recover from the Hebraism with which seventeen New England years had afflicted me, to let my stock notions dissolve, to acquire Hellenism, I was soon afloat again upon the stream of Matthew Arnold's thinking. It would have been difficult for me at that time to measure my gratitude to him. I was eager to part with what he took away, eager to receive what he gave. Most of my contemporaries had been overexposed to divine worship, and what was most irksome in the Christianity then prevalent in New England, a rather bleak inflexible Christianity, Matthew Arnold gently and insistently effaced. The Greece he bade us look to and learn from was not the Greece revealed to the youth of to-day by Gilbert Murray and Alfred Zimmern. It was quieter, simpler, more serene, more nearly stationary, *marmor-schöner*. Its differences from our own epoch were less perplexing, its superiorities to our epoch more incontestable. Matthew Arnold's Greece was above all more edifying than Mr. Zimmern's or Mr. Gilbert Murray's. It was adequate to the task of seeing us safely through the contemporary world, of insuring us against being made dull by business or wild by passion.

Seventeen is doubtless the proper age for a deliberate re-valuation of life. Matthew Arnold, who would have detested such a phrase, helped us re-value life not only by what he wrote but by what he was. We knew that he was inordinately busy, and that business had not dulled his brightness. We knew that neither passion nor anything else had made him wild. His serenity was indisputable. Looking back now, I rather marvel at our admiration of it. Only very mild youngsters could have been satisfied with a serenity which such a temperate tumult had preceded. His early desire to learn and to discriminate was reinforced so soon by a desire to teach that he hadn't much time left for tumult. He was a man in whom the didactic impulse, no matter what the substance of his teaching had been, would have said "Peace, be still," to his other impulses. We were oddly ready, it seems to me, to believe his other impulses as strong and as hard to manage as he thought them. We were a little slow to understand that one of the surest ways not to see life whole is to see it too steadily. We had been puzzled by his assertion that poetry is a criticism of life. Some of us thought it a hard saying. None of us realized how near Matthew Arnold came to believing that life itself is a criticism of life.

"His foot is in the *vera vita,* his eye on the beatific vision." The *vera vita* Matthew Arnold looked forward to and worked for was an ordered life, equable, salutary, curious, humane, discriminating, led by men and women who had plenty of time left for culture. Time left from what? From the unavoidable activities and routines which he somewhat neglected. This neglect is one of the reasons why the present younger generation, knocking at the usual place, so seldom asks at the door for Mr. Matthew Arnold, who did not distinguish between the better ways and the worse, the more wholesome and the less, in which these unavoidable activities and routines may be pursued; who was incurious as to the possibility of reducing, for pretty much everybody, the proportion of life that must be given over to these activities. "The best man," so he quotes the Socrates of the Memorabilia, "is he who most tries to protect himself." Nowadays the younger generation prefers to get its definition from Schopenhauer, who says the mark of a good man is "dass er weniger, als sonst geschiet, ein Unterschied macht zwischen sich und anderen." You must cure people of poverty before you can profitably set about teaching them the best that has been known and thought in the world. To make life as bearable for all of us as it now is for some of us—here, and not upon self-culture, our younger generation puts its characteristic emphasis.

Well, the next best thing to being young is remembering that youth was once our privilege. It is pleasant to remember what Matthew Arnold did for some of us, who were young in the last century's eighties. He bettered our enjoyment of books. He made us feel, rather intimately, the presence or the absence of the grand style, natural magic, fluidity and sweet ease, the lyrical cry. He gave us the illusion that we too were incapable of confusing elegance and nobleness, of mistaking *simplesse* for *simplicité*. With what confidence we used to distinguish, in those early days, between the best and the not quite so good! What days were those, Parmenides, when we scorned the attempt to put upon the tail of any bird any salt that was not Attic! Conscious as we then were of Greek aspirations and Greek avoidances, of a desire to recapture and to domesticate the accent of Greek prose, we were just beginning to be aware, uneasily, of giant shapes of distance away in the north, of dim Russian and Scandinavian masters, portentous and modern, soon to grow distinct and unescapable, soon to make us forget the pure lines of Ionian horizons, the liquid clearness of Ionian skies. Surely it honors Matthew Arnold that he was able to feel, almost at the end of his life, the new greatness of one of these northern masters, whose advent made us realize that the best that has been thought and said in the world is an unfinished thing.

The train of recollection has carried me far from my subject. I hoped it would. P. L.

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Richard the Lion-Harding

With the Allies, by Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

FROM the outset of his career, when he was writing stories curiously accomplished for so young a man, it has been Mr. Richard Harding Davis's misfortune to excite in many of his many readers a slight prejudice against him. The years have not weakened this prejudice, although they should have. When a writer is fifty, or thereabouts, and has published many self-revealing volumes, you may or may not like him, but prejudice ought long ago to have disappeared.

In Mr. Davis's case the operation of prejudice is easily described. Toward the end of one of his books you come across a passage which may be taken, let us suppose, in either of two senses. You promptly take it in the sense less favorable to Mr. Davis. Prejudice inclines you to this less favorable interpretation, and it is the author himself, in earlier passages, who has unwittingly prepared you to understand the later passage as he never meant it to be understood.

It is easy to find examples of this in "With the Allies." Mr. Davis is praising the work done by certain Americans in Paris: "At the residence of Mr. Herrick, in the rue François Premier, there was an impromptu staff composed chiefly of young American bankers, lawyers and business men. They were men who inherited, or who earned, incomes of from twenty thousand to fifty thousand a year, and all day and every day, without pay, and certainly without thanks, they assisted their bewildered, penniless and homesick fellow countrymen." Mr. Davis does not intend to imply that the nobleness of such conduct varies with the size of the income. He does not intend to imply that the nobleness is the same whether the income be dependent upon the young banker's exertions or inherited and continuous. Yet an unsympathetic reader is, by the time he reaches this passage, prepared to seek and find both implications.

Mr. Davis is a genuine admirer of courage, chivalry toward women and undemonstrativeness. He has an unaffected natural talent for praising them in words which inspire one with a passing distaste for these good things. Have you never, although you may be rather chivalrous yourself, in a modest way, risen from the perusal of Mr. Davis on chivalry with a determination never again, no matter how infirm the woman standing in front of you might be, or how heavy-laden, to rise from your seat in the car for her sake? And instead of thanking him for releasing you from the bondage of chivalry, haven't you sometimes been rather annoyed with him for cheapening chivalry by his praise?

Fortunately for chivalry, there is next to nothing about it in "With the Allies." There is, however, and unavoidably, much about courage. Mr. Davis describes with vividness the undemonstrative curt courage of British officers, and somehow you get a picture not only of this courage, but also of Mr. Davis himself, sitting opposite each curtly courageous British officer, filling himself with an admiration which will overflow by and by, in romantic eulogy of courage so undemonstrative.

Of Mr. Davis's own courage, which is the real thing, which has been proved over and over again all over the world, there is in "With the Allies," as in all his other books, neither romantic eulogy, nor any eulogy whatever. Something deeper than prejudice against Mr. Davis, some meanness in one's own grain, is the only valid explanation of sneers at him for letting us know, indirectly, that he is a brave man. In no way can a war correspondent whose heart is in his work avoid imparting this kind of information.

There is nevertheless, in Mr. Davis's attitude toward his own courage, something subtly self-contradictory. One gets, along with a conviction that he is brave, and a conviction that he sincerely wishes never to boast of this fact, a hint here and there of a hardly conscious wish to let us know that if the hour struck for him he too would die like an English gentleman, without pose, laconically, sans phrase, as part of the day's work, as a matter of course. One suspects him, in his own case, of wanting us to value at its true worth a courage which he is too good an English gentleman to value so highly. He really possesses many of the fine qualities he praises in other men, and he seems dimly uneasy under the yoke of a code which does not permit him to praise these qualities wherever they are found.

As for this code, so special and so highly esteemed, one infers that it does not preclude an occasional reference to the war correspondent's own predicament: "Maxim's, which now reminds one only of the last act of 'The Merry Widow,' was the meeting-place for the French and English officers from the front; the American military attachés from our embassy, among whom were soldiers, sailors, aviators, marines; the doctors and volunteer nurses from the American ambulance, and the correspondents who by night dined in Paris and by day dodged arrest and other things on the firing-line, or as near it as they could motor without going to jail."

Maxim's, and the life there in war time, make Mr. Davis almost reflective. "When the English officers are granted leave of absence," he writes, "they . . . motor into Paris for a bath and lunch. At eight they leave the trenches along the Aisne and by noon arrive at Maxim's, Voisin's or Larue's. Seldom does war present a sharper contrast. From a breakfast of 'bully' beef, eaten from a tin plate, within their nostrils the smell of campfires, dead horses and unwashed bodies, they find themselves seated on red velvet cushions, surrounded by mirrors and walls of white and gold, and spread before them the most immaculate silver, linen and glass. And the odors that assail them are those of truffles, white wine and '*artichaut sauce mousseline*.'" Mr. Davis finds the contrast not only sharp. He finds it more significant, subtly sweeter and dearer, than some of us can find it, no matter how hard we try. In his eyes, one imagines, it's a contrast of which the British privates could give only an inferior intimation if they should leave the trenches at eight, travel third class to Paris, lunch amid the complicated odors of an *établissement Duval*, or drink, at one of the *prix fixe* places, *vin compris*.

Cleanly bred English gentlemen, well educated, finely trained, who know how to risk their lives quietly, without phrases or fuss, and how to order a meal—we read a good deal about them in "With the Allies," and as we read we trace our slight prejudice against Mr. Davis to its source, to our suspicion that in his eyes physical courage is not very much more important than good form in courage, that he overrates the code which defines correctness on the battlefield for the members of a laconic polo-playing class.

A perfect day, for Mr. Davis, would consist of a morning's danger, taken as a matter of course; in the afternoon a little chivalry, equally a matter-of-course to a well-bred man; then a motor dash from hardship to some great city, a bath, a perfect dinner nobly planned. Shrapnel, chivalry, *sauce mousseline*, and so to work the next morning on an article which praised in others virtues his code compels him almost to ignore in himself. Richard Coeur-de-Lion would not have disliked such a day, once he was used to shrapnel.

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The Paradox

Modern Industry, in Relation to the Family, Health, Education, Morality, by Florence Kelley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

FORTUNATELY there are people in the world who cannot keep still. Neglect does not shut them off and abuse merely stimulates them. If they are advised by cautious elderly persons that their agitation is pernicious, they reply that they cannot help it. "To be told," said Lowell, and his words were echoed by all the abolitionists, "that we ought not to agitate the question of slavery, when it is that which is forever agitating us, is like telling a man with the fever and ague on him to stop shaking and he will be cured."

One cannot read Mrs. Kelley's book without feeling that "the fever and ague" is on her. It is no objective and iced presentation of the evils of our modern industry with careful qualifying clauses, but warm with an emotion only half revealed. Mrs. Kelley shows us the actual wage-earners who suffer from the disease which we call industrial life. We see the men and women struggling under the burden of an impossibly low wage; the migratory workers, living from hand to mouth by casual jobs, sleeping in dirty freight cars and vermin-filled bunk-houses, and condemned by the very nature of their occupations to a not too fastidious celibacy. We see the men killed "in the ordinary course of their employment," the daughters and even the wives drafted into industry, the deterioration of the workman's home, the persistence of the sweatshop, the spread of industrial disease, that grim "by-product" of the factory, the wholesale and merciless exploitation of young children. We are taken into a mill where a white-haired man, a native American, able to read and write, stands ten hours a day, "watching an endless procession of cans to which the lids would later be attached. This work called for no quality of mind, but sustained attention to a horrible monotony. The man watched perpetually for dents in tin cans, and when a can was dented he removed it, using one hand at long intervals. He needed good sight in order never to miss a dent. Thirteen years he had sat there, day after day, looking at cans."

Throughout the book one feels this amazed horror of the author at the meaningless tragedy of it all. Modern industry is the paradox. It provides food, shelter, clothing, the bases of life, health and education, but destroys them all in their making. The men who manufacture clothes go ragged; the men who build houses bunk in wretched shanties; the men who construct the railroads walk downcast along the ties, seeking precarious and ill-paid jobs. Wealth increases, but it is not to the many, and it is not the wealth that is life.

The indictment no doubt is overdrawn, and the remedies suggested not quite satisfying. Yet though here and there the author is evidently ignoring or at least under-emphasizing developments which are not consistent with her argument, the value of such a presentation as this of Mrs. Kelley's is unquestioned. We are all too prone to take industrial progress for granted, to measure that progress by standards which bear no consistent relation to the welfare of the many, to apply a purely mechanistic interpretation to our ever growing, ever expanding economic system. We forget that statistics of production are not everything, and that some of the human factors in industry escape all measurement. To emphasize these human factors is a necessary and useful work.

W. E. W.

What Might Be In Education

What Is and What Might Be; In Defence of What Might Be, by Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net each.

THE idea of what education might do for the child enlists an ever deepening share of the wistfulness of the present generation. They turn again and again the pages of the men and women who have written these latter years out of the fulness of their idealism and experimentation—Tolstoy in Russia, Ferrer in Spain, Ellen Key in Sweden, Mme. Montessori in Italy, and our own Professor Dewey, whose influence has gone in a thousand indirect ways to fertilize and liberate our American thought. No one has written, however, with a more exasperated sense than the English Mr. Holmes of that old, mad, bad world from which we are trying to escape. Himself an inspector of elementary public schools for many years, his philosophy of education has evolved under the directest observation of a system which seems to have been contrived with almost diabolical ingenuity to thwart the realization of the purpose for which it was instituted.

The American educational system, with its disciplinary methods, its fine schoolhouses and hygienic desks and ventilating systems, its text-books and charts and marks and promotions and hierarchical organization of teaching function, has certainly achieved a triumph of mechanism. The perfection of the machine is in such contrast to the flimsiness of the product that we can only conclude that there must have been some misconception as to the nature of the raw material. Whatever may have been the cause in England, it is easy to see in America the effects of an utterly inadequate psychology. Whatever may be the lip-service that teachers pay to the theories of Dewey and Montessori, however much the educational world may pretend to agree with Mr. Holmes that "the function of education is to foster growth," the world still acts exactly as if it believed that the child was nothing more than an isolated animal with a mind, into which ideas were to be ladled by the teacher. The discipline of the classroom is a device to keep the children receptive while this process is going on. Examination and recitation are devices to test the success of the ladling. Marks and promotions are partly convenient pigeon-holes for classification, and partly appeals to the emulative instincts of children to familiarize themselves with facts about which they care nothing.

There is a deal of talk in the teaching world about "making children think for themselves," but no teacher suggests the need of examining the conditions of successful thinking. Children are put together in a classroom, rigidly isolated from each other. Their spontaneous expression is checked, their curiosity formalized, the presence of others harasses and disturbs instead of stimulating. No wonder that when school is out, they shake off the harness like a colt and go galloping into the real world. Mr. Holmes, in a passage which should be read for the sheer glow of the "what might be," describes "Egeria's" school in an English village, where, in an atmosphere of perfect freedom the children were so absorbed in their work that some of the class of fifty read silently to themselves while the others were playing a dramatic game in another part of the same room. It is not money, or numbers, or the personality of our teachers that is at fault with us. It is a careless and mechanical philosophy of life. And if this philosophy is one with "the spirit of Western civilization," then those who wish to assert freedom and life against mechanism can do no better than begin their reform with the educational system.

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The New REPUBLIC

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THERE is a catchy reasonableness about the German-American argument that our neutrality is unreal unless we forbid the export of arms. Germany having lost command of the sea, American traffic in war supplies helps the Allies. If the position were reversed, our neutrality would still be impugned, but not by the German-Americans, and we should be written down as the partner of "Teutonic" militarism. Partisans aside, there is, we believe, a growing body of pacifist opinion, represented by men of the ability and character of Dr. Edward Devine, which insists that American manufacturers are "capitalizing carnage," making profits out of murder, and that in decency and in humanity this nation ought to have nothing to do with the European crime. But what would be the consequences of so pure a stand? It would "stop the war," we are told, but where? With Germany in possession of Belgium and the richest part of France. And the lesson to England and France? It would be that militarism pays, that God is on the side of the big ready battalions, that a nation which dreams, plans, and organizes war can impose its will on the less military nations. Such an embargo would be regarded by the Allies as the most desperate treachery, as an arbitrary reversal of all international law, not in time of peace but in the midst of a terrible crisis. We should by the embargo which Mr. Bartholdt and others propose neutralize at one stroke a large part of British naval superiority; we should be doing as much for Germany as if we established a fairly good blockade in the Atlantic. And if ever we ourselves faced a life-and-death struggle, we should have established a precedent which might prove fatal. The proposal is a piece of thoughtless morality, a bit of good intention with unconsidered consequences. As a method of warring against war it belongs with incantations, spells, and the sacrificing of goats.

WHEN a man like Judge Gary, who is reasonably busy at his own job, devotes his leisure to finding jobs for the unemployed, we cannot withhold from him our acknowledgment of the great public service he is rendering. Let Mr. Gary apply as much skill to these social problems as he has given to building up the United States Steel Corporation, and he will prove a valuable collaborator with the earnest men and women who have long studied this question. But it must not be forgotten that Judge Gary, however excellent his intentions, suffers from the defect that in these matters he belongs to the least enlightened class in the whole community. On the business side, on the side of product and profits, there is no more capable man in the United States; on the social side there is none who more needs enlightenment. Judge Gary believes that "it is admirable and satisfying to save human beings from starvation, or even from the minor discomforts of want," but he also holds that "by diligence and economy, assisted by a general impulse upon the part of those who have work to be done to give it out intelligently, every man whose health is good may become independent." But is Mr. Gary ignorant of industrial accident, industrial disease, low wages, a seven-day week, a twelve-hour shift, sweatshops, seasonal fluctuations and other indus-

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trial disabilities? On socialism Mr. Gary's thinking is even more rudimentary. For half a century political economists and writers of all schools have explained in words of one syllable the fundamental principles of this movement, so that to-day the grocer's clerk, who is even less of a socialist than is Mr. Gary, has some inkling of its significance, and knows at least that it is not a proposal "to divide up." Yet listen to Mr. Gary's summary. "No man of means," he says, "would be willing to divide his property with any man who happens to have nothing. That would be socialism."

THE most discouraging part of Judge Gary's long interview on unemployment, which, it should be added, does contain a number of excellent practical suggestions, is the inconspicuous paragraph dealing with trade unions. Mr. Gary dilates upon the mutual confidence which he believes is growing up between employers and workmen, and praises "the employers of the United States" who "are spending millions annually in efforts to improve the conditions of their employees." But all of this is quite consciously utilized as an argument against trade unions. "One of the results of this better feeling," says Judge Gary, "is the steadily decreasing necessity for the maintenance by either side of organizations designed to protect it from unfair treatment on the part of the other." We wonder if even so acute a mind as Judge Gary understands all the implications of such a sentence. What it means is that a workman who honestly and justly believes that he should have higher wages or a shorter work-day or anything else which means a fuller life for him, should appeal not to his fellow workmen, who have the same ideals and the same desires, but to his employer, a man who lives on quite a different scale and who is the very person who must pay out of his own pocket for the better conditions which the workers demand. Does Mr. Gary believe that the wage-earners of this country can trust their whole claim in life to men who may have a financial interest in denying that claim? And if, by sheer power of capital, wage-earners are compelled so to accept terms dictated by employers, benevolent or otherwise, does Mr. Gary believe that such a situation will long be tolerated by an enlightened community?

A SIGNIFICANTLY apologetic attitude determined the program of the meeting of the National Popular Government League in Washington. Its president, Senator Owen, discoursed not upon the successes and conquests of direct government, but on the nation-wide attack on its measures. One whole session was devoted to a consideration of the question, "What is the matter with the direct primary?" to which the answer might be given by some sceptic that the great difficulty with the direct primary is the direct primary. Another session was occupied by the far more serious question of how the progressives of all parties can "get together" for the control of the government. The discussion was, of course, carried on by progressive statesmen who had always conspicuously failed to "get together" for the control of the government or for any other supposed political benefit. Indeed, how can you expect progressives to "get together" for such an empty purpose as the control of the government? If they did do so, they would be merely following in the footsteps of the old parties. Republicans and Democrats organize for the control of the government rather than the promotion of a policy, but sincere progressives must always be more vitally interested in the accomplishment of political and social purposes than in the sanctity of partisan bonds. If they are to "get together," their fruitful association must be born of a common impulse, a common program and a common zeal for its realization. What progressives need is to take thought. They will never control the government until they know better how they want to use the control.

ON January first and second of the new year some two hundred teachers of national prominence assembled in New York and organized the "Association of University Professors." Perhaps the most significant act of the new association was to exclude the presidents of colleges and universities from membership in the association. Inasmuch as college presidents are usually promoted professors and figure to the innocent laity as specially distinguished scholars and leaders of thought, the decision of the association to exclude them seems to need some explanation. The reason for this exclusion derives from the very purpose of the new association. To the majority of professors the president figures primarily as the business head of the university—as an educational administrator. Admitting freely the generally cordial relation existing between presidents and faculties, the association decided that the collective purposes and judgments of college and university professors could not obtain free and positive expression unless presidents were excluded. Deans and other officers of administration who do not give a considerable amount of instruction were also generally held to be *personae non gratae.* Thus the work of the association will be to express the interests and ideals of the fraternity of teaching-scholars. In the course of time it will doubtless formulate a code of professional ethics, which will define both their rights and their duties, and which will state clearly and emphatically the scope

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and limits of academic freedom. If the new association performs its work properly, it should help to give increasing dignity and independence to the position of college and university professor. Several of the speakers seemed to be morbidly afraid that the association might be popularly misconceived as a labor union. Almost they did protest too much. A union of professors must differ essentially from a union of wage-earners, but the new association is seeking none the less an object analogous to that of an ordinary union. It is seeking increasing independence for its members by means of organization and community of spirit.

EX-SENATOR Bourne of Oregon calls himself a progressive; but like many other progressives, he makes at times the most utterly reactionary proposals. At present he is much exercised by the amount of time and attention which the President and the Senators waste upon the distribution of patronage; and he proposes to relieve them of the burden by imposing on the local electorate the work of choosing their postmasters, collectors of customs, United States attorneys, marshals, land-officers and the like. The proposal has always been popular with "old-fashioned" Jacksonian Democrats. They would have liked eighty years ago to disintegrate the national administration, just as they disintegrated the state administrations, but the Constitution was inflexible and they were obliged to devise the spoils system in order to accomplish a similar result by easier extra-official means. Mr. Bourne pretends to be doing away with the spoils system, but in truth he is seeking to achieve more effectually the object for which the spoils was devised—the object of subordinating Federal officials to local political dictation rather than to that of their official superiors. There is one simple and far less reactionary way of relieving the President and the Senate from the onerous burden of appointing and confirming the higher Federal office-holders. They can be made part of the permanent civil service.

IT seems a foregone conclusion that the immigration bill based on the literacy test will soon become law. Even if President Wilson vetoes the measure, a two-thirds vote in House and Senate will doubtless be forthcoming. There is not much enthusiasm for the exclusion of illiterates, since men without education have not proved the least valuable of our immigrants, but Congress and Americans generally desire to lessen the total volume of the inflow, and the literacy test seems on the whole the least undesirable. It is a vast experiment, which will be watched with acute interest, and the law about to be passed will perhaps prove eventually to be only the first step in a progressively restrictive policy. Whether we further restrict or not, however, we should not rest content with a purely negative policy, but should work out the larger program of internal immigration, intended to protect and guide the immigrant during his difficult first years in a new country.

ONE feature of the Immigration bill, as amended in the Senate, seems to us peculiarly vicious. It is the provision excluding from American shores all future immigrants of African blood. The urgent necessity for such a proposal is not obvious. In 1910 there were only forty thousand foreign born negroes in the United States, of whom less than five hundred had come from Africa. The amendment applies particularly to the few thousand Jamaican negroes who annually arrive in America, and soon find themselves employed as elevator boys in New York apartment houses. These men are for the most part law-abiding, industrious and with a natural courtesy, which is surely not an undesirable importation, and they are the same men upon whom we relied to do the pick and shovel work for the Panama Canal. It would be singularly ungracious to signalize the completion of this great work by gratuitously insulting the men who accomplished it. But there is a wider significance to this proposal. It is a new insult flung at ten million Americans, who because of their color are for the most part voteless and deprived of fundamental civil and political rights.

MR. WHITMAN'S first words as Governor implied that state economy means less expenditure. Fortunately at the end of his message he proposes the only method by which "economy" can be made intelligent, and some distinction drawn between good spending and bad spending. The Governor ranges himself beside those who advocate the budget system with executive responsibility for financial policy. If that system is established, future governors in their inaugural addresses will be able to use "figures" as "warnings" without violating common sense.

THREE million dollars a year, it is estimated, are lost to the poor in this country because of the expense and time of ordinary legal action. No one can afford to sue for a small amount, and the poor cannot afford any of the delays incident to litigation. To meet this situation Kansas has put in operation a small Debtors' Court, having jurisdiction for amounts up to twenty dollars. John S. Dawson, attorney-general of the state, conceived the idea, and Judge Nirdlinger first put it into effect in Leavenworth. This court permits no at-

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torneys, no fees and no costs. Only the plaintiff, the defendant and material witnesses can appear before it. Summonses are issued personally, by mail or by telephone. The judge, who is not paid, is appointed by the mayor and council for cities, and by the county court for counties. The court and the defendant determine how and when payments are to be made. The defendant is protected from further legal action as long as he keeps faith. Only the defendant may appeal, and an appeal must be accompanied by a bond to secure costs, double the amount of the judgment and fifteen dollars to pay the plaintiff's lawyer. This attempt is a towering improvement over the courts of justice-of-the-peace, which are often surrounded by a cordon of constables, ambulance-chasers and hangers-on, who plunder under the sanction of petty-minded officialdom. When a washerwoman can with little trouble recover a bill of five dollars from a lawyer, or a waitress be protected against exorbitant fines for accidental dish-breaking, justice has indeed become something tangible for the classes who usually get acquainted with the law only as an instrument in the hands of the powerful. There is little chance of oppression by an unjust judge, for people can revolt much more easily against an individual than against a clumsy and often perverted machinery of "checks and balances." The average man likes a little humanity in his law. The Anglo-Saxon judicial passion for "a government of laws rather than of men" would profit by the infusion of more such Biblical simplicity.

IN 1909 the present German Ambassador appeared before the American Academy of Political and Social Science and delivered a weighty speech on German development. His speech was later honorably entombed in the Academy's distinguished annals. But some ferrety critic whom the war started raking over old bones brings unpleasant tidings from the grave. Whoever wrote the Ambassador's speech, the New York *Nation* finds that the real stuff in it was appropriated, without a syllable of acknowledgment, from W. H. Dawson's admirable work on "The Evolution of Modern Germany"; and there were garnitures from Dr. Rohrbach and Professor Paulsen. Mr. Dawson, distressed over this "wrongful and indefensible" use of his book, makes quite justified reflections on the Ambassador's "literary integrity." A lack of integrity, according to literary standards, this behavior undoubtedly reveals. In fairness to the Ambassador, however, it may be surmised that just as he palmed off this speech on the Academy, so some bright young man in the Embassy may have palmed it off on him. The irony, of course, is that the bright young man, if he is still around, will now be fired.

Colorado and the Nation.

THE Federal troops are about to be withdrawn from Colorado, and in the eye of American public opinion the hideous incident of the Colorado labor war of 1914 will soon be closed. The impression is false. The incident is not closed. No incident can be considered closed which leaves in its train so many serious grievances and such an ominous burden of class provocation. THE NEW REPUBLIC objects to the withdrawal of the Federal troops precisely because it will bestow an appearance of healing upon what is in reality an obnoxious industrial and political sore. Their retention in Colorado would be a poor substitute for some sufficiently radical attempt to appease the grievance; but it would at least have continued to call attention to one of the most sinister and neglected aspects of the whole affair. It would have continued to advertise the practical collapse of the Colorado state government.

Nobody seems to realize that the government of Colorado did collapse; but a candid commentator on the facts cannot escape the conclusion. By calling it a collapse we do not mean merely that the industrial policy of the legislature of Colorado was inadequate and unenlightened. We mean that the government of the state proved unequal to its primary irreducible responsibility of enforcing its laws, of protecting its citizens against systematic violence, and of using the armed forces of the state impartially in the interest of public order and security. The failure of the government of Colorado is not the failure to live up to a high standard such as ought to prevail in a living democracy. It is failure in much the same way that the government of Venezuela has been a failure.

Government in Colorado has failed in something the same way as the government of Venezuela, but not for the same cause. In Colorado there has finally been laid bare the hypocrisy and the menace of one of the oldest and most cherished political practices of the American local democracies—the practice of seeking to escape the penalties of their own legal resolutions by making no sufficient provision for their effective realization. After a law was passed, its administration was usually delegated to groups of officials, who frequently were responsible, not to the electorate of the whole state, but to local communities, and these local communities had no difficulty in emasculating the law by weak, indifferent or frankly hostile execution.

Hypocrisy of this kind did not incur serious practical penalties as long as the county and other local political jurisdictions were not interested in emasculating the more fundamental political objects whose promotion had been confided to the state government; but the provision made for administering

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these fundamental rules of law were as defective as that made for the latest statute regulating the hours of labor. The effective responsibility for keeping the peace was bestowed upon minor state or county officials who could be persuaded or browbeaten by organized and powerful anti-social forces of all kinds. The consequence was that in Colorado the police power of the state was captured by one of the parties to a bitter industrial dispute, and it was used ruthlessly not merely to suppress violence, but to terrorize the strikers into submission.

Ex-Governor Ammon has been criticized because of the use made by the operators of the state militia organization; but, as he testified before the Industrial Commission, he did not have the authority to use it effectively, even if he did have the will. The officials upon whom he had to depend for the enforcement of the laws were independent of him. Colorado, like so many other American states, had considered government by men so dangerous to government by law that it had disintegrated the executive power of the state and left it powerless in the face of grave social disorder. Thus the state government, notwithstanding the fine phrases in its constitution, was made the tool of one party in an economic quarrel. Its moral authority and prestige were exploded with the discharge of the rifles of the gunmen.

It took Federal troops to restore order. A small body of them proved sufficient for the job, and the celerity with which they accomplished it indicates clearly that a strong, impartial and responsible state government might have kept the peace without serious difficulty. That Colorado failed lamentably to do so is a sinister fact. Neither side trusted either in the state's ability or its good faith. Yet there was no sufficient excuse for the absence of either ability or good faith. The disorder prevailed in only a small part of its territory, and concerned only a minor fraction of its population. Its large cities and its considerable agricultural districts were not directly involved. No general insurrection had taken place, such as the framers of the Constitution had in mind when they provided for a possible appeal by the state for Federal military assistance.

Neither does the behavior of the rest of the state during and after the insurrection afford much indication of a power of recuperation. The legislature assembled and adjourned without proving any more equal to the emergency than had been the executive. The recent election resulted in the triumph of "law and order" candidates; but the "law and order" which they are pledged to serve will do nothing to heal wounds, to build up social tissue and to restore the public credit and political integrity of the state. The new government seems not to inspire any more confidence than the old. Both the operators and the miners profess to regard the withdrawal of the Federal troops with apprehension. Colorado herself has done nothing to assure the rest of the country that if the troops are withdrawn another unruly emergency will not necessitate their return.

States which have to call upon Federal troops to restore order on the occasion of an ordinary industrial dispute should understand the plain meaning and the inevitable result of their political ineptitude. The power which is actually responsible for the maintenance of public order must in the long run concern itself with the causes of disorder. A state which depends upon the nation to keep the peace within her borders is no longer a really self-governing community. She must expect increasing interference on the part of the nation in what has hitherto been regarded as exclusively a matter of domestic policy. In so far as Federal troops are necessary to restore order in the case of industrial disputes, the adjustment of the relations between strikers and their employers is by way of becoming a national business.

An Unseen Reversal

THE President is expected to appoint the five Trade Commissioners almost any day. He will then have embodied one of the strongest agencies ever created by the Federal Government. For those Commissioners will have it in their power to reverse the traditional American attitude toward big business.

The Sherman act and the decisions under it have reflected loyally the prevailing temper of American political feeling. The spectre of tyranny has always hag-ridden our dreams, and the act was passed to exercise the nightmare of monopolistic control. Unlimited economic power rather than concrete economic evils, was the inspiration of the act and of the spirit of its interpretation. The Supreme Court in consequence has many times said that it was the mere power to monopolize supply or control prices that counted, not its exercise; and that the Court would not look at the practical results of the combination when once it was clear that its purpose was to create an effective control. There are perhaps signs of a different temper, but the classic tradition is still strong, and at best it is no better than an even chance that the court will reverse the Harvester case, which is an extreme test of the doctrine. Our American dread of absolutism has hitherto made the mere existence of monopoly appear to be an insidious cancer of the state; to tolerate its least symptom was treason.

The Trade Commission act represents a totally

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different approach, a spirit strangely contradictory to the campaign theories of the President. It will focus attention not on possibilities, but on performance, not on monopoly, but upon unfair trade methods. Such changes in point of view tell more in the end than anything else, for men easily forget when they do not constantly attend, and a system which always looks at specific instances of misconduct quickly becomes uninterested in abstract questions of economic power.

The first and most important feature of the Trade Commission act is its clear recognition that this is the proper mental attitude toward the trust question. It is not the attitude anyone could have expected to see emerge from the tradition of the Democratic party. But nevertheless it did. A Democratic Congress has actually delegated the broadest kind of personal discretion to a commission of "experts," a commission, mind you, which combines executive, legislative, and judicial functions. Could there be anything more portentous to those who believe in the adequacy of the Logos, as it comes to us from the Fathers; could there be a more impious attack upon the triune separation of powers? The act achieves a very happy but a most amazing delegation of legislative function.

It contains no guide for the limiting of the powers of the Commission and the courts but their general judgment of what is fair in the given case. "Do you think these practices serve the public interests or do you not? You must go over each case and look at the whole problem; there are no major premises for your guidance; yours is the responsibility for a right decision and yours the power; make your own rules for trade, but at your peril make them right." That is in substance the charter of these five Trade Commissioners, and the wonder is that so few have felt it to be a departure from American ideas. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the State Public Service Commissions must indeed have carried us far already. This is fast becoming a government not of laws, but of men, perhaps really a government, after all, no longer a pious treasury of past generalizations.

The procedural features of the scheme are important. At present a small trader with a grievance appeals to the Attorney-General, and if that officer chooses to embark in a dissolution suit, he files a bill and several years are spent in taking testimony. Finally the case comes to a hearing, generally before three of four judges, in from four to twenty large volumes of undigested and unarranged evidence, largely irrelevant. The court, already crowded with constantly growing business, as all Federal Courts are now being crowded, must dig out what counts and decide all the disputed facts. Then they must face the question of the pertinency under the law of what they can gather from the conflicting assertions of counsel. This new act, on the other hand, provides that the Commission must initiate proceedings, take the proof and find the facts. These findings are conclusive. Upon these facts, which it will be extremely important to have stated separately and clearly, the Commissioners will decide whether or not the defendant has engaged in unfair trade methods; if they decide that the methods are fair, the suit is nearly certain to end. The Attorney-General may begin a dissolution suit *de novo,* if he has the heart to undertake it, though he will not have, and the aggrieved individual may sue for treble damages if he can afford it, and he seldom can. Practically, the matter will stop with the Commissioners' decision. If the Commission finds on the other hand that there has been unfair trade, the defendant may appeal direct to the Appellate Court, which, taking the facts as found, has in turn its own hands free to determine what it regards as unfair trade, laying down the rule for that case and looking only to its sense of the public interest. Thus is preserved the necessary final judgment of a tribunal which has had nothing to do with the prosecution.

In this Trade Commission act is contained the possibility of a radical reversal of many American notions about trusts, legislative power, and legal procedure. It may amount to historic political and constitutional reform. It seems to contradict every principle of the party which enacted it. It seems to strike at the root of ancient American prejudice. But the opposition has been negligible, so negligible that it stirs a little wonder as to whether Congress and the press realized that the quiet phrasing and ingenuity of this bill were another Trojan horse.

The Shipping Note

OUR note to Great Britain in regard to shipping is a frank and self-respecting performance. A reading of the full text, moreover, must dispel the first impression conveyed by the summary somewhat prematurely given to the newspapers. It seemed at first that this government had acted with curt exasperation and a peremptory desire to have the letter of the law. No sense of this is to be found in the note itself. As state documents go, it is peculiarly lucid, open, and plausible, and no fairminded Englishman should find in it anything to jar his good feeling toward this country.

In substance it is more than justified in fact and in law. There can be little question that England has used her naval supremacy to make arbitrary

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rules, to amend international law, and to behave as the inconsiderate autocrat of the high seas. She has steadily encroached upon the rights of neutrals, she who is supposed to be fighting for the sanctity of neutrals. She has stretched the rules of contraband beyond all precedent, has subjected neutral commerce to her own caprice and made it suffer the penalties of her own cumbersome administration. All this Great Britain has justified, as the German Chancellor justified the invasion of Belgium, by proclaiming it a necessity.

If the United States submitted without protest, Germany might well smile at our proclamation of neutrality. In sheer self-respect this country could not afford to allow supreme naval power to destroy its neutral rights. But there is a larger reason than that. It is that the extension of neutral rights as against the "necessities" of nations at war is perhaps the one most immediate and practical step towards a better world organization. In time of war neutral powers alone have a direct interest in the preservation of international law. That interest is based on their desire to trade, to use their neutrality to protect themselves from the ravages of the conflict. Such protection is the common interest of neutrals, and if ever there is to be a league of neutrals its first and most unsentimental basis will be the intention to safeguard commerce.

For English newspapers to complain is for them to assume that we are England's official ally, which we are not. Some British comment, moreover, seems to imply that while it is a crime to use German militarism to destroy neutral rights, there is something to be said for British naval power when it follows the German example. If that were so, England would present the curious spectacle of a people fighting and dying for public law on land while it violated public law at sea.

The affair demonstrates that self-interest is still the real law of nations, that the brilliantly colored moral sentiments of international discourse will not often wash. The first positive action of this country in a world war has been to insure its export trade against stoppage and inconvenience; nothing more glorious than that. The note has chanced to reveal the unrhetorical United States, as British action at sea has revealed England minus her morals. After all the preaching of brotherhood, after all the beating of rusty swords into useless ploughshares, after all Europe's hope and our own vanity, our only utterance on the war is to protect our shipping.

It might have been otherwise. Had we protested when Belgium was violated we should have shown that we care disinterestedly about neutral rights, and our protest now would come with doubled force and heightened grace. Our championship of neutrals would then have been turned from a measure of obvious and justified self-interest into a service to the world.

The Minute-Men Myth

IT is highly ironical that the most bellicose utterances of the armament controversy should have come not from our militarists, but from the lips of our two most ardent advocates of peace. Secretary Bryan's words are already famous:

> "The President knows that if this country needed a million men, and needed them in a day, the call would go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men in arms."

An interview in the New York *Times* quotes Mr. Carnegie as follows:

> "Our nation is unique in an important respect. Its individuals are the best armed in the world. . . . Most Americans can afford to and do own guns with which to shoot, and furthermore, most Americans, when they shoot, can hit the thing at which they shoot."

In other words, if these two statements are true, we do not have to go in for armament because we are a nation armed to the teeth, ready to spring forth at a moment's notice; we have a natural genius for shooting, and we can "lick anything on the face of the earth." And this from the lips of men who cry for peace because they love it so.

Both statements are of course untrue. Our preparations are utterly inadequate to put even fifty thousand fresh men into the field over night, let alone a million. Even super-militant Germany, after years of preparation, required a fortnight for mobilization. Short of the enemy being at our throat, it would be criminal folly to send our citizen volunteers to the firing line before at least three months' training. Lord Kitchener is at present engaged in breaking all records for training troops, and yet he is asking six months to put his million men into battle shape.

Mr. Carnegie's statement leaves us hardly less astonished. It is news to us that most Americans carry guns. We should have said off-hand that fully three-fourths of our population have no experience whatsoever with high-power rifles. It is true that a good many farmers still keep a shot-gun about the house to knock down a rabbit or put a few buckshots into an occasional deer. But we did not know that they were experts at a thousand yards with a Krag-Jorgensen. If we are to believe Mr. Carnegie, every golf links in the country is really a concealed rifle range. What have we all been shooting at, that we can hit the stem of a wine glass from the hip like any circus sharpshooter? In our innocent, peace-loving way we had gradually forbidden the carrying of revolvers.

Nothing is accomplished in merely exposing the folly of such statements. We have still to explain

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how they could have been made and why they have been so largely accepted. It is a noteworthy fact, as yet hardly appreciated, that political thinking, and in fact all mass-thinking, is peculiarly subject to the influence of sheer mythology. An obvious myth or a flattering tradition gradually gains credence and becomes established in the popular imagination. Its tendency is to usurp the place of fact and to block the path of candid observation. It can do this because it is invested with more emotional warmth than the facts, because it pushes in the direction of our preferences and our national vanity, and because, very often, as in the case of patriotic myths, we have absorbed it from our earliest childhood. It is also the tendency of such political myth-thinking to increase the proportion of myth, so that in time the originally slight exaggeration overshadows the whole. Such myths are a godsend to the politician. He knows that any reference to a favorite myth will always bring an immediate response. If his followers begin to grow restless under the onslaught of facts and investigations, he need merely touch those old favorite chords. Usually the politician, if in the worst sense of the word he is a good politician, himself implicitly believes the myth.

In both Mr. Bryan's and Mr. Carnegie's statements the mythical foundation is transparent. It is the myth of the Revolutionary minute-men. We have all been taught in our school histories that the minute-men of Lexington and Concord performed prodigies of valor. We have been taught to revere their statues and to recall them as we ascended the Bunker Hill Monument. We have come to love the thought of the embattled farmer rising up over night to throw off the hated yoke of British tyranny. We played our boyish war games in that belief, just as we still build upon it our lackadaisical militia. Emotionally we are convinced that all an American citizen need do is to take down his gun and shoot the presumptuous invader of our shores.

Let us examine the historical truth that underlies this myth. What, as a matter of fact, were the minute-men of the Revolution? They were citizens-at-large whom the Provincial congresses and the Committees of Safety of 1774 instructed to keep their powder-horns filled and hold themselves in readiness to shoot Britishers. They had had no military drill, and no practice except in shooting Indians and small game. They went down to defeat after defeat, they were chronically under-supplied with ammunition, they were hardly more than an armed rabble, until men like Lafayette and De Kalb took them in hand and until untold and unnecessary hardships turned them into seasoned troops. They came well within the modern definition of snipers and *franctireurs*. A modern army of invasion would give short shrift to such roadside amateurs. All that has been forgotten.

Will the myth of the minute-men ever be shaken? It probably did not become firmly intrenched in the American imagination until the war of 1812. At that time many veterans of the Revolutionary War were still alive who must have had the personal confidence that they could take on any dozen Britishers single-handed. How disastrous the myth was then has never been appreciated by us. It has conquered most of our historians. It is almost impossible to pick up any school history and get a realistic sense of the defeats we sustained, of the ignominious burning of Washington, of our utter demoralization. We think only of a series of brilliant naval victories, and of Jackson's comfortable victory at New Orleans over half-hearted British troops, just as we assume that it was we who won the battle of Bunker Hill. And who now remembers the bloody rabble of Bull Run or the more recent shame of Tampa? That is the nether side of the myth. It has become an arch concealer of facts, has inured us to what is really a monstrous callousness. It allows our planless and bewildered pacificists to pass off a purely emotional aversion to warfare as an established peace, and thoughtlessly exposes the next generation to all the vicissitudes of unpreparedness for war in order that the present generation may enjoy a simulacrum. Permanent peace is not necessarily a myth, but it can never be established on a myth, and a bellicose myth at that.

The Socialist Vote

WHOEVER reads Mr. Ghent's skillful reply, printed elsewhere in this number, to our editorial article of December twelfth, will see that while he refers to our "clumsy concoction" and our "inaccurate and misleading statements," he does not in a single instance deny any of those statements, but merely supplants our interpretation by his own. He does not deny that the Socialist party is weak in the great industrial states and much stronger in states like Kansas, Minnesota and Texas. He does not deny that the relative vote of Florida is over three times that of industrial Massachusetts, while that of Oklahoma is more than six times as great. Nor does he deny that "year by year an ever smaller proportion of the Socialist vote was to be found in the great industrial commonwealths, and in several states an increased vote has been followed by an absolute decline." What he claims is merely this: that the vote in the industrial states, though admittedly a smaller proportion of the Socialist vote than ever before, is still increasing faster than the total vote of those states, and that in many of the mining and agricultural states of the West, the

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Socialist vote is to be found in large part either in the cities or in mining camps. All of which is quite true, but does not affect our contention that the Socialist vote is weaker in states mainly industrial and where propaganda has been longest continued, and is stronger in states mainly agricultural, as in Oklahoma, or mainly agricultural and mining, as in the states of the far West. Why, after forty years of propaganda, is the Socialist vote only 4% of the vote of New York State and only 2.6%, or one in 39, of the vote of Massachusetts?

Mr. Ghent suggests that "the fact seems to be overlooked by the writer that this nation is developing to the West, Southwest and Northwest, and that the total vote of the Eastern states is relatively declining." We have not overlooked this fact. It does not, however, explain the development which has been pointed out. From 1904 to 1912, the total vote of the eight chief industrial states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan and Connecticut—decreased only from 48.3% to 44.2% of the total vote of the nation, while the Socialist vote of those states decreased from 49.93% to 42.07% of the Socialist vote of the nation. Moreover, there is no reason why a smaller proportion of all the voters in these industrial states should vote the Socialist ticket than in the seven far Western states—Oklahoma, Nevada, Montana, Arizona, Washington, California and Idaho. Yet in the eight industrial states only 5.7% of the voters were Socialist, while in the seven Western states 15.23%, or considerably over two and a half times as many, voted for Mr. Debs. In other words, where the industrial conditions seem ripest and the propaganda has been carried on for the longest time, there the Socialist vote is not only smaller, but is increasing on the whole more slowly than in many of the newer states, either agricultural or agricultural and mining in character, where propaganda is comparatively new.

Had we employed the incomplete 1914 figures instead of those for 1912, our contention would have been even better established. The year 1914 was in many respects abnormal, and the general falling off of the Socialist vote in that election might be attributed to many merely accidental and temporary causes. But what stands out in a comparison of the Socialist vote of 1914 with that of 1910 is that the same processes continue at work. While in these four years the Oklahoma Socialist vote increased 113%, the Socialist vote of New York State increased only 13%; that of Massachusetts actually decreased 34%, and that of Connecticut decreased 52%. The population of Massachusetts is about twice that of Oklahoma, but there are five and a half times as many Socialist voters in Oklahoma as in Massachusetts. Minnesota in 1914 had more Socialist voters than all New England. What has become of the Socialist party in the urban, industrial, older states of the East? Why do fewer Massachusetts men vote the Socialist ticket in 1914 than in 1900, despite the increase in population during the period?

These questions are asked in no spirit of hostility, but in one of sympathetic interest in a great and important development which manifests itself not only within the Socialist party, but also in the alignment of many social groups throughout the country. If the Socialist party fails, after decades of strenuous propaganda, to secure the adherence of the propertyless wage-earners in our great industrial states, and if simultaneously it makes rapid progress among farmers and farm-tenants in Oklahoma, how can we avoid the conclusion, which is moreover supported by many other facts, that a change is taking place in the entire spirit of the propaganda and even in the classes to which it is being addressed? If Mr. Ghent, who is the ablest statistician and one of the clearest minds of the party, can interpret this development, our columns lie open to him. But he does not answer the questions raised when he asks us whether we would call the Christian church "an organization of hypocrites, merely because a number of vociferous and fretful free-thinkers had so termed that body." If the Christian church were to lose its present adherents in Europe and America, but make corresponding gains among Basutos and Fiji Islanders, if it were to compromise upon the subject of Totemism and by a referendum of all its members "hedge" upon the question of a personal God, might we not quite properly suggest that it was changing in character, and even adopt, without "studied unfairness," the title "Christian Degeneration?"

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The Slavic Hope

A NATION at war always presents material for the study of abnormal psychology. War is a time of heightened emotions, of extravagant hopes, of unreasoning fears. The past is blotted out by the act which abolishes peace, and the ordinary laws of causation seem in the novel conditions to be suspended. It is not enough for a people which leads an active intellectual life to argue that war is necessary, or inevitable, or just. We must needs persuade ourselves that an adventure which will certainly have painful consequences in the present will justify itself in the end by loading us with future benefits. Our forefathers would have been content to reckon up the glory and the loot. In Western Europe men talk about the perennial peace that is certain to result from crushing Germany, and arm themselves with "olives of endless age." The laurel was a less elusive leaf.

We are all rummaging in the cornucopia of victory for the thing we desire. If the West aspires to peace, the East looks for liberty; when once a nation has made up its mind to look for grapes on thorns, the one expectation is as reasonable as the other. It is not easy to discover on what grounds the Russian intellectuals, with the exception only of the hard-shell social democrats, persuaded themselves that a victorious war was the natural way to end the oppressions of Tsardom. There is no disputing their sincerity, though recent history and the common experience of mankind were both against them. The defeat of Russia in the Far East came very near to upsetting the autocrat. It weakened its prestige, broke its self-confidence, exposed its incapacity, and the result was the October Constitution of 1905. A popular and successful war would naturally have the opposite result, and ricketty despotisms, when they go to war, are frequently suspected of the design of consolidating by external successes their position at home.

There was, however, something to be said on the other side, and it was easy to say it prettily. Perhaps the autocracy would yield to loyalty what it had never given to rebellion. Perhaps in the comradeship of the battlefield the suspicions would vanish which have held the non-Russian races of the empire in subjection. If fear had been the main reason for the Russian oppression of Poles, Finns, Jews, and "intellectuals," this reasoning would have been sound. Unfortunately fear is only one of the explanations of Russian despotism. More potent than fear is the positive ideology on which it rests, the conviction of the Slavophil mind that Russia stands for certain ideals in religion and social structure which are opposed to Western liberalism. These ideals the "truly Russian" party has always aimed at enforcing upon the non-orthodox and Westernized elements of her population. A war in which the non-Russian races fought gallantly side by side with the Russians might allay the fears which engender persecution. But a war for Slavonic unity is also calculated to reinforce this peculiar racial idealism. Panslavism has its intensive as well as its extensive aspect. If it aims at uniting all the Slav races under Russian rule or leadership, it works no less consciously to heighten and emphasize what it considers to be the specialties of Slavonic civilization. Its creed was stated with fanatical assurance by the late M. Pobiedonostseff, and it has grown no milder since his death. It holds that the West is effete, and traces its decay to the liberal and critical spirit.

If the democracies of France and Britain are combating Prussian militarism, the truly Russian orthodox Panslavist is fighting the German enlightenment. What he hates in Germany is not its militarism but its rationalism, its religion tolerance, its socialism, and what he would call its materialism. A victory over Germany would be for this school a triumph for the orthodox view of life, and all that it inculcates in the way of passivity and conformity, faith and obedience. A rehabilitation of this habit of thought would be a more probable result of a Russian victory over Germany than a revival of Russian liberalism. That is what happened after 1812, and it may happen again after 1914. The defeat of Napoleon was for Holy Russia the defeat of the impious Western ideals. In the mass-mind of Russia the Germans stand for those ideals to-day as the French stood for them a century ago.

If we turn from these shadowy speculations to what is actually happening in Russia, the distinction which we have drawn seems to be confirmed. Where fear had its influence, there are signs of progress; where fear plays no part, it is the Panslavist reaction which dominates. The new hope for Russia, in so far as it has captivated Western liberals, was based on the promise to Poland. That promise was extremely vague. It did use the word "autonomy," but it supplied no definition. It might mean genuine self-government for Poland with a representative constitution. It might mean, on the other hand, nothing more than the installation of a Russian Grand Duke as police viceroy at Warsaw, with or without some impotent consulta-

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tive assembly. It might mean nothing more than the creation of Polish Zemstvos (county councils). The promise was made by the commander-in-chief, and to this day the Czar himself has neither endorsed it nor explained it. Its motive was obvious. It was issued at a moment when the Austro-German armies were overrunning Poland. It followed a similar German proclamation. It was a bid for Polish support in the hour of need, and it meant primarily that a Polish insurrection fostered by the Germans would have been an awkward military incident at that particular phase of the campaign. It was, in short, a concession influenced by fear, and like all such concessions it may live no longer than the fear which prompted it. On the other hand, the discovery that the Poles do really prefer the continuance of Russian rule to liberation under German auspices may do something to soften the tradition of repression.

The corrective to any rash optimism based on the promise to Poland is to be found in Finland. The Finns are beyond the reach of the German invader; they are unarmed and unwarlike, and the autocracy does not fear them. Here then, the real spirit of the heightened Panslavism of war-time has had free course. It has swept away in a single document the little that was left of Finnish autonomy. There is some debate about the exact legal significance of this document. Is it an ukase, or is it only a programme? The vital fact is that it bears the signature of the Czar, and though it may yet have to come before the Russian Duma, previous experience has shown that Conservative Dumas care little for Finnish rights, and that in case of need the Duma may be overridden.

About the scope of this programme there is no debate. It is a complete programme of Russification. It assimilates Finnish legislation to Russian in vital matters of personal rights, the liberty of the press, and the freedom of assembly. It makes the Finnish Senate (Cabinet) an organ of the Russian bureaucracy. It takes over the national services of railways and the like. Worst of all, it threatens the Finnish languages and civilisation in the universities and the higher schools. It is, in short, difficult to imagine what will be left of one of the most enlightened and progressive communities in Europe when this programme is carried into effect. Nothing, indeed, stands intact to-day, but there are vestiges, memories, traditions of freedom, and as yet the intangible essence of nationality—its culture, its language, its liberty of thought—has survived with a good deal of the humbler machinery of the parish-pump. The new programme sweeps everything away, from the pump to the university.

The attack on Finland does not stand alone. Very significant was the refusal of the bureaucracy to grant an amnesty to "politicals" on the outbreak of the war. The Russian mind runs readily to charity and forgiveness, and this most tolerant and sympathetic race responds with a certain emotional facility to any wave of fraternity. When the police arrested M. Bourtseff, after his public appeal for a rally of all revolutionists to the fatherland in danger, it was not guilty of a mere mechanical *gaucherie*. It meant to say openly that it had not disarmed. M. Bourtseff left his safe retreat in Paris to find the New Russia. His voyage of discovery has ended in prison. The same moral follows from the arrest of five social democratic deputies of the Duma on a charge of high treason. Even the immunity of deputies from arrest, save by the consent of the Duma itself, has been swept aside by the Panslavist reaction. The Czar has won golden opinions in some not very critical quarters by announcing that he intends to continue the prohibition of the sale of alcohol permanently after the war. Prohibition may be a salutary reform in the Russian village, but anything that is gained in sobriety has been lost in liberty by this return to the habit of autocratic legislation. We are back in the days when Peter the Great prohibited the wearing of beards, and the Duma is not so much flouted as forgotten.

When one turns to the doings of the conquerors in the portions of Galicia which they have once occupied, the outlook for racial and religious toleration is no more reassuring. The Russian armies are at home in Galicia. They have dug permanent trenches, converted the Catholics to orthodoxy and carried out a pogrom. The whole of the administration has been confided to the two cousins Bobrinsky, of whom one was perhaps the most eminent politicians of the Black Hundred school. The consequences in a population which is mainly Catholic-Uniate and for the rest Jewish, are still hidden by an effective censorship, but the rumors and complaints which somehow reach the West are sufficiently disquieting. There is, in short, no reason to hope that a Russian victory will bring an increase of influence to Russian Liberalism. It will, on the contrary, strengthen the central authority, and emphasize the peculiarly national note of the reaction.

That British and French influence can mould the policy of the Eastern ally is a pathetic delusion. The Western Allies stand in need of Russian military support, and so long as Western civilization is directed against itself, they cannot risk Russian displeasure by any indiscreet curiosity about Finland or Poland, the Duma and the Jews. It is possible, when one takes up arms for little peoples, to impose the principle of nationality on a beaten enemy, but diplomacy has no mechanism for enforcing consistency on an ally.

H. N. Brailsford.

London, December 15.

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England's View of Contraband

MAY I be allowed to answer, frankly from a British point of view, Mr. C. T. Revere's article entitled "Stretching Contraband," which appeared in THE NEW REPUBLIC of December twelfth? The gravamen of Mr. Revere's article is that England's contraband policy is extreme, that in fact a new procedure has been devised calculated to beat the devil around the stump and to supply a twentieth century substitute for the eighteenth century "practice of paper blockade," declared illegal by the Declaration of Paris in 1859. Undoubtedly the British policy is extreme; undoubtedly it bears hard upon American exporters and producers, but Great Britain has no intention of repeating her policy of the Napoleonic wars and of relying upon her sea power to do things for which force is the only justification. She is following certain well-defined rules the correctness of which precedent and law both forbid the United States to dispute. With due deference to Mr. Revere, these rules are fairly simple.

It is accepted that under the term contraband are included commodities needed by belligerents primarily for warfare, and Chief Justice Marshall has laid down that war creates two indefeasible rights—one, the right of the neutral to export contraband, the other, the right of the belligerent to seize contraband. It is further accepted by British and American law that contraband may be seized when being carried in neutral bottoms to neutral ports if it can be proved that the consignments are ultimately destined for the enemy country. Many such seizures were made during the Civil War, were upheld by the Supreme Court, and were acquiesced in by Great Britain in the case of cargoes consigned in British vessels to Mexican and West Indian ports but in reality destined for the Confederate armies. It is true that the Declaration of London repudiated in part this practice, which is known as the "doctrine of the continuous voyage," and that Germany and other continental countries have never recognized the doctrine; but it must be remembered that the London conference was dominated by continental powers whose chief policy was to penalize maritime nations like the United States and Great Britain. Lest this should seem a partisan statement, it may be added that it is made on the authority of an article subsequently published in a continental review by one of the ablest of the European delegates.

Not that it is necessary to confuse the issue by dragging in the Declaration of London. While, in the interests of a common code, the United States suggested at the beginning of the war that the Declaration, though Great Britain had not ratified it, should be followed by belligerents, it has since withdrawn its suggestion and announced that in such maritime disputes as may arise it will be governed by reference to its traditional policy, which is fundamentally the same as that of Great Britain.

This traditional policy Great Britain has not violated. Mr. Revere complains of two things; first, the comprehensiveness of the British contraband list, secondly, the highhandedness of Great Britain's invocation of the doctrine of the continuous voyage. From the British point of view there is no legal or moral justification for his complaints unless he denies the whole principle of contraband, i.e., the right of belligerents to starve their enemies of war materials at the expense of neutral trade. All that Great Britain is trying to do is to bring up to date her practice of this principle. If her contraband lists have been enlarged, it is because the necessities of modern warfare have been so broadened that many things that were non-contraband in the days of the last great war are now of vital military importance.

Copper receives great stress in Mr. Revere's argument. He considers its appearance upon the British contraband list as a somewhat doubtful innovation. He animadverts upon the British policy of detaining shipments of copper to neutral countries. It is not quite fair to say that copper has never before been declared contraband. It was repeatedly declared contraband in the days of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. In Holland's *Manual of Naval Prize Law*, published in 1888, it is included in the list of commodities susceptible of insertion in lists of absolute contraband. Holland's *Manual* follows the old practice of only so considering it when it was "copper fit for the sheathing of vessels," but the key to the British policy is to fit to modern conditions the procedure of other centuries; and if copper for the shells of ships used to be contraband, surely it is reasonable for Great Britain to treat as contraband copper suitable for the shells of cartridges, for field telephone and telegraph wires, etc. If so, it is obvious that in the case of Germany, with her manufacturing facilities, copper of all grades comes into that class. It would be difficult for the American Government not to admit this, as copper figured in the list of supplies which the United States deemed ought not to be let into China when, after the Boxer rising, the advisability was considered of preventing the importation by China of military supplies. These

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precedents are not, however, of cardinal importance. What is really important are the figures that can be produced in support of Great Britain's contention that since the war began, imports of contraband to neutral countries in communication with her enemies have increased by leaps and bounds; and that this increase, taken in conjunction with the apparent fact that the German war office is requisitioning all available domestic supplies of copper, oil, rubber, etc., justifies the policy first of making copper, oil, rubber, etc., absolute contraband, and, second, of treating with suspicion shipments of contraband to those neutral countries. Had Mr. Revere had access to the returns of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington, he would hardly have made the statement that "statistics do not seem to bear out" Great Britain's claim that increased shipments of copper to Italy looked "suspicious." During September and October, 1913, imports of copper to Italy were 6,825,095 pounds. For September and October, 1914, they were 25,167,315 pounds. There is, roughly speaking, the same increase in the corresponding export returns to other neutral countries with whose trade Great Britain interferes; Norway, for instance, imported no copper in September and October, 1913, as compared with 8,196,158 pounds in the same months of 1914. The increase in regard to oil, rubber, meat and various minor commodities is equally remarkable.

There is another justification for Great Britain's strictness which Mr. Revere ignores, namely, the necessity of preventing smuggling. In several cases the British authorities have found copper and rubber hidden among non-contraband shipments via neutral ports to Germany. They have been faced with the problem of false manifests and incomplete ship's papers. Such malpractices are due, no doubt, to the machinations of German agents in the United States; but it is inevitable that they should enhance the hardships of honest American exporters. The problem is, in fact, far too complicated to be dismissed with generalizations about British arbitrariness. It is, for instance, unfair to accuse Great Britain of having placed an embargo upon the exports to the United States of manganese, wool and other raw materials, in order to have a basis for bargaining over contraband. The embargo was proclaimed before the contraband dispute materialized. It was proclaimed to keep certain staple products useful in warfare and needed by Great Britain within the British family and away from Germany. If, as many Englishmen hope, it is lifted in favor of the United States, it will be lifted in return for American undertaking that the materials affected and their products be not exported to Germany.

That the embargo question may be settled simultaneously with the contraband dispute is, of course, possible and highly desirable. That the contraband dispute will be settled by a compromise is also probable, but it will be by a self-contained compromise. It will be by a compromise between Great Britain's right, which the United States Government recognizes, to declare commodities like copper contraband and to involve the doctrine of the continuous voyage, and the American claim, which Great Britain recognizes, that American trade with neutral countries be subjected to a minimum of inconvenience. The United States Government, as Mr. Revere points out, objects to the British procedure of detaining on suspicion and even seizing cargoes vaguely consigned "to order." It agrees with Mr. Revere that the destination of suspected cargoes lies not between Great Britain and the American exporter, but between Great Britain and the neutral consignee or his Government. Great Britain has acquiesced in this point of view to the extent of trying to make arrangements with neutral countries by which those countries shall prohibit exportation to Germany. A number of such arrangements have been made, but they are not yet watertight. For that reason, and on account of its fear of smuggling, Great Britain still seizes and takes to port vessels the majority of which can promptly secure their release and are unlikely to find much difficulty in getting compensation for delay.

Such is the gist of the controversy at the present writing. It concerns not Great Britain's right to adopt the policy she has adopted, but certain of the means whereby she is carrying out that policy. While prophecy is unsafe, it may be taken for granted that it will be closed, not by some arrangement which will allow Germany to get American copper or oil or rubber, but by some arrangement which will make the importation into Germany of these commodities so difficult that Great Britain will no longer have to suspect neutral trade with neutral ports near Germany or with Germany direct.

That this arrangement will hit neutral commerce goes without saying. Especially will it hit the United States, with its great export trade to Germany in what are now contraband commodities. But unless the principle of contraband is to be abandoned altogether, it is difficult to see how, in view of the changed conditions of warfare, the United States can avoid being to that extent the innocent victim of the madness of Europe; and certainly it seems a little unfair to call Great Britain arbitrary simply because progress has rendered the enforcement of principles accepted and to no small extent crystallized by the United States, more inconvenient to the United States as a neutral than was the enforcement of the same principles to Great Britain during the Civil War.

ARTHUR WILLERT.

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Modern Trench Fighting

THERE is an illusion, held with uncommon tenacity by the general public, that the range and effectiveness of modern arms tend to keep armies far apart. On the contrary, there is more hand-to-hand fighting to-day than at any time since gunpowder was invented. The reason is simple; no attacking force dares to show itself until it is "right on top of" the enemy. Therefore the opposing lines move and fight, so far as possible, at night, and when in contact with each other they approach by digging series of crisscross trenches known as parallels. The average distance between two permanently occupied positions—such as the present line of battle from Switzerland to the English Channel—is certainly no more than two hundred yards, and probably less than one hundred and fifty, while at certain points it is not at all unusual to find opposing trenches within twenty-five yards of each other. I have myself been in such a position, where I could hear the enemy moving and talking, and where the earth wall of his trench, seen through a peep-hole, seemed close enough to touch with a long pole. Positions as close as this are most of the time occupied only by small detachments, frequently relieved. Sentinels keep watch through peep-holes, their coats thrown over their heads, for the peep-hole must be kept constantly dark, as otherwise the enemy's sharpshooters will locate it and kill the sentinels. Once I saw a Japanese sergeant at Port Arthur thus killed, the bullet passing through his glasses and through his head. When I myself looked through the peep-holes, the Japanese always invited me to take a rifle and shoot. Of course to raise one's head above the trench wall is practically certain death.

Except when an attack upon the enemy is planned or expected, the soldiers live in the second, third and fourth lines of trenches. Here they live in comfort, far more of comfort than when they are on the march, for these trenches are roofed and furnished, and are in no danger whatever except from the larger howitzer shells. On the other hand, an attack upon the enemy, even at night, is attended by a fearful percentage of casualties.

I have several times seen these attacks take place by day, once from a position as close as two hundred yards to the actual fighting; for it is possible, in a permanent supporting trench, to be quite safe. The signal for the engagement is always a concerted artillery fire upon the position to be taken, and also upon all positions which can by rifle fire in *enfilade* oppose the advance. At a moment previously determined the attacking party rushes out, and the artillery ceases so as not to kill men of its own side, although I am sorry to say I have seen the last shells burst at times among the attacking force. The attackers run as fast as they can, unevenly, because some naturally run faster than others, but close together. It is exactly like the charge of a football team after the kick-off, except that there would be one hundred men in the space which in a football game holds eleven. Upon reaching the crest of the enemy's trench the attackers usually throw hand grenades—bombs with fuses—and after that the fighting is all hand-to-hand. The Japanese at Port Arthur used the bayonet, but I always noticed that the Russians, taking advantage of their greater reach, swung their rifles like clubs. Usually the Russians won, and in that case not more than five out of one hundred Japanese got back to their trenches in safety. Those in the Russian trenches the Russians killed or captured, and those lying between the trenches the Russians picked off, at their leisure, with rifles. Once I saw a successful charge when the Russians, about fifty of them, were driven out. They were carrying heavy blanket rolls, and had to run up hill, which they could not do. Finally they sat down and waited to be killed, every single one. Only one man, an officer, escaped; he was lame, and while the green side of the hill spurted with dirt from bullets as a pond does in the rain, he walked unscathed.

Many weapons long since thought obsolete have come into use again. First among these are grenades, of which there are all kinds, from manufactured bombs with fuses to soda-water bottles or tin cans filled with old iron—a variety which is practically as effective. Some of them are carried in the hand, some on long poles. There are also the canister, which is nothing but a shell filled with very small shot, and the trench-mortar, meant to throw a shell a short distance straight up into the air and down into the enemy's trench. For this last purpose I have seen wooden guns used, but I was never able to find out whether they worked on the principle of a sling, a spring, or an airgun.

Advances are made also by tunnels and mines, but the main difficulty of the whole procedure is to hold a position once gained, or, as the French reports have it, to "consolidate" one's position; for a trench cannot be held unless it has points of support. In other words, it must be connected with the other trenches, and supported by *enfilade* in at least two directions.

All this is slow work; at this rate the French will not drive out the Germans in months, but on the other hand a frontal attack—and every attack must now be frontal—even if successful would cost several hundred thousand men. Undoubtedly new weapons will be forged for this kind of work, and I am personally of the opinion that an improved type of trench-mortar would turn the scale in the attackers' favor.

GERALD MORGAN.

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Usurpation by the Senate

THE sudden revival of "the courtesy of the Senate," now that the elections are over and the need of conciliating popular sentiment is no longer pressing, illustrates an important principle, comprehension of which is essential to democratic progress. It is this: the character of government is determined by the conditions under which the government is carried on.

In busying themselves merely with the conditions under which politicians get into office, the American people approach the problem of democratic government in the wrong way. The way to get good men into office is by arranging matters so that whoever is elected will have to be good. In Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand there are no party primaries, no nominating conventions, no legal regulation of party procedure. In substance, the state says to the politicians: "We do not care how you are elected or what party elects you; we attend to your case after you get into office." The conditions of political activity are such that Senators and Representatives cannot traffic in offices and appropriations, job navy yards and army posts, plug legislation or participate in administration. They are fixed so that they can act only as examiners and critics, thus forming a control over the government in behalf of the people. Switzerland has a federal senate composed like our own of two members from each state. Public opinion is indifferent as to the mode of election, which each state decides for itself, choice by the legislature being the usual procedure. But none of the troubles we have with our Senate are experienced in Switzerland.

Do what we may with the Senate, it can never be made a representative body. States with the population of a city ward have equal power with states of many millions' population, and under the Constitution no state can be divested of its equal suffrage in the Senate without its own consent. But the notion was embraced that it would be a democratic gain if Senators were chosen by popular election, and after many years of effort this reform was accomplished by the tedious and difficult process of constitutional amendment. Moreover, in most states the nomination of Senators is made by vote of the party membership. The theory is that all this would bring Senators into closer touch with the people and make their behavior more responsive to public opinion. Yet it appears that such a notoriously corrupt practice as "the courtesy of the Senate" is more rampant now than before.

The usual recourse in such emergencies is to raise a hue and cry against particular offenders. It will be difficult to do so now, as the Senate appears to be practically unanimous in upholding the claim of members to dictate appointments in their respective states. The true point at which to strike is the system that has grown up in the Senate, in part through constitutional defect, in part through sheer usurpation. In the interest of democratic progress it is not enough to expose and denounce such a perversion of constitutional authority as "the courtesy of the Senate"; the principle that should animate popular agitation is that any participation whatever by the Senate in appointments to office is evil.

The practice of requiring senatorial confirmation of executive action is now peculiar to American constitutions, but it was originally a principle of government urged by the Tory party in England with respect to the privy council. It did not find its way into the Constitution of the United States until a late stage of the convention proceedings; and was finally inserted as part of the compromises by which the small states were conciliated by giving them equal representation in the Senate and by associating the Senate with the President as a sort of privy council. At the time the Constitution was adopted the people were assured that the "advice and consent" clause did not confer any power of choice on the Senators, but was simply a check upon possible executive abuse of power. The early commentators, Kent and Story, both expound the clause in this way. But the practical effect has been to disorder and corrupt our whole system of government by destroying the constitutional function of Congress as an organ of control. Representative bodies perform the function only when they have no say as to who shall fill the offices. Then they take care that there shall be no offices to fill except such as are necessary to the prudent and efficient management of the public business. It is just the other way in American representative bodies, with dire consequences in every field of governmental activity.

The cure of the Senate must come, not through electing good men to office or by begging its members to behave themselves, but by striking directly at its power as a body. Its constitutional position is not nearly so well intrenched as was that of the British House of Lords, which has been stripped of any control whatever over appropriations or appointments and is now strictly confined to advisory functions. If the formal language of the Constitution seems to give the Senate discretionary au-

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thority over appointments, exactly that was true in actual intention with respect to the discretionary authority of the electoral college; but this has become extinct because the people would not tolerate it. By raising the issue of Senatorial usurpation with like vigor and pressing it with like constancy, as complete a victory may be gained by the people.

HENRY JONES FORD.

If Italy Should Enlist

IN the early days of the great war the possibility of the appearance of Italy on the side of the enemies of Germany divided the attention of the world with the battle news. In France, in England, in Russia, there was plain hope, patent urging. In Italy there was popular agitation, unmistakable anti-Austrian sympathy.

That the interest of Italy herself called for the defeat of the Austro-German alliance was unmistakable the day that she decided to follow the pathway of Venice, not of Rome, declined to take the German bribe of Tunis, Algeria, Corsica and Nice, definitely turned her face toward the east, toward Albania, the Aegean, and the unredeemed lands of the Trentino, Trieste, and Dalmatia. Such a dream was predicated upon the defeat, the partial dismemberment of Austria, and the final closing of the road from Vienna and Budapest to Salonica.

Yet very soon it became clear that Italy had no intention of acting hastily. Her army, it soon developed, was wholly unprepared for war; her finances, after the Tripolitan adventure, were still disorganized; finally, while Austrian defeat was desirable, Italy could not look with complete equanimity upon the possibility that a Greater Servia, bound to include Bosnia and Herzegovina, not improbably destined to bring the Serbo-Croats of Croatia and Slavonia under King Peter's crown, should lay claim to Dalmatia, now Slavicized, to the Slav-peopled hinterland of Trieste. Nor could she fail to find cause for dissatisfaction in the advance of the Greeks along the Adriatic, and their growing insistence, backed by French and British approval, that Italy should retire from the Dodecanese, from Rhodes, the Malta of the Near East.

In the months that followed, then, it was plain that Italy was following her own fortunes, reorganizing her army, seeking to restore the equilibrium in the Balkans, to call into life again the Balkan League, in which her friend, Roumania, having made peace with Bulgaria, should serve as a counterpoise and restraining influence upon both Servia and Greece, rival claimants with Italy to the Hapsburg and Ottoman estates. At no time, as Berlin soon realized, was it conceivable that Italy would join her old partners of the shattered Triple Alliance, but less and less did it seem likely that Italy would come into the war, save at her own time and on her own terms.

To-day, however, there is an unmistakable recrudescence of the belief that, spring come, Italy will at last enlist. The headquarters of this belief is London. Equally it is plain that Italy has already made most of her bargains. With Russia and Servia she is reported to have agreed upon the extent of the Slav window on the Adriatic. With Greece, she has settled the limits of Epirus, and King Constantine's troops are back at Santa Quaranta and Argyrocastro, while Italy's are at Valona. The Balkan League seems on the point of being renewed. The Turkish attack on Egypt has brought new pressure upon Italy, like France and Great Britain, a Mohammedan power, to cast her fortunes with the Mediterranean powers.

Again, as Austrian fortunes continue to decline, as the possibility of a collapse grows, it is clear that Italy, still neutral, will have small claim upon the favor of a victorious alliance, successful without her aid. She may see Trieste and Dalmatia slip from her grasp and, conceivably, fall to the Slavs, who henceforth are to be her neighbors and her rivals along the narrow Adriatic and the possessors of Cattaro, the finest of all naval bases in the whole Mediterranean waters. In this situation it is natural to inquire once more what will be the effect if Italy enlists.

First, the moral effect must be considered. If there is anything clear now in the sixth month of war, it is that Germany and her allies cannot win. To make a draw of the contest is patently their best hope. But the appearance of Italy, and of Roumania, who would not wait a day to follow her Latin sister to the front, would mean that at least a million new troops would be thrown against Austria, already shaken, apparently at the end of her resources.

All hope, then, such hope as remains, would automatically disappear. The German and the Austrian people would finally recognize that their defeat was inevitable. Thus the enlistment of Italy would promptly raise the question of peace, not necessarily successfully, but Berlin and Vienna would have to face the new situation, to deal with a public at last conscious of the passing of hope. Conceivably the Allies might then consent

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to give Germany and Austria terms on which peace could be made. Austria might obtain terms for separate peace. In any event there would be the chance of peace, the first chance in recent months.

If the moral effect failed to prove decisive, what would be the immediate military effect? Italy and Roumania can put about a million well trained and equipped troops in the field. They would necessarily be sent against Austria, the Italians toward Trieste and Vienna, the Roumanians into Transylvania and Hungary. Faced with this peril, the Austrians would have to surrender Galicia finally, to recall their troops from Poland, leave Cracow to the Germans to defend, since it is the key to German rather than Austrian territories, leave one army to defend the Carpathian front, send another to Transylvania, a third to the Tyrol; finally it would be necessary to send more troops against the Servian army, which would acquire new importance as a part of the forces attacking Austria on the south, and which might be strengthened by Greek troops.

Germany would then have to bear the whole brunt of the Russian advance. It is inconceivable that she could recall sufficient forces from the west, or find them in her new formations, to keep the offensive, to maintain or repeat her invasion of Poland. On the contrary, she would probably have to abandon East Prussia, that fraction of West Prussia east of the Vistula, and make her stand on the line from Dantzig to Cracow, behind the Vistula and the Warta, based on the series of fortresses she holds there. But the surrender of the Prussias would offset any advantage gained in the west, deprive her of some of her most needed food-producing lands, while her great Silesian industrial fields would be menaced. A slow recoil to the Rhine, a surrender of lands now held in the west, a permanently defensive attitude there would seem inevitable. A defensive battle without hope waged on all fronts; this would be the logical concomitant of Italian intervention.

Finally there is the political aspect to be considered. As it stands now, Russia victorious will take Galicia and Bukovina, and assign Bosnia, Herzegovina, the southern end of Dalmatia, to Servia and Montenegro. Shorn of these provinces, Austria could still live; they are all outlying accretions, having 11,000,000 of the 51,000,000 people who live in the Dual Kingdom. But if Italy and Roumania joined, Hungary would lose Transylvania and Fiume, Austria Trieste and Dalmatia, her whole Adriatic seaboard, and would become a state without seaboard. Prolongation of the war would probably bring the Czechs and the Croats into rebellion, incite them to seek a separate existence. In a word, the whole Hapsburg might at last suffer dissolution, long predicted.

For Austria this would mean the end. But for Germany it might prove an advantage. Nothing would be more likely than that the Germans of Austria might, as the Austrian empire flew apart, turn back to Germany, bring at least 10,000,000 German people to the German empire, repay the Kaiser for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, for possible amputations in Posen and the Prussias, and leave Germany stronger than at the start of the war, in population and in area.

In sum, then, if Italy enlisted, there would be an instant moral effect which might bring peace. If this failed, Germany would be forced to surrender her offensive on both fronts and probably to evacuate not alone Poland and Belgium, but East Prussia and her Trans-Rhenane territories. Prolongation of the war would probably destroy the Austrian empire, but Germany might endure all and continue to the end, confident that the dissolution of Austria must be the first step in a still more complete unification of the Germans of Europe.

For Italy this last consideration might well make for continued neutrality, for if Austria vanished, she would have to face a greater Germany determined to retake Trieste and obtain a window on the Adriatic, and at the same time a Southern Slav nation, eager to win back Dalmatia, ready to challenge Italy's title to Albania.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The Barbarians

YESTERDAY I went into a bookshop in one of those streets which, though only a mile or so from the heart of London, have kept themselves inviolate from London. It has such dignified enjoyment of its own spaciousness that it might be the high street of a county town, or at least a part of London in the eighties. The shops are small and restrained, the pavements give hospitality to violet-sellers and their dispersed wares, the ladies walk, slow and unruffled and lovely like the ladies in Whistler's pictures, the white stucco houses shine clean and their linden trees are dustless. Yet the first thing I saw in the bookshop of this delicate-spirited suburb was a pile of thick red books which I knew to be, at the first sight of their binding, Mrs. Constance Garnett's translations of Dostoevsky's novels. And as I turned over the pages of "The Brothers Karamazov" and looked on that wonderful story that works like a yeast, that struggles like a live thing to be born, it struck me that it is really art which governs the world. It was plainly due to the book in my hand that the Germans are floundering in the mud of Flanders instead of stealing our spoons in the

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interests of the Pan-Germanic ideal. That England, with her habit of judging other nations by their political institutions, should be the ally of Russia is almost a miracle. It is only to be explained by the fact that wherever people who write and think gather together, Russian literature is loved and praised.

Indeed, Russia is to the young intellectuals of to-day what Italy was to the Victorians; as their imaginations, directed by Turner and the Brownings, dreamed of the crumbling richnesses of Rome and Venice, so we to-day think of that plain of brown earth patterned with delicate spring grass and steel-grey patches of half-melted snow and cupped in a round unbroken sky-line, which is Russia. We are deeply and affectionately familiar with Russian life. We have admired the blue cassock and the long hair of the little priest and followed him into the painted wooden church with its green dome and red pillars; we have drowsed for hours in the incense of some rich and complicated ritual. In the placid company of land-owners who hear without distress that their oats are mildewed and their crops have failed, we have walked in fens where the willows rose from the mist like islands, and have shot snipe as they soared against the rosy dawn. We have travelled far along those roads which stretch to infinity and have heard from the workers in the fields those interminable folk-songs in which the melancholy of Russia finds a roomy habitation. We have seen working-men in the train as they chewed sunflower seeds and discussed without end problems of conduct and religion; we have seen the bored and sleepy bureaucratic classes in their offices; we have seen the aristocrats chattering French but flaming into purely Russian excitement at the sound of gipsy music or the Easter bells. We have arrived at intimacy with a people extraordinarily like the English, in their untidiness and their inflexible conviction that there are other things in the world besides efficiency, but sweeter in their hearts, beautifully devoid of the sense of property and beautifully troubled by consciences that are sharp-edged like a child's. And from this literary friendship there has sprung the immensely important comradeship of the nations which to-day keeps civilisation together.

But perhaps, I reflected, I am exaggerating the power of art. We were familiar with Russian literature long before this time of amity, and we read Turgeniev and Tolstoy when we still hated Russia. Yet we may explain this by a doubt whether either of these men gave us the soul of Russia. Both were aristocrats in a country where, ever since the days of German Catherine, aristocracy has been inclined to repudiate its nationality and pretend that though it lives in Russia it is only paying a visit to its poor relations. Turgeniev went into Russian life with the loving but condescending smile that is worn by grown-ups when they go into the nursery. And Tolstoy, though he cast off his aristocracy like a cloak, never made anything more of the people than a beloved hobby; the peasants in his books are unnaturally plump and firm and smiling, like the babies in patent food advertisements. It was the poor man, the starveling Dostoevsky, the shopman's son Tchekhov, the hawker Gorky, who were able to write the story of Russia.

For there are certain conditions necessary for the production of art which shall really express the soul of a country. National art is obviously an impossible growth in a country where there are aristocratic social institutions and strict class distinctions. In France, for instance, literature paints the nation in sections; authors of good family describe royalist duchesses and cardinals and such human *articles de vertu*, or write about peasants with the detachment of those who make studies in natural history, while bourgeois authors like Zola are driven to the most desperate extremities of reporting and photography because they know nothing of any class but their own. But in countries of democratic social institutions such as England, or as Russia, which is as free socially as she is bound politically, a man can attain to a complete vision of his nation. In Russia all men kiss one another on Easter Day because Christ has risen, and this religious sense of brotherhood lingers throughout the year. The doctor and the schoolmaster and the estate manager saunter up through the white northern twilight, gossiping with the peasants on the way, to have a game of cards after dinner at the great house. The peasant goes on pilgrimages to distant shrines, and all men are kind to him on the way. The material of Russia unfolds itself with exhaustless abundance before the artist; the eyes of his imagination are not strained in the attempt to pierce veils, his intellect is not teased by any social mystery. His art is rooted in Russia and it can draw on all the vitality of that vast brown plain.

The wonder of Russian literature is now as indisputable as the glory of Rome. And yet—as I turned over Dostoevsky's pages I seemed to be looking from this delicate suburb into an incredibly violent variation of existence. Life seemed to be lived on a plane of excitement which either flared into orgiastic fury or dipped to a black, sour melancholy. There was a reek of drunkenness through a fog of ignorance. And sometimes there was cruelty. Indeed, these were barbarians. One ought not to forget their political servitude, their lack of education, the state of their universities.

Then it was that I heard the sharp cry in the street. I went to the door. Everybody in the

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street had gathered in front of a window where a white notice had been pasted to the glass, and a lad was coming out of a news agent with a poster—"Scarborough Bombarded!"

Scarborough. An open town, unfortified. There came back to me the sense of the day I had spent there a year or so ago engaging rooms for a number of political organisers. I remembered the mean stone streets of boarding-houses, the dusty ferns in the windows, the little dingy black figures that had opened their doors to me, and their pathetic gladness to have lodgers in the off-season. Most of them inspired one with a curious shame, a reluctance not to take their rooms, because they had been so obviously "done" out of all the best and easy things of life. It was winter now and the off-season, and the victims of the shells would for the most part be these lodging-house keepers. I seemed to hear their thready little voices wailing up to God with this new complaint, choiring together into a cry of dignity, achieving suddenly a majestic importance.

I remembered suddenly that two friends of mine were living in a house on the cliff at Scarborough. I dropped my Dostoevsky and ran across the road to the post-office. No, I could not telephone a trunk call to Scarborough. The wires were blocked. I might try a telegram, but it would probably be delayed. "Three of the post-office clerks were killed by a shell this morning," said the girl behind the counter. There was horror in her voice, but she added the very British comment, "so they'll be short-handed." Simple, pleasant young women they probably were, interested in their back hair, like herself; or sleek-headed boys like the telegraph clerks. One does not brood upon the death of heroes, but this murder of ordinary people is unendurable. I went back to the bookshop and met the assistant in the door. "An open town!" he was saying angrily. "An open town!"

I looked again at my Dostoevsky and read the words on its title-page: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit"; and I remembered a significant thing. The great men of both Russia and Germany have been extraordinarily afflicted with ill health. Dostoevsky was an epileptic, Tchekhov was stricken with heart disease, Gorky is a consumptive, Treitschke was deaf and weakly, Nietzsche was an invalid, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain is miserable in physique. But in the one nation, suffering has turned to sweetness, to a rapturous embrace of life, to a determination to clean the world before death comes. In the other it leads to a snarling at the mildness of health, to a sick aggressiveness, a mad desire to spoil the world. There are other tests of barbarism besides the state of the universities.

REBECCA WEST.

London.

A COMMUNICATION

Tax-Dodging in Illinois

SIR: A grand jury now sitting in Chicago is investigating the ancient and dishonorable subject of tax-dodging. The provisions of the Illinois Revenue law are perhaps exceptionally archaic, but much material of universal interest is being produced by the investigation.

The theoretical State is represented by the militant state's attorney, apparently striving to spread the burdens of government in the manner provided by law. The ostensible State is represented by the indignant assessing officials who make their own law, pointing out the absurdities of the statute as their justification. The actual State is represented by a procession of substantial citizens who contribute to maintain political power on the theory of sharing the greatest possible benefit and the least possible burden of government.

For the ostensible State the members of the assessing bodies present an entertaining and instructive defense of their acts. They point out frankly a billion dollars' worth of personal property which in their discretion escapes taxation. But they estimate that it would cost eight or ten million dollars a year to put these values on the assessment records, whereas the annual appropriations for their labors now amount to only a few hundred thousand dollars.

But before the humble but righteous citizen has time to arise and demand that these hidden treasures of aristocracy shall be uncovered, even at a cost of half the profits, the adroit public servant adds that if the letter of the law is enforced, "the washerwoman's tub and furniture, the household flour, sugar and kitchen supplies, the coal in the bin, the family dishes, dresses, hats, clothes, the sewing machine, pictures, Bible, school and Sunday school books, the mechanic's tools and the widow's award and the claim for damages accruing to her orphan children, all will be listed and taxed."

This is a peculiarly pathetic list. It includes with obvious design those articles of personal property of the strongest emotional appeal. An assistant state's attorney replies: "It isn't the washerwoman's tub that is escaping taxes now, but the millionaire's vaults full of stocks and bonds." The prosecutor may be just as emotional in his reference to "the millionaire's vaults," but the assessor calmly rejoins that it is quite impossible to ascertain what is stored in safety-deposit boxes if the owners persist in regarding perjury as an incidental necessity of protecting private property—which is, of course, guaranteed by the Constitution.

From these quotations the real defense of the indignant assessors is made clear. If a strict enforcement of law is

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required, hidden wealth will continue to escape, but the small property-owner will pay heavily for the enjoyment of collecting a larger tax from himself.

Whenever tax-dodging is forced offensively upon public attention, there is a great clamor from influential citizens for a revision of the revenue laws. There is much justification for the present outcry in Illinois, where segments of the antiquated and complicated laws are found under fifteen different headings in the statutes, including such titles as Warrants, Roads and Bridges, Forestry, Aliens, Animals and Birds. These statutory provisions have been given surgical and dental treatment by the Supreme Court, recorded in over two hundred and sixty volumes of Illinois Reports. Instances are not lacking where increasing the confusion of thought has failed to improve the equitable distribution of the burdens of government.

According to the schedule which the law requires the taxpayer to file, items to be listed alike by city-dweller and farmer include: "Mules and asses, hogs, bagatelle tables, knitting-machines, melodeons, franchises, barges and agricultural tools." There is a form for a statement of "Credits and Authorized Deductions" which is still an unsolved mystery after research by generations of accountants and attorneys. The common practice of persons of large property has been to refuse to file schedules. There are two penalties for such refusal—first, a small fine which is obviously a deterrent only to the small property owner; second, the addition of a fifty per cent penalty to the assessors' guess at a fair valuation of the property not scheduled. It has never been regarded as good form to utilize either of these penalties, although they have been swung as stuffed clubs on occasions for the amusement of the populace.

The difficulties, absurdities and inequalities in the revenue law and its administration give ample ground for a plausible defense of tax-dodging. There are many sound arguments in favor of certain proposed legislation which will promote more scientific administration, particularly in legalizing various tax exemptions. It appeals to many as highly desirable to permit the patrons of our charities and supporters of good-government campaigns to protect their gifts from taxation without resort to perjury. A gentleman who gives away $200,000 a year in public benefactions deeply resents paying a tax on this amount. The resentment of the substantial citizen is so ingrained that only two varieties of legislation will meet with his approval—that which specifically exempts him, and that which permits his exemption by the courtesy of officials.

Therefore the source of the evils of tax-dodging is not found in slipshod legislation, but in this attitude of the dominant members of the community. No system of tax imposition and collection has ever been devised which cannot be corrupted by administration; and control of the taxing power is the first and continuing necessity of the actual State. Whatever the laws may be, taxation will be administered in the interest of those who actually control politics—at present the men who finance campaigns. The same circle is completed every year; the assessing official solicits campaign contributions, the substantial citizen finances the campaign which returns the official to power, the official approves a gentle tax assessment for the substantial citizen. There is no coincidence in the fact that one of the three members of the Board of Review of Cook county, who held office for fifteen years, was for the last ten years chairman of the Republican State Committee; and that another member, who held office thirteen years, was the financial manager of the extraordinarily expensive campaign that elected the notorious Busse mayor of Chicago in 1907, and was the Western financial manager of the campaign that elected Mr. Taft President of the United States.

There is nothing unusually scandalous in these facts, or in the additional fact that both these gentlemen became very wealthy during this period. Our politics have been largely the expression of the business ideal of government, and hence acquisitive power, instead of statecraft, has been the prevailing test of success. But it is largely a waste of energy to attempt taxation reform under these auspices. All the dominating forces in the community are opposed to equalization of the revenue burdens. That would be proved at once, were detailed consideration given to the questions of religious and charitable exemption, tangible and intangible values, personalty and realty, licenses, special assessment, and national, state and municipal interests. In brief, it may be stated that the great organized interests all conspire somewhat unconsciously to relieve themselves and to increase the load upon the disorganized consumers and small property owners. What might be termed the organizers of community activities continually press to receive their rewards without deduction, while the actual producer of wealth finds his individual profit reduced by the increasing cost of supporting the governing classes.

"Public" religious and educational enterprises, although under private control, demand complete exemption. Creators of intangible values in corporate enterprises capitalize these as a basis for taxation against the community, but oppose every effort to base taxation for the community on private profits from these intangible values. Large real-estate holders acquire wealth through "unearned increments" and deny the right of the community to appropriate these profits for public expenses. Organized politics constantly strives to support out of national and local revenues an increased army of office-holders, and has only a subordinate interest in the profit derived by the community.

Modern tax-dodging is the effort of the governing class to prevent the depletion of its exorbitant profits out of the business of government. The true remedy lies not in fighting the tax-dodger, but in limiting his profits. In the end the producer must pay all the expense of government. It would be silly business for a group of laborers to employ a boss at an extravagant salary and then tax him to reduce that salary. Yet that is the theory which produces the tax-dodgers of democracy.

The servants of autocracy, the workers, were the tax-dodgers of older times. To-day the servants of democracy, the organizers, are the tax-dodgers, because the people, consenting to an unfair distribution of wealth when it is produced, attempt to recoup their losses instead of trying to stop them. Until democracy establishes the principle that all organization of community business is public service, it will continue the unsuccessful effort by "revenue reform" to return to the public treasury the disproportionate private profits of its public servants—and they will continue to "dodge their taxes." When this principle is established—and the system for its enforcement is only incidentally important—we may have a real trial of democratic government, in which tax-dodging will have no part.

Chicago. DONALD R. RICHBERG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Section Four and Suffrage

SIR: Your correspondent, Miss Funk, in replying to my letter on Woman Suffrage and Strategy, offers three objections to my statements in the case. In the first place, she denies that the National Association adopted a resolution "demanding" that Congress pass an act giving women the ballot in Federal elections, and declares that the Association merely instructed its Congressional Committee to "promote" such a bill. The difference between "demanding" and "promoting" is hardly worth a paragraph.

In the second place, Miss Funk denies by implication that the resolution of the Convention was based on the Fourteenth Amendment. In this part of her letter, however, she speaks of "a Federal elections bill" and states that it rests on "Section 4 of the Constitution." In my letter, I was not speaking of the said bill, but of the resolution of the Convention upon which the bill is founded. I said that the Convention acted on the "genial assumption" that such a bill could find constitutional justification in the Fourteenth Amendment. Miss Funk does not deny this but evades it. She cannot deny that the main argument laid before the members of the Convention for the resolution in question was founded on the Fourteenth Amendment. In fact, the promoters of the scheme had printed a leaflet in which an elaborate argument was made to the effect that Minor vs. Happersett had been overruled by later decisions and that Congress had the power under the Fourteenth Amendment to enact the bill enfranchising women for federal elections. Copies of that circular I now have in my possession.

I was aware, of course, of the existence of an argument based on what Miss Funk calls "Section 4," by which, I presume, she means Article I, Section 4 (there are three or four sections numbered "4"). This section is in the original Constitution and gives Congress a certain power over the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives. Charity prevented my mentioning it. There was absolutely no reason for supposing that the men who framed and adopted the Civil War Amendments half a century ago intended to vest in Congress the power to compel the states to give women the vote. There was still less reason for supposing that the men who made and adopted the Constitution more than a century and a quarter ago intended to give Congress that power. Every scrap of evidence collected in Farrand's monumental *Records* shows that it was not the intention of the Constitutional Convention to give Congress any power over the suffrage as such. Every rule of reason known to law is against this construction of the Constitution, for the provisions of that instrument with regard to the suffrage are clear and explicit and limit absolutely any construction that might be placed on the *general* power of Congress to regulate the times, places, and manner of holding elections. The argument based on the Fourteenth Amendment was so ridiculous that I forebore mentioning the still more ridiculous "Section 4" argument which may now be stated thus: "Although the voters in 1868 were not prepared to give Congress the power to confer the suffrage on women, the voters in 1787-88 actually did this." Does this require any further elucidation?

Yet Miss Funk informs us that "many good constitutionalists" support this view. My reply to that is that she cannot name a single student of constitutional law or history of any standing at all in the United States who is on the side of the National Association in its campaign for a Federal elections bill conferring the ballot on women by act of Congress.

In the third place, Miss Funk says that the policy of the Congressional Union had a dangerous rebound in the last congressional elections. She asserts that the Union "contributed" to the defeat of suffrage in North Dakota and Nebraska. Obviously it is impossible to prove this. On the other hand, it is to be noted that the Rules Committee is at last ready to bring the suffrage question before the House of Representatives. That is the kind of a rebound that the National Association has been seeking in vain for a long time. There is more reason for attributing this victory to the "disastrous" policy of the Congressional Union than in laying the defeats in the Western states at its door.

As to my use of strong terms in my first letter, I will say that I employed them in calm deliberation as the only truly accurate characterizations of the National Association's conduct which I could discover.

New York City. CHARLES A. BEARD.

"Socialist Degeneration"

SIR: The anonymous article under the title above, in your issue of December twelfth, is a clumsy concoction which cannot aid the reputation of your periodical for intelligence, fairness and honesty. The use of such a title is in itself an instance of the studied unfairness with which the article is written. Would you, for instance, in a criticism of the current tendencies of the Christian church, use the heading, "An Organization of Hypocrites," merely because a number of vociferous and fretful free-thinkers had so termed that body? Hardly.

I do not recall ever having read an article so closely packed with inaccurate or misleading statements. From start to finish it contains not a single assertion which a fair-minded man acquainted with the facts can accept. The space you might allow for a reply would not, of course, permit of a consideration of all of these statements; but there are two or three of them that can possibly be treated within the prescribed limits.

Some nine industrial states are directly or indirectly mentioned as states wherein the Socialist vote is very small, or is declining, or wherein it furnishes a lessening proportion of the Socialist total. It happens that in each of these states except Massachusetts the Socialist proportion of the total state vote is greater—in most cases very considerably greater—in 1912 than it was in 1904. In Ohio, for instance, the percentage was 3.61 in the former year, 8.70 in the latter; in Pennsylvania 1.76 in the former, 6.85 in the latter. Among all of the states of the Union there are just three—Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine—in which this proportion has been lowered.

It happens, moreover, that though in some of these industrial states the Socialist vote is a smaller proportion of the national Socialist total, it is, in the remainder, a larger proportion. It is larger in Ohio; it is much larger in Pennsylvania; it is, for the two periods, virtually identical in Missouri and Rhode Island, while in New York the proportional decline is less than the loss suffered by the vote of all parties in the state as compared with the national total. The fact seems to be overlooked by the writer

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that this nation is developing to the West, Southwest and Northwest, and that the total vote of the Eastern states is relatively declining. In each of these nine industrial states—except, by the merest fraction, Rhode Island—there has been a proportional loss in the vote of all parties.

The statement is made that "the states which have the largest Socialist vote are the sparsely settled agricultural and mining states of the far West," and it is used to support the reiterated statement that the Socialist vote is largely rural, scattered and non-industrial. Even a slight acquaintance with the facts will disprove the latter assertion. Oklahoma is the one partial exception. There is no room here to discuss the causes of this fact. It is sufficient to say that this state, settled by the last rush of the disinherited, has always polled a relatively large Socialist vote; that in 1904 it had a proportion of nearly five per cent, and that its three-fold growth is no greater than that of a number of more industrial states. But in the other states mentioned the Socialist vote is mainly urban and industrial. In California one-fourth of this vote comes from Los Angeles county. In Arizona more than forty per cent of this vote comes from the mining camps of Gila and Cochise counties. In Montana this vote is largely the contribution of the mining town of Butte. Twenty-seven per cent of this vote in Oregon comes from in and around Portland. In Washington this vote is predominantly the contribution of Tacoma and Seattle. The situation is similar in Nevada, Idaho and Utah. In Florida, which is given as an instance of the growth of Socialism in the non-industrial South, one-seventh of this vote comes from in and around the industrial city of Tampa, while the remainder is largely from Northern settlers. The Socialist vote in Florida is pitiful enough in size; it is proportionately large only from the fact that the Republican voters, being hopeless, and the Democratic voters, being confident, do not, in the main, go to the polls.

One might go on at interminable length in showing the fallacies and mis-statements of the article mentioned. With one other instance, however, I am done. There is, throughout the article, a reiteration, direct or implied, of the "deproletarization" of the Socialist party. As a matter of fact, there is no evidence whatever of any such process. Indeed, by reason of the secession from its ranks of numbers of middle-class philosophers of the Anarchist, Syndicalist, Cubist and Impressionist schools, and the effectual blanketing of the influence of those who have remained within the fold, the proletarian element has a larger measure of control in party affairs than it has had in some years.

Los Angeles, Cal. W. J. GHENT.

Refugees and Mausoleums

SIR: "The famous Altman collection," as the placards on the motor-buss tell everyone, has been added to the Metropolitan Museum. A few weeks ago the sculptor, George Grey Barnard, opened his museum built about Gothic fragments, found during his rambles across France. The Altman collection frames a supreme moment of Rembrandt's vision, the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails." Barnard's collection contains nothing the French government thought important enough to deny the right of export. Yet if a suffragette should hack the Altman Rembrandt to pieces to-morrow the damage to the future of American museums would be far less than if a vandal battered Barnard's already battered fragments. For the difference between his way of making a museum and the Metropolitan's way of continuing one is the difference between creative imagination and aimless receptivity.

The Metropolitan Museum continues to expand from year to year by incorporating intact the aesthetic furniture of a plutocracy, with an air of congratulating itself that it thereby avoids the necessity of squandering its endowments by competing for Rembrandts and Raphaels in the open market. In reality it pays a much more disastrous price. The cost of the Lorillard-Wolfe collection is several galleries filled with dealers' stock of the '80's, now so obsolete that it has no right to space in any museum except perhaps as an object-lesson of what art was once thought to be. The cost of showing Millet's "Sower" in the Vanderbilt collection, lent in 1902 and still on view, is twelve years of wall space accorded to such equally obsolete stuff as Detaille, Boldini, Domingo and Gallait. And if recent acquisitions have been without violent intrusions of second-rare taste, it is not because the Museum has asserted itself as a directing force, but because good taste has become unavoidable.

These days if a wealthy collector will confine himself to the span 3000 B.C.—1700 A.D. he cannot have bad taste. Neither dealers nor auction rooms can supply it. If he began early one morning at the art embassies at one end of Fifth Avenue, bought freely at each, by five o'clock the same evening he might have collected the material for a presentable art museum, including several first-rate paintings, the best sort of Oriental rugs, Greek fragments, Italian and Egyptian pottery, Japanese and Renaissance bronzes. The Altman collection is such a museum, the product of more intelligent and extended search, an opulent jumble of Persian rugs, Chinese porcelains, French terra cottas, English furniture, Renaissance bas-reliefs, Roman glass and old masters. It is the expression of the expert taste of the best art dealers and collectors here and abroad—to whom any lapses like those of the Metropolitan Museum would spell bankruptcy—guided by the taste of experts who advise both them and their clients. The experts are as reputable and as necessary as the most famous consulting physicians, and are highly paid for their efforts to rescue as many anonymous paintings as possible.

The majority of the Altman old masters are just such refugees who have survived the recent battles of critics and escaped with their authenticity. A Mantegna without a breath of the clear mountain morning air that distinguishes every fine Mantegna was declared genuine by Dr. Wilhelm Bode—Dr. Bode being the Berlin curator who pronounced a bust of Flora, by an unknown Englishman of 1850 or thereabouts, to be a genuine work of Leonardo da Vinci. Two Memlings (I am quoting the Museum's catalogue) "were contested at the time of the Bruges exhibition." Another "is worthier of Memling's reputation." Controversy has raged about the Dürer, as dull a Dürer as could be found. Of various versions, "ours is the most famous." The Botticelli has "excellent credentials." Bernhard Behrenson "accepts enthusiastically" as Giorgione's the head of a man. The qualities which made Velasquez one of the masters of realistic portrait painting are strangely muffled in his portrait of Philip II, but Dr. Mayer has pronounced two variants to be copies "of our painting." And a recently discovered document seals all doubts.

One might continue to cite the Museum's catalogue, which proves effectively that the Altman collection fills a necessary place in the complete compendium of American collecting which the Museum has grown to be. It reveals the historically important fact that at the moment when

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old masters become the ultimate ambition of American collectors of the first rank, with rare exceptions of masterpieces by old masters still in private hands, none but dubious or disputed examples remained to be had. The record will be essential in order to establish their collection with the works of more modern or more exotic masters, Cezanne and Picasso, Korin and Koyetzu, who will presently straggle into the Museum as part of the collections of merchant princes of to-morrow.

When you grow tired of comparing the biographies of American collectors compiled in rooms instead of in chapters, brave the stale air of the subway and visit Barnard's cloister on Fort Washington Heights. It consists also of refugees, but their abdication is ended and they are given sovereignty over their own world. Through mediaeval doors striped with immense ornamental hinges, you enter not a museum but a red-brick chapel, which you realize afterward is architecturally not a mediaeval chapel at all, but a skilfully spaced museum. Tombs of knights are in the floor, slender candelabras standing guard over them. Triptychs are on brick altars that adroitly conceal steam radiators. Stained glass actually glorifies the pallid light of a winter day outside. The gallery is borne by gothic pillars, and at one angle of the upper gallery is a carved wooden pulpit, where a pulpit ought to be.

"I've tried to show the young men here the spirit of gothic from its birth to its death," said Barnard. There are all phases, but after you have been told that the stone cross is one of the earliest dating from the twelfth century, that the fresco embedded in the wall is of the school of Giotto, that the wrought-iron ships sailing in floral wreaths that hang from the ceiling come from a church near Bordeaux, you promptly forget the fact, just as you forget the various dates of a cathedral's separate façades, for all these objects are organic parts of a significant and expressive whole. "Museums wouldn't touch these things," blurted Barnard between shouting orders to workmen. "They wouldn't look well in glass cases under a McKim, Meade and White ceiling. . . . One thing placed in its atmosphere is worth all the fine things in the world. . . . The museums are essentially and virtually morgues." You realize how living, in contrast, is this museum of heraldic tombs, fragments of mediaeval mausolems, and the paraphernalia of Christian burial.

Wrought-iron gates swing to let you pass into recesses suggestive of chapels, and then out into cloisters, the re-erected pink pillars of the monastery of Cuxas. "That's going to be enclosed," shouted Barnard, "so that people can read up the history of the thing." When all the pillars are in place and grass grown in the central rectangle, surely there will be no more appropriate place in which to "read up" architecture. And looking through the arches even at the Washington Heights "five, six and seven room apartments," one may remember that one of the functions of arches is to frame a city, and dream of a city architecturally worth a frame.

The Boston Museum several years ago took the first step in the struggle to humanize art museums when it arranged its Japanese collection in a few rooms that had all the decorative qualities of Japanese spacing and kept its superfluous masterpieces in well catalogued cellars. Barnard, gathering only what random French churches thought insignificant enough to sell, has given New York its first approximation of a temple of beauty which every museum will have to become. If his example is not promptly followed, it may be necessary to agitate for one state law forbidding the Metropolitan Museum to accept any collection with the agreement to keep it intact under the donor's name, and another freeing it from all previous contracts of the sort.

Possibly before then a collector's heirs will be content to brag that a third of their ancestor's collection was accepted by an art museum, and will frame the museum's letter of acceptance as proudly as they might an honorary degree or the medal of the Legion of Honor. The few collectors who still insist on creating monuments to themselves in the form of miscellanies of art objects will erect wings to their private mausoleums in which to expose them. Having failed to humanize art museums, they may succeed in humanizing the cemeteries.

New York City. LEE SIMONSON.

Professor Ross Demurs

SIR: In an article, "Pride of Race," in your issue of November twenty-eighth, I am accused of finding Americans superior in looks and physique to Europeans. In my book, "The Old World in the New," there is not a paragraph to justify any such imputation. I have asserted that in point of looks the present immigrants stand below the peoples they come from. I say: "One ought to see the horror on the face of a fine-looking Italian or Hungarian consul when one asks him innocently, 'Is the physiognomy of these immigrants typical of your people?'" Now, if the immigrants are uglier than their own people, they will be uglier than our people unless our people stand below theirs in good looks. Does such reasoning betray pride of race?

The moral contrast I have drawn is not between Americans and Europeans, but between the Northern races and the Mediterranean races. If the latter stand lower than the former in morality, they will stand below the Americans unless we have degenerated from the stocks we sprang from. Does this argument betray pride of race?

Madison, Wis. EDWARD A. ROSS.

A Defect in Workmen's Compensation

SIR: It is sometimes impossible to foresee the effects which legislation will have upon the social structure. Particularly is this true of legislation so hastily devised and enacted as was the Workmen's Compensation act in New York. For many years that form of social insurance has been in existence in Europe, and within the past three or four years practically all of the more important states in this country have placed some form of workmen's compensation insurance upon their statute books.

In New York the act became operative July 1, 1914, and it was only to be expected that the inherent defects would become apparent within the first six months. The Legislature will meet in Albany next month, and underwriters, social workers, labor officials and other interested parties have begun to take the necessary steps to have the act amended in some of its most important particulars.

There is one phase of the matter to which I would like to direct your attention, for it seems to defeat the very purpose for which workmen's compensation insurance was created.

One of the most logical arguments for the necessity for this form of protection is that the wear and tear on the human machine should be assessed as a part of the cost of production and the general public be relieved from the necessity of taking care of the workmen who are incapacitated as the result of their employment. We find, however, that a class of defectives is created by industrial acci-

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dents. Men who have had an arm or a leg or even a toe amputated find themselves unable to obtain employment of any kind, owing to that provision in the New York act which forbids an employee to agree to waive any of the benefits to which he may become entitled. Every sane employer, whether he is insured in the State Fund, a stock company, a mutual company, or is carrying his own insurance, is interested—selfishly if you will—in reducing the cost of accidents occurring in his plant. He dare not, therefore, engage a workman whose physical condition is such as to lead to a probable increase in the loss ratio.

Men suffering from cardiac troubles and from epileptiform attacks, as well as those who have had limbs or other members removed, will fall under this ban and will undoubtedly complicate the already serious unemployment problem. What is the remedy?

If the next Legislature amend the act so that defectives would be enabled to waive the compensation provisions after having secured a permit from the Workmen's Compensation Commission, the trouble would be largely removed. The objection which will be urged against such a provision is that the selfish employer will seek to engage only those employees who have secured the right to waive their benefits, but this defect could be met by a restrictive provision limiting to a percentage of the total employees the employment in any one shop of those who have waived their rights. An additional safeguard would be found in the fact that the granting of such permits is lodged in a State Commission which would therefore be in a position to prevent abuses.

It has been suggested that a compulsory state insurance plan—such as exists in some of the foreign jurisdictions—with no alternative method of securing insurance coverage, would render the employer indifferent to the physical condition of his employees and therefore the problem would disappear. In any form of state insurance the cost is apportioned among the different groups in accordance with the accident experience of that group. It must follow, therefore, that every employer becomes vitally interested in his own loss ratio, for it goes to make up the total cost to the group and any unfavorable experience will therefore react upon him.

Instead of giving the defective the right to waive all of the provisions of this act, it might be found feasible to provide that he shall receive no compensation for any accidental injury to which his previous physical condition has contributed.

The necessary details for working out this provision have not been formulated by me, and my object in calling attention to this matter at this time is to see if some way cannot be devised for taking care of what may prove to be a considerable percentage of our working population without requiring them to obtain relief from charitable organizations or the state.

New York City. S. HERBERT WOLFE.

Hope for America

SIR: It may be fashionable to state that America has no art except as she has borrowed, stolen, or bought it—but it is very discouraging to be forced to believe that such a condition of affairs is absolutely true. There may be a modicum of truth in Mr. Kuttner's recent utterance that "when we are purged of our commercialism, when leisure has civilized us, drama will reflect our noble traits soon enough." Meanwhile there are some of us who are inclined to resent the implication that at present we are entirely commercialized, absorbed, and ignoble.

America is doing something dramatically worth while even though the musical comedies still cater to "the tired business man" and every abandoned down-town church is being turned into a "moving-picture palace." Continental critics know the names of Clyde Fitch and William Vaughn Moody. William Archer discusses both of these men in his recent book on stagecraft; Louis Cazamanian, the brilliant University of Paris *Maître des Conférences,* has translated and had produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, Moody's "The Great Divide." Though we are not, perhaps, a nation where "greater leisure has raised the standard of appreciation among audiences," if I remember correctly these are not unfamiliar names to the American public.

We may not be doing much very great, but we are doing something. The Little Theatre of Chicago, The Drama League of America, the splendid and practical drama course of Professor Baker of Harvard, are but three of many agencies that bespeak some sort of hope in the present. There is material in the present age if one is only broad-minded enough to find it and big enough to render it in terms of actuality. And, incidentally, we are waking up nationally in all the arts. Chicago, and its group of new singers of new themes, *The Little Review, Poetry,* St. Louis with its young but efficient Art League and its splendid pageant of last spring, all indicate an impulse toward new productiveness and new appreciation.

Artistically we have not arrived, but I question the necessity of being so infernally pessimistic, of even sitting back in snug comfort to await "The Great American Dramatist." He may not come for some hundred years. Meanwhile we live and things happen.

St. Louis. C. J. MASSECK.

Dramatizing Unrest

SIR: In your issue of December twelfth you criticize the Commission on Industrial Relations because it has neither confined itself to a scientific inquiry for new light on the industrial problem, nor to a campaign of propagating truths already known. Your criticism is based on a preliminary report to which the Commission itself attached rather slight importance as being merely a record of progress and a promise for the future.

As a matter of fact, the Commission has a fixed policy that contemplates both of the courses you suggest. A distinct line has been drawn between scientific research and public hearings, and these two lines have been prosecuted under different leadership, although with an effort to correlate and coordinate the two.

The Commission's hearings have been undertaken in an effort to do exactly what you suggest—that is, to dramatize the industrial struggle and to make people think and feel about it. Only a consummate artist like Galsworthy could accomplish this in a report to Congress. The Commission has used a more objective method. It has tried to accomplish it through the public hearings themselves. The Commission feels that it has succeeded to a very large extent. The desired effect has been achieved in many cases locally, but the hearings have been held in so many cities that a very large number have been reached. It would have been almost impossible for the Commission to have produced a document of any compelling power in making up a report that was intended to be merely tentative, and that consciously avoided the statement of conclusions.

Chicago. GEORGE P. WEST.

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The Popular Hit

Watch Your Step, a syncopated musical show in three acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Plot (if any) by H. B. Smith. Presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York.

"THEY don't come much better than that." I agree with my unknown contributor. It is warm praise, but it gives the first fine, free reaction on the fun of "Watch Your Step."

After all, it is a pleasant thing to live in a small town. Out in the big, cold world you know nobody, and nobody knows you. But here in New York we all know the local gossip, share in the local jokes, are on to the local celebrities. It isn't as if you lived in the great lonely city where people are stiff and formal, where nobody ever "loosens up." I am thinking of centers like Rockland, Me., where the standard is sixteen to one, sixteen seductive silvern remarks on your part to one golden token of silence on the part of the exuberant native. In New York there may be certain provincial drawbacks, certain narrow interests and island ways, but at least when our local talent is let loose we all feel the coziness and neighborliness that comes in a one-horse town.

Take, for example, our accomplished townsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Everybody in New York knows the Castles. In a great city people like that might be lost, but on Broadway they are in the midst of intimate and often communicative friends. And when Frank Tinney says: "Vern, you'll be in the hall of fame all right, but you'll be there with Tracy the Outlaw, Captain Kidd and all the other hold-ups," everybody sees the jape, because the prices he gets for his dancing lessons are the talk of the town. And when Mr. Castle says he likes singing, Frank Tinney remarks: "You say you like singing. Well, you married her." And the roof lifts. They give Mrs. Castle a piece in the show so that she may dance, but her singing is very Chinese. Could they refer to that in a big-sized, callous town?

Vernon Castle is a good deal of the show. Not everyone in the village knew he could chant, and it was a surprise when he sat down before two drums and proved his fingers were as rhythmic as his toes. In the play he is a fashionable Englishman, very creditable for home talent, but the chief thing was of course his dancing. There wasn't enough plot in the play to put in a teacup. He simply danced whenever he got rested. His legs are ten feet long and an inch thick, but he is as graceful as a gazelle. Every time Mrs. Castle entered she appeared in a new and more lovely costume, sometimes a figured and formal dress, sometimes little more than draperies of exquisite shades. Her performance was a delight, especially when she came careering in and just sailed lightly around the stage. She and he did a polka, the sort of thing people used to dance in the sarsaparilla age, before we discovered that dances could be made up like cocktails and gin fizzes. They gave many of these Bronx, Manhattan and Martini varieties as well, with fifty in the chorus to assist them; all to syncopated music, the music so fittingly named after a very disastrous disorder of the heart.

One reason everyone in New York is keen about the Castles is that they are the living exhibits of a get-rich-quick romance. Frank Tinney says in the play that Mr. Castle used to be a waiter. Now he takes his salary home every night on a push-cart. In a big city this would not interest anybody, but everyone likes to drink in the appearance of such a marvel in a small place like New York.

In vaudeville, the most rigid form of entertainment, a man is disgraced whose act does not run like a machine. One of the joys of "Watch Your Step" is the local ease and freedom. The trick dog of vaudeville becomes in "Watch Your Step" the "good dog" that calmly lies down when he is told to stand on his head. It is very irregular and wrong. It would never do where people were not at home. But so little sense has this audience of the serious obligations of trick dogs, that they laugh as if the performer were a friend.

Another thing characteristic of a genial small town is the fun you can have about grand opera. In a big city they take opera seriously. In Chicago people begin to get gloomy at the prospect of opera early in November, and the gloom rests over the entire North Side until the hilarious season of Lent. The first thing Chicagoans thought about when the war broke out was: "Thank God, we can cut out grand opera without letting the cat out of the bag." But in New York a pleasantly "jay" attitude toward opera is quite the thing. "Watch Your Step" has one scene revealing the Opera House. All the boxes are full of morose men reading the religious news, the only column left in their papers. The ladies' hair is all ablaze with private electric-lighted tiaras, Mr. Edison's latest cultural device—not so useful as his cement houses, but almost as beautiful. Several of the patronesses go home, complaining that the sleeping accommodations are medieval. The stage is first occupied by Caruso, the only opera singer known to small towns. Caruso is succeeded by Frank Tinney, the carriage caller, who immediately takes the real audience into his confidence about the expert comedian's favorite topic, nothing in particular.

When an innocent damsel asked her swain to repeat one of Tinney's jokes in the orchestra, the comedian came forward to remark: "Don't tell her. Make her listen herself." But he was too kind to give her name to the rest of Broadway. Tinney's color in the play was black. He changed his clothes from a carriage caller's to a Pullman porter's, and from the Pullman porter's to a coat room boy's, but like a good comedian, he never changed his face. Because of the plot he was not let come on till the second act, when the plot was removed. As the Pullman porter he made no effort to reach the plane of metropolitan wit. Of the proud father of twins who had just received a silver loving-cup from Colonel Roosevelt he solemnly inquired: "Do you get it outright, or do you have to win it three times?" It is only in small towns that people live in the memories of the White House of 1908.

"Watch Your Step" does not keep up a serious plot. The story it tells New York is the story New York likes to to hear, the story of its own times, its own foibles, its own favorites. It does not play up to, or down to, its public. Undisguisedly assured, it plays directly with its public, and, cleverly, vivaciously, successfully, plays on it. There is nothing fulsome about its flattery, nothing transparent about its device. It does not buttonhole New York too rudely or attempt too obvious an appeal. But with a great deal of adroitness and considerable real humor it rolls the ball—not too swiftly—until the audience is as excited as a kitten. And when it overtakes the ball—not too difficult—the audience literally purrs. It is an immensely successful entertainment.

It succeeds because it has a friendly common touch. A stranger from Mars might be puzzled at our motor jokes, our Erie jokes, our Pullman jokes, our hotel and coat-room and dancing-school and grand opera humor. He might miss these touches of urban familiarity that make our whole world kin. But it would be his loss. He would not have had the advantages of living in a one-horse town.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Land Credit

Rural Credits, by Myron T. Herrick and R. Ingalls. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1914. $2.00.

IT is not a decade since the American public began to manifest an interest in the problem of supplying agriculture with adequate loan funds. Little by little the idea became current that this is one of the fields in which we stand far behind European countries; pamphlets and reports setting forth European experience are beginning to abound. Indeed, the discussion has already reached the stage of the authoritative treatise; proof of this is the appearance of the book under review. For the work of compiling a treatise on this subject Mr. Herrick is eminently qualified. He understands the American financial situation perfectly, and long connection with mutual savings institutions has familiarized him with the difficulties that retard the development of thrift and cooperation among the masses. He was one of the first in this country to make a political issue of the agricultural credit question, and as Ambassador to France he had exceptional opportunity to pursue his investigations of European experience. One whose work is done under such abnormally favorable circumstances encounters, to be sure, grave danger of being crushed under his own weight of details. Mr. Herrick escapes this danger, though often by a miraculously narrow margin.

Reduced to arithmetic the problem of agricultural credit runs as follows: Why is it that in our best farming sections, loans on good security cost the borrower, in interest and commissions, six per cent (in other sections, seven or eight per cent) while the German farmer in almost any section can borrow at four and five-tenths per cent? Is it because agriculture is a more uncertain venture here, with our droughts and floods and fluctuating prices? It has never been established that the uncertainty of the seasons is greater here than in Germany, and our prices, depending on a world market, fluctuate less than German prices. Is it because general interest rates are higher here than in Germany, as indicated by the fact that we are a nation which imports capital while Germany exports capital? General interest rates are indeed higher, but only by an almost negligible fraction. But in land credit we have a difference averaging two per cent, at least. The conclusion is irresistible that our disadvantage arises mainly, if not wholly, from the lack of such institutions of organized credit as have grown into bewildering complexity on German soil.

It is remarkable how highly the investor values the quality of perfect negotiability. A good railroad bond yielding four per cent will sell at par; an equally secure bond of a small local company yielding six per cent will probably sell at a discount. A capitalist thus is willing to forego one-third of his income for the sake of obtaining a form of investment permitting easy recovery of funds. Now, farm mortgages in America are among the least mobile of investments. They may be sound as gold, but they cannot be sold beyond the circle of those who know the property on which they are based. To transform the mass of farm mortgages into uniform securities having a national market would naturally effect a great reduction in the interest burden upon agriculture. This is, in effect, what the land credit institutions of Europe have done. In the German *Landschaften,* or cooperative land credit associations, the individual member executes a mortgage in favor of the association, which gives him in exchange debentures representing an equal par value, secured by the collective assets of the association and also by the landed property of all the individual members. These debentures sell as readily as government bonds, and hence they bear an extremely low rate of interest. The borrowing member must pay a rate of interest exceeding the debenture rate only by costs of administration, and these costs are but a small fraction of one per cent.

Since land credit debentures always find a ready market, there is no need of fixing a date for their retirement. In practice they are retirable at the will of the credit association. There is, then, no reason why loans should not run for as long a period as the borrower may desire. In our own country farm loans run for periods of three to five years, although there may not be the least possibility that the borrower can pay them off within so short a term. The borrower may, if he chooses, fix a term of thirty years in Finland; in Italy, of fifty-four; in Germany and Sweden, of fifty-six and a half years; in Hungary, of sixty-three years; in France, of seventy-five years. It is hard to conceive how a European farmer could avoid accumulating funds sufficient to extinguish his debt as it falls due. As a fact, foreclosure, so disgracefully common an event with us, is hardly known in the lands of well-organized rural credit.

The key to the land credit situation, according to Mr. Herrick, is the debenture. This, he declares, is the chief if not the only lesson to be gained from European experience. Nevertheless we may presume to extract from Mr. Herrick's instructive pages additional lessons, perhaps not less important than that of the indispensability of the debenture.

However sound financially the European land credit institutions may be, they do not owe their inception to financiers. However advantageous they may be to those who avail themselves of their services, the institutions did not originate in spontaneous cooperative activity. They are the product of self-conscious statecraft, and only late in their history have they manifested a disposition to free themselves from governmental intervention, privilege or subsidy. If land credit debentures have come to be regarded as investments exactly as good as government bonds, this is due in no small measure to the fact that through many decades the government was popularly understood to stand sponsor for them in case of need. This is one lesson from European experience that should be carefully counted.

Again, land credit institutions naturally reserve rights of action in case the land by which loans are secured is permitted to deteriorate or fall into inferior use. Thus a constant influence is exerted in the direction of good standards of agricultural practice. The principles of appraisal, on which the amounts loanable are determined, rest upon productive capacity, not upon speculative possibilities. And this acts as a check on the tendency, so often manifest in American communities, to fix so high a value upon land as practically to put a ban upon purchases and sales.

But most significant of all, the history of European land credit reveals clearly the possibility of employing it for the support of such social institutions as the forces politically dominant may decree. The original Prussian *Landschaften* were designed to give relief to the landed aristocracy, threatened with ruin by the losses incident upon the wars of Frederick the Great. This purpose they did in fact accomplish. The later *Landschaften* and the *Crédit Foncier* in France were designed to encourage the development of a rural middle class. What purpose would the seventy-five year loan, characteristic of the *Crédit*

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Foncier, subserve? Eminently that of separating rural interests, not into those of landlord and tenant, but into those of capitalists and enterpreneur. Neither *Landschaft* nor *Crédit Foncier* attacks the problems of the peasant proprietor. But in the late developments, exemplified by the Irish Land Laws, the credit of the state is used to dissolve absentee estates into peasant holdings. With the steady advance of social democracy in Europe, evidences of state aid to institutions furnishing land credit to the man of small means become increasingly frequent; at the same time, institutions furnishing credit to the wealthier classes grow disillusioned of the principle of state aid. Is there no lesson here for us? We do not want a peasantry, nor a rural middle class, nor a landed aristocracy. If we knew what we do want, we should know what kind of rural credit organization to strive for. ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

More Barry Pain

Stories Without Tears, by Barry Pain. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

WERE we to accept his publishers' enthusiastic cover-comment we might well believe that Mr. Barry Pain was a master of the short story rivalling Anatole France, Rudyard Kipling or O. Henry. In actual fact, so far as "Stories Without Tears" show, he writes pleasant little stories, mildly humorous and with as much point as is required by editors of the better class magazines. The best are certainly his studies of lower middle class English life, as in, for example, "The Hero and the Burglar," which rises nowhere above the level of the fifteen-cent magazine story. Occasionally, as in "A Model Man," he attempts characterization, not unsuccessfully. One can have no quarrel with Mr. Pain, who achieves perfectly what he attempts, the production of pleasantly light fiction. His publishers are ill-advised, however, to attempt to place him among the immortals. After all, the hen is as useful as the bird of Paradise and much more suited for home consumption.

Vizetelly's France

Republican France, 1870-1912, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co. $4.00 net.

ANY work dealing with the recent history of France is of especial interest just now, in that it may throw some light upon the truly amazing *volte-face* in the national temperament shown, to all outward seeming, since the outbreak of the present war. Now that events have so happily belied the fear, it is not too much to say that the majority of foreign Francophiles regarded the future of her arms with more of fear than of hope. We have heard so much during the last quarter century of the growth of corruption, public and private, within her borders; we have been the unhappy witnesses of so many unedifying "incidents," especially in affairs military; we have always before us the memory of the last great war and of the subsequent Communist outrages. Was it possible that at the call not this time of glory, but of necessity, the France we loved —because of her faults no less than in spite of them—could slough them off and go out to meet her enemy with all the strength of youth and purity and inspiration?

In the dark days of early August it looked as if our worst fears might be realized. Dark stories came from the fighting line of incapacity in high places, of scandalous unpreparedness where all should have been prepared, of hurried retreats when retreat should have been unthought of. Paris itself was full of rumors, full of a vague uneasiness; the old, too familiar panic cry, *"Nous sommes trahis,"* seemed likely to be heard at any moment. Then, almost instantaneously, all was changed; the army found its second wind, threw back its shoulders and set to the work before it with a new and strange imperturbability that foresaw victory; the people at home set their teeth; Paris quieted down into a birthplace of heroes, wrapped the cloak of dignity around its fears, and then—but not before —the invading armies began to fall back. The real France, not the old or the new but the innermost France, had become uppermost. It is only by the study of such books as Mr. Vizetelly's that even those of us who know our France almost as well as we know our own country can appreciate why.

Mr. Vizetelly's several works on contemporary French history all suffer because he knows and has seen and especially remembers too much. He sometimes, that is to say, makes it difficult to see the wood for the trees. His mind is an amazing storehouse of details, some of which obscure the main issues. From his childhood—he was little more than a boy when he went through the amazing nightmare of the Commune—he has seen and known everything and everybody that matters in French modern life. He can tell us the names and describe the appearance and the manners of the habitués of any Paris drawing-room from *"l'Année terrible"* until to-day. Scarcely a minor politician, scarcely even a swindling financier but comes within the field of his microscopic memory. Accordingly, his latest work is valuable as a work of reference, almost as a social guide-book, to be read in conjunction with others of less special treatment rather than for the entertainment of the general. It throws light upon the renaissance of France rather by what it leaves unsaid than by what it says. As Mr. Bodley has shown us, the country's strength is not in her armies, her statesmen or her administrators, but in the "common" people, not the Paris commonalty but the peasantry of France, cool-headed, calm-hearted, bovine.

The world of which Mr. Vizetelly treats, the world of "Affaires Dreyfus" and Panama scandals, the world of the *coulisses* and the boulevards, of ambitious premiers and corrupt ministers, could have done nothing to save France when the hour of supremest need came. Something else was needed, something beyond the calculations of Kaiser Wilhelm and his General Stabmajor. And by the process of elimination Mr. Vizetelly shows us that something.

"Republican France" is a work of value and interest, with one limitation; you should know something of France before you read it.

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Who are the Slavs?
(p. 228, Vol. XXV, Encyc. Brit.)

What led to militarism in Germany?
(p. 621, Vol. II, Encyc. Brit.)

What is the difference in English, German and French methods of using machine guns?
(p. 248, Vol. XVII, Encyc. Brit.)

What does neutrality mean in war time?
(p. 441, Vol. XIX, Encyc. Brit.)

What nations guaranteed the perpetual neutrality of Luxemburg?
(p. 11, Vol. XXI, Encyc. Brit.)

What constitutes a declaration of war?
(p. 316, Vol. XXVIII, Encyc. Brit.)

How are the terms of a treaty or an international award enforced?
(p. 327, Vol. II, Encyc. Brit.)

How do laws of war as applied in civil conflict differ in case of rebels?
(p. 312, Vol. XXVIII, Encyc. Brit.)

Do you know what the flag of one nation placed above another in war time means?
(p. 462, Vol. X, Encyc. Brit.)

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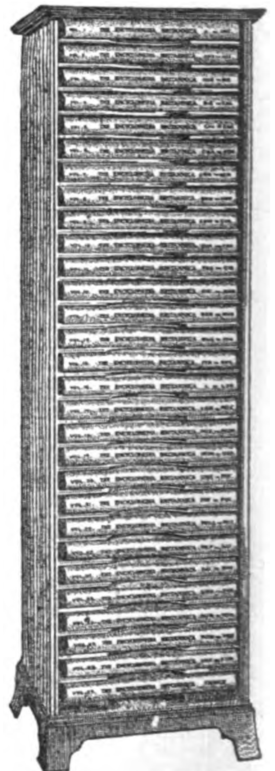

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The New
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A Journal of Opinion

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PRESIDENT Wilson's speech on Jackson Day was not very happy in its criticism of the Republicans, but it was largely justified in its praise of the Democrats. When he said that the present Congress should be credited with the most remarkable record of any Congress since the Civil War, he was not overstating the case. When he said that the Republican party has not had a new idea for thirty years, he was palpably and inexcusably distorting the facts. During Mr. Roosevelt's second administration the Republican party was bursting with new ideas, while at the same time the Democratic party, not excluding Mr. Wilson, was laboring with old ones. The trouble with the Republicans was not lack of new ideas, but inability to unite in carrying them out. They had so many ideas and they believed in them so sincerely that a majority of the Republicans preferred to break up the party rather than abandon the ideas. What the Democrats have done is to take over some of these ideas, modify them with an infusion of traditional Democracy, and serve them up to the public as an old idea. It was an extraordinary achievement, for which the credit is largely due to Mr. Wilson. He has every right to be proud of it, and he may well taunt the Republicans, who have so often boasted of their efficiency and of Democratic ineptitude, with the comparative meagreness of the Republican legislative record. Thrice in its history has the Democracy presented an example of effective union and discipline for the accomplishment of party purposes, and always under the vigorous and autocratic leadership of one man. Woodrow Wilson has repeated the achievement of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson; and it is an achievement of which no Federalist, no Whig and no Republican has ever proved to be capable.

THE man who eventually writes the true history of the Democratic party will have many obscure and provoking anomalies to explain. Why has the Democracy alternated between periods of the utmost cohesion and efficiency and periods of internal dissension and political ineptitude? Why has the Democracy been able to survive dissensions, inefficiency and even temporary political bankruptcy so much better than its opponents? When the Democrats get into trouble, some of them split off, and the continuity of the party is maintained. Something of this kind happened after the second English war and before the Civil War. A party which can survive the amount of unpopularity which the Democrats obtained and deserved during the Civil War can survive almost anything. When the Federalists got into trouble they did not subdivide or hibernate; they disappeared. When the Whigs proved inadequate to deal with the slavery issue, they did not hide for a while and then come back; they too disappeared. In 1912 the conservative Republicans were apparently quite willing to destroy the party and disappear rather than acquiesce in a pernicious progressivism. The Old Guard dies, but it doesn't surrender. The Democrats have no Old Guard. They neither die nor surrender. They change their spots, but they do not change their name. The party has the vitality of a low organ-

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ism. It can not only subdivide without losing the continuity of its life, but it can temporarily assume almost any form, any color and any structure without ceasing to recognize itself and without any apparent sacrifice of collective identity. It is, as the President says, a grand thing to be a Democrat, but in the light of history there is some doubt as to what you are when you are a Democrat.

IF a woman suffrage amendment succeeded in being ratified by three-quarters of the states, only a purblind theorist could wish to set aside the will of such an overwhelming majority because of a possible opposition among the remaining quarter of the Union. Yet we learn from the House debate on equal suffrage last Tuesday that most of the anti-suffrage Democrats represent themselves as precisely such fanatics. In spite of Mr. Underwood's sententious talk, and in spite of the well-known reputation of Democratic Congressmen for cold intellectual honesty, it is hard to stomach this employment of the argument of state rights in relation to a question so founded on ordinary human requirements as franchise. It is well, perhaps, that for the purpose of meeting this argument the suffragists have designed another amendment, calling for state referendum, a curved instrument for minds politically oblique. But even if this also proves ineffectual, a great gain has been made in getting a division on the suffrage question in the House. The quality of the opposition to woman suffrage is exposed. The temper of those Democrats who compliment suffragists on their "tenacity and skill and address" has been marked for political digestion. The majority that voted down equal suffrage have served, by the very virtue of the voting process, to give reality to a contention hitherto vague, and thus to bring women nearer the vote.

SECRETARY Garrison's statement upon the pending Philippine bill made to the Senate Committee was refreshing in its freedom from the confusion of thought which has characterized most of the discussion on the subject. The Secretary, according to his usual habit, testified with his eye upon the facts. He placed the bill in its proper historical perspective by describing it as the last of a series of measures adopted by the President or Congress for the purpose of giving to the Filipinos an increasing share in the conduct of their own government. If it is favored as a departure from the policy of previous administrations and as the survey of a clear and smooth road to independence, it is being favored for a supposed merit which it cannot and does not possess. If it is opposed because it creates illusory expectations of complete independence at an early date, it is being opposed for a defect of which it is not really guilty. The preamble promises the granting of independence under definite conditions, but the realization of these conditions is indefinitely remote. Although the bill would be better without the preamble, the bill should be considered on its merits apart from the preamble. It should be discussed as an instrument of government which is intended to bestow upon a politically inexperienced people as much governmental responsibility and power as will promote their political education without impairing their economic development. The friends of the Filipinos should devote their time to perfecting the measure as a piece of organic political legislation, rather than to its condemnation or praise for irrelevant merits or defects.

AS we anticipated, the President does not intend to continue his fight with the Senate over the distribution of patronage. The kind of a compromise which has often in the past ended similar controversies has been arranged. New appointments are to be made which are acceptable both to the President and the aggrieved Senator. The Senate emerges with its power over patronage confirmed by another precedent. It always must emerge substantially victorious from similar controversies until some President comes along who is willing to hazard the success of his whole administration upon the issue of the fight. It would be unreasonable to expect any such sacrifice from Mr. Wilson. He is seeking above all to govern by means of his party and to give renewed vitality to the system of party government. Congressional control over patronage is essential to the partisan system as it has been built up under American conditions. The President who seeks to destroy it must be ready to get along without organized partisan support and without any but indispensable Congressional cooperation. He must be ready also to substitute for Congressional appointment a new and a better method of selection, so that he would be fighting not on behalf of a merely personal control over appointments, but an efficient and independent administrative system.

THE veracious cartoonists on our ultra-respectable papers usually represent the labor leader as a red-faced agitator, declaiming against blood-sucking capitalists. They picture him as a consorter with evil men, a drunkard, a brutal, violent, unprincipled, irrational "rough-neck." That type, however, if it exists at all, is as rare as is the type of every fleshy capitalist, whom we see depicted in Socialist papers, tilting a fat cigar in a loose-lipped mouth and stamping with heavy foot upon an

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emaciated and prostrate workingman. The ritual labor leader is a planner rather than a talker, a "business agent" rather than a "walking delegate." In the unions in which trade agreements are in operation, the labor leader is concrete, aggressive yet conciliatory, clear-minded, and above all, statistical. On the question of wages, output, profits, an official of the United Mine Workers can argue the average president of a coal company off his feet. In the present arbitration proceedings between ninety-eight western railroads and their engineers and firemen, we find the workmen's representatives fully informed concerning the last detail of the management of the various lines, and perfectly able to discuss gross and net revenues, capitalization, and other financial matters with the company statisticians. When the time comes for labor to take its part in the management of business, it will have learned how.

SIR Edward Grey's note diminishes the area of the controversy about contraband between the United States and Great Britain, but by no means removes the causes and the dangers of friction. Our government must continue to insist that belligerent necessity shall not be made the pretext for more than the smallest possible interference with neutral commerce. In continuing its insistence, it suffers the disadvantage of being unwilling to take, if necessary, extreme measures in order to enforce its position. The notion of seriously threatening Great Britain as long as she is engaged in the existing war would not be tolerated for one moment by American public opinion. But if the United States because of her sympathy with the Allies is obliged finally to submit to an excessive restriction of the commercial rights and opportunities of her citizens during war, we shall at all events have learned a lesson. Pacific and neutral powers should organize for the promotion of neutral as opposed to belligerent interests. The United States alone could not seriously embarrass Great Britain at the present time without seeming to be unfriendly and grasping. But if a sufficiently large group of neutral powers joined in the protest, they could almost certainly induce even a very powerful belligerent to submit a controversy of this kind to an international tribunal. We are arguing with Great Britain over questions of law and fact which are or should be every bit as justiciable as is an ordinary action in a common law court. Some regular method should be provided for their adjudication.

RECENT proposals from South American diplomats for a congress of the neutral nations suggest the uncomfortable idea that this Latin civilization of which we know so little may be producing a more vital sense of statesmanship and a larger grasp of the "international mind" than is our own. It may be that the political turbulence with which we associate things South American has a reverse side in a tendency to take government and statecraft with an intense seriousness rather than with the amiable dilettantism which so often characterizes us. The habit our southern neighbors seem to have of appointing as Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors trained international jurists is in interesting contrast to our preference for corporation lawyers, novelists and popular lecturers. A tendency to talk international politics in terms of international law and history rather than of the Prince of Peace and simple human kindness is also suggestive. While the pacifists of Europe are trembling lest our Secretary of State should somehow get a role to play in the peace negotiations, it is worth while to ask ourselves why most of the constructive proposals for American action are being made by representatives of an American civilization which we complacently ignore.

IT was inevitable that an administration which has a distinguished author at its head and sundry editors of weekly and daily papers at its right hand should sooner or later go into the newspaper business. After holding out less than two years the authorities at Washington have launched, through the Department of Commerce, the *Daily Commercial Report,* "a live, up-to-the-hour" paper, to quote its enthusiastic press-agent, which will print news of the Department and of the consulates and embassies. In welcoming a competitor, it is customary for a journal to point out that the new venture cannot possibly succeed; but such is not our purpose. The *Commercial Report* has solid financial backing, and with a generous free list it should secure a considerable circulation. It may be more terse and vigorous in its style than the *Congressional Record,* published by the same firm, and it cannot be less interesting than the *Daily Consular and Trade Reports* which it supplants.

WITH what emotions, we wonder, would Oliver Cromwell behold the London of 1915? In the year 1642 times were calamitous in England. She was "threatened with a Cloud of Blood, by a Civil Warre." To avert the wrath of God, both Houses of Parliament joined in a grave ordinance which decreed the suppression of public stage-plays. "Whereas publike Sports doe not well agree with publike Calamaties, nor publike Stage-Playes with the Seasons of Humiliation, this being an Exercise of sad and pious Solemnity, and the other being Spectacles of Pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious Mirth and levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and Ordeined by the Lords

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and Commons in this Parliament Assembled; that while these sad Causes and set times of Humiliation doe continue, publike Stage-playes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this Land, the profitable and seasonable Considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe Times of Joy and Gladnesse to these Nations." On December 30, 1914, London was still far enough from the mood of 1642 to be enjoying the following spectacles of pleasure: Cinderella, Peg O' My Heart, Sleeping Beauty Beautified, Peter Pan, The Forty Thieves, The Cockyolly Bird, Aladdin, The Earl and the Girl, Charley's Aunt, Potash and Perlmutter, Little Lord Fauntleroy. England has acquired a somewhat different attitude toward the wrath of God.

WE learn with regret that at a time when peace is none too plentiful the relations between Germany and the republic of San Marino have become strained. It was hoped that San Marino, tucked away comfortably in the midst of neutral Italy, might escape the common lot, but the German government has accused it of favoring espionage through its wireless station and has threatened to send a commission of inquiry. The microscopic republic has declined to receive the commissioners. The fat is in the fire; almost anything may happen now. For San Marino, with its twenty-two square miles of territory and its army of nine hundred and fifty men, including privates, is the bantam-weight champion of Europe and environs. It has been independent—some think excessively so—for over a thousand years. Monaco, despite its wealth, could only protest weakly when the Germans despoiled its Prince's villa; Luxemburg, with all its broad acres, scarcely made an outcry under the heel of the Teuton. But San Marino, though small for its age, is all wool and approximately a yard wide. Whatever the outcome, many people will learn with interest that the splotch of color in the Apennines is a nation and not a cartographical error.

UNSYMPATHETIC to most thinking Americans are the recently translated views of Heinrich von Treitschke on the large subject of feminism:

> History wears thoroughly masculine features; it is not for sentimental natures or for women. Of women one can say in general, that in a normal way they only acquire comprehension of law and state through their husbands.

But it is simple to take these views as novel or German or militaristic. Treitschke merely turns to woman a mind that is like a wall, fit only to reverberate prejudices hundreds of years old:

> Sit not in the midst of women; for from garments cometh a moth, and from a woman, a woman's wickedness.
>
> A silent woman is a gift of the Lord.
>
> Give not thy soul unto a woman, that she should set her foot upon thy strength.
>
> From a woman was the beginning of sin, and because of her we all die.
>
> Hast thou daughters? Give heed to their body, and make not thy face cheerful toward them.

There is nothing new about Treitschke's male egotism except its political cast. Male egotism was not made in Germany.

The Tide of Reaction

THE tide of reaction which began to run last spring seems still to be rising. The elections in November showed that for the first time in ten years the voters were indifferent or hostile to progressive measures and candidates. People were suffering from the effects of business stagnation, and they attributed their mishaps and privations to administrative and legislative blundering. Since the election there has been no substantial improvement in trade. Public opinion all over the country is preoccupied by the causes of the depression; and there is a prevailing disposition to charge it to Democratic tariff legislation and in general to political agitation. The Republicans are jubilant over the prospects. Their reactionary wing has become more than ever confident. Until recently its leaders found they would have to be good in order to be popular, but now they are hoping they can be sufficiently popular without more than a pretense of being good. They are anticipating a return to power by virtue of the persuasive effect upon public opinion of such words as "safety," "sanity," "economy," and "prosperity." What kind of a platform they will build upon the support of these fluted verbal pillars has not as yet been intimated. Its specific formulation must depend upon the nature and scope of the eventual electoral triumph.

Because at the present moment the reaction is so closely associated with business depression, and business depression itself is associated with tariff revision, progressives must not infer that the new tariff is the only unpopular phase of progressivism. The elections showed a reaction all along the line —a reaction not merely against the Wilson Democracy but against those parts of the progressive program in which Mr. Wilson has shown only a lukewarm or a negative interest. Almost every measure submitted to popular vote at the state elections which was open to any suspicion

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of being progressive was rejected by a decisive majority. The voters exhibited emphatic disapproval of all attempts at political reorganization, and for any but the most moderate plans of economic and social reform. Whenever they recognized a symptom of progressive ferment they buried it under a pile of negative votes.

So far as this hostile movement of public opinion amounts only to an automatic and senseless reaction, progressives have no cause to be alarmed. If the Republican party seeks to take advantage of it to revive any of the old abuses or to dissipate any of the recent achievements in progressive political and social legislation, it will itself soon be submerged. In spite of the tide of reaction, American voters are far more interested in the realization of positive political and social purposes than they were ten years ago, and they will soon desert a party which is reactionary in behavior or which is wholly indifferent to the manifest needs of political and industrial reorganization. They do not consider the progressive movement as an attempt, engineered by a group of agitators and empirics, to graft an exotic growth on American political and economic life. They know it to be an honest, if confused and blundering, effort to adapt traditional impulses and ideals to the unprecedented contemporary social needs. American public opinion most assuredly remains loyal to the idea of a continuing forward movement. The existing reaction seeks to discipline progressivism rather than to destroy it. The mere circumstance of temporary unpopularity is not important. Its causes and meaning are important. Progressives should ponder what they have done to deserve popular reprobation.

The majority of progressives will feel that they have done nothing to deserve the withdrawal of popular confidence; but in this they are mistaken. Of course they have not deserved the same kind of reprobation that many of the Old Guard of business and politics formerly deserved. They have not been culpable in consciously cultivating a private interest at the public expense. Yet they should have enough candor to admit that hitherto they have been found wanting in another and equally critical respect. Progressives as a body have not as yet proved equal to their job. They have not gathered as much zeal, as much unity of purpose and spirit and as much effectiveness of method as they need to serve their higher conception of the public interest. They have been fundamentally right in associating a positive program of social legislation with an increasing popular participation in responsible industrial and political work, and they have popularized and legalized many fruitful reforms; but they have trusted overmuch to the efficacy of political and legislative mechanism, and have consequently impoverished the moral and intellectual impulse underlying the progressive propaganda.

The immediate failure which the voters were chastising at the last election was chiefly a failure of method. The realized progressive program was found to be very expensive. The tendency of the tariff reductions to injure business was more evident than the benefits to the consumer. The dissolution of the most powerful trusts was gratifying to the small producer, but if anything it has increased the cost of living. While our government was spending more money, and taxes were becoming vastly more burdensome, any commensurately beneficial results were at least doubtful. The progressives had promoted expenditure before they organized economy. Government by administrative commission was proving to be meddlesome and officious largely because of the very inferior quality of most of the commissioners. Direct popular government, in so far as it prevailed, was not an entirely satisfactory substitute for government by responsible parties. It organized minority rather than majority rule, and complicated still further a system which was already trying to accomplish too much by the agency of votes. In their zeal to eradicate abuses, progressives had been betrayed into the adoption of inefficient and only semi-efficient remedies.

The failure of the method was indicative of a deficiency of understanding and an infirmity of purpose. Progressivism had become popular during the muck-raking period, when it was possible to associate conservatism with crookedness. The progressives were bound together chiefly by the abuses they denounced and by the enemies they had made. They could be unanimously enthusiastic about driving the special interest from politics, destroying the power of the bosses, regulating the public utility companies and breaking up the trusts; but they were not similarly unanimous about the program of reconstruction and its formative purpose. Progressives still cherished the widest possible differences of opinion as to the meaning of the movement and the nature of its essential work. President Wilson has indeed been enormously successful in uniting the Democrats upon a definite program; but the program is as limited as it is definite, and in the absence of the limitation the union would disappear. Democrats have been persuaded into the support of certain progressive measures by the aid of a plausible but uncandid attempt to convert progressivism into a Jeffersonian Democratic revival. Thus the immediate success has been gained by the introduction of a still deeper confusion of thought and uncertainty of purpose into the intellectual and moral background of the progressive movement.

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The progressives must then reconstruct progressivism before they can reconstruct American political and industrial institutions. After the tide of reaction is spent they are likely to be confronted by a new conservatism much less vulnerable than the old, and much more competent to deal realistically with modern political and social needs. The old insurgency, the old denunciations of predatory wealth and corrupt bosses, will have lost some of their power and meaning. The progressives will need more than ever the bond of a common faith, a common interpretation of their faith, and a common program; and they will need, quite as much as a common faith, a highly adequate method of carrying it out. If progressives are going to rule they must know how to rule. One of the great obstacles to socialism, so its enemies have said, has been the socialists. The progressives must not allow themselves to be one of the great obstacles to progressivism.

Art and Popularity

AT the basis of Anglo-Saxon morality there lies the grand assumption that self-sacrifice is the most praiseworthy of human motives. It is therefore natural that the literary world should not yet have recovered from its surprise at the candid essay on "The Artist and the Public," which Mr. Arnold Bennett has included in his latest volume of articles, entitled "The Author's Craft."

Presumably sick of the complacence with which all Englishmen regard the sacrifices that have been imposed on artists, Mr. Bennett plays the rôle of bull in England's moral china shop. "No artist," he bellows, "was ever assisted in his career by the yoke, by servitude, by enforced monotony, by overwork, by economic inferiority." It is all very well, he says, for a smug plutocratic nobleman to prescribe starvation for authors. It is all very well for *dilettanti* to repudiate the world of men at large, to refuse to see the connection between art and money, to take refuge in aestheticism, to scorn normal life, to give themselves up to "a genuine feverish morbid interest in art." But for himself, as for greater artists, he claims the need of success, of popularity, of immediate returns. No three years on oatmeal for him, no naked shivering nights on Parnassus. Be wily, he counsels. Tickle, cajole, seduce. Get round the public by ingenuity and guile. Go very little further than is quite safe. "You can only do one man's modest share in the education of the public." Only put into the trappings of the time as much of your eternal self as they will safely hold. If you try to do more, you are a snob and sentimentalist. If you want the public on your own terms you are either a god or a conceited and impractical fool. You are probably the latter if you fail to obtain "the fair reward" of your work. You think it noble to keep your hands clean? You pride yourself on your "shrinking scorn"? You are merely a coward who refuses to admit that "the earth is the earth, and the world the world, and men men." Your attitude leads to "preciosity and futility." "Full of grievance against the whole modern planet," you will be morbid and "brilliantly peculiar," "fit only to fall into gentle ecstasies over the work of artists less sensitive" than yourself.

These are bitter words, but Mr. Bennett reinforces them from the story of George Meredith. It is with acute pleasure that he proves George Meredith to have been embittered by the lack of popularity, to have envied highly-paid George Eliot, to have admitted openly "the futility of writing what will not be immediately read." It is with personal satisfaction that he records: "Meredith subdued his muse, and Meredith wrote potboilers, because he was a first-class artist and a man of profound common sense."

For its detestation of the shibboleth of self-sacrifice, which has made Anglo-Saxon synonymous with hypocrite everywhere, it is hard not to delight in these words of Mr. Bennett. He, at any rate, indulges in no "dishonest nonsense" about popularity. He has courted popularity and won it. He has aimed at commercial success and achieved it. And he flatters himself that in doing this he has merely sacrificed inessentials so that he might retain essentials. Even, he implies slily, he has put himself mysteriously into his potboilers.

There is, however, one flaw in all this brave practicality of Arnold Bennett. Accepting his testimony that the public *est une grande réalité, comme la guerre,* how does it happen that he is a Socialist? If his socialism means anything, it means that he is dissatisfied with two prejudices of the ordinary public mind—first, the prejudice that society is incorrigible, and secondly, the prejudice that commercialism is fair. The public may, in his own phrase, be an obdurate reality, yet he believes in defying it. Commercialism may be the existing code, yet he believes in undermining and destroying it. He believes in denying that rewards are now fairly distributed, or that commercial success is any testimony to a man's genuine social worth.

In practicing in literature the standards of bourgeois Staffordshire, Mr. Bennett has proved to his own satisfaction that he is just as good a man, commercially speaking, as any manufacturer of pots and plates. He has lived up to his inherited morality. He has proved himself no prig, no snob, no sentimentalist, but a lusty money-making man among men. And, accused by his own conscience of artistic dishonesty, he triumphantly exhibits the

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evidence that George Meredith, like himself, wrote potboilers, another "man of profound common sense."

That Meredith was an extraordinarily disinterested psychologist, no more capable of demanding "immediate popularity" for the vast proportion of his work than any other specialist, is ignored by Mr. Bennett. He simply blinks the fact that in the existing state of society there must be disinterested men who shall suffer from economic maladjustment or perjure themselves. Forgetting he is a Socialist, he says that a man who disregards public opinion is a conceited and impractical fool, a morbid ass, a snob and a sentimentalist.

Very good indeed is it for prigs to be told to tickle, cajole, seduce. But as a practical course for all original artists, especially artists emancipated from Mr. Bennett's underlying superstition that self-respect demands monetary success, it is singularly like the advice with which Mr. Bennett and other Socialists were nauseated in England for many years.

Re-creating Mr. Wilson

THE task of re-creating Woodrow Wilson in the image of the *Saturday Evening Post* was undertaken last week by that accomplished journalist, Mr. Samuel G. Blythe; on Jackson Day at Indianapolis Mr. Wilson made the attempt in his own behalf. Coming as they did within a few days of each other, the interview and the speech were a veritable blast of humanity. They seemed almost to be a concerted attempt at crushing out what Mr. Blythe describes as "a general disposition to regard the President as a thinking machine, as a large and brilliant but gelid intellect, incased in a non-responsive and highly insulated covering." To dispel this popular mistake Mr. Blythe came near taking an affidavit that the President is human, and Mr. Wilson himself fidgeted through his speech at Indianapolis as if he were aware at every sentence that the curse of the highbrow was upon him.

That the effort to exorcise the curse is deliberate can hardly be doubted. Interviews with a President are carefully planned, and the manuscript is O.K.'d before publication. The White House may therefore be presumed to have been aware of what this particular interview was aimed to accomplish. It was aimed to "humanize" the President. This also was the genius of the Jackson Day speech. Gone was the old elegance, that style so rounded and carefully shaded and traditionally correct that it seemed fit to be inscribed with what our grandfathers used to admire as "fine penmanship." Mr. Wilson seemed to be trying to forget his "style," to turn his eloquence, which suggests knee-breeches, wigs and lace ruffles, into something which would penetrate that ultimate terror of the statesman, a smoking-room full of the boys. On that hypothesis alone are we to explain his announcement that "when some great dailies not very far from where I am temporarily residing thundered with rising scorn at watchful waiting, Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled."

Mr. Wilson seems to have agreed to the superstition that intelligence and humanity are difficult to reconcile, and that for political purposes "humanity" is the better alternative. But temperamentally this choice is not an easy one. Being a man of limited vitality, limited, that is, in relation to the heartbreaking size of his office, he must conserve himself. In spite of Mr. Blythe's assurances that "his passion is the people—the real people," contact with men seems to be an enormous nervous drain upon him. At the Indianapolis reception where handshaking was inflicted upon him, the newspapers say that he greeted each person with a hand-clasp and a smile, but that he did not speak. He didn't bubble over with exuberance, and there may have been a slight chill in the atmosphere. What this would signify is not that Mr. Wilson is a cold, logical machine, but that he is a man easily wearied who has to conserve his strength.

The quality of reacting vividly to a thousand varying stimuli, of showing an unflagging interest in the surroundings, the sense of abounding energy—these are endowments which democracies ask of their leaders. They get them, usually at an enormous price, in the glad-handing, shallow, mechanically exuberant manner which goes with being a "politician." The price is a general thoughtlessness, ideas fragmentary and haphazard, picked up in intervals of laughing and slapping on the back and inquiring with insincere affection about your constituent's wife's uncle's second cousin. Mr. Wilson hasn't the strength to carry on this tradition, even if he had the will.

But the qualities of his constitution seem to work against him in another way. In the technical language of philosophy one might say that he prefers to learn from concepts rather than percepts. He is an intellectualist; he does not take in the world through his senses and feelings, the world comes to him strained through ideas. He is more at home among ideas than he is among the facts from which they are drawn. When people speak of him as inaccessible, this in all probability is what they mean. If Mr. Wilson wishes to know something, he has not time and strength to rub up against great numbers of people, fill his office with bankers, with merchants, with labor men who are voluble, cannot stick to the point,

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and generalize badly. A mind as well disciplined as Mr. Wilson's suffers agony in the midst of a chaotic and disorganized conversation. A mind like his can, or at least thinks it can, learn what it needs from books, from reflection, quiet observation, and the careful talk of a few trusted and intimate friends.

So, too, with the "great emotions" which he misses in the Republican party, which, according to Mr. Blythe, the country misses in him. It would be absurd to imagine that Woodrow Wilson's external coldness is due to insensibility. In all probability it is due to extreme sensitiveness, to a thin skin rather than a thick one. He is the kind of man who has to screen himself, to select his impressions and soften their impact. He cannot "let himself go," not because he lacks feeling, but because he is not robust enough to withstand the strain of allowing himself to feel too deeply. Irritation and shock hurt a mind as delicate as his far more than minds resting on a firmer animal organism. He has to live in a kind of spiritual seclusion. Within it he no doubt feels deeply for human liberty, for the "real people." But the liberty and the people have been translated into terms of the mind, they have become ideas, and it is to these ideas far more than to actual men and women that his emotions go out. This probably is the only way a sensitive man without the genius of vitality can live in the President's office. It is the necessary compromise for a reflective nature when it faces such terrifying responsibilities.

Mr. Wilson's problem seems to be: Given this kind of temperament, how am I, without breaking through my necessary seclusion, to reach the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post?* It is not an easy problem to solve, but at least we can say this: Not by talking slang, not by pretending that we are living in those paleolithic times when men identified a political party with national salvation. Above all not by playing golf. No one can establish his humanity by playing golf. On this point Theodore Roosevelt's instinct may be regarded as infallible. He does not play golf, and when some one asked him whether he would follow Ex-President Taft's example, he is reported to have spoken straight from the heart of our people when he replied that he was not feeble-minded enough as yet to go chasing a white pill around a meadow.

If slang, partisanship, Sam Blythe's word and golf won't arouse popular enthusiasm, what will? As members of that people whom Mr. Wilson loves, we beg him first of all to read "The New Freedom," to give us a little of that "pitiless publicity" which perished about two weeks after Mr. Wilson took office. We can't be very much interested in his policies or his administration, we know so little about them. The American people are not in his confidence. They have not been called upon to help him to rouse themselves for him; they have been asked to approve an amazing efficiency in dealing with Congress, but they have no sense of having shared in a great triumph. The approval of Mr. Wilson is there, but it lacks the warmth that can come only from a comradeship in arms.

Then, too, while Mr. Wilson may be perfectly sincere in thinking he has "emancipated" business, no fireworks are going to be set off about it. Most Americans may be glad of a "rest," but they do not share Mr. Wilson's complacency and his extravagant estimate of the benefits which Democratic legislation has conferred upon us. Not only has he announced that the struggle between private and public interests is over and happily settled, he has assumed that the good old Democratic party is now a fine "instrument" for the intelligent voter. But where? In New York? Massachusetts? Illinois? In the solid South? To come to us in the year 1915 with the partisanship of the Jackson Day speech is not a way of attaching our noblest sympathies.

What people miss most of all in Mr. Wilson is the imaginative and daring initiative which risks a great deal and clinches a great decision. In a year when men have felt more deeply than they have for a generation, he speaks to us of party complacency and partisan defiances. The enthusiasm of people doesn't depend on whether he tells funny stories, has human weaknesses, or feels the poetry of a moonlit night. Taft was more human than humanity, and it didn't help him. But when a people is living in a world crisis, it doesn't want to be told to vote the Democratic ticket. When it is listening for a trumpet-call, it turns away bored from a stump speech.

The Future of the Socialist Party

PARTIES, like men, resent the thing they are and revere the thing they believe they were. They change, but deny change. The Democratic party, while attacking national problems in a national way, believes that it believes in states' rights, and piously misquotes Jefferson and Jackson as the Republicans misquote Abraham Lincoln. Even more backward-longing is the Socialist party, which, though now seeking to become a widely democratic, moderate, responsible party, a party of proletarians and non-proletarians alike, still clings to the illusions of youth, and rattles a sabre long grown rusty in the scabbard. But of the noble

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revolutionary rage, little is left but a sullen acerbity, and a suspicious hatred toward opponents and heretics.

We find this acerbity and this hatred in an eight-column attack upon our editorial of December twelfth on "Socialist Degeneration," which has just appeared in the New York *Call* over the signature of Mr. William J. Ghent. We have already printed and analyzed Mr. Ghent's statistics, but we are curiously interested in the innuendo and open denunciation with which this logician ekes out his argument. He accuses THE NEW REPUBLIC of seeking maliciously to destroy the Socialistic party. But in truth we have no such desire. Despite its infirmities of reason and temper, despite its erratic policy and dogmatic yet uncertain pronouncements, despite the fact that it is a party facing both ways, and not permitting one face to gaze upon the other, it is still a hopeful manifestation of our political life. Its errors are less of the heart than of the head, and its enthusiasm, its self-sacrifice, and its occasional spurts of courage more than compensate for its obstinacy in misrepresentation and for a certain mendacity born of fanaticism. The Socialist party offers an opportunity to hundreds of little groups all over the country to educate themselves in public meeting if not in public affairs. It is a great reservoir of democratic feeling and one of the leading popular universities in America. We should regard the destruction of the Socialist party at this time or in the near future not as a misfortune but as a calamity.

We shall not expect Mr. Ghent to give credence to our good intentions and earnest assurances. Yet, though denunciatory and suspicious, Mr. Ghent is in some respects as courteous a disputant as Mrs. Malaprop herself, for no sooner does he refute our arguments to his entire satisfaction than he generously concedes them to be right. In fact, he almost overdoes his complaisance. We claimed that the Socialist party was "appealing to farmers, middlemen and small capitalists as well as to wage-earners," in the very act of denying which Mr. Ghent admits that Socialism does "appeal to the men of the soil," and does "make its appeal to humane men and women in every walk of life." The Socialist party is in fact becoming a "vague, ungeneralized, democratic organization," addressing itself not alone to men who are exploited by wages but to the masses generally; appealing, moreover, not on the basis of the class war between proletarian and capitalist, but on the basis of justice, humanity, social solidarity, and the needs and the power of masses far broader than the proletariat.

Let us see how this all-important development—denied and conceded at once—has taken place. Seventy years ago Marx and Engels were convinced that a destruction of capitalism by the proletariat was imminent. By the proletariat Marx meant, not "the humane men and women in every walk of life," the college presidents, financiers, mugwumps and settlement workers, but the exploited wretched propertyless wage-earners, compelled to sell their labor-power in order to live. This very specific class, "the only true revolutionary class," would be self-impelled to overthrow private property in the means of production, and it would be able to do so. For not only was this proletariat the "overwhelming majority" of the population, but it was to be reinforced yearly by numberless shopkeepers, peasants and small manufacturers, who, though in their present situation reactionary, would become revolutionists when ruined by competition and tumbled into the ranks of the proletariat. Against such a breeding, crowding mass nothing could stand. But neither now nor then, neither in America nor in the chief industrial countries of Europe, does this proletariat actually form an "overwhelming majority," nor in fact a majority at all. Less than 40 per cent of the adult males of the United States are in receipt of wages, and of these a large proportion is immune to Socialist agitation. Many are farmers' sons, who, though earning wages, hope themselves to acquire land. Others are ambitious to become shopkeepers. Millions of proletarians—negroes, recent immigrants, migratory workers—are in law or in fact disfranchised, and others are too isolated or too ignorant and apathetic to have any proletarian ideals whatsoever. Finally, among wage-earners, differences of race, language, religion, locality, political tradition undermine unity, and a cleavage widens between the skilled artisans and the unskilled workers. Between the locomotive engineer and the negro track-layer there is as deep a gulf as between engineer and railroad president.

The Socialist party thus faces the problem of how, with a minority of the proletariat, itself a minority of the voters, it can attain to political power and overthrow all the legal and constitutional barriers of capitalism. It is not an accidental problem, but inherent in the facts of our economic life. Nor is it temporary, for though the proletariat grows, other social classes, farmers, shopkeepers, little stockholders in large corporations, increase simultaneously. The chance of a peaceful Socialist revolution through the ballots of wage-earners grows slimmer.

As a consequence, even wage-earners who are class-conscious do not always vote the Socialist ticket. They fear to "throw away their votes"; they would rather get what they can from the Democratic party than be promised what cannot be given them by the Socialist party. The Socialist party, it is true, has an "immediate program," but the immediate program of a party which cannot

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achieve immediate success has little appeal to wage-earners anxious to have something done for them. Rightly or wrongly, wage-earners believe that they can gain more by bargaining with the two great parties, offering their votes in return for legislation, than by standing courageously for a party with high principles, but which cannot escape from permanent impotence except by making an appeal to the very classes to which the so-called "capitalistic" parties appeal.

If a party cannot get what it wants it usually ends by taking what it can get. For a political party, especially in America, has a hard struggle to exist, and if it is to survive at all must gain and keep adherents. A group of scholars may stand indefinitely for a program which cannot be realized for centuries, but a political party must keep itself going and must be strong enough to prevent its capture by those innumerable half-sane enthusiasts who attach themselves to all weak movements, and ruin them. Personal ambitions, low and high, obvious and subtle, are the very stuff of which parties are made, and these ambitions in a revolutionary party drive it into vote-getting, into a policy of strengthening the party by weakening its platform. To secure the adherence of men who, however "humane," are themselves small property owners, the party platform must be so changed as to protect such property. The inevitable result is the democratic "degeneration," of which Syndicalists speak, but whether it be called degeneration or reformation or regeneration, it is in fact a subtle change in nature, a change rooted, as we have seen, in fundamental conditions.

For years, therefore, we shall probably witness a development, which is already proceeding, in the direction of an appeal by the Socialist party, not alone to the proletariat, "the only truly revolutionary class," but to all voters, irrespective of class, who are in favor of a more or less gradual change towards a greater measure of political and industrial democracy. The party will doubtless become increasingly opportunistic, less revolutionary in tone, less dogmatic in utterance, more apologetic, more matter-of-fact. It will spend less time in denouncing "capitalists" and more in denouncing "great capitalists"; will forgive the farmer his farm and the shopkeeper his shop; will deny or explain away the class-war theory and other divisive doctrines; will build up a machine as other parties have done, and will compete with these other parties for the suffrages of the people. It will have the advantages, but it will also have the drawbacks, of a nearer approach to responsibility. No longer can the party enthusiastically proclaim that white is whiter than black and industrial freedom preferable to wage-slavery, but it will be compelled to prove that its particular workmen's compensation act is better than the law proposed by Republicans or Democrats, and is more likely to be adopted.

And this means internal conflict. There are earnest men in the Socialist party who are not in the least ambitious to elect a Socialist mayor in Gulfport, Florida, or Eagle Bend, Minnesota, nor for that matter in New York City or Chicago, but wish to fight only for the immediate and complete emancipation of the proletariat. These rebels, who appeal to party traditions—for even a revolutionary party has traditions—will be suppressed but not silenced by the majority of practical socialists, wiser in their day. But the party will long carry with it this internal dissension, and will find it more difficult to adjust itself to very concrete political exigencies, requiring immediate compromises, because its own children of the light, filled with party piety and the sense of the impending revolution, will impede the adjustment at every point.

Here our prophecy ends, if it is a prophecy, or indeed anything more than a writing large in the future of what is written small to-day. Whether the new Socialist party, in process of becoming, will attain to dominance or be thrown back by some other better equipped democratic party, less impeded by convictions and traditions, thrown back again upon a policy of criticism and mere aspiration, cannot now be foretold. In any case we shall in America doubtless succeed to some strong democratic organization with advanced social ideals, just as at all times we shall have minor groups, hardly deserving the name of party, the "impossibilists" of to-day and perhaps the forerunners and prophets of a distant to-morrow. Whether, however, the democratic socialized party for which we are looking is to spring from the loins of the Republican, the Democratic, the Progressive, the Socialist, or some other party not yet born is a matter for comparative indifference.

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Austria in the Future

WHATEVER the remote and complicated causes of the great war may have been, it is patent that the direct occasion was the conviction of Austrian statesmen that the consequences of the two Balkan wars had imperilled the Hapsburg empire. The new and greater Servia, which had arisen south of the Danube, was frankly and publicly proclaiming its intention to play the rôle of Sardina, to liberate the southern Slavs, to build a province of Slavdom on the Adriatic, which could only come with Austrian ruin.

After nearly six months of war it is now possible to estimate something of the results for Austria of her decision for war. Nor is it possible to mistake these consequences. In Galicia, in Bukovina, in Servia, Austrian armies have been routed, destroyed, the whole fabric of the Hapsburg empire has been shaken, and it can no longer be questioned that whatever peace may bring for other nations, it must bring a sweeping change for the Dual Kingdom. Provinces must be surrendered to Russia, to Rumania, to Servia and to Italy, the whole internal organization of the Austro-Hungarian empire must be remodeled in favor of the Slavs, and finally, it is possible that in the storm the whole empire will disappear, as has long been forecasted.

Examining the problems of the Austrian future, it is possible to discuss them under three separate divisions, dealing first with the provinces that must be lost, second, with the racial and political questions of the territories that will remain, third, with the possibilities of dissolution and its consequences.

First of all, it is plain that Galicia and Bukovina, now almost wholly in the hands of the Russians, will be lost. That Russia will cede Bukovina, with its Latin population, to Rumania as a reward for Rumanian assistance later is possible and probable. But what is certain is that the 8,250,000 Poles and Ruthenians of the Galician province will hereafter belong to Russia, the Russian frontier will rest upon the Carpathians, the natural rampart of the Slav empire, and the eastern frontier of Austria will return to the limits of the period before the partition of Poland. Galicia and Bukovina will represent a territorial loss of 35,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants.

Next in order is the disposition of Transylvania. Here the population is mainly Rumanian, 1,500,000 out of 2,500,000. Geographically, Transylvania belongs to the eastern Roman state, whose present territory half surrounds it. Historically it is a part of that Dacian province of old Rome which sent thither the colonists to whom the Rumanians trace their descent. Finally the Hungarian nation, which has long ruled here, has earned the deserved hatred of the Rumanian population by employing precisely the methods which made Austrian rule odious in Italy. That Rumania will presently enter the war, occupy Transylvania, and thus add 21,000 square miles to its present area is inevitable.

That Bosnia, Herzegovina and southern Dalmatia will similarly fall to Servia and Montenegro is equally beyond debate. The population is Serb; before the Turk came Serb monarchs ruled this land. It was Servian ambition to possess these provinces that provoked the war, which for Austria has been one long disaster. Victorious Russia is not likely to pause now until the 2,000,000 Slavs inhabiting these provinces are freed. For Austria this means the loss of some 20,000 square miles.

Finally, Italy is not likely to let the Trentino and Trieste, with its Italian populations, escape her, now that the great opportunity to complete Italian unification is within her grasp. The Trent district of the Tyrol, Trieste and the Istrian province, approximately 8,000 square miles and 1,000,000 people, are the smallest share Italy will demand. Unquestionably she will also press her claim to Dalmatia, but this raises other questions to be considered later.

In sum, then, Austria-Hungary must now face the probability of losing some 83,000 square miles, roughly a third of her territory, having approximately 14,500,000 inhabitants. Of the latter nearly 11,000,000 are Slavs, 2,000,000 Rumanians, 750,000 Italians and the balance Hungarians and Saxons of Transylvania. Thus despoiled, Austria-Hungary will have an area of 178,000 square miles, a seventh less than France, with a population of 37,000,000. Grave as these losses must be, it is still patent that there is left a considerable territory, possessing all the requisites of a great nation, provided only there can be found some basis for reconciling the hostilities and rivalries of the various nationalities.

Racially the peoples in Austria-Hungary, after she has paid the inevitable price of unsuccessful war, will divide thus: Slavs, 14,250,000, Germans, 12,000,000, Hungarians, 9,500,000, Rumanians, 1,250,000. Politically, of course, there will remain the two kingdoms, Austria and Hungary. But Russia has already indicated her determination to put an end to that system by which 8,000,000 Slavs in Austria and 6,000,000 in Hungary are deprived of all political rights by the German and

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Hungarian majorities. Nothing is more certain than that the Czechs of Bohemia, once peace has come, perhaps before, will successfully assert their rights, claim equality with the Germans and the Hungarians, and demand that Bohemia take her place beside the other two states in any future federation.

Nor are the 4,500,000 Serbs, Croats, Slovenes in the Adriatic provinces of both Austria and Hungary less likely to demand their independence of German and Magyar masters. Hapsburg statesmen must decide between surrendering them to the new Servia, which is bound to claim them and continue for them the campaigns made before for Bosnia, and binding them to the crown by giving them representation and unity.

Briefly, then, if Austria is to endure, it is inevitable that there should be a new political organization, a new system of federation, which would give separate existence to the 9,000,000 northern Slavs in Bohemia, Moravia and northern Hungary, and to the 4,500,000 southern Slavs along the Adriatic. This would mean four states, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Croatia, a federal system of the sort familiar to all Americans. Such an agreement would not remove all the difficulties, the racial map is too intricate for that. It would include some 3,500,000 Germans in Bohemia, unless Silesia with a million Germans were assigned to Germany; it would put some 2,500,000 Rumanians and Slavs under a Hungarian rule; but in Austria and Croatia it would erect two states each having a common language and peopled by men of the same race. In addition it would liberate 9,000,000 of northern Slavs.

If such a federal system prove impossible, then it is clear that at last Austria must end in ruin. Hungary will finally gain her complete independence. Bohemia, Moravia, with the Slav districts of Hungary, will become a new Slav state under Russian protection. Croatia, Slavonia, Carniola and southern Styria will go to the new Servian state. Austria and Silesia, with 10,500,000 Germans, will inevitably turn toward the Germans of the north.

But this last contingency, the dissolution of the Hapsburg empire, opens an illimitable vista of future conflicts. Immediately the Italians and the southern Slavs will quarrel for the possession of Dalmatia, Venetian and Roman by history, Slav by population and language. The Slav state of Bohemia will be a Russian sword thrust into the very heart of Germany, an intolerable menace, made more galling by the fact that some 2,500,000 Germans in this new state will be subject to precisely the persecutions the Czechs have long suffered. Finally, Hungary, cut off from the sea by Slav and Rumanian states, will be economically at the mercy of her more fortunate neighbors.

To halt the southern Slavs Italy may well prefer to forego her claim upon Dalmatia. For Germany with the Bohemian danger in view, the preservation of Austria as a state must be a matter of life and death. For Hungary, however bitter her wrath at recent disasters and eventual territorial losses, the prospect of independence with the loss of a window on the sea, must go a long way toward reconciling her to a continuation of her association with the Hapsburg state. Russia, for her part, once the Slavs of Austria-Hungary gain political freedom, can afford to give her support to an Austrian federation, if only to protect the southern Slavs from Italian domination.

Once more it is plain that the old phrase, "Were there no Austria, it would be necessary to make one," stands. Shorn of many of her outer provinces, her internal system radically reorganized, Austria seems bound to endure despite her defeats; but hardly as a great power, since many years must pass before real national unity can be won for the new federal association, and in these years the Germans of the north, the Slavs of the south, will unquestionably be influenced by the attraction toward the larger associations of their race brothers in Servia and Germany. But to believe that Austria is to dissolve is to believe that the present conflict is but the prelude to a long series of wars, waged between the many nations and races who are heirs-at-law or in history to the Hapsburg estate.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Continental Cultures

AMERICAN opinion in its anxiety to find who struck the match that started the blaze of war has tended to ignore the nature and quantity of the fuel. There could have been no war without those latent and brooding national feelings which the occasion touched off into flaming passion. Governments might start the conflict, but no government on earth, not even the most absolute, could keep it going with that intense animus of which every day's news gives evidence. Only a collective consciousness could do this, a consciousness, deeper than anything the individuals could articulate in words, that something is being defended or asserted in value far beyond mere material wealth. Here in America we hear only the attempts of individuals to express this feeling. The chief reason why American opinion goes so heavily to the English side is that the English are articulating themselves not in the language of national feeling, but in the language of morality, which America can perfectly understand. In contrast to this talk of international good faith, duty and

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democracy, the German considerations of *Kultur* sound to us almost grotesquely unreal, fantasies of ideals and ideas. And when we do not understand people, we, of course, if we are human, suspect either their sincerity or their sanity.

The point that generally escapes us is that this English interpretation is unique. If the French felt the need of justifying their place in the war, or if we could get at the apologetic of the other Continental nations, we should find that they all tended to interpret themselves in the terms which the Germans are using, that is, in terms of national culture rather than morality. In failing to appreciate this fact, American opinion is bartering away its opportunity to judge of the directing animus of the war for an easy and superficial explanation in terms of personal wickedness. We have succumbed to the temptation of feeling holy. We have put our appreciations outside of certain deep currents of the destiny of Western civilization. We are staggered at the emotional running-amuck of the German professors; but what are we to say of our own professors, who exhibit an emotional shallowness and defective social psychology which are even less defensible?

In the popular American mind "culture" means a priggish admiration for the art and literature which is esoteric to the general public. Whether this idea is a natural reaction against the artificial pursuit of foreign and antique cultures, or a democratic protest against the invidiousness implied by the Matthew Arnold cult, the prejudice makes it very difficult to talk intelligibly in this country about "national cultures." Yet we have no better term to express that compound of temperamental traits, moral attitudes, artistic styles, literary values, customs, manners, which make the various nations, or groups of nations, so strikingly different one from another. We know that they are different, but we tend constantly to ignore how extraordinarily tough and homogeneous each cultural fabric is. We talk as if we thought of the French merely as human beings living in a geographical section known as France. It is something of a shock to be immersed in France and discover that the people are French human beings, with a whole system of values and attitudes which weave together into a pattern quite different from our own. Their very minds move differently. Words and phrases show themselves as quite untranslatable, simply because we Anglo-Saxons do not look at the world in the same way, have not so plotted out our experience. The parts of their map of life are colored differently from ours. Our different languages are not simply different sounds for the same ideas and conceptions. They actually embody different social and individual attitudes, different valuations, different meanings.

Through an interweaving of sociological and physical causes too complex to unravel, national cultures have grown up side by side in Europe. Some subtle influence stamps everything, from look of town and countryside to personality of the individual, with the national quality. A forest in France is a French forest, unmistakably, uniquely. A German village is a village with a design and personality of its own. It is the intense self-consciousness of a common culture, of common language, attitudes and appreciations, which binds a Continental people together. It is this that they value and which they wish to assert. Rulers are not thought of as individuals governing other individuals, but as agents of this common will and desire. A dynastic house is a symbol of the struggle and evolution of this common consciousness. These are the terms in which the political and social thinking of the Continent is carried on. It bespeaks a somewhat childish ignorance of social psychology to pretend that this feeling is all a delusion carefully cultivated for sinister purposes by Machiavellian rulers.

We are all aware how enormous has been the growth of this cultural self-consciousness during the last forty years, since the attainment of German and Italian political unity, both intense cultural unities. The spread of education has carried the national values to classes untouched before. Growing economic and industrial power has brought the nations into sharp competition, and thus has given them a sharper sense of the necessity of asserting themselves. It has been assumed that improved means of communication, trade and intercourse would all operate to break down national differences. But contact with groups with values and attitudes different from our own may produce not sympathy but a keener realization of our own values and a deeper irritation at the alien ones. This seems to be what has happened. Business, machinery, technical methods, costume, have become uniform over Europe. But artistic styles, literary values, moral attitudes, habits of thought, even manners, have remained stubbornly national. The objective, mechanical, impersonal side of civilization has been tending to uniformity. The subjective, spiritual, stylistic, valuational side has remained intensely diverse. Now this is exactly as it should be. For however loosely we talk about internationalism, nobody desires the slow washing out of diverse values into a colorless European mass. The present diversity makes for a vastly richer and more vivid world. All these tendencies promise a more superb Europe, a sort of mutual society of national cultures, each possessing self-consciousness and strongly marked personality, but living in tolerant sympathy with the others. The war from this point of view may be a vast liberat-

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ing movement, clearing the way for this more conscious, intenser world. The nineteenth century may be looked upon as a long travail, a groping toward self-consciousness. Old, long-forgotten national cultures like the Irish and the Bohemian have had a reawakening, and are insisting on asserting themselves. The war has thrown all these national cultures into the furnace. Each looks eagerly towards emerging magnified in the eyes of the world. The little cultures look forward, too, to their place in the sun. A great wave of consciousness seems to be sweeping the European world.

The urgency of reconstruction, then, is that political nationality should be made to coincide with cultural unity. Owing to the mixtures of peoples and the hybrids of cultures and the fringes on the boundaries, this is, of course, a remote ideal rather than an immediately realizable solution. It must be the first step towards any permanent peace. It would not guarantee peace, but it would remove all the ferment of hatred and jealousy and revenge and sense of wrongs which has turned this new European consciousness into destructive rather than constructive energy. Once given a healthy and contained body, these cultures would have opportunity to grow and flourish unperturbed and undeflected. The argument is that this national feeling has not only provided the real animus of the war, but is also neither illusory nor deplorable. The Continental peoples are not deluded, but have hold of a reality. The tendencies which they are working out are exactly those which hold the brightest promise for a twentieth century Western civilization.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

Minimum Wage in Practice

THE first industry in which the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission has established a legal minimum wage is the brush industry. It is one well calculated to afford a practical test of the theory. Although comparatively small, it gives rise to the chief problems that would occur in the same connection in any of the great staple industries of the country. The Massachusetts brush manufacturer is subject to keen competition not only from other domestic and foreign manufacturers, but also, in the cheaper grades of the article, from several state prisons and penitentiaries. Secondly, the labor employed in the industry is largely immigrant and highly cosmopolitan, the employees being mainly of Irish, Italian, and Jewish blood. There are more women than men among them, and the women are mostly young. In short, the conditions that prevail in this state are those which tend most to enhance the inevitable difficulties in reducing the theory of the minimum wage to practice.

Before establishing a wage board, the Commission had first to satisfy itself that the wages paid to a substantial number of female employees in the brush industry were inadequate to meet the necessary cost of living and maintain the worker in health. In order to satisfy itself that such was the case, the Commission took transcripts of the payrolls in all brush establishments for a period of one year, thus ascertaining not only the rates of pay for work performed, but also the amount of unemployment during the year and actual annual earnings.

The results indicated that the wages paid to the women in this industry were extraordinarily low. More than two-fifths of the workers earned on the average less than $5 a week. Two-thirds earned less than $6. The results also indicated that the average earnings varied markedly between different occupations within the industry, and, what is highly significant, between different establishments, even when engaged in the same class of work and drawing their supply of labor from the same locality. The Commission thereupon established a special board to consider what minimum should be fixed, consisting of six representatives of the employers and of the female employees, respectively, and three other persons representing the public.

This representative board had first to consider two questions: (1) What is the sum necessary to meet the cost of living and to maintain in health a woman employed in the Massachusetts brush industry; and (2) is the industry able to pay not less than such a sum to each female employee and itself live in a healthy condition? With respect to the cost of living, the board after due deliberation became convinced that, allowing for variations between individuals, the sum necessary is in no case less than $8 a week, and in many cases may rise to $9 or more. Whether the woman were a member of a family or entirely dependent on her own earnings was in itself a factor which in the judgment of the board made little difference in her cost of living, although of course it might make a great deal of difference in her desire to earn. Upon consideration of the financial condition of the brush industry, the board became convinced that it would not be warranted in recommending so great an increase of wages as would have been required in order to cover the cost of living in the case of every female employee. The industry as a whole was so nearly stationary, employment in most establishments was so irregular, and

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the dependence on low-paid labor was so general both within and without the state, that it seemed unwise to attempt to bring about at once such a revolution as the $8 wage.

At the same time the board recognized that the industry was moving in a vicious circle. It had come to depend upon low rates of pay for labor as its chief means of keeping down costs of production and thereby meeting interstate and foreign competition. But low rates of pay had tended to make it difficult to procure an adequate supply of steady workers. Unsteady work tended to increase the costs of production, and in turn compel, so far as possible, further reductions of rates. Thus there was a constant tendency to depress the rates of pay, although lower rates of pay by no means necessarily resulted in a lower cost of labor per unit of output. The manufacturers had yet to learn that high wages and a low cost of labor may well go together.

The rate eventually determined upon by the board was a flat minimum rate of 15½ cents per hour. It further recommended that at the end of a year the board reconvene for the purpose of considering whether the industry can then afford to pay a minimum rate fully adequate to cover the cost of living. The Commission approved the minimum rate of 15½ cents per hour for the present, and the manufacturers accepted it. Henceforth any experienced woman who is employed the full time the factories are in operation, generally about fifty hours a week, may expect to earn in general not less than $7.75 a week. This is a great gain to all but the exceptionally efficient workers. A few unimportant manufacturers have not yet fully complied with the law, but they will doubtless be brought to terms by publicity.

The effects of such an increase of the rate of payment are in part immediate, and in part more or less remote. In this case the immediate effects have been to incite the manufacturers to a more careful selection of their employees for efficiency, and to increase the earnings of those employed. The manufacturer must select more efficient employees, or, for a time at least, submit to a real increase in the cost of labor. It does not follow, however, that it will be to his interest to dismiss the slower workers rather than pay them the increased rates, and fill their places with new employees. The expectancy of greater speed or ultimate skill in the new employee may be offset by the certainty of greater experience and present worth in the old. It does not pay to introduce more than a certain proportion of apprentices. In the ordinary course of events, among young working women there is a considerable amount of voluntary withdrawal from employment, and consequently a steady influx of new workers. The employer can take advantage of this condition gradually to raise the standard of efficiency in his establishment without actually dismissing any of his less efficient workers, and without materially sacrificing his financial interests.

The establishment of the legal minimum has the further immediate effect of making employment more regular for those who are most in need of high wages. A certain proportion of working girls do not need to earn all their living, some do not actually need to work in industry at all, and many prefer to work somewhat less than a full week. Such girls can now earn what they want more quickly. Most working girls, however, want to earn all they can in a full week, and for them the establishment of the legal minimum offers the promise of steadier work. This is so, partly because the competition from less needy workers is reduced, partly because the increase of the rates of payment makes it more profitable to employ the more industrious workers steadily than to give discontinuous employment to larger numbers of less industrious workers.

One of the objections most frequently urged against the minimum wage is that the minimum will tend to become the maximum, or in other words that the employers will reduce the wages of those above the minimum in order to offset the increase in the wages of those below. This objection has never been convincing to persons who are familiar with labor conditions, since women who are worth to their employers more than the minimum wage before the minimum fixed by authority of law cannot be worth any less afterwards. With respect to the Massachusetts brush industry, it is now possible to appeal to the logic of facts. The minimum rates have been accepted, and they have not become the maximum. Workers who formerly received more than the established minimum rates have neither had their wages cut, nor have they been discharged to make room for cheaper workers. On the contrary, so far as there is a perceptible tendency towards any change, it is towards a change in the direction of higher remuneration all along the line.

Among the more remote effects of the establishment of the minimum wage is the effect on the manufacture of brushes itself. Any real increase of wages must be met in the long run either by an increase of efficiency on the part of the workers, or by the adoption of improved methods of manufacture and marketing, or by the introduction of improved machinery, or by an increase of price to the consumer. It is now too soon to know whether there will be any increase in the price of brushes or introduction of improved machinery because of the increase of wages. In the English chain industry, the first industry on that side of the water in which the legal minimum wage was established, the increase of wages was eventually met in all four ways. With respect to the Massachusetts brush in-

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dustry we can only say that prices have not yet been raised, nor has there yet been any displacement of labor by machinery. Certainly there is a tendency to greater efficiency on the part of the employees, and doubtless there is also a tendency on the part of employers to reconsider their methods of business organization and management with a view to the adoption of more economical and efficient methods. The establishment of the minimum wage is only one element in the modern theory of scientific business management, and the forced consideration of that element stimulates the voluntary consideration of other elements.

A. N. HOLCOMBE.

The Ship Purchase Bill

THE Ship Purchase bill has been officially declared to be the measure the passage of which at the present session is considered to be of most importance by President Wilson. He has succeeded in obtaining for it the support of the Democratic party organization, and the threat is freely made that if it is not passed, an extra session of the new Congress will be called. Many of the President's supporters dislike the measure and have been unable to understand his insistence upon it. The present article is an attempt to explain in general why the President attaches so much importance to the bill, and why he is willing to risk so much in securing its passage.

Primarily, of course, the bill is an emergency measure, intended to relieve industrial depression in this country by providing for a freer movement of American products to foreign ports. The United States has goods to sell—hundreds of millions of dollars' worth. The rest of the world wants them. There is congestion of freight at every Gulf and Atlantic port—in the grain elevators of the West, in the cotton warehouses of the South. Shipments are delayed to and from Latin-America. Ocean freight rates on the average are three times as high as they were before the war, and in some instances six times as high. The charters on four voyages to Europe will pay even the high cost of an American-built vessel. No wonder Secretary Redfield is in anguish over the tantalizing opportunity to wipe out our debt abroad. What a tremendous shift could be made in the balance of trade if we had a merchant marine!

The administration plainly regards the Ship Purchase bill as an adequate constructive measure. A corporation is to be formed which shall purchase, construct, equip, maintain and operate merchant vessels between the ports of the United States "and the ports of Central and South America and elsewhere to meet the requirements of the foreign commerce of the United States." Shippers desiring tonnage to transport goods to Europe shall be supplied with tonnage. Government lines are to be established between the United States and Latin-American countries in the hope of obtaining return cargoes, something which is practically denied to privately owned vessels under the American flag. Secretary Redfield, the optimist of the administration, believes it would be possible, with the aid of our consular officials and the newly established service of commercial attachés, to perform such efficient missionary work among the exporters of Latin-America that the north-bound vessels sailing under the American flag would return with full cargo instead of coming home in ballast as they do at present. Not only will tonnage then be more nearly adequate to meet the needs of our over-sea commerce, but our ships will not be penalized by the extortionate freight charges of private ship owners.

Secretary McAdoo's investigation as to the causes of high freight rates discloses that more than 5,000,000 tons of shipping had been suddenly withdrawn from commerce through the interning of German and Austrian vessels and the commandeering of part of the merchant fleet of the Allies for military purposes. To show what a gap was made in existing means of transportation, it is stated that these vessels could transport 10,000,000 bales of the South's cotton in one voyage to Europe. Other causes contributed to the high rates. Many vessels left our Atlantic ports loaded to the Plimsoll line, but were forced to return practically empty. Others could get cargoes only one way and charged accordingly. Hull insurance for voyages across the mine fields was perforce included in charter quotations.

These are some of the reasons why ocean freight rates jumped from four shillings per ton per month, which was the average rate before the war, and close to the lowest on record, to an average of twelve shillings. Before the oubreak of the war cotton could have been shipped to Bremen at a cost of approximately $1.75 per bale. Now an exporter who obtains a rate of $15 per bale feels that he has no cause for grumbling.

Enormous as these rates are, the shippers are not complaining so much about the rates themselves. Take, for example, the $15 per bale to Bremen. The shipper buys the cotton at 7c. per pound, or $35 per bale, and pays the $15 per bale for freight. Marine insurance and war risk, together with other charges, may make the cost of

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cotton landed at Bremen $60 per bale or 12c. per pound. Yet Bremen is willing to pay 20c. and even 22c. per pound for cotton, which would be equivalent to approximately $100 to $110 per bale. Plainly the European buyer, not the American shipper, pays the freight. The grievance of the American shipper arises from his inability to obtain tonnage even at these huge prices.

It is a desperate situation, and an administration honestly solicitous about the economic welfare of the American people should deal with it properly. But is the entrance by the government into the shipping business the proper and the sufficient remedy? Does it not bring with it dangers of international complications, and possibly disastrous ulterior consequences, which more than outweigh the immediate advantages? What is to become of these vessels when the end of the war releases a vast amount of tonnage and rates again drop to an unprofitable basis?

The answer is that the administration regards the Ship Purchase bill as something very much more than an emergency measure. The arguments made on behalf of the bill dwell more upon its permanent than its immediate value. The report of the majority of the Senate Committee states explicitly that the serious burden imposed by the war upon the American people against their will and beyond their control is not the really critical consideration. Under existing conditions, the fortunes of war or the naval interests of a belligerent may at any time stop entirely the movement of American freight. Thus the bill is fundamentally an effort to build up an American merchant marine. It is intended to supply American foreign trade with an instrument for its development. It is the Democratic retort to the ship subsidy bills of former Republican administrations. It is the fulfillment of the fine aspiration which President Wilson has always had of contributing something to the restoration of the American flag to the high seas.

The objections to this experiment in government trading are manifold and obvious; but assuming that the country really needs a merchant marine, both as a safeguard and as an agency for the development of foreign trade, what is the alternative? American capital will not invest in merchant shipping, because of the disadvantages which American vessels suffer in competition with foreign vessels. A tramp steamer, the *King David*, which had cost $123,000 to build in England, could not be duplicated in this country for less than $250,000. Two Pacific Mail steamships, the *Mongolian* and the *Manchuria*, which cost $1,850,000 each in this country, could have been built in England for $400,000 less per ship. Fixed charges, including taxes, insurance interest and charges for depreciation, are 40 per cent higher on American vessels than on those of other countries. The *David*, operated out of Gulf ports under the American flag, cost $1,235 a month in wages. The vessel was transferred to the Norwegian flag, and was operated at a wages cost of $680 a month. The navigation laws of this country require on certain steamships eleven officers against a requirement of only five on foreign ships of the same size. The standard of food on American vessels is 50 per cent more expensive than on those of our foreign competitors.

American shipbuilders and ocean carriers complain bitterly of the restrictions which the navigation laws impose upon their business; but evidently the American standard of living, for which these laws are the expression, is not going to be relaxed. On the contrary they are likely to be advanced to a still higher level. Business men who expect to secure any modification of the navigation laws which will permit American capital invested in the foreign carrying trade to compete on anything like equal terms with their foreign rivals, are indulging in an illusion. They will never succeed in securing the consent of Congress to such a sacrifice of American standards. Public opinion would prefer to do without a merchant marine than to purchase one at such a price.

If, then, a merchant marine in foreign trade is necessary as a national safeguard and as an instrument of national expansion, there are only two other ways of securing it. One is some scheme of subsidies. The other is a steamship line owned and operated by the government. The Republicans in the period of their greatest authority and at a time when business was peculiarly influential in determining political action, under the leadership of an unusually powerful man who believed absolutely in the need and the justifiability of obtaining a merchant marine by means of subsidies—the Republicans, with all these chances in their favor, failed utterly to do more than pass a subsidy bill through one branch of Congress. How much more completely would any subsidy bill fail now of passage or even of support?

There remains the plan of President Wilson, the Ship Purchase bill now before the Senate. We may well regard with distrust this attempt to impose upon the government a work and responsibility which is likely in the long run to be unprofitable, and which may bring into disfavor all government trading. We may well believe that the shipping business is one in which the government is not likely to shine in competition with foreign or domestic carriers. But whether we regard such objections as conclusive against the bill will depend upon the importance which we attach to the possession by this country of a respectable fleet of merchant carriers on the high seas.

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Why Arizona Went Dry

ARIZONA'S election in November was more than the turning into the prohibition column of what romantic Western literature regards as the "wettest" state in the Union. Arizona went dry for sundry and natural reasons which spell a lesson to other apprehensive commonwealths. Prohibition is traditionally instituted in states by slender majorities. Those citizens who acquire the new and spreading ethical theory that drink is a general curse, seem to be about equal in number to those who stand for American personal liberty and in addition believe that a town dry hurts business. It was so in Arizona.

That state has but 68,000 voters. The state went dry by about 4,500. Some 30,000 voters were said by the "Wets" to be so dry as to be insulated against reasonable argument. They took to hostility towards liquor through both heredity and environment. Arizona has a large church-practicing population, and it was among these that the anti-saloon campaign took most virulently. They had suffered through long domination of their territorial government by the saloon politicians. In present times there had grown up a sort of saloon trust. Exactly how trustified or real this phenomenon was is not as important as the fact that a large part of the enfranchised citizenry believed in it. Their faith was bolstered up in November by the open and anguished campaign activity of the Royal Arch. Using the Bartenders' Union as an agent, this order obtained the passage through the convention of the State Federation of Labor of a "wet" resolution.

This success, however, held a flare-back. Labor unionists are as a rule "wet" because prohibition means a certain amount of unemployment. On the other hand, they are too used to parliamentary activity and too intellectually insurgent to allow any such casual political resolution as this one to bring conviction. The local unions around the state naturally and amid much passing of resolutions bolted these convention instructions. The wet advocates, in trying to rally the unionists, found also that a strange slogan entitled "ten-cent beer" was being used against them. They were told that a laborer's beer should cost five cents and no more, and that while California was a five-cent state, the saloons from avarice had made Arizona a ten-cent state, and numerous glasses of beer had been embittered during the drinking by this realization. On the day before election it was seen that the labor vote, previously counted solid wet, was split badly.

Another painful surprise to the saloon interests was the opposition discovered among the colored voters. There seem to be between 1,500 and 2,000 of these in Arizona. Negroes have always been barred from all but the Mexican saloons, and it was but reasonable that they should not hurl themselves into the liquor entrenchments. One negro leader said: "I don't see how I am expected to get patriotic over a place I'm not allowed to go into." The negro population almost to a voter dug out its hatchets and with joy sharpened them for the now humble and petitioning saloon man.

Among mine owners in Arizona every Monday is a blue Monday from the standpoint of getting out ore, and the Monday after the monthly payday makes indigo a transparent shade. It is all because of the Mexican. The latter considers that to steep himself for two days in the combination of denatured alcohol and analine dye locally known as "red-eye," and then to wreck his cabin, is to achieve as much of heaven as a poor man can hope. A large per cent of the unskilled miners in Arizona are Mexicans, and a rough one hundred per cent deport themselves as described. Hence the mine managers and their following were not out laboring night and day to uphold the integrity of the mining camp saloon.

These relatively small forces, important because they all took the same direction, excited the anxiety of the "Wets." They imported the many times ex-mayor of the wettest town in the United States, and he cited quotations from the Scriptures which showed that practically all the revered figures of tradition had lived, with regard to beverages, either a dissolute and disorganized life or had spent their literary efforts in extolling such an existence. The "Drys" met this by a moving-picture film entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," shown nightly to thousands, which portrayed such highly colored and regretful activities in the saloon business that people who had never seen a saloon were exceedingly disturbed.

When the ballots were counted Arizona was dry. Not, be it noted, because a wave of social-ethical feeling had swept over the state, but because a group of little factors had decided, unanimously and accidentally, to superimpose themselves upon that dyed-in-the-wool prohibitismus which is an integral part of the franchise-exercising population in every American state. Given a similar unanimity in any other state, even New York, and it would slip into the dry column. There is a prophecy in the Arizona election. CARLETON H. PARKER.

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Paris, 24 December, 1914

FORTY-FOUR years ago to-day Paris had reached the worst days of the siege. Provisions and fuel were so scarce that a cheese was a handsome and acceptable present, and anyone who aspired so high as a Christmas goose had to pay at least twenty dollars for it. To-day, in the present war, not only is Paris not besieged, it is no longer threatened; provisions are abundant and no dearer—in some cases even cheaper—than in ordinary years; and the spirit of the people is one of calm and complete confidence in the final issue of the war. Nevertheless there is less external gaiety than in 1870, when everything possible was done to keep up the illusion of a normal state of affairs, lest the courage of the people should collapse. There will be no *Reveillon* festivities to-night, unless it be in private houses. Nobody will be tempted to stay out all night, for the cafés are closed by order at eight p.m. and the restaurants at ten o'clock, as they have been since the beginning of the war, and nearly all the street lights, much reduced in number for military reasons, are put out at midnight. Those who wish to amuse themselves this evening have the choice of the cinemas and half a dozen music-halls, but there is no performance at any theater. Rightly or wrongly, the military government of Paris has adopted a policy exactly the contrary to that followed in 1870, and has done its best to impress upon us that the situation is not normal.

There are other reasons for the difference between 1870 and 1914. The spirit of the people has changed and become more serious—I do not mean less gay—and also more stoic. Even in the first fortnight of September, when its fate hung in the balance, Paris did not need to have its courage kept up artificially; it certainly does not need this now when Paris is out of danger. Moreover, there is a general feeling that it would not be seemly to pass the night of Christmas Eve in theaters and night restaurants while husbands and lovers, brothers and sons, are passing it in the trenches, some of them not more than seventy miles away.

This is, then, an abnormal and indeed unprecedented Christmas in Paris, but in some respects the city is beginning to return to its normal life. Only to a slight extent, of course, for the restoration of normal conditions is impossible so long as the war lasts; the paralysis of trade and industry will disappear only after the conclusion of peace and not immediately after, for it will take a long time to revive the economic life of France. Some attempt, however, is being made to set things going; a few more shops are open, and the dressmakers and milliners in particular are making praiseworthy efforts to begin business again in very difficult circumstances, with the hope that American customers will make their appearance with the New Year. The trades connected with women's clothes and ornaments are very important in Paris, since they employ large numbers of women, and if a considerable proportion of the women could return to work, that would do much to relieve the widespread distress.

It is on the political side that normal conditions are being restored to the greatest extent. Although Paris is still under martial law—in a "state of siege," as the legal phrase is—the civil authorities have resumed their functions. With the return of the President of the republic and the Government, Paris regains her position as the capital. It is not officially admitted that the return is permanent, but the people of Paris, who consider that the Government stayed away longer than was necessary, would be more than annoyed if it went back to Bordeaux, and that is unlikely to happen. The Committee of Public Safety, which temporarily took the place of the Municipal Council during the absence of the Government, has been dissolved, and the Municipal Council is again in authority.

Parliament, too, has met this week in extraordinary session—only for two days, it is true. The business of the session was purely formal; it consisted in passing unanimously and without discussion the resolutions providing for the financial necessities of the first six months of 1915 pending the introduction of the Budget, and various other measures, mostly for the purpose of sanctioning decrees of the Government published since Parliament last met. The cost of the war for the first six months of next year is estimated at $1,273,600,000 ($1,206,000,000 for the army and $67,600,000 for the navy) and will be met by "Bons du Trésor" and loans from the Bank of France. No alteration is made in the existing taxes, and the application of the Income Tax passed by the late Parliament, which should have come into force on January first, is postponed until January 1, 1916. The chief reason given for this adjournment is that it has not been possible to make the arrangements for assessing and collecting the new tax, but the organs of capitalism in the press do not conceal their hope that this postponement of the "fiscal inquisition," as they call it, may lead

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to its abandonment. The patriotism of the wealthy classes in France does not seem even yet to extend to their pockets. The present incidence of taxation lays a heavy burden on the poor and on the possessors of small incomes and lets the rich off more easily than in any other country in Europe. The bulk of the taxation is indirect, and the chief direct taxes, supposed to represent an income tax, are assessed on the rentable value of the premises occupied by the taxpayer, without regard to his actual income. The system is such that those who earn their living by a trade or profession actually pay more than those who live on rent and interest.

The regular session of Parliament will begin on January twelfth, and certain questions will then arise which must inevitably cause difference of opinion. This prospect seems to fill with terror a certain number of people who fear or profess to fear that it will endanger the "sacred union" of the nation. Some of them are so much afraid of Parliament that they go so far as to demand that it should adjourn in January immediately after having elected its presidents and other officers, and having passed without discussion any measures that may be submitted to it by the Government. The French people has indeed shown a magnificent example of unity in this time of national crisis, and no Republican wishes to disturb that unity or break the truce between political parties. But Republicans, or many of them, refuse to admit that national unity involves abstention from all criticism of the Government or the suspension of the control of Parliament. Their opinion holds that no government can safely be trusted with absolute powers or be exempt from criticism, and the Government itself seems to share that opinion, since, in the spirited Declaration read in both Houses of Parliament on Tuesday, it welcomed criticism and insisted on the necessity of parliamentary control. The absence of discussion during the short session held this week is generally approved. Doubtful points were elucidated in committee, and the unanimity of Parliament was a valuable demonstration of the unity of the nation; besides, there was no real difference of opinion in regard to the measures passed, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the postponement of the income tax.

That is not true of every question that will come before Parliament in January. For instance, the Government has introduced a bill enabling the executive to cancel the naturalization of former subjects of powers with which France is at war, if the persons naturalized have (1) preserved their original nationality or obtained any other; (2) taken up arms against France; (3) given any aid to a power at war with France; (4) left France, in time of war, in order to escape military service or any other obligation of a French citizen. There is a strong objection in many quarters to this proposal; it has been expressed in the *Guerre Sociale* by M. Gustave Hervé, who declares that naturalization once given should be irrevocable, and that France, by canceling a naturalization, would be dishonoring her own signature and imitating the conduct of Germany in violating the neutrality of Belgium. The opponents of the proposal also point out that a naturalized Frenchman guilty of any of the offences mentioned is subject to the same heavy penalties as a French-born citizen. If, for instance, he takes up arms against France, he can be tried by court-martial and shot. If, on the other hand, he had been deprived of his French nationality, no punishment could be inflicted on him, and if caught he would have to be treated as a prisoner of war. It would therefore seem that while the power of canceling naturalization is open to grave abuse, it would be an advantage to really disloyal naturalized citizens. In fact, this proposal is a concession to the Royalist and Nationalist agitation, which has already led, in the early days of the war, to the sacking of shops supposed—often erroneously—to belong to Germans. The discussion of such a proposal in Parliament need not be on party lines nor need it lead to a vote; if the discussion showed that there was strong opposition, the obvious course for the Government to take would be to drop the measure.

Another burning question is that of the press censorship. By the law passed on August fifth the powers of the censors were expressly limited to military information. In fact, however, the censors have suppressed not only information of all sorts but also the expression of opinions to which they or the Government objected. M. Clemenceau has identified himself with the movement against the abuse of the censorship and has been elected chairman of a committee of Senators and Deputies of all parties connected with the press, formed for the purpose of bringing about an alteration in the methods of the censors. M. Clemenceau himself has suffered much at the hands of the censors; his paper, *L'Homme Libre,* was at one time suspended for a week, and he republished it with the title of *L'Homme Enchaîné,* which it still bears. M. Hervé has been another frequent victim of the censors, but not a single paper has escaped them altogether. The chief advocate of the extension of the censorship is M. Millerand, the Minister of War, who, according to M. Clemenceau, has declared that if he had his way he would suppress the papers altogether.

This question will certainly not be allowed to drop. M. Clemenceau is showing that his influence on public opinion is still very great. His

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paper, although it is a very small one which derives all its importance from M. Clemenceau's articles, is rapidly rising in circulation. The efforts to represent him as actuated by a desire for office are ineffectual, since it is known that he was offered a seat in the present Government when it was formed and refused it. Were Jaurès still alive, he would be the leader in the campaign against a political censorship of opinion, but the most prominent Socialist, M. Sembat, is a member of the Government responsible for that censorship, and *Humanité*, as the organ of the Socialist party, is consequently in a difficult position. Many Socialists regret that their party consented to be represented in the Government and thus became indirectly responsible for measures of which non-Socialist Republicans and even persons who are not Republicans at all disapprove. When the present Government was formed as a "Government of national defence" representing all the Republican parties, the Socialists consented to join in it on the ground that the task of defending the country and prosecuting the war to a successful issue takes precedence of all others. That is true, but although national defence is the chief occupation of the Government, it is not and cannot be the only one. The country has meanwhile to live, and various matters not always directly connected with the war have to be dealt with. It is rather strange to see Socialist Ministers consenting to the postponement of the income tax and the establishment of a political censorship. The result is that M. Clemenceau has become the leader of democratic opinion for the time being, and of the resistance to the tendency towards arbitrary government. He is not an ideal leader, for, although a famous fighter, he has faults of temper and method and is too often influenced by personal antipathies. But he remains one of the most interesting and important figures in contemporary French public life.

Paris, December 24. ROBERT DELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Literacy Test

SIR: It is reported in the press that President Wilson will veto the Immigration bill, passed by the Senate on January second, for the same reason President Taft gave for a similar veto—that he does not regard literacy as a test of fitness. In your editorial of December 26th you ask if the literacy test is "really a test? Is it truly selective of the best? Or is it merely repressive, cutting down the number of immigrants without regard to capacity, as a law excluding blonds or red-headed immigrants would cut down the number of immigrants?"

It seems to me that this point of view misses the real purpose of the literacy test, and the real need in immigration legislation. The literacy test is probably not an admirable test of fitness. But it is not, primarily at least, as a test of fitness that it is proposed. The imperative necessity of the present is to find a policy which, without gross unfairness or mere arbitrariness, will reduce the numbers of immigrants. Our future immigration policy can be only secondary selective. It must be primarily restrictive; if necessary, repressive.

We have tried merely selective tests in the past. However successful they may have been for their purpose, they have certainly made no impression at all on numbers. Even so elaborate a selective policy as your editorial suggests would affect numbers only in the slightest degree, and when the detail in millions of cases which it calls for is considered, it is obvious that it would entail a back-breaking amount of labor.

But meanwhile our immigration still pours into our ports. For more than a decade the average has been a million strong, and after the war it may be increased. I make no point of ignorance, disease and crime, for I do not know how to indict whole races or nations, and I am confident that, given proper opportunity, in time all of these races will produce a normal degree of ability and morality. But under present conditions we cannot give them proper opportunity. Two-thirds of this immigration is now of South European stock, vigorous and worthy enough in itself, but vastly alien to us in language, race, customs and political experience. Partly from the force of the mere inertia and ignorance of new arrivals, but largely from the instinctively felt need of a protective racial solidarity, this late immigration has massed itself in isolated racial colonies in our large cities. It has not spread into the country as did the immigration of fifty years ago. The concentration in cities has produced an intense, unhealthy labor pressure. The separation into racial groups has produced not only a racial segregation, but an economic and social stratification which grievously hinders even the second generation of immigrants. It has produced an un-unified political sentiment, sprung from the lack of common hopes, understandings and traditions. And while we are struggling with these problems, new waves of a million a year continue to pour in.

The literacy test is the only one that has been even proposed. Nor is it harsh from a selective standpoint. Its opponents are fond of glaring individual contrasts: on the one hand, the degenerate anarchist, versed in free love, Nietzsche and syndicalism, and on the other, the plodding, ignorant peasant, eager to become janitor in a library, so that his children may emerge lawyers, professors and artists. We may be willing to admit that the literacy test will miss the mark in many individual cases. But there is little doubt that those who are literate offer the best material for citizenship. Moreover, the literacy test will cut deepest into the South European immigrant, whom we must receive in smaller numbers, if we are to assimilate him at all.

Some opponents of restriction, whom even the most overwhelming facts cannot pry loose from the magnetic force of a national slogan, declare that any policy of large restriction violates the traditional American policy of a free haven to the oppressed of the world. But the

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pending bill makes an express exception in favor of those fleeing from religious and political persecution. Moreover, only by making our task less arduous, only by reducing it to achievable proportions, can we keep our promise for any of our immigrants, those here and those to come. If we are to build a unified nation and keep our American standards and ideals, we must have less immigration. That is why the literacy test, despite its unscientific and rigid character, is desirable.

Indianapolis. EDWARD R. LEWIS.

The Other Side of Suffrage

SIR: THE NEW REPUBLIC of December nineteenth on its editorial page says "They [the suffragists] can promise with perfect sincerity that political power for women will introduce into government a finer sense of human values and confront the reckless diplomacy of men with a personal recognition of its cost."

It is a most interesting fact that prophecies of what suffrage will do are practically never based upon experience of what suffrage has done. If they were, THE NEW REPUBLIC might hesitate to promulgate the above quoted prediction. As a matter of fact, child-labor laws, which certainly have to do with "human values," are not so good in woman suffrage states as in male suffrage states. I have the authority of the National Child Labor Committee, under date of December 8, 1914, for this statement. Colorado hardly showed a strong sense of "human values" last year when its civil war, culminating in the slaughter of women and children, made it necessary for United States troops to inaugurate a rule of military law, the State government having broken down completely. Colorado schools, which should be improving "human values," have gone steadily down hill during the last ten years. In 1903 a foreign education committee visiting the United States declared Colorado schools on the whole the best in the country. Suffragists still quote this as valid, but the report of the Russell Sage Foundation last year showed a remarkable change. Colorado now stands twenty-fourth in length of school year, twentieth in school expenditure as compared with taxable property, seventeenth in illiteracy, thirty-ninth in attendance of pupils enrolled. During the past ten years expenditures for public education have more than doubled in the United States; Colorado's have stood stationary. The state superintendent of public instruction has for many years been invariably a woman. Judge Lindsay says Colorado has made a science of corrupting its public men. Is that improving "human values?"

The United States seems to be in danger of being drawn into serious difficulties with Japan, owing to California's breach of treaty rights. California has woman suffrage. Arizona has recently passed a law which would practically bar aliens from a chance to make a living; Italy has already protested that the law is in violation of treaty rights. Arizona has woman suffrage. If there is any great improvement in this diplomacy of men and women over the "reckless diplomacy of men" to which you refer, it is not visible to the naked eye.

But, having been a student of woman suffrage for many years, I realize that facts are abhorrent to the suffrage mind. As a suffragist clergyman expressed it at a meeting in Boston when many facts which did not fit his theories were brought to his attention, "Facts? What do I care about facts? Facts have nothing to do with this question." Has THE NEW REPUBLIC subscribed to this view of the subject?

Cambridge, Mass. MARGARET C. ROBINSON.

The "Glorious Opportunity"

LET me say that the editorial ["Socialist Degeneration"] may prove rather worse as a blunder than as a crime. If the Socialists were any good they might make life quite as miserable for your periodical as in numerous instances they have done in Germany. They might ask with a persistent and undissuadable iterance how it happens that a publication so benevolently and richly endowed as yours could have taken to itself the task of damning the Socialist party to the last circle of Hades because it was not sufficiently proletarian and "revolutionary." But I fear they will not prove alive and alert to their glorious opportunity.—*Extract from letter from a prominent Socialist.*

[We do not damn the Socialist party. We merely attempt to show how it is developing and why.—THE EDITORS.]

More About Armaments

SIR: In general I approve of Mr. Robert Herrick's letter against armaments rather than your editorial approving them, but his first proposition, that the surest way to provoke war is to prepare for it, you answer pretty well. You quote ex-president Eliot as pointing out the impotence of international law without sanctions. That is hitting the nail squarely on the head and it is recognized by the more sober of the anti-militarists. They supposed that international law already had a strong moral sanction. They were rudely shocked by the behavior of Germany, who acted in defiance of moral standards, but the way she has been pilloried is proof that international law has moral backing. It only needs the sanction of force.

But so long as that force is left in the control of individual nations we shall not advance beyond the conditions of societies where pistol "toting" is common, and wars will be about as prevalent as murders. The nations are now in the pistol-toting stage of development. But pistol-toting was not stopped by resolutions, nor even by laws not backed by sanctions. What the world needs for peace is an agreement backed by an international police.

If we are to take a leading part in this movement it means breaking away from the traditional policy of isolation and no alliances. The movement from South America for joint action to enforce our neutrality affords an opportunity for an all-American alliance to keep peace and prevent the exercise of force in America by any non-American power. The next step is to turn The Hague Conference into a union with power to enforce arbitration.

We cannot do this to-day, possibly not to-morrow. Shall we then join the pistol-toting ranks and try to outstrip them in the number we carry? Mr. Herrick's objection to this you have left unanswered.

I am an anti-militarist, but I do not believe in letting the navy go to ruin, although I believe this talk about the danger of a foreign invasion is mostly tommyrot. If Germany can stand a mile beyond the range of our guns and shell New York, what we need is not a million soldiers, but a few mines, torpedoes, and possibly dreadnoughts.

You draw a lesson from the inglorious War of 1812. Let me draw one. It was not veterans trained in military tactics who won New Orleans, but the squirrel-hunters of Tennessee and Kentucky. A few weeks spent every year in training our citizenry how to shoot would be worth more than keeping half a million men in the ranks.

University of Arkansas. DAVID Y. THOMAS.

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Henry Arthur Jones

The Lie, a new play of English life, by Henry Arthur Jones. Presented for the first time on any stage at the Harris Theatre, New York, December 24, 1914.

MR. JONES must be one of our oldest living playwrights. Four years or so the senior of Pinero, and five years more ancient than that venerable figure, Bernard Shaw, he will soon be the subject of solemn retrospect, a review of numerous lively plays and many disinterred cadavers that will regard us with an eerie fleshless grin. Still, great dignity attaches to a man who for over forty years has religiously lived up to the import of the name of Henry Arthur Jones.

It is my belief that if Mr. Jones had started in life as Audrey Duquesne or Eric Desborough, a very different chapter would have to be added to contemporary drama. It may seem flippant to attribute so much to a name, but, out of all the vast number of Joneses in the world, has there ever been a poet named Jones? There have been Thompsons and Taylors and Crabbes and Cowpers, but never a Jones. There is something about Jones so staid, grave, serious, substantial, responsible, that it condemns even an elfish possessor to affect the mien of a strong but conservative moralist, a steady craftsman, a man of robust common sense. A slight flair might be communicated by an Arthur or two, but no man could spread Arthurian wings between a Henry on the one side and on the other a Jones. To be named Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Meredith, Swinburne, Wilde, is to be already presumably poetic. To be named Jones is to be consigned to prose. For the same reason that Cowper said of the French, "They want nothing but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely," so a man named Jones is obliged, unless prenominated Horatio or Hyacinth or Llewellyn, to speak always for order and law. It is one of those ironies against which mankind will rebel, when at last it attains to that phonologic consciousness of which actors, who christen themselves, are already aware.

But if Mr. Jones has been susceptible to his name, the public has been still more susceptible. Without analyzing him closely, it has too readily assumed him to be a moralist. The truth is, he is not so much a moralist using the theatre for his purposes as a resolute theatricalist using morals to gain his effects. If he were not a Jones, a man convinced of real values attaching to his morals, he could not stir us at all. But it is wrong to credit him to morality. True enough to Buckinghamshire to prevent a critic saying "These be puppets," he is primarily engaged in manoeuvering his characters to the climax he has ordained. His real skill, his real gift, is in contriving standardized morality for the stage. And the only reason its standardization does not seem absurd is that he confines himself, being a Jones, to English types of whom nothing but standardization could be expected.

During a play like "The Lie" one is almost persuaded at times that Mr. Jones is truculently moral. He sees sex as conduct, usually bad conduct, and he is busy with "disgrace" and "shame." But it is all for fictive ends. As misunderstandings are ingeniously planned, and confessions interrupted, and the good sister automatically self-sacrificing, and the bad sister automatically selfish, the conditions of his game emerge. He is, this apparent lecturer, availing himself of our old-fashioned prejudices to score his theatrical goal.

For, unlike most of the men who have come after him, Mr. Jones is not concerned in anything so drastic as actually interpreting his goal. He is a stable gentleman from Buckinghamshire, and he is concerned merely with the game that accords with the rules. All this twitter about morality and immorality does not upset him. He is solidly, simply, unsuspectingly conventional. What engages him is conduct judged according to the settled precepts of the settled people with whom he deals. That preference, though, is not wholly determined by conservatism. It is decided largely by Mr. Jones's convenience as a professional theatrical scribe. He discerned early in his career the kinds of situations that, according to established social convention, were theatrically valuable and effective. To creators of a different type he willingly left all the joys of inculcating novel ideas. For himself, he wanted no labor with ideas. He found sufficient employment in dealing out old cards in novel and exciting hands. He is an inventor, not a creator. He has been using these same cards most of the time, but they are no more stale than his suppositious Buckinghamshire is stale, and he believes he can still knock a good game out of them in the theatre he has studied so well.

Thus in "The Lie" we are treated to a stock misunderstanding. A bibulous old backwoods baronet, living penniless in antique Shale Abbey, has two marriageable granddaughters. One of them is a "rotter," the blond, and the other a trump, the brunette. Around the brunette a romance (meaning a chance to marry the heir from the Hall, a builder of dams in Egypt) is about to crystallize, when the blond confesses to her sister that she has been flamingly indiscreet. She was secretly engaged to a charmer but he has got killed, and she is pregnant. Her sister must take her away to Brighton, to stay there until the baby is born. In Brighton the two girls and the baby are seen by a chum of the builder of dams, and, just as the romance is once more about to crystallize for the brunette, the chum reveals what he has seen. The builder of dams is horror-stricken. He blurts out his story to the blond, and she confirms his impression that the baby was the brunette's. This is "the lie."

To get full theatric value for this lie, Mr. Jones has the wicked sister pursue the rich hero to Cairo, and there marry him. Meanwhile the chum, a splendid fellow, sits down outside the walled heart of the Cinderella sister. Years pass. The brunette nurses the bibulous baronet, looks after the sister's boy, and burns candles on the altar of her faithless lover. Then the blond and her husband come on a visit to the dower house (for the Abbey is rented to the splendid chum). There the chum discovers that the baby of his gossip was ascribed to the wrong sister. He does not disillusion the husband, but, in love with the brunette, he clears up for her the mystery of her lover's faithlessness. It is a crashing denouement, giving the brunette a magnificent curtain, in which she shows a commendable desire to murder the treacherous blond.

She is restrained, but later her sister, nastily jealous, threatens to take away the beloved little boy to Egypt, and then, indeed, she reaps the whirlwind of the sufferer's wrath. It is a hurricane, a tornado, a typhoon. The blond is converted into matchwood, a liar revealed, a sinner sadistically mauled. But what, after this noisy crescendo, is there left for Mr. Jones's auditors? Nothing, of course, but a consolation prize for the forlorn brunette in the shape of the devoted chum. The blond goes out forever, a little storm-tossed, but otherwise probably vastly relieved.

"The Lie" does, in its fictional way, afford opportunity for the actor. As the Cinderella Miss Illington is genuinely powerful, though somewhat rudely muscular as innocence outraged. Mr. Jones is lucky in everything but in Mr. Serrano's stock-company sentimentalization.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

I THOUGHT at first from the style of Professor Sloane's "Party Government," which consists chiefly of lectures delivered in Germany, that perhaps he had got the book into German, and then for all his pulling could not get it out again. The style at times seemed so remote. But they say it was done in English originally, so it is hard to account for sentences like the following in his chapter on the presidency: "Those who assert that we have a 'king' are the very men who unconsciously promote the entelechy of absolutism." Perhaps he had nothing worse in mind than the proverb about giving a dog a bad name, but who can be sure of it? It is a lucky man who can be sure of any single whole page on the first reading, for no matter how simple an idea may be, Professor Sloane likes to keep you guessing. Historians will have their little joke. There is a foretaste of these linguistic difficulties even on the fly-leaf, but I hasten to assure anyone who cannot read that Latin dedication that really it is not his fault. Indeed, nobody ought to try to read it, for I have it from two Latin scholars of renown that there is a very suspicious case in the first part of it, and that toward the end the relation between a certain noun and a certain verb is one of open shame. But aside from these verbal inconveniences, there is an admirable spirit in the book, and an unusual presence of mind amidst the stupendous affairs of the last ten years, social and political earthquakes, new dawns, and great awakenings. It arises perhaps from the habit of taking long surveys. Having seen us on the verge of rebirth or dissolution so many times before, Professor Sloane has acquired what seems to me a reasonable calmness. In journalism when the new movement comes booming along for the fiftieth time you are apt to observe either an uninteresting elation or an equally uninteresting fright. His pages are free from these two familiar excesses. I should call it the historic temper, although from the point of view of the scientific historian he may not be sufficiently austere.

I wonder if the scientific historian is as ascetic as he used to be. There are signs to-day of a certain carnality among historians, and I know several of them who will sometimes warm up to their subject in a way that once would have been thought scandalous, but probably they are not completely scientific. Certainly in my day at the university they always damned a historian as soon as he became warm, often for no other reason; and a well-bred historical student would blush at the first sign of animation on the printed page and return immediately to the reading of Stubbs. Animation led to color in the text, and color was as much out of place in a text as in drinking-water. Historical fact should be as colorless as a fact of physics, they used to say, and I remember one stern old disciplinarian who hauled John Morley over the coals merely because he was "colored in his motives." They were good enough motives, said he, but they were philosophic and that of course would never do, because "the philosophic temper will never be the basis of the historic temper. The historic temper will serve as the basis of the philosophic." The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and he said finally that Morley was "tainted with subjectivism" all through and was probably injurious to health. His tastes were good, he admitted, but he ought not to have had any; his generalizations were sound but he ought not to have made them; and worst of all, he had permitted himself to be influenced by what he knew about living men although he was writing about dead ones. Bleached, eviscerated, spending his life as in a vacuum, endeavoring faithfully to write as he would have written had he never been born, Morley, he thought, might have achieved a less gaudy result. As it was, he had disgraced the quiet calling of the truly scientific historians.

To return to Professor Sloane, his view of political eternity in this country, though possibly true, is somewhat saddening. He thinks our present differences of opinion will persist and that we shall as heretofore go on disputing in our party strife exclusively over the things that do not the most seriously concern us. Parties are and always have been aligned on polities that "do not materially affect the principles or practice of American government" and will continue to divide on "the identical policies" upon which they have hitherto divided. Thus party politics are perpetual motion in an entire absence of mind—a very disagreeable idea.

Depressed by this prospect of monotony, I sought excitement just now in a brand-new volume of literary demolition called "Literature and Insurgency," by Mr. John Curtis Underwood. It contains a destruction of Henry James which Mr. Mitchell Kennerley says is one of the fiercest he has ever seen. I turned to it first—from morbid motives, I suppose—but I found there a scene of general confusion rather than any specific disaster to Henry James. Surely it cannot hurt him to call him an "expatriate" again, or "the most perfect type the world has ever seen of the literary old maid," or the "dryest of the dry," or "fashionable because obscure," or to say that he is not concerned with "vital" things such as the "commercialization of divorce and the trustification of every primary necessity of life." Of course Mr. Underwood hates the style, as naturally any one would who writes as follows:

"Such states of mind remind us that we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and that as to the whys and wherefores of any modern and emancipated woman's mental processes, no man on earth may rashly predict or predicate too far."

And:

"when lovely woman in our midst for more than fifty years has spent our income freely."

Aside from that, there seemed to be no quarrel with the actual Henry James, but only a feeling of disappointment at not finding in him certain things to be had in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* the Report on Charities and Corrections, the *Congressional Record,* in short in the platforms, minutes, resolutions, and leading articles of almost any efficient organ for the promotion of collective thinking. And if a soul on its way to Mr. Robert Chambers falls by mistake into Henry James, nobody is really to blame for it. It is simply a personal misfortune; although I suppose there are some who would say it served him right for his carelessness.

Anyone who, like the present writer, has found himself of a sudden in the "midst" of Henry James, while looking for a discussion of the "vital problems" of our day and the application of sociology to life as it is lived "in America and London," may be pardoned if in a natural irritation he bangs around a good deal in so uncongenial an environment. But I cannot see how Henry James is to blame, or in what way his writings are affected by it.

F. M. COLBY.

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Emancipating the Theatre

How to See a Play, by Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

A DESIRE exists in America to-day to emancipate the art of the theatre, one of the finest desires that ever animated a number of Americans. And it is a desire which nothing is more likely to suffocate quietly and effectually than such fostering as this by Dr. Richard Burton, president of the Drama League of America.

The trouble with the American theatre, according to most diagnosticians, is the American public. But what is the trouble with the public? As a man who has lectured up and down the country, who is intimately aware of the conventions, the phantasms, the superstitions, that blind many Americans to the art of the theatre, Dr. Burton diagnoses the trouble as the semi-Puritanism of semi-educated people. These are not his words, but the idea is his. It is the idea which gives his book its character.

As to semi-education, the assumption is sound enough, and Dr. Burton's chapters on method and structure, on development and climax and ending, are honest first aids to sophistication. They may possibly sharpen the intellectual interest in drama for many who never before conceived of it as intellectually interesting.

It is, however, the semi-Puritanism of his audience that stands most in the way of an emancipated theatre, and it is his concessions to that semi-Puritanism that make Dr. Burton so unsound. For, in order to win his audiences, Dr. Burton shows himself perfectly ready to reconcile the theatre to philistinism. He thinks that this is making enlightenment easy. In point of fact, it is making enlightenment impossible. It is guaranteeing to philistine America the maintenance of the very attitude which is incompatible with the emancipation desired. It is doing nothing more wonderful than extending the area of pseudo-culture, imposing on the theatre the uninformed righteousness and respectability on which the love of beauty can no more thrive than a flower can thrive on sand.

With Dr. Burton's applications of whitewash to dramatic art it is not necessary to quarrel. There is no doubt that the theatre, as he says, has been regarded carelessly, thoughtlessly, as a place of idle amusement, "or worse." It is true that, in certain closed minds, it has "neither been associated with a serious treatment of life nor with the refined pleasure derivable from contact with art." It is therefore forgivable if he takes time to assert the startling fact that the drama "is in its finest estate a work of art comparable with such other works of art as pictures, statuary, musical composition and achievements of the book world." But where such leniency with the reactionary becomes fatuous is when Dr. Burton treats of the play as "Cultural Opportunity" and declares it to be his chief wish "to create the playhouse innocently pleasant, rational and sound as art."

In the mouth of a popular lecturer nothing, after all, is more ominous than the word culture. It is the word that betrays the ulterior motive of the missionary who wants from art not quickened sympathies, expanded desires, delectation, but self-improvement and moral uplift. It means that the lecturer regards beauty as something objective and dead, a fly that can be preserved for parlor admiration in the amber of suburbanism. It means that he has standards and rules and principles by which, with a certain amount of effort, any vital subject can be reconciled to the fixed and blinkered sympathies of Eldora, Iowa, and Braceville, Ohio.

It may be retorted that Dr. Burton speaks highly of all the radical dramatists. But in doing so he is simply sticking cut flowers into the painted desert he has accepted. A man who wants the playhouse to be "innocently pleasant" is like a man who wants life to be "innocently pleasant"—a man, that is to say, who is naïve. What is one to think, then, of Dr. Burton's lofty reference to dramatists' "personal vagaries, extravagant theories and lawless imaginings"? These words will bring great comfort, no doubt, to those who think that beauty can come to life without courage and sacrifice, the dangers of fidelity to emotion and the agonies of birth. But behind such words lurks precisely the complacence which makes Dr. Burton say his book is intended to help the theatregoer "to get the most for his money." You cannot have the love of beauty if your first idea is a good bargain, even a bargain in culture.

Let us grant, with Dr. Burton, that an enormous number of Americans associate the word theatre with the "forged lies" and gluttonies of lust, with tinsel and sham, with the nets and snares of Old Nick. The best way to kill this is surely not, as Dr. Burton attempts, to advertise the theatre as a place where souls can actually be polished, a spiritual shoe-shining parlor, with Shakespeare and Ibsen and Shaw at the brush. When you are dealing with a drunkard, such deference is advisable. When he points at the moon and says: "Damned old clock bust again, isn't it?" you naturally reply obsequiously: "Yes, dear, the damned old hands are gone." But to treat the public with the obsequious persuasiveness which you use for imbeciles is simply to prolong our night. What the Americans who want a finer theare need is not a shrewder discrimination in the purchase of theatre tickets, a few little clues as to "cultural opportunity" and an assurance that the drama is really and truly Art. What we all need is to realize that until we revolt against ugliness simply because it is ugliness, and seek beauty simply because it is beauty, because something inside ourselves authenticates it and rates it above tangible assets, folkways, honor in the community, real estate opportunities and improved silo tanks, we shall go on having a theatre as uninspired as ourselves. It is a new mood that is needed, a mood in which beauty and religion and reform are advocated for a better reason than that ulteriorly they pay.

But it is hard to believe that Dr. Burton really feels this. There is, for example, the damaging internal evidence of his style. When Dr. Burton says "It is all in the day's culture," or when he speaks of England "getting into line" artistically, he may goodhumoredly contend that only pedants will seriously object. But what of his statement that the Elizabethan play is "languaged in a sort of surplusage of exuberance"? What of his statement that Shakespeare "bulked large in school and college, perforce"? What of his remark that "it is curious to reflect upon the neglect of the theatre hitherto for centuries as an institution"? What of his reference to Miss Barrymore's "increase of avoirdupois of late years"? These are not mere verbal lapses, common enough among popular lecturers. They are indications of a genuine insensitiveness. They show that to him the drama is a mere commodity, a thing talked about and judged but not felt. Beauty also is a name. For the quality of beauty he apparently has no time.

A word should be said, incidentally, about the unfortunately slipshod manner in which "How to See a Play" has been edited. The omission of the table of contents may be intentional, but nothing but indifference can account for the incompetent proof-reading. Such spellings as Echgeragay, Taghore, Ben Johnson, Samuel Jonson, James S. Metcalf, J. M. Paterson, William Vaughan Moody, are scarcely excusable.

F. H.

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A Rodin in Fiction

THREE things in Paris apparently dissociated but nevertheless connected in my mind are Rodin's "Thinker" in front of the Panthéon, a small canvas of Rembrandt's in the Louvre representing Jesus of Nazareth, travel-worn and weary, resting in a laborer's cottage, and the novels of Charles Louis Philippe. Philippe is the young Paris municipal clerk and man of letters whose untimely death in 1909 cut short what promised to be one of the most extraordinary careers in contemporary French literature. He was the son of a provincial shoemaker, and the grandson of a beggar. An entire number of *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* the most fastidious of French reviews, was consecrated to his memory. Last year appeared a critical edition of his works, including seven novels, a book of short stories, the letters of his youth, and "Charles Blanchard," an experimental and unfinished study of the life of his father. "Philippe est mort qui était seul et pauvre et petit," wrote the poet Paul Claudel, in his melancholy and piercing dirge. Philippe was poor and little; yet, aided only by his unquenchable love for all that was human, a certain fiery evangelism and the rigorous exactitude of his art, he had accomplished something solidly beautiful. "I dream," he once wrote to a friend of his youth, "of writing things substantial and compact, like certain statues of Rodin." To a very remarkable degree he accomplished his ambition.

Philippe was poor and little, but he was not alone. He belonged to a group of writers of the French proletariat, which also includes Marguerite Audoux, the famous seamstress of Montparnasse, and "Lucien Jean" (Lucien Dieudonné), a fellow clerk in the Hôtel-de-Ville, who died young, leaving a posthumous classic, "Parmi les hommes" ("In the midst of men, our brothers"). These writers, and others less notable, are linked together not only by literary comradeship, but by the sobriety and subtle beauty of their thought and the classic simplicity of their style. They are possessed of an artistic dignity and modesty which must forever distinguish them from the bourgeois novelists who are industriously "making copy" out of the lives of the poor, and the more academic novelists with a social thesis.

Philippe came to Paris at the age of twenty-one from the little village of Cerilly, near Moulins, where his father was the shoemaker. During four winter months he searched in vain for work, living on bread and cheese, and writing, to save fuel, in the writing-room of the big department store, Grands-Magazins du Louvre. Sixteen hundred francs a year seemed to him at that time an unrealizable dream. He finally obtained employment in the municipal gas works, and he never afterwards was free from the routine work of his clerical position. Philippe loved the trees and the solitude of l'Ile Saint-Louis and for years he occupied lodgings on the Quai Bourbon. Dostoevsky, Dickens and Tolstoy looked down from the walls of his chamber-study. His manuscripts were arranged in neat, workmanlike piles. From his writing-table he could look across the Seine to the Hôtel-de-Ville where he was proud to earn his daily bread. He was never obliged to degrade his art for money. The literary poseur, the sensationalist and the decadent were equally the objects of his detestation.

Charles Louis Philippe was a sincere socialist and profoundly religious, though distrustful of creed and dogma. There was not any contradiction, says Marcel Ray, between the evangelism of Philippe and his socialism. His socialism was entirely free from covetousness and envy. His evangelism was neither whining nor ascetic. He had his moods of violent revolt, in one of which he destined "Jean Bousset"—"le petit" of "Le Père Perdrix"—to throw a bomb into the heart of Paris; but on reflection he suppressed the bomb. For Philippe was incapable of sustained hatred, even in one of the characters of his creation. Poverty to him was the great sin of man; until it is ended, all men, both rich and poor, can neither be free nor happy, nor can life be beautiful. Meanwhile, the true artist should never veil the ugly facts of life caused by the distortions of our present society. He should seek, on the contrary, to reveal them, and more; he should discover the latent beauty in the ugliest object.

"Mother and Child," an early and tender group, was at first, I think more fittingly, entitled "The Maternal Passion." "Bubu de Montparnasse" is a terrific study of prostitution, as unflinching in its ugliness as "The Old Courtesan" of Rodin. Nothing like its clean veracity exists in our own literature. In "Le Père Perdrix" Philippe modelled a provincial group with the central figure an old blacksmith, afflicted by age and poverty. He goes to Paris with little "Jean Bousset," whom "bad books" have made a socialist, and, hopeless and bewildered, lets himself fall into the black waters of the Seine. It is tragedy simple and poignant. "Croquignole," on the contrary, is almost farcical in its humor, an "epic farce," according to one French critic, of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Yet there is something tragic, after all, in the fantastic figure of the clerk who inherits a small fortune and riots it away, ending his life when his last franc is gone.

"Charles Blanchard," Philippe's posthumous and uncompleted work, is a study of poverty which rises out of submerged human life like a figure of Rodin's from the rough-hewn block. There is no attempt at fiction plotting. Philippe had thrown that aside. "I take," he wrote, "a beggar, a little creature abandoned by all. At twelve years of age he discovers work, and work is his salvation. He becomes a good workman and father." There is nothing, of course, in this subject to attract the ordinary novelist, or, perhaps, the ordinary reader; but Philippe handles it with singularly realistic power.

Take again, Philippe's famous study of prostitution, "Bubu de Montparnasse." It is the most commonly read of all his novels in France, and yet the book is considered untranslatable in this country, so wide is the difference between our moral conventions and those of the French. Philippe wrote of the little Paris prostitute, "Berthe Méténier," as if she were his sister. He even wrote of her bully, "Bubu," as if he were a brother. Evil, in the savage form of "Bubu," conquers in this terrific story, conquers because it is active and strong. When goodness is no longer feeble, says the novelist, when goodness also is active and strong, then the artist can conscientiously give a different ending to such a story—but not until then.

Curiously enough, however, in life, the life from which Philippe so scrupulously sketched his novel, there was, in a way, a brighter conclusion, an unpublished chapter. It has been said that Philippe had much of the evangelical in his turbulent nature. In the "Souvenirs" of her friend, Marguerite Audoux tells us that the very day on which "Bubu de Montparnasse" was published, the real "Berthe Méténier" wrote to Philippe. She wished to escape from "Bubu" and go to Marseille where she could resume, unmolested, her making of artificial flowers. "You alone will have pity on me," she wrote. "I have confidence in you. Save me." Philippe met her at the place appointed. He showed her to his friends as if she were a beloved child. Happening to be presented with a plaster head of "Santa Fortunata," he looked at "Berthe" and at the little cast, and observing a resemblance between the

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two, he exclaimed joyfully, "Now I have two daughters."

Yet Philippe had his doubts about the change in "Berthe's" life. Work in Marseille was difficult to find, and it was ill paid. Her character was weak. He was poor and his friends were all poor. . . .

Suddenly, in the midst of new creative activity, Philippe was stricken with typhoid fever. Meningitis developed; and after suffering atrociously, he passed away in a *maison de santé,* with his old mother and Marguerite Audoux by his death-bed.

AMY WELLINGTON.

Being a Gentleman

A Renaissance Courtesy Book; Galatea of Manners and Behaviours; by Giovanni della Casa. With an Introduction by J. E. Spingarn. Boston: The Merrymount Press. Price $3.00.

BEING a gentleman always has been and probably always will be a difficult business, especially for those who are not gentlemen. And even for those who are, it is perhaps at best only a *carrière ouverte aux talents,* a mere opportunity to become the vastly more polished agreeable and humane creature which the perfect gentleman is, according to the best authorities.

One of the best authorities always has been, and in its present well printed form always will be, the Galatea of the Archbishop of Benevento, first printed at Venice in 1558, and at London done excellently in English by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inne in 1576. And the first reflection upon reading the volume is the comforting one that three centuries and more have not made the task of manners and behaviours more difficult, that at any rate it is no harder to be a gentleman now than it was then.

The amazing thing about the book is its absolute contemporaneousness. Giovanni della Casa could dine out to-night in New York and find himself perfectly at ease. If the talk at dinner came upon the great war, the Archbishop would be interested when someone complained of the disillusion the year had wrought, and asserted that the world had apparently relapsed into a barbarity which we all believed it had outgrown. He, with his Renaissance memories, might offer the comment that you cannot outgrow a thing which has never existed, and that barbarism has always been tempered with gentleness, sophistication and urbanity; he might, but for the fact that it would be bad manners, for proof point to the copy of his book lying on the drawing-room table, and ask whether any reader had felt transported to a savage age.

The Galatea is less concerned than are modern books of etiquette with the technical and concrete details of good manners. These are indeed dealt with briefly, and the newspaper writer might possibly clip a quarter-column of quaint and unimportant instances of "queer customs." But the greater part of the philosophic discourse concerns itself not with mere rules as to how to feed prettily, but with the graces and charms of manners, with things, in short, beyond that necessary minimum of breeding which is supposed to be everyone's. Of course even in these regions the recommendations of the author are obvious (could one with self-respect admit that any recommendations as to how to be a gentleman are other than obvious?), but they make amazingly good reading and seem as fresh, in their applicability to one's friends, as they could ever have seemed.

It is paradoxical that one of the rarest things in the world should be a man of the world, but it is not wholly his rareness which gives value to his kindly, humorous, tolerant urbanity. The Archbishop would scarcely care to say a thing was wrong, he prefers to call it in bad taste:

"Neither in sporte nor in earnest must a man speake anything against God or his Saintes, however witty or pleasant so ever the matter may be. Neither must he talk of any filthy matter, albeit a man would take a pleasure to hear it; for it ill becomes an honest gentleman to seeke to please, but in things that are honest."

It is submitted that no one ever set manners above morals more agreeably. The conviction grows upon one while reading that there is no modern social problem with which a gentleman of Renaissance Italy could not easily cope.

"It ill becomes a man," he says, "when hee is in company to be sad, musing, and full of contemplation, and albeit it may be suffered perchance in them that have long beaten their brains in these Mathematical studies which are called (as I take it) the Liberall Arts: yet without doubte it may not be borne in other men. For, even these studious fellowes, at such times, when they be so ful of their Muses: should be much wiser to get themselves alone." The parenthetical clause "as I take it" is, from the point of view of style, as delicate and snobbish an avoidance of classification of oneself as "literary" as any amateur writer of the very highest social position could accomplish to-day.

One of the most famous modern definitions of a gentleman is Mr. Oliver Herford's, " a man who never hurts anyone's feelings—unintentionally." With this the Archbishop would agree, as far as it went. But he would think that Mr. Herford's "nature's" gentleman was only doing half his duty. He would say that while he appreciates and praises those merits of the heart which are intrinsic in the perfect gentleman, he thinks no wrong of the sophistication which avowedly aims at pleasing. Indeed, the essence of his philosophy is merely that good manners should consciously be used to make the world a pleasanter place.

Some of our own questions as to exactly what does make it a pleasanter place are evidently world-old. It is with a kind of terrified fascination that a modern sufferer from the tellers of stories reads the Archbishop's pages in which he deals with these pests. A great part of the book is devoted to suggesting how one may talk agreeably and in good taste. That good talk was, on the whole, the thing which chiefly made life pleasant in those Italian Renaissance days is so much to be gathered from these rambling quaint pages that it fairly makes one envious. By comparison our modern social scheme of pleasure seems so Oriental; instead of amusing ourselves, we seek other people and things to amuse us. We do not even try to talk well; we go to the play and let someone like George M. Cohan talk for us, and even sometimes think he does it well.

The pleasure to be found in the Galatea resides not only in its matter but in its manner, in the excellent phrasing of Robert Peterson of Lincolne's Inne Gentlemen. No more pleasant serviceable maxim to take on one's social way could be found than this concerning jesters, that they "must bite the hearer like a sheepe but not like a dogge. For if it pinch, as the bite of a dogge, it shall be no more a jeste but a wrong."

The Archbishop would have known what to say to the "simple-lifers." His faith is in civilization, his belief in taste and his hope in manners. "If man go backe," he says, "to those fashions and manners our first fathers did use, the world then by little and little would come so about that we should feede upon acorns again."

When the war is over and we start to reconstruct the world afresh, the Archbishop will not be bad reading.

HARRISON RHODES.

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A Journal of Opinion

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CONGRESS is certainly a helpless and clumsy legislative instrument. In the good old days when its business was chiefly administrative and the amount and character of its legislation made little difference, it could do a sufficiency of talking, dispatch its business promptly, and then ring down the curtain without any hitch at a pre-arranged time. But now that the condition of the country demands a large amount of novel and contentious legislation, it is wholly unable to cut short the performance and order the taxicab for a reasonable hour. The audience is yawning. The actors are languid and irritable. The management is profane. But the performers cannot get through the dialogue and the business of the day. By March fourth Congress will have been sitting continuously, with two short intermissions, for two years and three months. Its members all want to go home. They all know that their constituents want them to go home. They all know that if they stay or come back after March fourth, public opinion will be disgusted. But they know also that sound business and political reasons can be urged on behalf of rural credit, shipping and water-power legislation. They would probably ignore these reasons, but the administrative chief of the government is taking revenge for Congressional usurpation of executive functions by insisting upon holding Congress to a rigid standard of legislative responsibility. It looks as if the legislation would have to be abandoned if an extra session is to be avoided. Should an extra session be called, Congressional leadership will be as helpless to terminate it as it has been to avoid it. The agency of national regulation seems quite incapable of regulating itself to its own satisfaction or that of public opinion.

A GROUP of social reformers are proposing the adoption of a new method of amending the Federal Constitution, one which facilitates the amending process without by any means making it too easy. They assert that many current social movements are being built on "unstable foundations until the Constitution which determines and limits the efforts at social and political readjustment is brought under the control of the people." They might have put the case rather more strongly. The amending clause of the Federal Constitution forms an insuperable obstacle to the wholesome realization in this country of a thoroughgoing professional political and social policy. It makes the process of altering the constitution so difficult that the American people as a whole have never felt that they were responsible for their fundamental law. It seems to be imposed upon them by a rigid legalistic mechanism, and it figures in their minds less as an instrument of their national purposes than as inaccessible and awful guardian of their collective moral welfare. It is a royal Constitution and it exists not to be amended and adapted but to be feared and obeyed. The American people will never be convinced of their responsibility for their own political and social destiny until the process of amending the Constitution is facilitated. They have always been strangely indifferent to the fact of their actual irresponsibility, but they will not re-

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main so for long. Before many years the majority of progressives will understand that, as Professor Munroe Smith declares, "the first article of any sincerely intended progressive program must be the amendment of the amending clause of the Constitution."

HEAVY is the scourge which to-day falls upon the Poles. Conscripted into the armies of three warring nations, compelled to kill their brothers for a flag which is not theirs and a cause which they do not love, their homes ravaged, their families dispersed, they suffer as they have suffered for generations from the hatred and fear of their alien masters. Yet these victims of oppression have their own victims. As they are persecuted by Russian and Teuton, so they too persecute the Jew. We shudder at the gruesome stories which come to us from Russian Poland, where Jewish soldiers back from the battle front find their little property taken, and their fathers and mothers and wives and children outraged and driven forth by the Poles, side by side with whom the Jews have fought in common battle. The taste for persecution is inveterate, and cruelty begets cruelty and intolerance intolerance. Yet this particular persecution, which has now been going on for years, is of more than tragic significance not only to the Jews but to the Poles themselves. Never has unity been so necessary to a people as it is to the Polish nation to-day, and never before have the Poles so needed the sympathy and the moral support of the civilized world.

THERE are various kinds of neutrality. When the Rules Committee favorably reported the woman suffrage amendment, it became known that one anti-suffrage member had broken the tie by a sudden spell of neutrality. At first it was supposed that he had had a change of heart. Perhaps a draped symbolic figure had appeared to him in the watches of the night and reminded him that 45,000,000 reproachful feminine eyes were upon him. But now a less classic explanation is ventured. He wanted, this statesman, to be timekeeper for the prohibition bill debate. He wanted it badly. But his colleagues thought he was not, in this respect, neutral enough. They feared he would mark time rather than keep it, so they passed him by. As he was defeated last fall, this gentleman concluded that if he could not keep time or mark it, at any rate he could bide it. When his colleagues wanted him to come to the front against the suffrage bill, he reminded them of their suspicions about his capacity for being neutral. In regard to suffrage, he gave them a sample of neutrality such as they had never seen before. He assumed the stoical calm and immobility of that most discreet of all creatures, the clam. The moral of this incident is that honest women come into their own when the Rules Committee disagree.

GOVERNOR Philipp of Wisconsin is the most conspicuously and frankly reactionary executive in the country. He is the political leader of a state the policy of which for the last fifteen years has been distinguished by a persistent and intelligent progressive purpose. The attempt of a conservative government to correct the errors of its progressive predecessor is bound to shed a great deal of light upon the existing possibilities of American conservatism and radicalism. The Governor's message has offered to the new state management an opportunity of stating and explaining the program and the purpose of Republican conservatism. We have read this document with care, and are bound to say that it is an absurdly weak and flabby performance. It is reactionary in the literal and suicidal meaning of that word. During the period of their domination, the progressives adopted certain methods and sought to accomplish certain purposes. Governor Philipp's program consists merely in abandoning those methods and in damning those purposes. He advises the legislature to abjure legislation, to encourage instead of discouraging business, to decentralize in certain respects the state administration, and rigidly to economize. But he does not dare to go very far even in reaction. There is no conviction to his conservatism. He proposes to leave the administrative commissions intact, but he evidently intends to deprive them of the means of doing their work. His specific recommendations do not rise above the level of petty attempts to hamper the administration of progressive laws. There is not the slightest symptom in the whole document that American conservatism has recovered with its popularity any real self-confidence or any intellectual and moral vigor. Progressivism has nothing to fear except temporary annoyance from so mechanical, purblind and insipid a reaction. Unfortunately, neither has it anything to gain, as it would have from an enlightened conservative movement.

ONLY in one instance does Wisconsin's Governor Philipp propose wholly to undo the work of his predecessors. He intends to abolish the legislative reference bureau, and thereby save the state $21,000 a year. He objects to the bureau because it has been developed from a reference library into a bill-drafting office. He declares that the preparation of laws under expert advice for the benefit of individual legislators increases the number of useless laws and supersedes the study of legislative questions by individual

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legislators. How disingenuous the man is! The inability of the ordinary legislator properly to draw a bill is notorious. The Governor does not make the slightest attempt to show that the work has been incompetently or wastefully performed. Manifestly an expert bill-drafting bureau is a hindrance rather than an encouragement to hasty, foolish and over-abundant legislation. The individual legislator is stimulated to the study of legislative and social problems by the careful technical analysis and preparation of legislative projects. The Governor's real reason for abolishing the bureau is contained in the statement that the bureau has exercised "an undue influence on legislation." The office is to be abolished in order to get rid of its chief, Mr. Charles McCarthy. The progressive movement in Wisconsin is to be checked by the removal of the man who has contributed so much to its past achievements. Here is an inspiring example of the new "constructive" conservatism.

"LITTLE it seems in the dusty ways," sang George Meredith of the wild rose. When Cecil Sharp spoke in New York the other night he proved that there are still Englishmen to whom the neglected wild flowers are yet "the darlings of Earth." It was as wild flowers that Mr. Sharp described the treasures he has spent years in collecting, the immemorial folk tunes which are yet to be heard in the wolds, the hamlets, the mining villages of England. He showed photographs of gnarled old country people, frequently illiterate, who preserve in their memories sometimes as many as five hundred tunes. When Mr. Sharp's companion played a few of these tunes, they refreshed every listener with their sweetness and their simplicity. They came from the heart of a people, usually merry, sometimes sad, but always clear as a bell. There is a true romance in the work this quiet Englishman has done, eliciting from shy country souls the beauties that abide with them from the dawn of music. No one can wonder at the nationalism of Mr. Sharp, lamenting over the foreign culture that stifled the folk voice of England. But the people, the "common people," still have England's music, and Mr. Sharp has "bowed his head" when they do sing.

AN old woman eighty-seven years of age died in a Home for Incurables. She was a faithful servant all her life, and was well remembered by the family for whom she had worked. Like ordinary, decent human beings, they decided to go to her funeral. No one would suppose that this required any comment. But a leading newspaper felt called upon to interview the clergyman who presided, and to announce in bold type "Masters to Pay Funeral Honors to Loved Servant." We quote from the interview:

> "Members of the family . . . will attend the funeral, of which they have taken charge, and they and the rector of this church will go afterward to St. Michael's Cemetery to see Sarah Biggers laid away. We don't think it enough to let the undertaker go with the body after the rites are said . . . .
>
> "We all honored Sarah as much as—perhaps more than—if she were a millionaire. She was what would be called an ignorant woman, but she was good and faithful, and she was one of the treasured members of this church."

The newspaper no doubt thought it was chronicling a fine "human interest story"; the clergyman no doubt thought he was acting in a spirit of brotherly love. But it is in their good intentions that men often betray themselves most.

"THE muckraking of the minute-men," says the New York *Evening Post,* "is but an index of the new tendency to de-spiritualize the past, to take the soul out of history." And it asks, "What is to prevent the historian of 2050 from describing the social uplift movement of 1915 as primarily engineered by young men and women of the middle classes in search of jobs as investigators and research directors?" Surely the *Evening Post* of 2050 can be trusted to expose such an invidious attempt to take the soul out of history?

JUDGING from recent allegations, the bribery and corruption industry of Terre Haute, which attained publicity through one hundred and fifteen indictments and eighty-one pleas of guilty, was no narrow partisan or state affair. It wobbled back and forth, changing its spots at the state line. In Indiana it stood adamant upon Andrew Jackson and the New Freedom; in Illinois it devoted its zeal to the coming back of Uncle Joe. Some doubt is expressed as to whether the courts of the Danville district will show any interest in the matter; perhaps it is a subject for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

OBSERVERS have noted a tendency on the part of our people to get tired of world's fairs. There are the incorrigible ones, of course, who have gone the whole weary and instructive round from the World's Columbian to the Jamestown, and who are now looking up routes to California. But many are saying in their hearts, "This is exposition year, and gosh, how I dread it!" What is the fundamental cause of this growing discontent? San Diego sees it clearly enough; it lies in the feet. San Diego, unable to resist the temptation to be entertaining and informing, this year has tried to minimize the evil by providing

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electric motor-chairs for visitors. The exposition-goer with bitter memories of hot, aching feet and weary miles of floor and pavement, will now take renewed interest.

ELECTION returns of 1914 bear out the contention of THE NEW REPUBLIC that the Socialist vote in the great industrial states of the East is becoming relatively less important, while making greater progress in the agricultural and mining communities of the West. The total vote of 1914, as was to be expected, was less than in 1912, but the loss in the seven great Western states (Oklahoma, Nevada, Montana, Arizona, Washington, California and Idaho) was only eight per cent, while the loss in the greatest industrial states of the nation (New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan and Connecticut) was forty per cent. In five of the Western states the Socialist vote in 1914 was actually higher, in several cases much higher, than in 1912, while in every one of the great industrial states the vote fell off, the decline in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan being over fifty per cent. In 1914, nineteen per cent of all Oklahoma electors voted the Socialist ticket, while in Massachusetts the proportion of Socialist voters was only two per cent. To-day the state of Washington has as many Socialist party voters as Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey combined, Montana has more than Michigan, and California more than New York.

IT is not often that William Kent of California is guilty of a narrow partisan view. There is no such thing, laments Congressman Kent, as an inherent right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If there was, we should have no war, conscriptions, nor jails, nor mosquitoes on trout streams. A pert saying, but a shallow. If there is anything on this earth that clearly illustrates the universal right to the pursuit of happiness, it is exactly the mosquito on the trout stream. Man pursues the trout, the trout pursues the mosquito, and the mosquito pursues man. It contains a maximum of the somewhat cynical right ascribed by our Fathers; viz., pursuit.

LOVERS of "pees" are respectfully referred to the following from the *Pioneer of Simplified Spelling* for a warning of what may happen to us when the war is over: "When this wurld-madness haz been eksorsiezed, when aul the haitful noizes of worfair ar murjd in that luvli karesing wurd 'pees' then will cum the dai for such muuvments as ourz." Meanwhile the passage, if held at arm's length, will pass very well as an account of events in the Eastern theatre of war.

Mexico and Human Liberty

IN relation to one business of outstanding importance there is no longer the slightest ambiguity about the policy of the administration. At Indianapolis the President indicated broadly but clearly his attitude towards the existing situation in Mexico and his reasons for assuming it. The attitude is one of complete and scrupulous abstention. The United States is not going to exercise the slightest pressure on the warring Mexican generals in the interest of an early settlement. No matter how long Mexican anarchy lasts, no matter how distracted the condition of the country becomes, no matter how intense and widespread the suffering of the non-combatants, there will not, if Mr. Wilson can help it, be any interference with Mexican domestic affairs as long as he is President.

Mr. Wilson is also perfectly explicit about the reasons which have induced him to substitute a new policy for his original one of interference in Mexican affairs. The change is due to his "reckless enthusiasm" for "human liberty." The Huerta revolution was a triumph of bloodthirsty military despotism, but once Huerta was deposed, further fighting was transformed into a struggle for liberty and self-government. The Mexicans are now engaged in "determining" the form and personnel of their government, and the way in which they go about it is none of our business. If they should want to try the political experiment of a new Huerta, neither the United States nor any other country has any reason to interfere with them. If they should prefer to struggle along without any government at all for a generation, that also would be an expression of human liberty and so immune from interference. It is their country, their government and their liberty. "Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak?

The analogy which Mr. Wilson draws between the existing struggle in Mexico and the historic wars of Europe is interesting, but it surely betrays some confusion of thought. Europe is not, like Mexico, a single country torn by domestic dissension and threatened by a powerful neighbor of alien blood and traditions. Europe is a group of countries, which have, it is true, been allowed to develop for a thousand years without outside interference, except that of the Turks, but which throughout the whole period have been insistently and unscrupulously interfering in one another's domestic affairs. Political liberty as it has evolved in Europe is the result of the action and reaction of nations or states upon one another.

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As soon as a state had attained a fair amount of cohesion, efficiency and consequent military power, it immediately used its superior strength to impose its methods and authority upon inferior neighbors. It either succeeded in so doing, or else its interference aroused an increasingly effective resistance. In Europe the aggressive power of England, Spain and France resulted successively in the political development of their enemies and victims until finally the victims themselves grew strong enough to enter upon a career of conquest. Interference of this kind had the value of an extremely disagreeable and perilous discipline. If the weaker nation could not be stimulated by the aggressive attack to the attainment of greater cohesion and efficiency, the result usually was, as in the case of Poland, its political annihilation.

Thus the analogy between Mexico and Europe is very defective. European blood has been and is being spilt chiefly as a consequence of the attempts by strong nations to suppress or impair the liberty of their weaker neighbors. The discipline was costly and wasteful, but it was effective. It created strong nations whose very nationality has been formed by the necessity of living up to the severe standards which they place in a society of nations imposed upon them. The liberty which the European nations enjoy was not the result of an artificial isolation and protection against outside interference. It was born of stubborn national self-assertion and of the ability to make good use of national independence.

The gradual building up of an international system has tended to restrict the area of the aggressive interference and to define the conditions of its possible justifiability. Its area has not as yet been sufficiently restricted and will not be until the international system becomes much more completely organized. But one thing is certain. Human liberty is not promoted merely by the refusal of the stronger nations to interfere with the affairs of their weaker neighbors. A society of nations, like a society of individuals, derives its value in part from the quality of its component members. A weak and decomposing nation is a threat to the integrity of the whole system, just as surely as bad citizens constitute a threat to the integrity of the state. Any international system which expects to endure must make some provision for dealing with these weaker brethren. The method of dealing with them will not consist of constant petty interference or permanent subjugation. The weaker brethren will be left alone, provided their internal dissensions do not become generally maleficent. But neither can they be dealt with by dogmatic non-intervention. International discipline is as indispensable to national liberty as is social discipline to personal liberty.

We are far from asserting that disciplinary measures, undertaken by other nations, have already become desirable or necessary in Mexico. The President is assuredly right in giving to the Mexicans the utmost practicable opportunity of recovering their self-possession and of establishing some kind of political and social order. He is right in sympathizing with their devotion to national independence. Armed intervention by this country in Mexico would bring with it consequences, burdens and risks which might be more costly to the American than to the Mexican people. But is the President wise in serving notice on the Mexican generals that no matter how wantonly they fight among themselves their fighting is consecrated in the name of human liberty and is safe from outside interference? Are the Mexicans not much more likely to compose their differences in case they are asked to recognize the existence of an ultimate international police power and of its possible application to their dissensions? And is the President wise in believing that the European nations and the American people will continue to share his attitude of entire irresponsibility for an indefinitely perpetuated condition of anarchy in Mexico? An unalterable rule of non-intervention ignores the truth which European history has persistently confirmed, that no country can in the long run be allowed to behave as it pleases without regard to the interests and standards of other nations. There is much to be said for "watchful waiting" as a tentative Mexican policy, but not even the most reckless passion for the word liberty can justify its transformation into an immaculate and absolute dogma.

Chesterton—Viereck

LAST Sunday evening in New York Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. George Sylvester Viereck attempted to debate the rights and wrongs of the war. The speakers collided frequently with the audience, rarely with each other. Through a general uproar it was always quite clear, however, that Mr. Chesterton was British, and that Mr. Viereck suffered somewhat from a confusion of nationality, for he referred with equal eloquence to "our Jefferson" and "our Bismarck." Mr. Chesterton left no athletic impression on neutral minds. He was obviously ill-prepared, but he did nevertheless manage, with considerable good humor, to fumble along into an attitude of moral righteousness and to score a number of somewhat casuistical debating points. Mr. Viereck was more than a man, more than the poet who at the age of twenty-seven offered to devote his genius to American business.

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Mr. Viereck was an organization which had searched everything from Deuteronomy to the decisions of the Supreme Court for points against England and justifications of Germany. Mr. Viereck pleased the pro-Germans in the audience, who were aggressive in their applause of him and in their hissing of Mr. Chesterton. The small minority of sympathizers with the Allies behaved with a moderation which may have been due to good manners or to disappointment with the dogmatic naïveté of Mr. Chesterton's argument. They seemed somehow to give up Mr. Viereck in despair, and to feel indulgently unenthusiastic about the well-worn official platitudes of Mr. Chesterton.

The single bright spot of the cantankerous and unilluminating discussion was a short speech by one of the chairmen, Professor William N. Shepherd, of Columbia University. He rose before the rebuttals to remind the audience that no one knew the causes of this war, that we were just beginning to find out the causes of our own Civil War fifty years ago, that the attempt to pass judgment on this world-conflict now was a case of fools rushing in where scientists feared to tread. He added a rebuke which was intended to reach more than the debaters, that the causes of a supreme struggle like this one are not contained in White Papers, nor in the conspiracies of emperors and foreign secretaries. Though he did not say it, he implied that it is not for the American people to accept one "case" or the other. It seems to us that Professor Shepherd touched here upon the point which is most worth emphasizing in regard to the reaction of American opinion to the war.

The stock assumption of all partisans appears to be that the United States should feel white and black about this conflict. To feel that way would be a great pity. It would be an abandonment of our own intellectual integrity, a failure to see as Americans, instead of as pro-Germans or as pro-Allies. To the extent that we have been blindly partisan, it has been due to our own traditional irresponsibility. We have looked upon Europe as a place apart, and taken sides as we should take sides in a game that did not affect our own interests. Our attitude might be called generous and disinterested were it not for the fact that it is due more than anything else to our unreadiness for thinking out the consequences of the war in relation to the future of America. But once we realize that with the upsetting of the equilibrium of Europe our own diplomacy is radically altered, we shall begin to discuss the war not in relation to its "moral" causes, but in relation to its realistic results. We are in no position to "judge" Europe, to pin the roses of our approbation on one side or the other. What it is necessary for us to do if we are to be faithful to the human future is to try to think concretely about the effects of the struggle on shifting international relations.

What, for example, would be the effect if Germany held Belgium and reduced France to permanent weakness? What would be the effect, in the event of a victory of the Allies, of a crushing and vindictive peace? Is it possible to satisfy Germany's legitimate desires for expansion? How is the future of the Far East to be worked out in relation to the new hegemony of Japan? What would be the effect on Caribbean and South American politics of some radical change in the European Balance of Power? When the settlement of peace is made, on what terms and under what conditions, if any, should the United States become one of its signatories? How far should it go in guaranteeing the permanence of the treaties which will be made?

To some such ground as this the discussion needs to be shifted. The pain of Europe is in a large measure our pain, but if we are to act our share in a better organization of the world, we cannot afford to fill our minds with the hates and the fears, the myths and the panics which rise like deadly fumes from the battlefield. We have suffered much from the ignorance of isolation. But we can gain from that isolation a respite in which to hold our minds clean, to assure for the settlement an active and positive standing for neutral opinion.

Neutrality, as we understand it, is not a dispassionate failure to care about the war. It is an effort to think about it and act towards it as something more than the credulous follower of one of the belligerents. For just in so much as we can give to neutrality a sense of independence and of concreteness, by just so much shall we have turned our sympathy for Belgium to the service of the world.

Chivalry in Congress

DURING the recent debate on woman suffrage in Congress, several Southern representatives could hardly speak of womanhood without melting into tears. To protect woman from all temptation and danger, to keep her "from being soiled with the contest of politics and elections," seemed to be the chief inspiration of most of these gentlemen's lives. They never for a moment descended to sordid facts as to the actual place of millions of American women in industry. Such facts would disturb their oratory. One of them quoted "Sir" John Ruskin as to guarding woman

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from rough work in the open world, and he paid reverence to those elegant ladies portrayed by "the great English poet, Tennyson." Much was heard of woman's God-appointed sphere. Of mere man, who appoints the sphere of garment workers, scrubwomen, laundry workers, girls in shops, telephone operators, cannery workers, much less was heard. "Nature destined woman to be the home-maker." "The most sacred and potential spot on earth is the fireside shrine. I am unwilling, as a Southern man, to force upon her any burden which will distract this loving potentate from her sacred God-imposed duties. I am unwilling to force her into the vortex of politics, where her sensitiveness and her modesty will be often offended." On the sensitiveness and the modesty of American women much stress was laid, and on the corresponding chivalry of American men.

These protestations came as a significant prelude to the long speech of Mr. Bowdle of Ohio, a Northern specimen of the chivalrous man.

Mr. Bowdle is one of those Americans who delight to refer to their "sainted mother" and their "lovely, loyal wife." They assert loudly, and, as they believe, truly, the honor in which they hold woman, and sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Bowdle, they declare that "on that great day when 'God shall judge the secrets of men,' whatever other sins may arise to shame me, and they are many, no wretched Magdalen will rise in the judgment to say that I helped her down." And with all this regard for sainted mothers, loyal wives and womanhood honored at large, such men as Mr. Bowdle seem incapable of sustaining ten minutes' talk without revealing the satyr's hoof. They talk of modesty and delicacy. Their lip-service is unfailing. But because their concept of woman is lewdly physical, because they cannot speak of woman without suggesting the all-male attitude, the leer of the barrack-room and the smoking-car, their offensiveness is many times as repulsive as the outspoken attitude of men who never refer to their sainted mothers, and who pretend neither to reverence nor respect.

Mr. Bowdle considered it amusing to refer to American suffragists as "senatorial ladies who cross their limbs in political wigwams." He thought it funny to quote a woman as saying the suffragists "would make papa bear the children." He thought it telling to speak of divorced women voting with their recreant husbands "and rallying round the pay check." To direct women's attention to the millinery question and the feminine clothing question, he thought worthy of Congress. He thought it equally worthy to speak of a husband "hooking up and unhooking the gowns of the nation's chief." Facetiousness like this, however, would not be worth noticing if Mr. Bowdle had not employed it in a speech where he ventured on observations insulting to every woman in the country he represents.

"Yes, Mr. Speaker, the women of this smart capital are beautiful—indeed, their beauty is positively disturbing to business: their feet are beautiful; their ankles are beautiful—but here I must pause." (Prolonged laughter.)

Having put his speech on this filthy level, Mr. Bowdle went on to discuss the sex limitations of women. Man's "powers in this particular," he said, "do not summon him from those external duties on which the state is founded." But "if I were to defend a man on a capital charge, and a woman were to offer herself as a juror, there are some very intimate questions that I should insist on putting to her as to her *then* condition." And following this, another transition to the facetious: "Men and women are different. They are different in every atom. Right here is where women set up a grouch. Many women resent the limitations of sex. But why quarrel with God when he has the final word? I might as well weep because I cannot gestate a child."

It was in keeping with this general tone that Mr. Bowdle began a long passage: "All history, Mr. Speaker, is nothing but the record of an affair with a woman." And he ended it with his reflections on prostitution. "We all weep too much over prostitutes. Reform for them is easy. Any one of them in any American city, desiring to reform, can wash the paint off, clean up, go to the next town, and get honest housework."

The significant thing about this speech is not, of course, Mr. Bowdle's cave-man idea of woman. There are thousands of other boors and cads with the same ignorance, insensitiveness and complacency. What is significant is that Congress enjoyed him, greeted him with applause and laughter and extended his time. Some, who knew better, took him in the mood in which men often take scurrility addressed to women as a class. A few voiced protest, but not one single representative of Southern chivalry thought it worth his while to make good the assertions of refinement and delicacy in which, earlier in the debate, they had taken such comfort and pride.

Mr. Bowdle is entitled in his private life to look upon woman as he must. But when he reveals to Congress the perverted mind of those men who cannot look upon women as citizens because they are unable to forget sex, he deserves to be understood through the country for the type of anti-suffragist he is. As a public man he does not exist. But as a type he is recognizable and detestable. For all his mouthing about the women of his own hearth, he has never looked at women cleanly. He could not address Congress without betraying himself. He is of the sort that is still trailing slime.

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Objects of Charity

THE manufacturers and merchants who employ women workers may possibly think of themselves as deserving poor, but they certainly do not wish to be thought of as objects of charity. It would seem grotesque if prosperous merchants stood in the bread line or begged obsequiously of passers-by. But is there not a touch of the mendicant spirit in their attitude of opposition to the proposed minimum wage laws? These laws would compel employers to pay to the women whom they hire a wage at least sufficient barely to maintain a decent life. But such a wage, say many employers, is totally unnecessary, for the girls are supported by their fathers and mothers at home, and all they need in return for their labor is pin-money.

We stand too near this pin-money argument to appreciate its full depravity. The Stoic philosopher at Rome did not feel the horror of the gladiatorial games; the Southern gentleman closed his mind to the evils of slavery; and we to-day live in an age where industrial exploitation, which will seem infinitely hideous to our descendants, is condoned or at least judged not too harshly. But does the pin-money argument mean anything less than that the poor shall contribute to the support of the rich; that capitalists and their patrons, profiting by the labor of working girls, shall escape the cost of that labor and throw it back upon the shoulders of the girls' families? Does it not mean that under our existing wage relations the rich are pauperized by the poor?

Besides, it is not true. Investigation after investigation has shown that even girls who live at home are obliged to work to eke out the family income. The Federal Report on Women and Child Wage Laborers proved that the vast majority of women wage-earners living at home turned their whole earnings into the family budget. In New York stores and factories over five-sixths, and in Chicago and St. Louis stores and factories almost as large a proportion, put all their wages into the common fund. "In the opinion of the Commission," writes the Massachusetts Commission on Minimum Wage Boards (1912), "the number who are working in order simply to add to their comforts or luxuries is insignificant. Women in general are working because of dire necessity, and in most cases the combined income of the family is not more than adequate to meet the family's cost of living. In these cases it is not optional with the woman to decline low-paid employment. Every dollar added to the family income is needed to lighten the burden which the rest are carrying."

Wherever we look, in whatever state, in whatever industry, we find the same situation. One girl in thirty is working for pin-money and twenty-nine are working because they must. Where, as is usual, the girl gives most or all of her wages to her parents, she could not do more than her share, for her wages hardly suffice for food, clothing, shelter, carfare, medicine and a little recreation. But not all working women have even this advantage. Many belong to broken families, where the husband or father is dead, sick or disabled by accident, and in these cases the burden on the woman is overwhelming. Outside the home there is the girl living alone, the country girl in the city, the immigrant girl, the orphan; these are supposed to live on a wage which will barely suffice for the girl who needs only pin-money. Could anything be more immoral or more stupid? How long will society continue to pay the cost of these absurd pin-money wages in the lessened health and lowered morale of the workers, in prostitution, pauperism and degradation?

Conservation in Water Power

THE undeveloped water powers that belong to the government are of two classes—those on the public domain where the government owns the full title, and those upon the navigable streams where the title to the land is held by private individuals and the power of the government lies in its control of navigation. Last summer the House of Representatives passed bills providing for the development of both these classes. The Ferris bill dealt with the water powers on the public domain, and the Adamson bill with water powers on the navigable streams.

No one has ever questioned the right of the national government to make such conditions as it sees fit for the development by private capital of water powers on the public lands, but a long fight has been waged over the government's right to regulate the use of the water powers upon navigable streams. Until 1909 it was customary to grant perpetual franchises to private companies, subject only to the general restriction that the company should furnish at its own expense all locks or necessary aids to navigation. But President Roosevelt adopted a contrary policy. He vetoed a number of such special bills, because they did not provide for compensation to the government and did not properly protect the public interest. President Taft continued the same practice. As a consequence there has been no new development of the water powers on navigable streams during the last six years.

Against this policy of conserving the public rights the water power interests have always protested. They claimed that the national government had no constitutional right to demand com-

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pensation and that its sole interest was to protect navigation. In an elaborate brief, which was printed as a Senate document, Mr. Rome G. Brown, chief attorney for the water power companies, argued that the water powers on navigable streams were the private property of the riparian owners subject only to the laws of the state in which they were located, and to the Federal law for the sole purpose of preserving navigation. The Federal Supreme Court, however, recently decided in the Chandler-Dunbar case that the Federal government could legally exercise full control of water powers on such navigable streams.

As first reported to the House by the committee, the Adamson bill was based on the old theory of private ownership and of state rights. But after a sharp fight on the floor of the House the committee was overturned and the bill was practically rewritten by a series of amendments. As finally passed it contained practically the same provisions as did the Ferris bill. It provided for compensation to the Federal government and limited the franchise to fifty years, at the end of which term the government might take over the property or might renew the grant or transfer it to new lessees. The price at which the government might take over the property was carefully limited to the actual costs of land and rights of way, thereby reserving to the public all increment in the value of the land. It further provided for publicity of all accounts by the companies. Because of these changes, the Ferris bill, like the Adamson bill, was a true conservation measure. Both bills protected the public interest while permitting the legitimate development of water power.

The Senate has not yet acted upon either bill. The Ferris bill is still in the committee of Public Lands. The committee on Commerce has reported the Adamson bill with an amendment, which substitutes an entirely new bill, which is practically the same as that introduced some time ago by Senator Shields of Tennessee. But the Shields bill is exactly what the water companies have always asked for. Possessing none of the important conservation features adopted by the House, it is based on the old theory of private ownership and state rights. Apparently the Senate committee prefers to take its view of the public rights in water powers on navigable streams from the water power attorneys rather than from the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Shields bill does not even give proper protection to navigation. It provides only that the private companies shall make the navigation facilities as good as those which existed at the time the dam was built. Since dams, however, are always built at a point where there are either rapids or a fall, the benefit of this restriction is theoretical.

It is difficult to believe that the Senate will actually pass the Shields bill, and if it does it is almost certain that the House will not accept it. The House, having put itself on record by a very large majority in favor of the Adamson bill, is not likely to stultify itself by passing a law based on an exactly opposite theory. The result probably will be no legislation at all at this session. Nor is this entirely displeasing to the water power people. Apparently they prefer no legislation at all to the passage of the Ferris and Adamson bills. On the other hand the conservationists would prefer no legislation to the passage of the Shields bill. The water power fight is largely therefore a drawn battle as far as legislation at this session is concerned.

In the end the delay may be to the public advantage. While the conservationists would like to see both bills enacted as they passed the House, it is possible that even better legislation will result in the end. Both bills are long steps in the right direction, but they are far from ideal. All the water power over which the government has any control should as far as possible be developed under the same law, and all should be controlled by one department. A division of jurisdiction between the Interior and the War Departments is artificial. Moreover, Cabinet members who change with each new administration are not the best Federal officers to regulate the development and use of water powers. There ought therefore to be created an independent bureau of the government, like the Interstate Commerce Commission, to which could be entrusted the whole subject of the public interest in the waterways of the country. Such a bureau, under general rules laid down by Congress, should have a wide discretion over the development of navigation and of power.

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"Kultur"

A BRILLIANT reactionary thinker said the other day, in the columns of a French Catholic newspaper, that the Germans are fighting in this war for the ideals of the Revolution. This arresting paradox has its element of truth. The German national gospel has little in common with the impulse which started the French Revolution, but it has revived some of the notions which inspired its later phases. It is equally impatient in face of the facts of race and nationality, and, though it does not dream of human perfectibility, it is Napoleonic in its belief that human nature is raw material which can be organized indefinitely by the paternal state, the schoolmaster, and the drill-sergeant. Two words recur so frequently in the polemics of the Germans and the Allies that they have acquired the significance of battle-standards. "Kultur" and "nationality" have come to be the things for which all the combatants in this confused war believe themselves to be fighting. Thus German emphasis on culture, or civilization—for neither word is quite an adequate translation—makes an instinctive appeal to liberal minds. It conveys the belief that the real things which unite men are ideas, rather than the animal tie of race. It embodies the natural habit of thought of a nation which is led by its professors and its scientists, and whose working class is permeated, as no other is, by the doctrines of social democracy. It blends easily with the idealism of modern civilized men, who have realized for a generation that the fundamental problems of social structure, the relations of capital to labor, and of men to women, are the same in all developed countries. It fits as well the harsher realism of those who see as the central fact of modern life the diffusion by commerce of an industrial civilization over the half-exploited regions of the earth.

But we have not yet translated "Kultur." It is far from meaning a spontaneous identity in thought across the divisions made by race and history. It is not the spiritual unity of a Catholic Church, nor is it the superpersonal culture which Shelley divined when he sang,

> "Greece and her foundations are
> Built above the tide of war."

It is not even in most contexts the unity of thought of which educated men from New York and Berlin are aware when they meet. It is rather the bond which unites the Prussian and the Bavarian, the Saxon and the Westphalian. It is inseparable from the Prussian idea of the state, which has organized civilization in the university and the factory, the law-court and the school. It is centralized culture, a system of civilization. It may be diffused by conquest or injured by defeat. It is affected by the prestige of the nation which professes it. Its dream of becoming a universal culture is dangerously blended with that other dream of world dominion. "Kultur" has a certain distinction among national ideals. It is not tied down to a crude basis of physiology, as Pan-Slavism is, nor yet to an old-world religious belief, as the "truly Russian" patriotism is. It may be stated in universal terms; it is a system of ideas. But it has narrowed itself by its over-emphasis of the state's function. It dwells to excess on the external unity of regimentation in one framework of laws and institutions. It has derived from these coarser elements its belief in force, and its steam-roller intolerance towards Danes and Poles and Alsatians. Its triumph is the unification of Germany. Its promising and half-completed wish was the construction of modern Austria. It is breaking to-day in Belgium on its own inability to understand the significance of nationality.

The Allies have waved the opposing flag of nationality against the German ideal of "Kultur." They hold a purely opportunist position. There is indeed a strong vein of sentimental nationalism among English Liberals. It was not strong enough to resist the annexation of the Boer republics, nor the permanent occupation of Egypt, nor the iniquitous partition of Persia. It made its unavailing protests against the conclusion of an alliance with Russia at the moment when she was destroying the national existence of Finland. It is uncomfortably aware, amid the partisan silence of war-time, that the bringing of non-Russian Slavs under Russian rule will be an ironical application of the principle of nationality. It has not quite forgotten that the Servians are holding down a conquered population in Macedonia with all the brutalities of martial law. It realizes, when it pauses to reflect, the difficulties of the future, when the Pan-Slavist ideal of nationality, which is so intimately bound up with Greek orthodoxy, comes into clash with the Jews and Catholics of Galicia and the Armenians of Asia Minor. But of Russia and the East it thinks no oftener than it is obliged. By its pursuit of the principle of nationality in this war, British Liberalism means primarily the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine and the restoration of Belgian independence. These are, both of them, great and worthy objects to follow, but their adoption does not really imply satisfaction with

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the anarchic ideal of independent and unlimited nationality. One knows too well the horrors and confusions which that ideal has wrought in the Balkans to be greatly enamored of it. The British press, indeed, incessantly urges the Balkan peoples to sacrifice some part of their independence by creating a Balkan Federation. The notion which dominated Europe in the generation of Mazzini and Kossuth, that the expression of nationality in a state organization within guarded frontiers under a flag has any supreme positive value, has ceased indeed to attract modern minds. What English Liberals mean by their enthusiasm for nationality and their idealization of little nations is to-day little more than a dislike of violence, intolerance, and coercion. No one seriously thinks that a minor race or a little people contributes anything of inordinate value to the universe by maintaining a jealous identity and cultivating a political individualism. But it is an intolerable evil that a little nation should be overrun by brute force, or that a racial minority should suffer constraint in the use of its own language or the cult of its historical religion. The positive value of nationality is no longer political. Politics in all modern states turn on questions of class and social organization. Race and nationality are nothing but a nuisance and a hindrance when they cut across the more fruitful lines of controversy. The positive worth of nationality lies to-day rather in the intangible and ideal world of literature and tradition. A frontier is less essential to it than a language.

The plain fact is that the Allies, though this war has made them the champions of nationality, have in reality advanced far beyond the ideals of 1848. They object to any brutal infraction of the rights of nationality—more especially by Germans. But they are making a world in which nationality must come to terms with "Kultur." The reconciliation must be sought by the elimination of the element of forcible regimentation from the German ideal. We hardly see as yet the dilemma into which our championship of Belgian nationality has driven us. Sir Edward Grey said that Belgian independence would be gone if Belgian neutrality could be violated with impunity by German arms. He spoke truly, but it is also true that Belgian independence is gone when it must be vindicated by British arms. Belgium has become, however kindly, however chivalrous the relation may be, a dependent of the Franco-British alliance. Her internal autonomy may be as secure as the independence of a British colony, but her security, her African possessions, her foreign policy, depend inexorably henceforth on the good-will of London and Paris. Her neutrality may in name be restored, but she is and must remain in fact the ally, a minor ally, moreover, of Britain and France. From the moment that the conflict between Germany and the Western Powers became acute in 1906, Belgium had to choose which diplomatic orbit she would enter. Independence, after Europe had become an armed camp, became for nearly all the minor European states an impossible ideal. Sweden must lean for support against Russia upon Germany; Servia clings to Russia, and Portugal to Britain. One may go further. The Great Powers themselves must sacrifice something of their independence to their alliances. The pursuit of a balance of power and the interpenetration of cosmopolitan finance have made the nationalism of 1848 as remote and as obsolete as the individualism of the Manchester school. A little nation which owes its survival to the British navy, the Russian army, and the French banks, is no longer an independent state, though it may still retain its individual traditions.

This conflict of ideals can have no satisfactory solution by the triumph of either. Isolated nationality has been wrecked by the development and rivalry of great empires. German "Kultur" lost its chance of leadership, its dream of unifying alien races, by its reliance upon force and its Bismarckian tradition of brutality. There is a promise of security and justice for all states, small or great, only by a forward step towards a genuine federation. It may turn out that this war will figure in history as a struggle which secured the unity of a continent as literally as did the American war between North and South. We must somehow recover the truth which the French Revolution and the German ideal of "Kultur" have both emphasized, that men are united more truly by ideas than by race. But we shall reach this finer civilization only when the jealous instinct of race is secure against violence and intimidation.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Equality

LAST evening I happened by accident upon a strange coming together of the ends of New York. Seated on couches and chairs in the spacious, unpretentious drawing-room were unemployed men, recruited from the bread line and the lodging-houses. These unemployed—there were some thirty of them—were the guests of men and women prominent in the city government and in social reform. They had been called in to give their advice to experts, to explain how relief work should be organized, to discuss the infinitely complex problem of unemployment. It seems absurd and sentimental, does it not? And yet it was evident that the expert learned much from these

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harassed men, who knew how unemployment hurts, and I took pride in city officials willing to study in such a book.

As I listened to these unemployed, as I heard these famished wanderers tell of the monotonous horrors of their life, of trudging night after night through cold empty streets, of sleeping amid vermin on foul lodging-house floors or on chairs in the stench of low saloons, of deprivation, of degradation, of despair, I felt infinitely abased. I looked about me at the well-clad solicitous men and women who had come to meet them, and in their faces read the same shame that I found in my own heart, the same leaden guilt of living in such a world. But for the happy bulwark of circumstance they too might have sunk into the abyss and joined this despised regiment, useless because unused. What could the fed say to the unfed? What hope could they extend? What did their slow plans for social regeneration mean to wretches whose life would be crushed out long before such plans could mature?

Only the unemployed were without constraint, for they had the tragic dignity of hopelessness. They stood up boldly, spoke not unwisely, and showed no humility, before men who might have housed and fed them for months without noticing the cost. It struck me suddenly that these unemployed men, being Americans, possessed more self-assurance than Englishmen or Germans in like cases would have possessed. These wanderers, despised even by pickpockets, held the stubborn conviction that after all they were human beings and citizens, equal to the others in all respects except the accident of money.

Of course they were not equal, if that word means anything. They had not the health, the vigor, the firm intellectual grasp. They could not reason a thing out; they were too obsessed by the sordid trifles that had become their life. Some were weak because they had grown up in an evil environment; some, no doubt, were handicapped before birth by a fatal heredity. What does equality mean when men are as unequal as these? What equality could exist between us, who sat apart, secure and fed, and these friendless unemployed, soon to be let out again upon the street, soon to be redelivered to the life that skirts the land of beggary and crime.

We tried desperately to be equal; it was the least we could do. Were we not all men and brothers? We used the title "brother" as men do when in the absence of all social bonds they appeal to the last shred, our common humanity. But though our will was excellent, though we were all engaged upon a single problem, it was not possible even for the short space of three hours to keep down the barrier. The two groups instinctively separated. The unemployed were addressed as "you fellows," "friends," "boys," but the title "gentlemen," which is in vogue in almost every section, was not used. Could it have been used without derision? Is a man a gentleman with whom society deals so ungently? To use that term of equality to one whom you can save from slow starvation or permit to starve, whom you can raise by a nod or condemn to misery is to mock him, as though you offered a flask of perfume to a wretch dying of hunger.

There can be no equality, nor any approach to equality, except among men economically independent and economically comparable. You may talk of equality and fraternity, of equal civil rights, of equal political rights, of the brotherhood of man and all the rest, but unless your man has a secure economic position, a chance to earn his living in dignity and honor, he has no rights whatsoever. Political equality is a farce and a peril unless there is at least some measure of economic equality. What does it avail the poor devil trudging the streets without a chance of bed or breakfast, that he is an equal American citizen with a vote? For what or whom shall he vote? What interest has he in all our fine political schemes, in economy and efficiency, in democracy and progress, when he himself after election as before is without a job and hungry? If such a man sell his political influence for whatever he can get, who is there to blame him?

We shall not advance far in working out our American ideals without striking hard at this inequality which has grown with the growth of society and which produces insane fortunes at the top and destitution at the bottom. When we talk of inequality, we mean inequality of possessions, inequality of income, inequality of industrial opportunity. It is not an easy task to eradicate this inequality, nor is it one which can be solved in a year or a decade, for the evil is rooted in complex conditions and in strong human instincts, and some of it is an inevitable result of quite healthy economic processes. Inequality, even in its worst manifestations, will last long, for the very reason that it means political inequality, for the very reason that the man of great fortune is the controller of other men's lives and other men's opinions and votes, and that those who have absolutely nothing join with those who have too much. The road to equality is difficult and long. We shall not even approach our goal without a national understanding of this problem, nor without radical economic readjustments, which shall prevent excessive private accumulation at its source, and give to men at the bottom of society the economic as well as the educational bases of independence.

WALTER E. WEYL.

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The Tug-of-War in Ireland

"IRELAND," said a distinguished Irishman the other day, "is preparing either to flare up in a last melancholy splendor or to begin an absolutely new era; and God only knows which." There are at present three more or less armed parties struggling for the mastery of Ireland's destiny. The Home Rulers are struggling for it with the help of the National Volunteers, the Separatists with the Irish Volunteers, and the Unionists with the Ulster Volunteers. It would not be too much to say that the Germans also are taking part in the struggle with the German army.

It is all the more surprising to see Ireland in such apparent danger of being torn to pieces, considering that on the great question of the day there is comparatively little difference of opinion among the Irish people. I do not wish to underestimate the strength of the party which sides with Germany, or, to put it more accurately, sides against England in the present war. I do not think, however, that anyone will challenge the statement that it could not win a single seat if an election took place in Ireland to-morrow. Not that it is a party consisting exclusively of cranks and "soreheads," as Mr. Redmond and his press are never weary of suggesting. It is a party which both in its leaders and in its rank and file is at least as rich in single-minded idealism and devotion to Ireland as Mr. Redmond's own. But it has failed so far to capture the imagination of the people because it has presented while marching—under ambiguous banners—the banner of the love of Ireland side by side with the banner of the hatred of England. It contains, on the one hand, most but not all of those who believe in Ireland's right to be as independent as the United States of America, and therefore to be as neutral as the United States of America in a war like the present. On the other hand it contains many whose creed may be most effectually summed up in the words of a young Nationalist leader who wrote the other day: "If England had declared war on hell, I would be a pro-devil."

Not all of its members are pro-German, however; not all of them are even Separatists. Some of them do not go beyond being pro-Irish. They declare that this is not Ireland's war, and that Irishmen should not shed their blood either for the sake of England or for the sake of Germany. They insist that Ireland has already contributed far more than her share of fighting men to the British army, and, whether by enlistment or by emigration, is now dangerously underpopulated in the matter of young men. In short, you will find every sort of reason as well as of unreason on their side. Their attitude may be explained in some measure as a protest against the extremely imperialistic character which Mr. Redmond's nationalism has assumed in recent years. There would to my mind be plenty of room for a party on lines of this sort if it were not compromised by an element of pro-Germanism, and by an almost incredible absence of sympathy with the sufferings of Belgium.

What Ireland wants most of all at the present moment amid her unhappy divisions is unification, unification, and again unification. King George has signed a Home Rule bill which, with all its faults, concedes a greater measure of liberty to Ireland than she has possessed for many centuries. But the bill was passed on the strict understanding that if the Ulster people still wish it after the war, another bill will follow excluding from its operation, at least temporarily, the Unionist counties of Ulster. The Nationalists are almost to a man opposed to this partition of Ireland; their quarrel is concerned with the means of preventing it. Mr. Redmond believes that if Ireland rallies in regiments to the cause of the Allies in the present war, it may move the heart of England, if not the heart of Ulster, and so bring about a settlement in Ireland's favor. His opponents among the Nationalists, on the other hand, contend that the only way to get justice from England is to take it, and that the only way to take it is with an army of volunteers, and that therefore it is to Ireland's interest that England should emerge from the war, not strong and triumphant, but weak and in a mood to come to terms. It is just possible that in the end the intransigeant party will strengthen Mr. Redmond's hands. It is essentially a De Wet party, and it forces Mr. Redmond into useful prominence as an Irish Botha. The more he is attacked in Nationalist Ireland, the more he will come to be regarded as a reasonable human being, not only in England but in Ulster. That is England's and Ulster's way. At the same time, Ulster is as yet far from being won. She has entered into the war with the same enthusiasm as Mr. Redmond, but she has entered into it largely in order to defeat Mr. Redmond. She believes that she can buy an Orange victory by shedding her blood for England, just as Mr. Redmond believes that Ireland can buy a Nationalist victory by shedding her blood for England. Consequently, the Ulster press, instead of encouraging Nationalists to stand shoulder to shoulder with Ulstermen against the

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Germans, loses no opportunity of belittling the sacrifices Ireland is making in the war.

There has been no better anti-recruiting literature in Ireland than the Ulster Unionist papers. They call on the Irish to enlist, and yet they cannot conceal their pleasure when the Irish hold back. They really want the British army for themselves. They regard it as a significantly anti-Irish institution and pray that it may long remain so. Sir George Richardson, the commander-in-chief of the Ulster Volunteer force, in urging his men recently to volunteer for service on the Continent, did so on the ground that the army came to the rescue of the Ulster Unionists a few months ago on the occasion of the quasi-mutiny at the Curragh, and that after the war it could be trusted to come to their help again. "If any man found himself wavering," he said, "let him try and recollect the events of March last, and what the army and navy did for Ulster. They came to the help of Ulster in the day of trouble and they would come again. It is now the Volunteers' opportunity to show them their gratitude and support them to the last man." If there is any conciliation going on in Ireland just now, it is certainly not the Ulster Unionists who are holding out the olive branch.

Statesmanship on the part of the Nationalists may nevertheless accomplish wonders. Had Ireland a Cavour at the present moment, one fancies he might find some means of winning over most of the extreme men both on the Nationalist and the Unionist side to a war policy based upon the necessity of giving Home Rule a trial. But Mr. Redmond, moderate though he be in speech and temper, is the leader of a party rather than of a nation of many parties. He makes his appeal to the British Liberal rather than to Irishmen of all creeds and politics. He is dignified and persuasive rather than sympathetic. On the outbreak of the war, he seemed for a moment to have won over to his side the British Conservatives as well as the British Liberals. When he rose in the House of Commons and promised the sympathy of Ireland for the cause of the Allies, old Tory squires, who had always believed in their hearts that he was the arch-fiend and in the pay of England's enemies, were prepared to embrace him in their astonished enthusiasm. If they had only been as generous as they were sentimental at that moment, Ireland—I mean average Ireland—was readier then to shake hands with England than she has been for a hundred years. When it was seen, however, that the Tories were throwing their arms round Mr. Redmond not merely in order to protest their love but with the object of picking the Home Rule bill out of his pocket while he was emotionally occupied, a reaction set in and the old mood of suspicion revived. "Let us compromise," the Unionists kept saying in effect, "by all becoming Unionists till the war is over."

The Government shillyshallied, and for a time it was not clear, in spite of the firm attitude of the Liberal press, whether or not the war was going to be allowed to be used to bring about the defeat of Home Rule. In the end the Home Rule bill was put on the statute book, but only after repeated postponements and hangings-back that deprived the deed of any appearance of graciousness. Scarcely was it passed when Mr. Bonar Law, as Conservative leader in the House of Commons, went over to Ulster in order to announce the intention of his party to treat the new act as a "scrap of paper" when the war was finished. Following this came incident after incident which spread the idea among the Irish people that England was still the old England and as contemptuous as ever of the Irish except as so much food for powder. The appeal to Irishmen to enlist was addressed to them not as men of the Irish nation, but as inhabitants of an English province. The concession of the right to form a distinctive Irish division in the new army was as dilatory as the concession of Home Rule, though the Ulstermen had been granted all sorts of privileges. When a number of Irish ladies wished to present colors to the new division, the War Office stepped in with a prohibition. All this is symbolic of the hopeless unintelligence with which Ireland has been treated in recent months. It has done far more than has yet been realized to undermine Irish belief in the good faith of England, to convert active enthusiasm into what may be called passive enthusiasm, and even to increase the pro-German party in Ireland.

The England which is the cause of pro-Germanism in Ireland is the England which Irishmen hold responsible—though Englishmen have themselves disowned it—for the shooting down of Irishmen and women in the streets of Dublin during last summer. To Irishmen, Bachelor's Walk, where the incident occurred, is infinitely nearer and more real than Zabern. There are rumors at present that the pro-Germans are shortly to be "suppressed" in Ireland, and the Defence of the Realm act, which has just been passed, seems to be specially directed against them so far as regards its provision for trying civilians in certain cases by court martial instead of by jury. The introduction of coercion on the eve of Home Rule would be a fatal step, and would more than probably result in bloodshed. England, having condoned in Ulster the pro-Germanism which helped to bring the war about, has no moral case for proceeding against a pro-Germanism in the south which may injure Ireland, but will certainly not injure the Allies in their struggle against Germany. Let England

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blunder, let Mr. Redmond blunder, and Ireland may go reeling back for another generation into the wilderness from which she is just emerging. Let them recognize the fact that Irishmen cannot forget history in a night, and let them make it clear that this war on behalf of the little nations is a generous war on behalf of the Irish nation as well as of the Belgian nation, and there will be as little pro-Germanism left in Ireland as there is in Belgium itself. ROBERT LYND.

Provençal Verse of Henri Fabre

The Blacksmith

"BLACKER than a mole, from soot and grime, *pin-pan, pin-pan, pin-pan!* the blacksmith hammers his shoe on the ringing anvil. The shop is filled with a mighty cascading of lights and sparks. It is as if a young serpent were being fused under the hammer. *Pin-pan, pin-pan, pin-pan!* On the smith's brows, thickened into hard earthy tufts, a burning shower rains down; and now and then you hear his bushy beard sizzle. He sweats, the dusky blacksmith, as he strikes his hot iron. *Pin-pan, pin-pan, pin-pan!* Ink flows and rolls in drops down his knotty arms, from his burnt cheeks and his forehead, on to his breast, shaggy as a horsehair trunk. What will such violent work accomplish? What will this hell bring forth? *Pin-pan, pin-pan, pin-pan!* The thing is finished. What is it? Just a piece of iron to shoe the hoof of a ragged ass, devoured by vermin, and worn bare in patches by the scab.

"I, too, by honest trade am a smith; on paper, *cri-cra, cri-cra, cri-cra!* I hammer thought. My pen strikes blows on the page, and in my brain shines the fire of the glowing forge. And I toil and moil, drunk, overwhelmed with my idea. *Cri-cra, cri-cra, cri-cra!* My pen isn't dipped in mere ink—to my mind that's not enough; it's pierced with a bleeding fragment of my soul. You understand, good fellow worker, how this strains the thighs and head? *Cri-cra, cri-cra, cri-cra!* The mad dance in the brain of the idea that seeks to burst out of its shell. Your forge has no such power to wear out the marrow.

"For I have an ass of my own, more mangy, more bald than yours. *Cri-cra, cri-cra, cri-cra!* The page grows black as I write, to save the brute from the pest that devours him. His scab is ignorance, and even that's not all. He's ignorant, my braying ass, and in his eye there's a wart, tough, thick, venomous, which eats in deep below the surface. He must be cured and quickly—I must kindle a light for his blindness. Although the job doesn't always bring in a crust of bread, it's worth while, isn't it, my sooty friend? Let's persist each in his place to hammer away, I striking *cri-cra* for man, you *pin-pan* for the ass."

The Frogs

"AT night, when the moon shines full on the marsh and its reeds, when the willows spin snowy threads over the heads of the narcissus, what are you gossiping about, you frogs, in the month of April, as your breasts take the cool of the sedgy stream? Loose bellies like wrinkled pendant figs, skulls flattened into shells that have scarce any brains for meat; greenlings, toothless muzzles, what are you croaking there, now that the sparrow of the willows is asleep?"

"Breck-kek-koex," reply the frogs, "what are we gossiping about in the marshes? Go ask that, simpleton, of the stickleback nosing among the watercress. The charmer wears a collar of mother-of-pearl, and carries a sword at his side. They'll tell you the answer, our neighbors of both sexes—the dragon-fly of the spring, the minnow scaled with silver and sashed in crimson; the water-beetle, a pearl that swims in a circle, spins round and round and dives out of sight.

"The whiskered loach will tell you. The poor dear, dressed in mourning, has decided to-day to put around her neck, under her little pointed beard, three or four rows of jet chain. It's nothing, mere smoke, and yet it's becoming. A humble necklace, the jet of the wretched little thing! Then go to the bramble patch to see the lizard, when the good beast, drunk with heat, stretches his spine in the sun. For ornament, he, the magnificent, has put on the mantle of a king. Ah, my friends, what a spine—made of pearls! No, never did the fairies broider anything so marvelous. For train to this royal mantle comes a voluminous tail that rustles behind him as he goes!

"It's beyond belief! Now, if you please, listen there behind the flowering hawthorns on the edge of the road to the brown violinist of the sod. Master Cricket, scraping his wing, is shrilling out a quaver that carries far into the distance. Hark, too, to the humming of the bees, the droning of the brilliant water-beetles, the thin whistle of the red mosquitoes—hear the twittering of the birds. The titmouse, wet by the tearful dawn, chirps as she visits the flowers.

"We have said enough, there's nothing more to

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add. It's April's feast, the feast of all living things, and we, brides and bridegrooms of the great world's weddings, are making ourselves fair putting on jewels and ribbons. Then, in ecstasy, we sing, we gossip, we whistle."

The Toad

"O PHILOSOPHER of the mire, you who drag your belly from one tuft of broom to the next, and in the shade scratch your jaundiced skin with your foot! O bloated and slimy toad, we are at leisure, now that the afternoon draws on; so, between friends, let's have a bit of talk. Tell me what you have in your flattened skull. They say that long ago Plato, a master of speech, took pleasure at his evening board in questioning his guests over a flagon of old wine. Cup in hand, at every pause, the learned company discussed the Beautiful, the Good and the True of things. Let's do likewise. What is the Beautiful?"

"For me the Beautiful is my lady toad. Nothing under the canopy of the sky can equal her when in spring she has donned her yellow apron and white bib. No, nothing can rival her puffy breast, and her plump legs which are modeled, you'd say, by the hands of a fairy. To see her an instant at night, by the light of the stars, I, her poor lover, come out softly from my burrow, and with a circle of coals I light my eyeballs. It's not enough to admire her from afar. My timid breast dares, in a hoarse croak, invite my superb mistress to the cabin of my flat stone."

"Let's go on. The Good—what is that to you?"

"To me the Good is the cockroach. Richly fat, it has the merit, without intoxicating me, of giving me a rare feast. It's a dainty morsel for the stomach—tickling so gently all the places that hunger sets itching, and gliding deliciously into the paunch. Good, too, is the black cricket, whom I meet outside his hole. Good, too, when he flies at twilight, the dung-beetle who gives out a musk fragrance. I'm not one of your squeamish folk, I can make a feast with the riff-raff of wood-lice who season themselves in the saltpetre sweated by old walls."

"So far, so good. And then, what is the True? What do you think of that in your flat pate?"

"I don't think of it at all. All the same, I'll tell you a saying I had from an old codger who had seen his share of the world. 'For what doesn't concern us,' said he, 'don't let's break our heads, because to smell further than your nose is bad for toads. Young fellow, it's a curse!' Do you smell further, my friend of the bearded chin and pale face? To dine well, to sleep well, you have the Beautiful, your toad, you have the Good, your cockroach; and you want more! In the mire the tadpoles of my family would call you a fool and would say, 'Who is that man who has everything and yet complains?' "

"Listen, good toad. There's no doubt that on dark days when I'm out of sorts with the world I'm jealous of your wisdom. You have the blessed simplicity of the beast that carouses, courts, and nests stretched out in the cool mud or the warm straw. You have bold ignorance, tranquil indifference to everything but your pleasures, you never ask what so fatigues—and alack! so wears us out to find. Under your flagstone Truth never shines. What do you care for the True and the reason for things? That sun isn't yours; if the warmth of the other is shed for you, toad, as it is for me, the sun of Truth shines and gleams only for man. The dung-beetle and the cricket are your food. Of Truth, more than of bread, unless he be mere toad, man makes his food."

(*Oubreto Prouvençalo doú Félibre di Tavan: Provençal Trifles, by the Poet of the Insects.*)
Translated by ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Round About Treitschke

IT is the fashion to link Nietzsche and Treitschke together—in the main, perhaps, because both names are difficult to pronounce, and therefore somewhat sinister in association. They sound gloomy and unfriendly; both arouse in English-speaking people some initial prejudice. Thus a name like Namur or Maubeuge may conjure up a pleasant landscape, but to most of us the sun never shines at Czenstochowa, and we perceive no vivid difference between Czenstochowa and Skierniewice. It is undoubtedly a sign of our ignorance and provincialism.

Between Nietzsche and Treitschke there are, however, profound differences which do not disappear because both men would have been equally unpopular on the Chautauqua circuit. They were contemporaries, but between the Prussian professor and the Basle philologist there was never any exchange of courtesies. A mutual friend, named Overbeck, wrote to Treitschke saying, "I am sure that you will discern in these contemplations of Nietzsche's the most profound, the most serious, the most instinctive devotion to German greatness." Treitschke didn't discern anything of the kind. Overbeck tried again: "It is Nietzsche, my suffering friend, of whom I will and above all must talk to you." This was more than Treitschke's nerves could endure. "Your Basle," he replied, "is a boudoir from which German culture is insulted."

Treitschke was right. Insults to German culture emanated from Nietzsche in a steady stream. "The German empire," he wrote, "is extirpating

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the German spirit." When Metz capitulated in 1870, Nietzsche was in the little Prussian town of Naumburg and he saw the frenzy which the victory brought. He wrote to Gersdorff: "I fear that we shall have to pay for our marvelous national victories at a price to which I, for my part, will never consent. In confidence, I am of the opinion that modern Prussia is a power highly dangerous to culture." Nietzsche would have been unable to express his contempt for a statement like Treitschke's that "the most daring thoughts about the highest problems which trouble mankind are uttered by Germans." Nietzsche, in fact, wrote toward the end of his life "At the Court of Prussia I fear that Herr von Treitschke is regarded as deep."

But Nietzsche did something much more incisive than this. He pointed to the sources of that crookedness of vision of which Treitschke is only a conspicuous example. Writing of Hegel's philosophy of history, Nietzsche says: "Such a mode of contemplation has accustomed Germans to speak of the 'World-process' and to justify their own age as the necessary result of this 'World-process'; it has also raised history to the exclusively sovereign power . . . under the supposition that it is the 'self-realizing power,' 'the dialectic of the spirit of the nations,' and 'the final court of appeal.' History thus interpreted according to the teachings of Hegel has been sarcastically called 'the perambulation of God upon the earth.'"

Had the Germans taken Nietzsche's advice and set out to "learn to think unhistorically," they might not have saved themselves this war, but they would not have exasperated the neutral opinion of mankind. It is the historical presumption of German apologetics which has turned so much of the world's intellect against the German empire. For there is nothing so dehumanizing as the attempt to deal with contemporary life as if it were the pageant of history. There is no nonsense you will not believe if you can once intoxicate yourself into believing that you are a figure in history and that your acts are the material for future historians. Nothing is so conducive to strutting, to theatricality, bombast and criminal romance as dogmatism about historical destiny, historical mission, and all the other humbug of a self-selected chosen people.

The historical imagination applied to contemporary life is one of the ultimate pitfalls of the intellect. It treats the living as indistinguishable from the dead, and both only as figures silhouetted in contemplation. All the real choice, pain, decision, struggle, are nullified and insulted when looked at as part of history. The historical point of view is one of the antidotes to living, one of the great monasteries erected in the nineteenth century. As you read a man like Treitschke, you never seem to hear or to see actual human beings. He manipulates nations as a child toys with his lead soldiers, admiring the big ones, the finely colored ones, the ones that form pretty patterns. He has a kind of Olympian levity about individual fate. He thinks in big, rounded epochs, "Kulturs," in dramas on a world scale. But what it is all good for, except to the historical imagination, he never seems to have inquired.

There is one contemporary journalist in America who has this kind of historical imagination in a very considerable degree. He is Mr. Frank H. Simonds. Mr. Simonds writes of war in a nice clean way, as if it were some fine parade at the Hippodrome. He writes of it with the same deodorized detachment that you find in school-book accounts of the Napoleonic wars. You know perfectly well that war isn't in the least as Mr. Simonds describes it, that it isn't the finely joined, nicely composed, intellectually satisfying spectacle he makes it out to be. All this is only a design he weaves into it by treating the armies as if they were mannikins on a map. He shows us no faces, but he gives us the drum and fife, and when human nature enters his discussions, it enters in some historically certified form like courage, patriotism, sentiment. It is instructive to read Mr. Simonds, because he makes it all so simple and so unfeeling, but our complacency might be shaken if we thought that he was going to try to write about American affairs as if they too were happening a hundred years ago in a history book. He has helped us all to understand the great war by serving it up in the form we know from childhood. But the same quality of historical thinking employed by a statesman in power would be infinitely dangerous and misleading.

No one can read an Englishman like Cramb, or Prussians like Treitschke, von Bülow, Bethmann-Hollweg, Münsterberg, Dernburg, even the Kaiser himself, without feeling the effect of history taken too seriously, too uncritically, too emotionally. The curious and irritating inhumanity of so many of their judgments is due, more than anything else, to their being victims of nineteenth century historical learning. For a penetrating analysis of its dangers, nothing better has been done than the paper of Professor Morris Cohen called "History versus Value," which is published in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods* for December 17, 1914. Professor Cohen shows how in one field of learning after another, in economics, jurisprudence, politics, ethics, religion and philosophy, the attempt to use the history of a thing to determine its value, breaks down and distorts ideas.

You cannot tell what ought to be by looking at what has been. You cannot select a boy's career by studying his ancestors, nor plan the future of

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America by studying its history. This in essence is what the historicists—an awkward name for awkward people—are trying to do. When they are eloquent and handsome as Treitschke was, when they conform unconsciously to social necessities, their romantic history becomes a kind of national religion and an immense spur to the will. In that intoxication men soon cease to care for facts; the only facts recognized are the ones which serve the great purpose. Our history teachers, for example, never seem able to convey very vividly the information that in the War of 1812 the British burned Washington. History, which has unquestionable value as a liberator of the mind, as a leavening and maturing influence, can all too easily be erected by the historicist into a mystical patriotism, a foolish exaltation, a chromo view of life from which flow all manner of monstrous ideas.

Robert Burns

BURNS is the last poet in our tradition who made poetry out of his own Works and Days. He finds a poem when his plowshare turns up a daisy's root or a mouse's nest, when Mailie, his sheep, comes to meet him, when he sits down to blackguard his neighbor, when he goes to a penny dance and gives his attention to Eliza or Jean or Nancy. "Leeze me on rhyme!" The wonderful thing is that so little of what he made with such abandonment is indifferent poetry. The great volume of his work is a testimony to his wide responsiveness and his splendid power of shaping all he felt. It is an index, too, to the culture of the little community that had Burns for its laureate.

Walt Whitman would have liked to have written as Burns wrote—about the Days and Works of a man who made a living with his hands. But Whitman had a thesis, and this thesis, even though it was about average life, made him a separate man. Burns had no principle that separated him from anyone except the men with the thesis—the elders and the Calvinist divines. Besides, Whitman in America could not be a communist in poetry; he might bestow, but he could not share, for there was no popular poetry to take from. Burns's mind moved amongst communal creations; around him were the folk-melodies that, as one might almost say, are the only begetters of lyric poetry; the popular verse forms that anonymous poets had evolved; the fragments of folk-song that might give rise to new creations or be used to fill out a half personal combination; half formed characters and half shaped stories.

Like all who have a few possessions, Burns's people were interested in things more than in ideas, and like all country-people, they took account of personalities and phrases. Such tendencies made a good environment for a poet. Their culture was not predominantly Saxon. Burns, like the Irish poets of the nineteenth century, felt the flow of the Gaelic tradition. The music that shaped his verses was Gaelic music, and the language he used was influenced by the Gaelic memory. This influence is very apparent in the diminutives that are so abundant in Burns's idiom. With these diminutives he creates a language that seems far removed from English speech:

> Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
> O what a panic 's in thy breastie!
> Thou need'st not start away so hasty,
> Wi' bickering brattle!
> I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
> Wi' murdering pattle!

The words are influenced by Gaelic idiom and the meter is taken straight from Gaelic poetry. And the feeling in the poem is Celtic too. In Irish there are many poems addressed to such little creatures as Burns's mouse. Again one is reminded of Catullus, who, as scholars assure us, bore a Celtic name and was native of a country where the Celtic memory and the Celtic thought were preserved as in the north-English-speaking Scotland of Burns's day and the English-speaking Ireland of to-day.

A certain racial complacency has prevented scholars from alluding to Burns's Gaelic affiliations. But these are marked in the measures of his poetry. He writes easily to tunes that have come to him from Ireland directly, as in his verse accompaniment to "The Humours of Glinn":

> Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
> Where bright-beaming Summers exalt the perfume!
> Far dearer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
> Wi' the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.

And the mould of Irish music is apparent in the vagabond-soldier's song in "The Jolly Beggars":

> I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
> And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
> This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
> When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

His experiments with Irish music show his leaning towards the Gaelic rhythm. But always, naturally and unconsciously, he used Gaelic forms. One can find at random stanzas rhymed in this characteristically Gaelic way:

> O, leave novêls, ye Mauchline belles—
> Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel!
> Such witching books are baited hooks
> For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.

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The meter that suited so well his genius and his purpose, although it had been worked on by his elders in Scots poetry, had been taken from Gaelic verse:

> While briers an' woodbines budding green,
> An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
> An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
>   Inspire my Muse,
> This freedom in an unknown frien'
>   I pray excuse.

Whoever touches Burns's book touches even more than a man—he touches a community and a territory. Here is the heather expanse where the grouse crops, the meadow through which the hare limps, the upland that the poet plows, the field in which Mailie, the hapless sheep, met disaster. We see the creatures of the open with the eyes of the hunter, the farmer and the poet, and they are made so familiar to us that we can well suppose they sympathize with human affliction.

> Mourn, ye wee songsters of the wood,
> Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
> Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
>   Ye whistling plover,
> And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood:
>   He's gone for ever!
>
> Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
> Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
> Ye duck and drake, in airy wheels
>   Circling the lake
> Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels
>   Rair for his sake!
>
> Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
> 'Mong fields o' flowering clover gay!
> And when ye wing your annual way
>   From our cauld shore,
> Tell thae far warld wha lies in clay,
>   Wham we deplore!

What uproar arises from the ale-house! What laughter and vows and recriminations from the place where lovers walk! Carts creak upon the roads, the cattle make their way back to the byre, the sheep move up the hills. A drunken piper goes along the road, a fiddler plays coming from the fair, and a girl sings as she goes to the milking. We are made free of the community and we know the coarseness and the fervor, the narrowness and the license, the humor, the natural grace and the long-descended refinement of a life that is close to the soil. And then we sit on a stool in Poosie Nancy's, and, rollicking with the jolly beggars, know something of the zest of life that blackguards and starvelings know—the gaiety of the lost, perhaps, or the liberation that opens us to wisdom. At the end we hear the dead-march being played, and a military volley being fired over the grave of the poet who recorded it all.

Then let us praise his judgment, his loyalty, his independence—the judgment that made him know the value of the life he expressed, the loyalty that kept him close to his own people, the independence that kept him clear of the rules that professors and critics make. And let us praise, too, his lusty devotion to his craft:

> Leeze me on rhyme! It's ay a treasure,
> My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
> At hame, a fiel', at work or leisure,
>   My Muse, poor hizzie!
> Though rough and raploch be her measure,
>   She's seldom lazy.
>
> Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
> The warl' may play you monie a shavie,
> But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
>   Tho' e'er so puir,
> Na, even tho limpin' wi' the spavie
>   From door to door!

It is Scotland's loss that one of the elements that favor the perpetuation of a national culture—militant political feeling—was absent from Burns's as from Scott's work. The Scotch began the century with two great names, but they have no contemporary national literature. The Irish, on the other hand, began with writers of considerably less account, but they have now a varied and distinctive literature. In Ireland political propaganda has helped to perpetuate a national culture.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Cooperation and Socialism

IN the literature of the social question there are no more exhilarating or rewarding polemics thon those over the relation between cooperation and socialism. In its first revolutionary uprising in the thirties of the last century, cooperation was avowedly socialistic and even communistic. Many of those who led in the Rochdale triumph after 1850 may fairly be called socialists in the loose sense in which the term was then used. But it is equally true that after the movement got stoutly upon its feet, its stores creating and owning the wholesale with its own manufacturing and banking, an eventful change appears within the membership. The radical and impatient socialist on the outside was scornful or bitter against "these plodding bourgeois virtues." From the first, consumers' cooperation has had to meet a frigid apathy like that of Karl Marx, or a venomous hostility from those who believed that every cooperative success merely delayed the victory over capitalism.

Cooperation draws into its deepening currents hosts of practical men with simpler and more immediate aims. Large orders on an unknown future interest them far less than adventures in a democracy so open to critical experience that it must always approve itself before practical men. It is these and their kind who make up that powerful neutral party which believes in cooperation for its

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own sake rather than as an agency for propagating any utopian faith. Between these and all who are first socialists and incidentally something else, the war continues to this day.

Especially in its theoretic aspects cooperation is near kin to socialism. Like socialism, it eliminates private profits, it gives voting powers to the man, as human being, and not to the number of shares. It does not allow the use of proxies. In its very structure it aims at the widest distribution of economic gains, as it aims at democratic management. It strives for "the whole product of industry" and for the complete possession of machinery. Without flinching, it adopts the socialist principle that all wealth-production should be carried on directly for our human uses, and not, as in competitive business, for dividends, as if their bulk was the measure of good business.

All this has the hall-mark of socialism; so much so that men of great constructive ability like Edouard Anseele, the founder of the Belgian *Vooruit*, have seen but one thought in the purpose of the two movements. Both aim, it is said, at the same shining goal, a political and economic society directed by the people in the common interest. Without a doubt, multitudes of cooperators cling passionately to some such faith as this, but the real workers among them are not dizzied by it. So relentless are the intermediate drudgeries to which their own tasks commit them that "fooling with millenniums" becomes unsatisfying. This task is no less formidable than that of proving a specific economic superiority over business as it now exists. It is at this point that one may see the supreme educational service of every genuine cooperative achievement.

Let us take one of the commonest hack definitions of socialism—"the social ownership and democratic management of land and the instruments of production." No working association of cooperators can remain on the job a single year without looking through and beyond a big phrase like that. They must know what the phrase means as related practically to the kind of business in hand, and even more in its relation to the kind of human nature then and there available. One result soon clears up; if land, capital and machinery are to be socially owned, then every scrap of personal income derived from rent, interest and profits, passes from the individual into social and collective ownership.

Here is the assumption that these forms of private gain—interest, rents and profits—are not earned, but are really filched from wealth "socially produced." In simpler terms, all of us who accept these increments are plain "dead-beats" because we live on the labor of others. Now the busy cooperator may yield a certain hazy consent to all this, but he has to do business. He has to buy, to sell, to manufacture, to build up banking and insurance. Because capital must be secured, he must create confidence among his fellow men, confidence in his ability, confidence in his honesty.

Since farming has become an industry, the cooperator must even there have a good deal of capital, and he must use it so skillfully as to make more capital, even if it is to be collectively owned. Shall he set out to raise money on the assumption that the payment of interest is theft? I know good cooperators who believe this, but for the first time they have a chance to study the business possibilities and human motives in a new light. There are heroic exceptions, like the Belgian socialists who refuse dividends on their capital, but most cooperators have other ways of employing their savings if interest is refused. The reasons they give for asking to be paid for their money are found to be startlingly like those set down in the dullest economic copy-books. By no utopian approach to average workingmen can your cooperator get capital enough to begin and continue in business. He must also have land, he must build or hire other buildings and thus deal with the most vital aspects of rent. It is the cooperative tussle with these business and human facts which gives him schooling that no library or academic instructor can match.

Now I do not here even raise the question whether this socialist theory of parasitic income is sound or not. I press only the single point that democratic cooperation gives the best imaginable chance to find out the present possible applications of the whole theory of "exploitation." All cooperative practise opens the same favorable opportunity to study the abuses and the uses of our present capitalistic system.

As with the whole European cooperative credit and banking, the store, the factory, the buying and selling societies, come into most intimate touch with the present property system. At most important points it has to maintain a working partnership with that system which socialism condemns.

The declared ideals of cooperation are anti-capitalistic, but its actual work goes on so close to existing economic methods that a very large part of cooperative practice bears close resemblance to the better features of ordinary business. It is here that many cooperators have their awakening. In the presence of the consumer, they have to compete not only with capitalism at its worst but with capitalism at its best. This best is steadily improving as itself becomes more social and humane. It already offers wages, hours, conditions, as well as cheap, fine-quality goods, with which cooperators cannot compete. Many of these larger industries, together with smaller artistic industries, will easily

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hold their own in that differentiation toward wholly socialized undertakings and their capitalistic modifications already noted. Cooperation takes the would-be democrat at his word. It throws economic power and responsibility so directly upon the labor-group that it may slowly put every speculative fundamental in socialist theory to the most exhaustive and exacting tests.

Fortunately it does this without the least peril to social order. It does it without boycotting any heresy or experiment. This is its preeminent service, that it opens the way to put all the braveries of social reconstruction to the fairest possible trial. Very deliberately the cooperator offers to show us an economic superiority in making and creating wealth. He is to do this with every door open to all comers. He is to do it on the principle of self-help and with the least possible appeal to government coddling. He is to do it by cultivating the cash habit as against the huge waste and injustices of the debt habit. He is to do it by harmonizing more democratic politics with present business structure and function.

In this spirit at least a hundred thousand consumers' associations have won success. Other hundreds of thousands will follow them. They will not monopolize all the space in that industrial temple in which the world's work goes on, but in one of the statelier and more spacious wings their service of discipline in self-governing communities will increase.

JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

A COMMUNICATION

The Basis of Municipal Research

SIR: In the January second number of THE NEW REPUBLIC an article was published under the title "Municipal Research—A Criticism." The writer's argument, reduced to a syllogism, would be about as follows: First premise—the underlying principle of political redemption is immediate, undiscriminating publicity; second premise—certain research institutions have discriminated by showing their reports to public officers before giving them to the public; conclusion—such institutions are to be condemned.

In a country ruled by public opinion full publicity on all matters of public concern is essential. To be most effective, however, publicity must have a purpose. This means that any agency which undertakes to tell the unvarnished truth must use judgment, must consider relations of time and place, must discriminate. What the American people are interested in is in having public institutions do their work and do it well. In this their thinking is sound. Many assume that the officers alone can bring this about. The thinking of those who hold such a view is not sound. It is this assumption that seems to lie back of Dr. Fitzpatrick's thinking.

The state is made up of two elements, its citizenry—to use President Wilson's word—and its government. Citizens are the beneficiaries; the government is the agency incorporated to serve citizens. In order that the government may serve the citizenry well, two kinds of servants have been provided for: voters, whose duty it is to represent citizens in the selection of their head servants; and "officers," whose duty it is to select under servants and direct the current work of government.

While in this plan official responsibility is clearly marked out, the idea back of it all is cooperation. Simply because the voters have performed their duties well in the selection of a president, a governor, or a mayor, does not relieve the citizenry from responsibility. It is the duty of citizens to cooperate with their trustees. This principle lies back of "hue and cry," back of the common law duty of "citizen arrest," back of citizen "information," "ex rel. proceedings," "the right of access to public records," the right of "petition" and "remonstrance," the right of "assembly," "free speech" and "free press."

As our social demands have become more pressing, the discharge of official duties has been made increasingly difficult. Public business has grown marvelously, not only in size but in complexity. Citizens, as beneficiaries of the incorporated public agencies, have become increasingly insistent in demands for service. The electorate, acting in the capacity of an employment agency, has picked out head servants who have "characters." When on the appointed day these officials have been put to their tasks, they have been given all the ill-adapted machinery and worn-out junk that we have accumulated during the decades of our past political housekeeping.

In this situation, what is the duty of each citizen and all citizens? Is it to sit back complacently until the new servants of the house have worn themselves to despair? If it happens that our servants are being constantly interfered with by the selfish members of the family, if the floors are not clean because the brooms are worn out, if the bread is all dough because the cook will not mind the housekeeper, and the housekeeper has no power to discharge the cook, are the facts of bad bread, dirty floors, indigestible cakes, the ones to be headlined and placarded to the already disgruntled members of the political household? It all depends on the end to be reached. If the end and purpose of publicity is to "get someone," to rob some servant of his character, to be a "cat's paw" for designing persons in helping to "turn the rascals out," then such methods would be well timed and well chosen. But does this lead to anything more definite than continued turmoil and trouble?

Another concept is this: that the officer, when he enters public service, is not responsible for conditions that already exist, and the citizen as beneficiary is the one primarily interested in having the officer, as public servant, provided with an organization and equipment by means of which the public business may be done well. It is on this theory that the trustees of the Bureau of Municipal Research have been seriously moved by a sense of responsibility for

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conducting their inquiries in such manner as will not hamper the efforts of officers chosen to manage and direct the work of the government. In this view, they have assumed that public officers are entitled to first knowledge of the results of their inquiries in every case where publication might reflect on them or their subordinates, and where, if made available to them, it may be used as a basis for constructive work. They have done this in the belief that the public will best be served by such a course; that while their interest is a public one and their appeal is to public opinion, the welfare of the public can best be conserved by giving to the public servant, the man with authority, an opportunity to make a statement of what the conditions are and of what is proposed, instead of taking the first opportunity presented to put the officer to a disadvantage. It is only when an official resents this kind of inquiry, or refuses to take the public into his confidence, that the trustees have thought it their duty to make their report of facts to the public first, without official reference.

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ethics of Non-Resistance

SIR: In an editorial entitled "Security for Neutrals," in THE NEW REPUBLIC, the argument was advanced that the violation of Belgium proves the necessity of armament in the United States if we would preserve our national interests. "A world in which a Belgium could be violated was a world in which national inoffensiveness offered no security against attack and in which a pacifist democratic ideal would have to fight for its life." If an ideal must fight for its life, may I suggest that a gun is an ineffective weapon for it? If your gun kills your opponent, naturally he can't be a strong supporter of your ideal. If your gun wounds him, naturally he won't be a strong supporter of your ideal. If you get shot by his gun—by the rules of warfare he will shoot you only if you are trying to shoot him—your ideal loses the only supporter it has. If Belgium and England and France had determined to uphold an ideal, such as democratic anti-militarism, and to persuade Germans to accept their ideal, they were idiotic to go about killing some of the Germans they wished to convert, and getting thousands of their own men—supporters of their ideal—into slaughter-trenches. It is an acknowledgment of lack of faith in the efficacy of an ideal to urge that it must have guns in order to live. If an ideal is worth anything at all it will make its own persuasive appeal to the minds of men, and any gun-protected ideal is likely not to be an ideal at all, but only gun-protected selfishness.

It was criminal for Belgians to shoot German peasants. It was criminal for German peasants to shoot Belgian factory-hands. On one side it was criminal self-preservation, the Germans fighting for their homes with the fear that if they did not march through Belgium, the French would, and on the other side it was criminal self-preservation, the Belgians fighting for their homes. What more am I saying than that war is hideously wrong? I am saying that war for self-preservation is hideously wrong, that self-preservation at the cost of war is criminal.

Would I kill a stranger in order to prevent his killing a neighbor? If there were no other way to prevent him—yes—or else I would be guilty of permitting murder. France is the cultural neighbor of Belgium—Germany compared with France is the stranger. Was Belgium therefore justified in trying to prevent Germany from crushing France? By no means, because by resisting Germany, Belgium made it possible for England and France to crush Germany. If my neighbor was bent on murdering the stranger, should I kill the stranger? No, for then I should be abetting murder. Belgium was aiding her neighbor France to murder German soldiers. The only argument that can be offered for Belgium is that she acted in self-defense, but I maintain that the setting up of self-defense above all consideration of others is criminal, for it logically leads in the end to murder.

The editorial to which I have referred maintained that if Belgium had refused to fight she would have been cowardly. Does the Editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC hold that the Socialists who vowed a year ago that they would refuse to fight, and who quickly joined the ranks when war was declared—does he hold that these men would have been more cowardly than they were if they had stood out against mobilization? Surely one cannot call the Socialists cowards because they did not refuse to fight, and with the same lips say that the Belgians would have been cowards if they had refused to fight. I believe that the man who kills another in self-preservation is a coward. He is a coward because he is so much afraid to lose his property or life that he is actually willing to commit murder. Am I a coward when I declare before God and my conscience that I would refuse to enlist even though there were conscription in the United States to create an army to resist foreign invasion? If I were a Quaker, there are precedents from Civil War times under which I could legally escape service at the front. But I am not a Quaker. I would probably have to suffer imprisonment or execution for treason. Some of my friends who will read this present statement may despise me. Other young men may sneer at me. Yet I say I would never willingly kill a man to save my own life. Now, do you think me a coward?

If the people of the United States continue to believe that self-preservation is their highest duty, let them put their trust in armament as the only "security for neutrals." If they ever come to believe what the Greatest Man taught—a doctrine his Church has been denying—they will see that war even in self-defense, like all war, is murder, is criminal and cowardly.

FREDERICK J. POHL.

New York City.

The President's Foreign Policy

SIR: Neither public demand nor private appeal can elicit from Mr. Wilson anything other than generalities and vague assurances regarding Mexico. That which seemed to be his policy at the beginning of Huerta's régime has vanished in thin air. The suggestion often made that his opposition to Huerta was not private dislike but based upon a large policy of liberation of the great estates to the use of the people, however much like interference such a policy would appear to be, has never been substantiated. Many of the President's most admiring friends are troubled

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by his lack of openness in this matter. They feel not only that they are not treated with confidence, but that a great democratic executive is not being true to democratic principles. There should be no governmental clique in this country, and it would seem that we are less able than the English to unseal the lips of the Administration.

A vote of confidence based upon some interpellation of the government regarding the Mexican matter would probably be lost, had we the machinery to bring one about. Doubtless there are critical situations which every government has to face wherein it must keep its own counsel and hush the voices of friends and adversaries alike; but there is no indication of any such crisis and no one is satisfied with shilly-shally. The Indianapolis speech indicated a *laissez-faire* attitude which is certainly not in accord with the Vera Cruz expedition.

Then there is Mr. Roosevelt's challenge as to Belgium. Many feel that while the President may have been taken by surprise, like the rest of the world, at the outbreak of the war, and while it may not then have been quite clear to anyone what were the responsibilities of the signatories to Hague conferences, yet it is not even now too late to protest with vigor and success against the destruction of Belgium. At any moment we may read of a formal annexation of Belgium by Germany. This we may and should oppose, with all friendliness to Germany, as a step which can be taken with propriety, if at all, only in the case of absolute victory for the German arms. Our neutrality in regard to Belgium is a direct help to Germany.

G. C. C.

Mrs. Funk's Rebuttal

SIR: In the issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC of December twelfth, Mr. Charles Beard presented a strong indictment against the National American Woman Suffrage Association for adopting a resolution instructing its Congressional Committee to investigate and promote a bill in Congress, which Mr. Beard claimed was based upon the Fourteenth Amendment and the purpose of which would be to reverse a United States Supreme Court decision.

Mr. Beard then proceeded to call the members of the convention of the National Association a choice assortment of names, calculated to impress upon them the small and contemptible quality of their respective mentalities, when lo! he finds himself in the position of the mother who discovers she has spanked her offspring for eating the jam, when as a matter of fact there wasn't any jam on the pantry shelf.

I am not good-natured enough to let Mr. Beard disguise his discomfort by letting it appear that I in any way entered into an argument with him upon the non-existent and mythical resolution that the Nashville convention did not pass. I denied nothing by implication, I simply denied the whole thing by a statement that the resolution referred to was a figment of Mr. Beard's mind, a man of straw built up by him that he might unhorse it. I expressly deny that the Elections bill has any relationship whatever to the Fourteenth Amendment.

I know nothing about any pamphlets in Mr. Beard's possession, nor whether such were circulated at the Nashville convention. What has that to do, anyway, with the convention's action, I should like to know?

Mr. Beard cleverly seeks by implication to transfer his argument against the supposed resolution, supposedly based on the Fourteenth Amendment, to the resolution in support of the Elections bill. I cannot concede that an argument predicated upon one set of facts applies equally to a set of facts that are quite contrary, nor that an argument directed against a construction of one section of the Constitution would be a good argument against a different section. It would be easier to reply to Mr. Beard's charges against the National Association if he would elect on what charges he is going to stand. This he has failed to do, but has apparently taken hold of both horns of the dilemma.

In answer to Mr. Beard's challenge that I cannot name a reputable constitutionalist supporting the contention upon which the Elections bill is drawn, I refer him to Mr. Madison, one of the framers of the Constitution (Elliott's Debates on the Federal Constitution "Virginia," p. 366-7).

The respective values of the policies of the National Association and the Congressional Union have been worn somewhat threadbare, but the writer makes a claim that the suffrage amendment came out of the Rules Committee because of the tactics of the latter organization. The facts are these: not a single vote was changed, but late last summer Mr. Goldfogle, who had consistently opposed committee action, promised a member of the National Congressional Committee that he would not vote against the amendment being reported out. Some months later he made good on this undertaking. This is a simple statement easy of verification.

I note with interest that Mr. Beard used "with calm deliberation" the strong language previously referred to against the National, and I take it from his letter that although he called the names under a misapprehension of the true state of facts, they still apply, and we will await with what patience we may more of his deliberate calmness.

Washington, D.C. ANTOINETTE FUNK.

[The limited space of THE NEW REPUBLIC unfortunately can afford no further room to the controversy over Mr. Beard's article.—THE EDITORS.]

About "Puzzle-Education"

SIR: I hold no brief for the schools or the curriculum of the schools as they are, but instead am working with those who are changing both, as fast as they can see that the change suggested promises the end desired. Yet it seems to me you present only one side of the puzzle. Ask your Senator for the "knowledge" upon which he has built his success, then ask the lawyer, the business man, the city politician and so on through the list. Do you believe they will agree on the facts which constitute "familiarity with the world we live in"? It seems reasonably certain that one must be able to read, write and perform the elementary operations of arithmetic. But take any branch of knowledge and start to plan a teaching program to cover eight years. The puzzle is as to content. If they read the classics, ancient history and geography, however far from the successful man's fund of knowledge, are essential to their understanding. If they read modern publications, who is to determine those worth while? Certainly some things I should pick out as suitable and progressive would be rejected by many parents as radical and perversive of discipline, if not of morals.

Please let us hear more about it. Please get various men to outline what facts they have found of value. Then in case these men have "little intellectual baggage," get people who have more to outline facts that children should know when they leave school. Please do not allow the discussion to swing to the qualities to be engendered. Many of us are convinced that they should be made to think, to control themselves and so forth. But I, for one, do not know what they should know.

Detroit, Mich. MARGARET M. ROSE.

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The Didactic Play

Maternity, a play in three acts, by Eugène Brieux. Presented by the Purpose Play Society at the Princess Theatre, New York, January 11, 1915.

GREAT credit is due to the producers of "Maternity." It took a player of real intelligence and personality, Mr. Richard Bennett, to identify his fortunes with a production that pays in more than cash—or, perhaps one should say, pays in something besides cash. American playgoers owe gratitude to Mr. Bennett for an opportunity to see one of those serious European dramas that it seems part of managerial etiquette to leave in their native air.

Considered purely as a play, however, "Maternity" is instructive rather than exalting. Among the tragedies of my youth was a Sunday institution called Teaching. Teaching consisted partly of catechism and partly of ennobling stories, and the stories were composed of moral sulphur decorated with a little fictional jam. The main object of crafty childhood was, of course, to reject the sulphur and procure the jam. A tendency like this acquired at an early age is a great handicap to becoming ennobled in later years. At a play like "Maternity" I feel childlike craftiness return. Brieux has concealed in that play several tons of powdered sulphur. Some of it, unwittingly, I consume; but being no longer of an age when I must pretend to like what I don't like, I regard my Teacher with disfavor and simply say: "I want jam." Bernard Shaw has already tabulated such iniquity as pedantry, superstition, convention, censorship, taboo, stupidity, and dread of the original thinker. But the hatred of Sunday School is a deep hatred, even though it is held in the theatre at the hands of a rugged radical, and if Brieux thinks he can moralize us in any clumsy fashion, he does not reckon with our earliest prejudices, nor does he understand or respect his art.

We have Shaw's word for it that Brieux is an artist, the successor of Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Molière and Ibsen. So "true to life" is he that he is incomparably the greatest dramatist France has produced since Molière. Well, Shaw may know, but I refuse to be stampeded, and I believe that Shaw's appetite for social prophylaxis has drugged his comprehension of art. I do not agree with the people who say "Maternity" is dull. Social disease is too real for any thinking person to feel that. Far from being dull, it is the most interesting production in New York at the present time. But it is not interesting as drama. It is interesting as public works.

There is in the body of "Maternity" a strong and terrible tragedy, the tragedy of the girl Annette. Had Brieux obeyed his first impulse and made this the real story of "Maternity," it would have given us the complete suggestion of life. Instead, he wound it in and out of a number of ingeniously invented stories, several of them contrived on second thoughts. Of the result one can only say that if the test of a play were its gross yield in social prophylaxis, "Maternity" would be probably the greatest ever written.

"Maternity" presents six different mothers with six varieties of maternal tragedy. Almost every woman in the play is a type tragically maternal. Annette is the young girl seduced and pregnant. Lucie is the young married woman forced to bear degenerate children by an alcoholic husband whom she does not love. Madeline is sterile in wealth. Catherine, Marie Gaubert and Féchain's wife are prolific in poverty. What might have been, what could so easily have been, a pitiful drama of motherhood wronged and wrecked, thus becomes a museum of perverted maternities. The indignant moralist may respond: "That is society to-day." Such, at any rate, is Shaw's contention. But, strong as are most of the arguments brought forward by Brieux, he has placed his subjects in the perspective of the early Chinese. To do so is logical but not realistic, and on the two occasions when the entire series of mothers give their experiences one after another the argument is literally absurd.

Annette is the one figure in "Maternity" whose situation is entirely respectful of life. She lives in Chartres with her sister Lucie, whose husband is an overbearing politician. She is still a schoolgirl, innocent and ignorant. Unknown to her sister she sees a good deal of a schoolmate's brother, falls in love with him, and yields to him. He promises to marry her, but his family have made ambitious plans for his marriage, and he has no scruple in setting Annette aside. She tries to throw herself under the train in which he departs, but is rescued. In a deeply pathetic scene her sister says: "You must be brave, now that you know what life is, brutally as it has been revealed to you." What follows is, or should be, a sad revelation of feminine experience, as the other three women tell Annette what they too have suffered. But when Annette's story is told to Brignac he sees it only as it may affect his own political career. His wife breaks with him, but not before he returns drunk that night and exercises his "marital rights."

Annette never appears again. In the last act Lucie is present as a co-defendant at the trial of an abortionist. Pregnant herself as the result of Brignac's assault, she and Annette went to this woman, and Annette did not survive the operation. It is characteristic of Brieux that Catherine, the woman prolific but poor, should be another co-defendant at the same trial, and that a schoolmistress should be in the same plight, to illustrate the hardships of the teacher-mother of France.

It is in the desperate effort to expose as many evils of society as possible that "Maternity" breaks down. In real life some mothers do stand some chance, but in "Maternity" not one potential mother stands any chance. The minute Brignac comes on the stage we know he is alcoholic, and the minute the doctor sees him we know what the verdict will be. So intent is Brieux on preaching this lesson that he never deems it necessary to let us see that the fruit of Brignac's union is degenerate. To make his point clear about alcoholism, he informs us that one child is deaf and dumb and that the other has convulsions. These are only two of the four or five degenerates of whom we hear; but there is nothing to give these children verisimilitude, and frankly they have no verisimilitude. Very different is the drunken lust of Brignac. A portrayed "evil," it means more to the drama that all the disgenic children about whom the doctor shakes his head.

When the doctor says: "Children ought to be deliberately and soberly brought into the world by parents healthy enough to give them health and of sufficient means to ensure their complete development," we realize that it is Brieux, not the doctor, who is talking, and that he is talking not to the characters in the play so much as to you and me. Personally, we may agree with him, but he has made his point at the expense of the illusion of his story. And how much more we would believe in his point if he enabled us to believe in his story.

If there are several hopeless amateurs in the performance of "Maternity," a good deal of it is yet wholly adequate.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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To the Conservative Mind

The Changing Order, by George W. Wickersham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1914.

PERHAPS a not unserviceable definition of the conservative mind is that it is one to which the re-examination of premises is a spiritual anguish. It can find exhilaration in combating a conclusion and adventure in pursuing an inference, but to challenge an axiom is to it an impiety. It can revise but not recast. It has never formed the "habit of breaking habits." It has no flying squadrons and can campaign only from a base. To experiment with life is truly enough to play with fire. The realization of this may sober but need not daunt, but your true traditionalist is ghasted by innovation, because experimentation is to him playing with hell-fire. He knows no such thing as an hypothesis, he knows only truths and untruths. His mind is intensive merely and exegetical, hence he is neither constructive nor destructive, neither creative nor skeptical, but only critical and dogmatic; he is made miserable by contradiction—if snappish sometimes into the bargain, none the less genuinely miserable—because to contradict him is to assert that there may be something new under the sun.

Mr. Wickersham has been made very miserable indeed by the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, and of five of the thirteen essays which comprise this volume of collected addresses delivered on various occasions by the author as Attorney-General under the last Administration, the burden is that he will not be comforted. If it is objected that such criticism is merely impressionistic, I can only plead the example of my author. It will not do, of course, to be exacting of "banquet" oratory (the Palimpsest Club, one of Mr. Wickersham's hosts, is in Omaha, and in the Middle West, in our corporate capacity, we never dine), or even to require of an address before a law school on a governmental topic much more than the definition of a point of view; but, though one may view with alarm, to reprehend is one thing and to "throw a scare" is another. Were it not that the author has after three years seen fit to resurrect these speeches, one might account for their paucity of argument and plethora of invidious question-begging epithets as contemporary practical politics; it is their publication now in all the pristine panic of their campaign phraseology that convicts Mr. Wickersham of having nothing much but his fine old conservative fright to offer us. All, all are there, the old, familiar phrases—the ark of the covenant, the mess of pottage, mere theorists, impatient reformers, Constitution tinkerers, spineless and servile judiciaries, majorities whose irresponsibility serves one turn and minorities whose casualness serves another—all the floriferations of the stand-pat stump of 1912. Also, needless to say, "Tom" Paine, whom it has long been beneath the dignity of true believers to snub other than so-fashion. And really very little else.

What argument there is is mostly of the familiar *a priori* type—calculations, for instance, of how small a minority of the total registration might suffice, under the Arizona constitution, to recall a judge—always a just judge—or to enact laws—pernicious always understood. All well and good, so far as it goes, and in default of a chance to verify. But it is just here that the true inwardness of conservatism stands revealed. It doesn't want to verify, except by its stock of hand-me-down historical analogies (the horrible example of Athens is probably the hardest worked). Mr. Wickersham notes that the Oregon constitution suffered no change "between 1859 and 1902, a period of forty-three years." Between 1902 and 1910 it was amended twelve times. "This Constitution-tinkering is the inevitable result . . ." of dis-arking the covenant, etc., etc. Yes, but what has been the result of "this constitution-tinkering"? Too early to answer? Perhaps. The point is that it doesn't seem to occur to Mr. Wickersham to ask. To the conservative in this absolutist mood, his tenses, of course, become mystically interchangeable, and so we are not surprised to find Mr. Wickersham writing, barring italics: "The independence of the judicial establishment ***has been*** destroyed by an elective judiciary," etc. "Independence of the judiciary" is a noble phrase, but when we hear it in the mouth of a conservative we long for the Socratic gift of compelling him to stand and deliver an answer to the question, independent of what?

The danger conservatives see in the initiative, referendum, and recall is the danger of putting the irresponsible in the majority. But to define the risk in this way is to define the adventure of democracy itself. To escape this risk is to renounce democracy. To be forced to put new curbs on majorities is to retrogress. The risk we must not run if we can help it is not so much the risk of creating irresponsible majorities—if so, how about the Fifteenth Amendment?—but the risk of making majorities irresponsible; and is it not perhaps in this that we find the gravest danger in our I. R. & R. hop, skip, and jump out of the frying-pan—in the countenance they lend to our national faith in the sovereign efficacy of guessing again? If politics in a democracy are to be realistic, that is to say, if they are a school for life, a policy of "If at first you don't succeed you may try again as often as you please" may have to stand some hard knocks from a world where the importance of being earnest consists in the frequent necessity of being right the first time. Life is not so lenient to the prodigal of chances.

Safeguards against majorities are the expedients, not the aim, of democracy, its ultimate aim being exactly to find their irreducible minimum. Each new bar taken down invites a leap into the dark, which the conservative always sees as a leap into the abyss, because he forgets the schooling received from the higher leaps of the past. After all, which was the more hair-raising experiment—the Arizona constitution of 1911, or the Federal Constitution of 1787? At all events, since majorities are the tools of democracy, in what consists our advance if we cannot put them to other uses to-day than we could in 1787? Perhaps we can't. But we are not going to find out by merely talking about it.

The other essays deal mainly with monopoly, the Sherman Anti-Trust act, and the power of Congress under the commerce clause to regulate the issue of securities of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Mr. Wickersham's economics and his legislative program are alike simple. Monopoly is an evil and therefore to be swatted. It is capable of being effectually swatted because apparently it has no compelling economic drive behind it, but is only a perversion of the "natural course of trade and commerce," of "normal methods of business development," the result merely of "unfair competition." The Sherman Anti-Trust act, whose terms are "so comprehensive, yet so simple, that it has required two decades of judicial exposition to bring their meaning home to the people," (p. 106) has already sent it to the ropes, and the knock-out can be delivered as soon as Congress passes an act regulating the issue of stocks and bonds by corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Such is the solution of "the problem which, if wisely determined, will 'scatter plenty o'er a smiling land'" (p. 161). It seems pretty clear that in Mr. Wickersham's view unfair competition

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and monopoly are interchangeable terms—or rather, that monopoly is what results from unfair competition, and that "normal methods of business development" will never produce monopoly or anything dangerously resembling it. Finally, though he is nowhere explicit about it, by "normal" methods Mr. Wickersham seems to intend Manchester methods on their good behavior—Manchesterism developing a cop-consciousness. The "legal" side of these subjects—meaning by this the author's reviews of court decisions, and of the series of decrees entered in the trust cases—Mr. Wickersham has handled interestingly and with the competence born of his own distinguished share in the great prosecutions he discusses.

P. S. M.

The Judicial Veto

The Judicial Veto, by Horace A. Davis, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

THE majority of writers nowadays approach the subject of judicial review either as critics or apologists. Mr. Davis blends both capacities. For while in his opening chapter he administers the conventional verbal castigations to the court for the Dartmouth College decision and *Lochner v. N.Y.*, in the ensuing chapter he emerges a true-blue conservative, holding that the courts are not only "competent to construe our constitutions" but that "they are the best tribunals we could devise for the purpose" (p. 32). But just because this is so, just because judicial review is so worth saving, it is necessary, he urges, to improve the method by which the constitutional touchstone is applied. "The courts have always prided themselves on the fact that their annulment of legislation is merely an incident of their decision of a case before them for adjudication. No method of reviewing legislation could possibly be less correct on principle and less an object of pride" (p. 24). For one thing, lawsuits are not carried on with a view to establishing correct constitutional principles, but to further certain very immediate objects of the parties to them. Again, the procedure in such cases often prevents the court from learning the real premises upon which the legislature has acted, with the result that the judges have recourse to preconceived ideas and maxims. Finally, the interest most at stake, that of the public, if not entirely ignored, is reduced to "a matter of incidental argument" (pp. 24-7). The result is "an intolerable political situation" (Pref.) for which a remedy must be devised; and this remedy must take cognizance of the fact that "the state is as much interested in the annulment of a law as in its enactment" (p. 31).

What then, is Mr. Davis' remedy? It exhibits the following features: first, that a statute should be treated as law till declared void; secondly, that immediately the constitutional question is raised, it should be certified to the highest court of the state; thirdly, that at the trial of the constitutional question, members of the legislature should be allowed to be present and to address the court; fourthly, that when a statute has been once declared void the state should submit to be cast in damages for the injuries which private persons have suffered from its operation; fifthly, that no statute should be overturned except by a substantially unanimous bench (p. 33).

Apparently the most important feature of this scheme in its author's estimation is the fourth, which is based on the supposition that judges are most reluctant to overturn statutes when the consequence of their doing so is to disadvantage the state in a directly pecuniary way. Thus Mr. Davis introduces a table which shows that, whereas the New York courts have overturned twenty-seven per cent of all statutes reviewed by them, of the tax measures which they have reviewed they have disallowed but seven per cent. The phenomenon is striking, but it is more than doubtful whether Mr. Davis has hit on the correct explanation of it. The majority of statutes annulled in recent years have succumbed to the rather vague test of "due process of law." But in the case of taxation measures, the primary requirement of due process, which is representation, is secured by the mere existence of the legislature. Furthermore, while a court might be reluctant to hamper the state in the collection of funds necessary to keep government going, it does not at all follow that it would be similarly reluctant to assess damages against it.

But, waiving these questions, let us consider the remedy itself. It appears to me to be for the most part quite useless. To begin with, it is apparently confined to cases which are brought up under the state constitution, to those cases, in other words, in which a decision adverse to the power of the state is readily remedied by constitutional amendment. Again, in order to place the right of the individual to compensation by the state beyond peradventure in such cases as it was available, it would be necessary to repeal the Eleventh Amendment. But more important still is the fact that an infraction by the legislature of the most valuable personal rights would be unassessable in pecuniary terms. Finally, it is difficult to believe that a court would derive more enlightenment from an *enquête par tourbe*, such as Mr. Davis proposes, than from a well-drawn brief, such, for instance, as that which Mr. Brandeis, acting as *amicus curiae*, filed with such notable results in the case of *Muller v. Oregon*. Probably most of the benefits anticipated by Mr. Davis from his proposed reform could be secured more economically by resort to the system, already in vogue in several states, by which the legislature is permitted to consult the court beforehand as to the constitutionality of proposed measures. Where, however, the constitutional question is raised with reference to existing statutes, the suggestion that it be immediately certified to the highest court from the court of first instance might prove valuable. The proposed requirement of substantial unanimity before a statute can be annulled is already in force in Ohio.

The last two-thirds of his volume Mr. Davis devotes to a discussion of the question whether the forefathers intended that the Federal courts should have the right to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress. In brief, his theory seems to be that this function was intended for the state courts, subject only to such review by the national Supreme Court as was in fact provided for by the twenty-fifth section of the Act of 1789. Pursuing this line, Mr. Davis concludes that those who voted for the Act of 1789, including several former members of the Philadelphia Convention, must be set down as opposed to the theory of a power inherent in the Federal courts to pass upon the validity of acts of Congress.

The thesis is untenable; not only did the cases covered by the twenty-fifth section of the Act of 1789 not exhaust, as Mr. Davis assumes, the category of cases "arising under this Constitution, the acts of Congress," and the national treaties, but even as to such cases as were embraced by it there was no constitutional reason why the judicial power of the United States might not have been, if Congress had so decreed, exercised originally instead of upon appeal from state courts. But if this argument from principles which were explicitly avowed at the time is unconvincing to Mr. Davis, let him turn to the contemporary debate in the House on the bill to establish the Department of Foreign Affairs. There he will find at least half a dozen members

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voicing the theory which he rejects, who, however, shortly afterward both spoke and voted for the Act of 1789.

At other points, too, Mr. Davis' argument is open to serious question, and especially is his handling of evidence calculated on occasion to evoke protest from a humane reviewer. Thus on page 54—to cite a single instance—Luther Martin of Maryland is quoted as follows: "Whether, therefore, any laws or regulations of the Congress . . . are contrary to or not warranted by the Constitution rests only with the judges who are appointed by Congress to determine; by whose determination every state must be bound." Plainly this testimony flies straight in the face of Mr. Davis' thesis. Nevertheless Mr. Davis claims it as so much grist to his mill, because, forsooth, Martin opposed the Constitution!

But, indeed, Mr. Davis seems finally to discard his own thesis. For on page 3, which was written after the essay just reviewed, he writes: "The fact seems to be that the judicial review of legislative action appealed to the people as a natural and convenient method of deciding apparent conflicts between the fundamental law as expressed in the written constitution and the occasional law as expressed in acts of Congress or of state legislatures." What clearer admission could one exact that the attack on judicial review on historical grounds has failed?

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

The Saturday Evening Post

A FRENCH savant, presumably ignorant of the price paid for the advertising pages in the *Saturday Evening Post,* might be the very critic to estimate its peculiar American contribution to international letters. His Parnassan detachment from our commercial life would make criticism possible. He would not be unprepared to find exotic if crude excellences. And there would be a certain humor in the contact of M. Jenesais, in his black-ribboned eye-glasses, with the A. B. Wenzelled and George Randolph Chestered school of fiction. We should like to reprint his well-enunciated article as it might have appeared in *Le Mercure de France.* Its careful phrasing could not be reproduced in English. But a rough translation of a few important paragraphs might be something like this:

"Emancipated from old-world literary aristocracy, a new genre school has arisen in America. But as in America the peasant class has almost vanished before the bourgeoise, so this genre school concerns itself with the life of the ordinary citizen, the overshadowing *business-man,* his wife, his sons, his daughters. So faithfully does it reproduce his concern over dollars and cents, his naïve affairs of the heart, his puritanism, his feverishly active but limited imagination, his abounding yet superficial good humor, his delight in argot, that it is scarcely exceeded as a revelation of a people by the peasant studies of Daudet or by the emanations of inbred, cloudy Russian pessimism in Turgenev or Dostoevsky.

"The subject matter is as broad as it is shallow. While no writer has penetrated to deep places of the soul, or perhaps even to the soul itself, the stories flash over characters in all parts of bourgeois life, from the climbers for purchasable social rank and the millionaire tradesmen and politicians, to Jewish clothing merchants and apprentices in mercantile offices. It is doubtful if in all this array there is one personality who has not something to sell or something to buy. In place of the passions of the old literature, the tragic emotions of love, pity, fear, hate, there has grown up a new dominant motive—the bourgeois trading instinct.

"Romance is not lacking, but it is the romance of gaining vast fortunes at a stroke, or of moving in the specious glitter of electric signs and expensive cafés. Imagination of a high order is used in depicting picaresque commercial trickery, especially if it be on a large scale and involves advertising. We are turned out, bewildered, delighted and debauched, into a shifting market-place. Our depression at the vulgarity of the subject-matter is more than compensated by the cleverness of the writers. One is beguiled by the combination of grossness and esprit, by the style as of a slim-footed dancer of the American trot.

"After reading hundreds of these stories, the critic becomes eager to find the genius who was father to such a prevalent school. Surely it was a great man indeed who first had not only the cleverness to depict this life, but the heart to interpret it and the soul to criticize it! For in all these writers there is lacking the profound essence of genius. The spirit brooding over humanity, charming out its warm blossoms and night odors, revealing it by a devastating thunderbolt, pouring over it the healing of his rain, mocking it with a leaf-turning wind, scourging it with cold hail—what should not such a man do with these Americans?

"Nowhere occurred the precision combined with élàn which marks the style of the master. Nowhere was the half-concealed glint of satire in the eye. Robert Chambers, George Chester, Montague Glass, Ralph Paine—each has originated a medium of fiction; none has originated an idea or a philosophy.

"Can this be a school without a master? What a revolutionary, perhaps monstrous idea! The trouble with even a self-conscious school of writers is that it is too like a school of fish. Dexterous, full of flashes, spurting from one feeding ground to another, it nevertheless lacks dignity. These individuals are together because they could not be alone. Yet most schools have the justification that they sprang from artists. It is so—to paraphrase a great American—that mankind is enabled to hitch behind the wagon that is hitched to a star.

"Is it that these American writers represent the life of trade unconsciously, because they belong to it? Are they simply the taller cacti on the desert of shallow emotion, exemplifying, rather than interpreting their milieu? Truly a disturbing triumph for intellectual democracy! One hardly knows whether to call it literature at all. With such a flat and literal realism before us, even the most pessimistic of European writers seems hopeful on account of the nobility of the soul which stands apart and observes. Yet, with the Americans, the observing faculty may find its place in the mind of the reader. Just as we feel a charm in our un-selfconscious folk songs, reflecting the simplicity of the people, so in this more extensive simplicity they may forgive the glitter for the glamour, and laugh while they deplore.

"Nevertheless it is to be hoped, for the sake of the Americans themselves, that a virile school of writers will arise, who shall speak with their own voices. One would like to see through the eyes of genius the *Comédie Humaine* as it is in America. If all literature should be merely a depiction of the average by the average for the average, it would doubtless achieve a large circulation, but its creation would have little more function in the life of the ages than the amusing antics of a kitten chasing its own tail."

G. S.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I — New York, Saturday, January 30, 1915 — NUMBER 13

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WHEN hired thugs, with or without a sheriff's badge, shoot down twenty unarmed strikers and keep on shooting at them when the men are rolling on the ground in their agony, it looks as if there were not much else to do but indict the assassins and their employers, and give them all the limit of the law. But if that is the only outcome of the assault at Carteret, nothing very radical will have been accomplished. It is necessary that Carteret should be studied, not as an abnormal murderous incident, but as a fairly normal situation which happened to break out into more violence than usual. The Industrial Relations Commission could do nothing better than to make an intimate survey of Carteret. Until that is done the rest of us can do little more than denounce the employment of thugs, and make guesses as to the remedy for them. For here was a town in which the mayor confessed that he couldn't police the company's property; here was a company which had reduced wages from two dollars a day to one dollar and sixty cents, a company hostile to the formation of unions, ready to break the strike by importing strike-breakers, ready to employ gunmen from a detective agency which has figured in other strikes. The first question raised, it seems to us, is the finding of a lawful and civilized method of upholding the law. But more fundamental than that is the issue most often at the bottom of industrial violence—the issue of whether a workingman on strike surrenders all rights to his job, and whether the power of the state is to be used unreservedly for the benefit of an employer who imports strike-breakers in order to crush a strike. Until the second question is answered there will be no satisfactory answer to the first.

THE House of Representatives has justified afresh the criticisms which have been so frequently passed upon its military policy. Its Army Appropriation bill is the unregenerate action of a group of unrepentant sinners. They have provided for a small increase of the regular army and for the training of additional officers, but beyond that they have done nothing to repair mistakes or to remedy abuses. The recommendations of the Secretary of War are ignored as completely as those of the General Staff. He does not get the men for whom he asked, or the ammunition or the guns. The essential matters of a shorter term of enlistment and the building up of a more adequate reserve are entirely ignored. The useless military posts are retained, as well as the wasteful and inefficient territorial distribution of the army. As at present organized and equipped, the Federal army is useless for any purpose except that of a national police force. The country is appropriating over $100,000,000 a year for a kind of military protection which would be wholly ineffectual to meet the probable conditions of actual warfare; and this policy is being continued in spite of a sufficiently startling exposure of flagrant military unpreparedness. If the Senate confirms the action of the House, public opinion will abandon hope of radical remedial action, unless the Republicans make a party issue of the matter and enter into control of the government in 1916. So wide a door ought not to be left open.

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IT is unfortunate that the practice of spending enough money to pay for an efficient army upon the purchase of a comparatively useless one is defended by well-intentioned people in the supposed interests of peace. If the way to promote peace is to make war more expensive in lives and in money, the Army Appropriation bill of the House is a pacifist success. But such a road to peace is a rough one for a gallant and patriotic body of men. Pacifists of this stamp consent to the sacrifice of the American army in the event of war, and to the depriving of its officers and men of the means to perform their plain legal and moral duty, because they object to the nature of that duty. If war is expensive, a propaganda of peace purchased at such a price certainly is not cheap. Let us either disarm frankly, or arm within proscribed limits efficiently.

PROFOUNDLY reactionary is the decision just rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas Labor Union Statute (Coppage *v.* Kansas) case. It is a decision based on a conception of the Constitution which makes that document incompatible with industrial democracy and true freedom. The state of Kansas passed a law making it illegal for employers to coerce or influence employees from joining a trade union on pain of a refusal of employment. But the Court evidently believed that such right to coerce was essential to the right of free contract, and in this case, as before in the Adair case, where the constitutionality of a similar provision in a Federal statute was in question, the doctrinaire conception of liberty was upheld. The Court thus stops short in a progress which it had been recently making toward a gradual harmonization of the Constitution with our changing industrial needs. Perhaps, like the rest of us, it is suffering from mental fatigue. Perhaps, in this short day of reaction as in progressive days, "the Supreme Court follows the election returns."

SINCE this is a government of laws through men, the line-up of the Court in the Kansas Labor Union Statute case is significant. In the absence of a contrary report, we assume that Mr. Justice Reynolds, President Wilson's sole appointee, participated in the decision, thus siding with the conservatives. The dissenting justices—Day, Holmes and Hughes—are the realistically thinking members of the Court, though one misses among them the names of Justice McKenna—who ably dissented in the Adair case—and Justice Van Devanter. In contrast to the majority's attitude, these dissenting opinions were refreshing. Justices Day and Hughes evidently recognized that economic coercion is the realest kind of coercion, and is not met by the enthronement of an abstract freedom of the will. Justice Holmes, in refusing to embalm the Adair decision into an immutable creed, recalled his dissenting opinion in that case, the opinion of a judge who deals with things, not words, and who realizes that a document which is to rule a great people must in its very nature allow for a wide and growing field for experimentation: "I confess that I think that the right to make contracts at will that has been derived from the word liberty in the amendments has been stretched to its extreme by the decisions; but they agree that sometimes the right may be restrained." As to unionization of labor, Justice Holmes said: "I quite agree that the question what and how much good labor unions do, is one on which intelligent people may differ; I think that laboring men sometimes attribute to them advantages, as many attribute to combinations of capital disadvantages, that really are due to economic conditions of a far wider and deeper kind, but I could not pronounce it unwarranted if Congress should decide that to foster a strong union was for the best interest not only of the men, but of the railroads and the country at large."

PERHAPS the best explanation of the large attendance at the St. Louis Convention of the National Foreign Trade Council was the statement of Mr. James A. Farrell that "one week of war did more than ten years of academic discussion to convince the country that foreign trade is a vital element in domestic prosperity." The several hundred delegates were asked by the Council to discuss measures dealing not so much with the immediate "capture" of European trade as with the elements needed to build up a permanent foreign commerce. For the increase of American international trade is one of the great realities implied by the statement that our isolation is ending. It will probably be the most important force drawing us into the politics and culture of the world, no doubt a perilous but certainly an inevitable adventure, and almost immediately it raises questions of internal policy which indicate how vast a reaction on our life this development is sure to have. The convention at St. Louis discussed the handicap put by anti-trust laws on exporters competing with European government-fostered combinations. Mr. W. L. Saunders, president of the Ingersoll-Rand Company, thought that the courts would give exporters the freedom they desired. Mr. John J. Ryan, president of the Amalgamated Copper Company, replied that the prospect of interminable lawsuits was not very encouraging. But it was the reaction of the smaller manufacturers which was most interesting. They have found that the only way to enter foreign

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business at a moderate cost is to cooperate in selling, and pro-rate the expenses. But when that is proposed the small merchant confronts the anti-trust law, and finds that while large business can bear the heavy cost of direct foreign representation, the small man is "protected" from the form of combination he most needs.

THE declining importance of the Progressive party has brought about a paradoxical political situation, indicated by Professor Irving Fisher in the following words: "The very success of Mr. Wilson in making the Progressive party seem unnecessary threatens to defeat him in 1916 by cementing the solid Republican vote against him." That is, the very success of Mr. Wilson in temporarily associating progressivism with Democracy has restored the two-party system; and the ordinary American voter will in the majority of cases be left with only two effective choices. He will be forced because of the triumph of Mr. Wilson to accept either regular Republicanism or regular Democracy, and when confronted with this choice, he may wonder whether Mr. Wilson has really succeeded in making a progressive party organization unnecessary. Such might be the result if the old party organizations were flexible political instruments which could be modified to the needs of progressive policy, but the old parties cannot be so modified. The American two-party system is intimately associated with fundamental defects in the traditional American political organization. It is the necessary enemy of direct popular political responsibility and of an independent and efficient administrative organization. The plain result of making the present Progressive party unnecessary will be to increase the necessity of some more effectual substitute for it.

UNDER the aspiring title, "Knowledge and Revolution," Mr. Max Eastman tells us in *The Masses* that he has been having a good laugh at our expense. We made the "foolish" statement that peace would have to be based on public law, that until nations were ready to fight for the maintenance of that law, the strongest aggressor would have his way. It is easy to see how nice a paradox can be made out of this argument: THE NEW REPUBLIC urges men to fight for peace. But there are a few more paradoxes at Mr. Eastman's disposal: think of a surgeon cutting a man open to make him well; think of inoculating a man with germs in order to cure a germ disease; think of building ships that will float out of steel that will sink. Above all, think of Mr. Eastman himself, as a lamb in wolf's clothing, preaching through many exhilarating if not illuminating months that the path to the brotherhood of man is through a class war. Yet consistency is no requirement of an honest thinker, and we can well imagine Mr. Eastman deploring the Civic Federation as an agency of industrial peace while he embraced Mr. Carnegie in a discussion of international affairs.

THE suit against the "baseball trust" by the new Federal League is the most striking test of "big business" since the Standard Oil case; it is so because of the popular interest in the issues involved. Most men would rather be brought to poverty by costly kerosene than be deprived of the best baseball that can be provided. Furthermore, the popular sense of justice is more acutely touched by anything of a sporting interest than by the most grave economic problem. It is significant that there is little popular indignation against the monopoly as such. While there is a faction that supports the Federal League out of a natural favoritism for the newcomer, a much larger section of the public is concerned with the evils of monopoly only as it uses its autocratic powers in a way unjust to the players. The public has no interest in the source of its baseball so long as the baseball is honest, good, and sufficiently cheap. But the public is supremely concerned that its favorite pitchers receive a square deal. If the rights of employees in businesses which offer less munificent salaries could be so adequately dramatized, a tremendous impulse would be added to the labor movement.

MR. Lorlys Elton Rogers, a New York lawyer, whom his first wife divorced at his request, married a second time, fell in love a third time, and took a mistress. She knew he was married. She hoped, and he appears to have hoped, that his second wife would divorce him. After they had lived together for several years, and had had two children, she lost hope. In a fit of despair she killed her children and tried to kill herself. The district-attorney in Bronx county has resolved to make an example of Mr. Rogers. A grand jury has indicted him for a felony punishable by a fine of not more than five thousand dollars and by imprisonment for not less than two years or more than twenty. How is this possible? Because a New York statute, which no person can read without perceiving that it is aimed at those who make money by adding to the number of prostitutes, is so loosely worded that it can be turned against any man who lives with a woman not his wife. Mr. Rogers has undoubtedly violated that code of sexual morality which all approve and many live up to. In his case the violation has led to hideous and wasteful misery. Popular feeling against him was strong until this monstrous attempt was made to satisfy it by so perverting a criminal law as to class him with white slavers.

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So-Called Industrial Peace

MANY people seem to think that industrial peace is synonymous with their peace of mind. If nobody complains, if they are able to conduct business without strikes or agitation, they are satisfied. But as a matter of fact such a state of non-resistance may signify a profound disease. The most docile of all laborers are the children. We hear of no strikes where child labor prevails. Young girls, in fact, most women workers, accept the conditions imposed upon them without creating much disturbance. Women are difficult to unionize, the shops where they work are generally "open," they show few signs of "envy," they rarely follow "agitators." But the industrial peace which these women and children endure is for imaginative people the most terrible fact in the situation.

There are, moreover, all over the country industries in which every attempt at collective action is crushed with an iron hand. It may be that the men live in privately owned towns, with their homes, their schools, their churches, their jobs, their politics, all at the mercy of one control. It may be that they are forbidden to meet, as in the steel district, where men do not dare to discuss their own interests. It may be that every attempt to unionize is met by discharging the "ringleader," by mixing races and religions so that any kind of homogeneity is impossible. There is in many places an atmosphere of terrorism, a fear of spies, and a general ruthless domination of private affairs, against which few men have the courage to rebel. When beneath it all there is a rumbling and ugly threat, we hear about "industrial unrest," and well-meaning men set out to establish "peace." The despot becomes benevolent. Hospitals, swimming pools, Y.M.C.A.'s, "profit-sharing," are bestowed, evidently in complete oblivion of the fact that there would be little manhood in men who accepted these benefits at the price of submission. When Circe changed warriors into swine she fed them well, but their tragedy was that they liked it.

The problem of industrial peace is not to keep people quiet. The problem is to create conditions in which men can meet each other as equals, where they must treat each other with so much respect that no haphazard, careless despotism is possible. In that frame of mind alone will it become possible to develop the habit of settling their questions on the evidence in accord with reason. But the mere statement of the goal shows how far away from it we are to-day. In the recent hearings held before the Industrial Relations Commissions, the economic leaders of the nation with few exceptions stated that they didn't know about labor conditions. They were confessing that, though they had power, they exercised little responsibility.

How then are changes to be made? The men at the head are badly informed, probably overworked, and on the whole not very much interested. The workers are under suspicion if they take an interest in the management. And the public, that vague, sprawling and indefinite conglomeration, is generally busy, too busy to think much about what is going on in obscure mining gulches, around distant blast furnaces, in nerve-wracked textile mills, in the basements of department stores. For in its worst corners our civilization is dumb, and everywhere it is rather deaf.

This is the simple and rather obvious reason why we cannot get along without "unrest" and agitation. The great "constructive" plans of statesmen are built upon them; the careful improvements of the more reasonable reformers draw their impetus from them. It is an open debt which the wisest reformers acknowledge, for we are all of us freer to-day to speak, to make proposals, to offer criticisms which would have got no hearing whatever if loud threats had not been made and ugly fists raised in anger. When we are told that conservative reform is all right, when the more temperate men are listened to carefully, we should not forget that all our proposals seem conservative and temperate only by contrast, that a few years ago the same industrial leaders who are now so open-minded denounced the meagerest reform as if it were the crack of doom.

Last winter the I.W.W. invaded the churches of New York. This winter the churches have organized to deal with unemployment. Last winter there were riots. This winter the head of the United States Steel Corporation is chairman of the committee to deal with unemployment. Of course there may be no causal connection. The committee which he heads is, however, not prepared to deal very drastically with the situation; certain city officials are very obstructive. There has been no unemployed demonstration this winter. Of course there may be no causal connection.

Nevertheless, those who dislike agitators ought to ask themselves what they propose to substitute for them. Just how, for example, do they intend to arouse interest in obscure injustice? Do they suppose men will think who have not first been made to feel? Do they suppose that they will feel until they have had brutal facts forced upon them? Surely it is idle to suppose that the "public" is a sensitive, wise, interested, courageous, active body of responsible people. We are all members of the "public," and we might as well confess that these adjectives do not describe ourselves. Sometimes we have enough imagination

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to see some phase that needs correction. We know the horror of child labor, for example, though most of us do nothing about it. Sometimes a mere narrative of what conditions are arouses us. But on the whole we do not move unless we are prodded, and we need the gadfly every bit as much to-day as when Socrates recommended it.

Only those who have great power do not have to agitate. If the directors of the Steel Corporation wish to change conditions in their plants they will not have to hold mass meetings and march in parades. But a group without power, a disfranchised group, has to do more than convince itself that what it wants is wise. It has to convince others, and make those others take an interest in the plan. That is why suffragists have to talk on street corners, get their pictures into the papers, go on "hikes," interrupt public meetings, and dress up as Joan of Arc. The same is true of the industrially disfranchised. The railroad engineers can present their demands, sit down at a long table and argue their case through statisticians and lawyers. But the miners of Colorado or West Virginia or Calumet, the steel workers of Pittsburg, the spinners and weavers of Paterson, the textile workers of Lawrence and Lowell, are industrially disfranchised, and every time they wish to make some advance they have to start a little rebellion.

The answer to them is not to suppress the rebellion, to ask that they should make peace at any price. In industry, as among nations, there can be false, dishonorable, and disastrous peace. There can be the inhuman peace of an efficient despotism, but it will purchase a temporary comfort of mind at a cost which no people can pay and still call itself free. For to those who have not settled into a panicky fear, the quiet of those who submit is often far more ominous than the disturbance of those who rebel.

Contraband and Common Sense

IN his letter to Senator Stone, Secretary Bryan puts up an able defense of the behavior of this government towards the warring nations in Europe. He is able to show that all the official acts of the United States in reference to the belligerents are sanctioned by established international practice, and that if the government had behaved as certain of its critics have advised, it would have given just cause of offense either to the Allies or to Germany and Austria. The technical justification is complete. It is a pity that the anti-Americanism of American citizens made necessary the publication of such a document, but if this had to be done, the administration is to be congratulated on so unimpeachable a legal record and so candid and dignified a justification of its course.

The correct attitude of our government has not been fully appreciated in Europe. The European governments have not, to be sure, had any legal grounds for complaint, but European public opinion at the present time is none the less very much disgruntled with the behavior of this country. Americans should recognize the fact that so far from being popular in Europe, they are disliked in Germany and their motives are questioned in England. The Germans resent the sympathy which American public opinion has on the whole shown towards the Allies. They have resented it from the start, but in the beginning they suppressed their feelings because they hoped to persuade Americans of the righteousness of the German cause. They realize now that they have not succeeded and cannot do so; and Americans who have returned recently from Germany testify to the growth in that country of an angry anti-Americanism. Neither is the situation much better in England. Englishmen were deeply wounded by the American note in respect to contraband. They do not for the most part dispute the fact that the American government had good grounds for protest under the laws of nations, but they claim to be fighting the battle of all neutral and pacific powers, and they ask for a clearer appreciation in this country of the legitimacy as a belligerent measure of the English effort to deprive the enemy of war supplies.

In the case of Germany a certain amount of resentment towards this country is inevitable. The American business public does and will continue to sympathize and trade with the enemies of Germany. The supplies which the Allies can purchase in the United States may make the difference between ultimate defeat and ultimate victory. The Germans would be more than human not to resent such sympathy and assistance; and if at the present time they seem to be more than human in the exercise of military power, they are certainly very human indeed in the cultivation and in the expression of their feelings. This resentment cannot wholly be avoided, but it can at least be mitigated by a timely tribute of admiration for the extraordinary devotion of the German people to their national cause, and for the superb fight they are making against such enormous odds. It might also be mitigated by the assumption of a less self-righteous attitude on the part of American publicists, and a modification of their attempt to try Germany in the Supreme Court of civilization and find a verdict with damages against her. Such a verdict may have to be passed, but what license have we to assume jurisdiction?

The resentment of England towards this coun-

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try is less deep-rooted than that of Germany, but it is scarcely less difficult to avoid. A serious difference of interests exists between the United States and England. From the English standpoint, every cargo of goods allowed to enter Germany may mean a longer war and heavier expenditure of English blood and treasure. England cannot stop the entrance of contraband into Germany by land. If it is to be stopped at all it must be stopped at sea, where England is supreme; and it cannot be stopped at sea unless supervision is exercised over American exports to neutral states bordering on Germany or Austria. On the other hand, this country wants to trade as freely as possible, and protests against the extent to which wholly innocent commerce has been hampered by the English searches and seizures.

The chief difficulty of the present situation is that neither party has as yet admitted the true cause of the trouble. Neither party probably will do so. The issue now at stake is the right of neutral states not to suffer from the belligerent acts of others. Aside from the minor questions of delays and unnecessary severity in the methods of examination, Americans are really protesting, not against the embarrassment of our trade with neutrals, but against the prohibition of our trade with Germany. This is the crux of the matter. Such a difference of interest is incapable of legal solution. The law governing the whole matter is in an indeterminate and fluid condition, and its application depends upon facts which are difficult to discover and whose ascertainment cannot be submitted to an international tribunal. Such being the general condition, the continuation of good relations with England depends upon the avoidance of narrow insistence on legal rights, and upon the exhibition of mutual courtesy, consideration, fair-mindedness and common sense.

There is an old adage about the dwellers in glass houses. It may be invoked with excellent results in almost any international controversy. Before insisting too strenuously on our rights, or condemning too severely the British policy regarding contraband, it might be well to remember for a moment our own past record. What about Mexico, for example? British interests in Mexico, far greater in value than any American interest now prejudiced by this contraband policy, have been ruined because, in response to our urgent request, Great Britain granted us a free hand to deal with the situation across our southern frontier. The administration's attitude toward business in Mexico does not square well with its position on contraband. The avowed humanitarian purpose in Mexico and the assertion of the rights of neutrals now does not seem consistent in the light of failure to protest against the flagrant disregard of the Hague Convention by Germany.

Americans would like to believe that as a nation their motives are pure and their ideals high. Even though our actions may sometimes belie such a claim, we expect to be judged with tolerance and consideration. Are we always equally ready to be charitable in our estimate of the action of others? We have now an opportunity to demonstrate that we are ready to grant a consideration that we ourselves invariably expect. If this be our spirit, the contraband dispute will be settled without further friction.

When the war is over we may meet the real question that has been raised by the present controversy—the right of neutrals not to suffer from the belligerent action of others. International law as at present written concerns itself primarily with what belligerents may do to neutrals, not with stipulations for the protection of neutrals which may under no circumstances be disregarded. In this we have acquiesced. We may have an opportunity when the war is over to remedy our past mistakes. The surest way to gain this end, however, is first to define, and then to be able and ready to defend our position. Until we are willing to accept the responsibilities of attempting to extend the rights of neutrals, we cannot expect to enjoy to the full the benefits that neutrality should confer. Neutrality at present is passive. To be effective it must be made positive. We have neglected in the case of Belgium our greatest opportunity to give it new life. Another chance may come later. In the meantime, let us abide by the golden rule, and treat contraband with common sense.

Autocracy in Business

DURING the hearings before the Industrial Commission in New York, several witnesses forced on public attention the problem of working out a "safe and sane" form of corporate organization. The idea is gaining ground that an unwieldy and irresponsible directorate has much to do with the errors and evils connected with the management of corporations. After having long advertised the organization of big business as a model of practical efficiency, business men are now coming to admit the existence of radical defects, and remedies are being proposed based, curiously enough, upon what may be called political quite as much as business considerations.

The existing method of organizing the direction of large business is properly described and condemned as a sham. It suffers from a discrepancy between practice and theory similar to that from which the American political system has suffered.

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In theory, a large corporation with a widely distributed capital stock is a kind of representative democracy. The voting privilege is indeed based entirely on proportionate ownership rather than on manhood or womanhood, but in the case of corporations with thousands of shareholders no one or no small group of which owns a majority of the stock, the distinction is not essential. The directors are supposed to be elected by the stockholding owners and to be responsible to them for the general business policy. The chief executive officials are appointed by the directors and are responsible to them for carrying out the instructions. The stockholders control the directors and the directors control the president and his assistants. In practice such control is exercised only within narrow limits. The chief executive officials almost always dictate the policy, with but little effective check or supervision. The great majority of large corporations are operated as complete administrative autocracies. An active executive committee of directors may participate in the management, but not in the sense of exercising independent supervision. The board consists largely of rubber stamps. They do not want and are not allowed by the executive officials to know any more than is necessary about the conditions and the management of the business. On the other hand, the directors themselves are practically never held to accountability by the stockholders until any damage which is being done to the company's business has become public. Representative government based upon a property qualification seems to incur as much difficulty in remaining representative as does a thoroughgoing democracy.

Many instances of gross mismanagement have occurred as the result of this uncontrolled autocracy. The course of large American business enterprises is strewn with the wreckage of corporations which, whether from good or bad motives, have been ruined by their executive officials with or without the connivance of some of their directors. We do not mean to imply that such mismanagement has been the rule, or that this enormous concentration of responsibility in the hands of the business administration has not taken place in response to a real need. But whatever the rule, so many corporations have been plundered or wrecked by their administrative chiefs that a real evil must be admitted to exist. It is an evil of sufficient magnitude to justify the attempt to devise an adequate remedy.

The remedy most frequently suggested is that of limiting by law the authority over corporations exercised by a majority of the stock. At present such a majority, which under the proxy system is always voted by the management, names the whole board of directors. Even a very considerable minority if it is likely to be hostile to the management, has no means of securing representation or of knowing in sufficient detail how well the business of the company is being conducted. Business men and corporation lawyers, who have condemned unrestricted majority rule in politics as the negation of safe and sane government, have organized and perfected it in industry. Their opponents wish to limit majority rule by the application of constitutional safeguards. They propose to grant to a sufficiently large minority of the stock the right to be represented on the board.

Constitutional safeguards for stockholding minorities present a smooth and fair appearance. So much can be said in their favor that they will doubtless be tried; but in our opinion this proposed remedy is the result of an analysis which does not penetrate to the root of the difficulty. The irresponsibility which infests the management of large corporations is a reflection of the irresponsible attitude of stockholders themselves. If they had wanted minority representation or would have used it effectively, they would have won it long ago. Stockholders as a class seem to be made up of extraordinarily confiding, inattentive, uninquisitive and credulous people. They are only too willing to trust the management, and to accept its version of the facts as true and its policy as sound. All that they usually see of their property is little scraps of paper, and all that they want out of little scraps of paper is dividends. Realizing as they do that the management is and always must be very much better acquainted with the needs, conditions and opportunities of the business, they place the same kind of confidence in the official administration that the ordinary French citizen of 1860 did in Napoleon III. As long as stockholders are disposed completely to renounce and ignore the responsibilities of ownership, the remedy of minority representation for administrative autocracy seems at least to be insufficient. It is more likely to provide an instrument which business marauders can use to annoy and blackmail the management of a large corporation than it is to bring to big business the advantages of constitutional government.

Stockholders feel very little responsibility about the management of their property, because they occupy an unnatural and wholly passive relation to it. They allow their capital to be used, but they rarely lend with their capital any personal service and interest. They do not enter into wholesome human relations with the business in which their property is invested. What stockholders and their representatives need is to be stimulated to a higher sense of responsibility by the obligation to consult with other people whose actual interests and lives hang more or less on the success of the business. Such people should be granted representation in the directorate. Their

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presence on the board would provide a really effective check upon an autocratic management, and might result not in a merely formal corporate constitutionalism, but in a vital industrial constitutional government.

The people whose actual interests and lives do hang more or less on the success of the business are, of course, the employees of the corporation and the consumers of its product. They are in many cases in a better position to know whether the business is being well or ill managed than is the ordinary stockholder. They see it at work. They know whether they and their associates are receiving fair treatment and adequate service. They are quick to detect signs of corruption or incompetence. They would provide the kind of check most likely to stimulate an autocratic management to a livelier sense of all its responsibilities. They would contribute to the business policy of a corporation a positive element, the need and value of which an autocratic management would be most likely to overlook. Supervision of large corporations in the interest of labor or of the consumer would then be not so much imposed from without as actually wrought into their control and operation. In short, the presence on the board of representatives both of the employees and of the public would convert a big corporation into a semi-political body—into a constitutional democracy which recognized its responsibilities to diverse human interests by assuming the obligation of consulting them. The stockholders would still remain in control, and their control would still be delegated to an autocratic administration, but it would be a limited monarchy surrounded by a really representative body and responsible to public opinion. It would be a preliminary and necessary step in the direction of industrial democracy.

The Schools from the Outside

TO persons directing any complicated organization, criticism from outsiders always seems either futile or irrelevant. Conscious of the difficulty that has been met in creating the existing machinery, they resent the debonair and nonchalant proposals tossed in upon them by people who have only an amateurish or philosophical interest in their work. There are very few able administrators in any work who do not honestly believe they are doing their best with the material that is given them.

To this resentment the educational world seems particularly prone. The teacher finds it intolerable that the classroom should be judged from any vantage-point but the teacher's desk; the superintendent is annoyed if you arraign his system in the light of the product turned out. A public service which enlists so much conscientiousness as does our public school system is naturally sensitive to public criticism. Its very sensitiveness makes it difficult for it to distinguish between criticism of motives and criticism of policies and philosophies.

This resentment to amateur criticism is offset by an almost pathetic trust in expert overhauling. Letters from school principals to those in charge of recent investigations into city school systems imply that the expert has some kind of magical power not possessed by the ordinary teacher or administrator. When we learn, however, that the defects discovered are usually of so elementary and obvious a character that few interested laymen could have ignored them, we suspect that the magic is not so much a matter of the expert as it is of the outsider. The thing is to get a new point-of-view, a new interpretation, which shall not be so obsessed with the inside workings of the machinery that the drift of policy and the value of the human product is ignored.

Educators, it is true, "welcome fair criticism," and they have a fond belief that they get it from one another in the educational press. But in this mass of books and journals, crowded with exposition and discussion of current educational conceptions and technical methods, the whole setting, language, philosophy, are professional. The very bases and premises which the lay critic wishes to criticize are taken for granted. Educators decry "destructive" criticism, but in a sense all criticism is destructive, for it is essentially an examination. It requires a stripping away of the wrappings of routine and jargon, the turning of the idea about on all sides, the placing of it in a light where it may be clearly observed. There is another reason why amateur criticism is likely to be pertinent in education. The whole business of teaching and learning is a matter of personal psychology, and, in spite of current cant, there is no science so elusive and so unformulated as psychology. If the scientists will no longer deal with the problems of the personal, conscious life, it is left for the amateur philosophers to examine the psychological backgrounds of the teaching world, and attempt newer and more personal interpretations.

Much of the public criticism of the schools is no doubt unintelligent, but what are we to say of that blanket defense we hear so often from the educator, that the niggardliness of the public prevents his providing the best schools and the best teachers? Now a country that attempts almost universally to provide free secondary school education—something provided in no European country—is certainly not thus guilty. The prestige of education in America is extraordinarily

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high. It is quite too late in the day to pretend that anyone still regards public schools as a charity, or that ridicule of teaching methods would only serve to discredit the schools and reduce the already small appropriations. There is no more fear—though some of our educators would have us believe it—that free criticism of the schools will leave us school-less than there is that denunciation of the New York police resulted in leaving that city without police protection. The public schools in this country have the standing of all other public services.

It is not a question of more money, but of more intelligent use of present resources. The inexpert public cannot be expected to spend its money wisely. It has an incorrigible itch for objective results. It likes to see its money go into handsome buildings with expensive equipments. Large sums are spent in emulative waste. If one town boasts a seventy-five thousand dollar high school, its neighbor must have a hundred thousand dollar one. It is obvious that money which goes into costly ventilating systems and gymnasiums and the adoption of uncriticized fads, does not go into teachers' salaries. But it is the function of the educators to offset this public childishness with their own wisdom, and see that the public money is profitably spent. If they believe that we could have better teachers if we paid more for them, they should see that the money goes to the teachers and not into fussy mechanical details.

The trend of educational activity has been to encourage this objective standard. More of the intellectual energy of the educational world has gone into technique and organization than into psychology. It has been more interested in seeing that the American child had enough cubic feet of air, a hygienic desk, and a fire-proof building, than that he acquired an alert and curious outlook on the modern world, and an expressive personality. France, with public school buildings, even in Paris, that you would scarcely perhaps stable your horse in, somehow, by making expression the insistent motive of education, turns out intellectual products strikingly superior to our own.

European experience tends, too, to challenge the common assumption of American educators that quality of teaching is proportional to salaries paid. American salaries are certainly as high as those paid in European countries. There is no violent contrast, moreover, between the intellectual and educational background of a primary teacher with seven hundred a year and a principal with twenty-five hundred. They would both subscribe to the same philosophy of life; they might easily have come from the same training-school. The difference would be one of age or executive capacity, or of "experience," which generally means nothing more than greater expertness with routine and a longer setting of the intellectual cement.

It is this background, spirit, philosophy, behind the educational mind that the critical public is becoming more and more restless about. It does not challenge details of mechanical and administrative organization. These have been worked out with an ingenuity and a completeness all too thorough. The public is demanding now a similar attention to the conscious and spiritual side of learning and teaching. The ideal of the school as an embryonic community life, of the child as a growing personality to whom the activity of the school must have intense reality, of education as the training of expression, creation—this has hardly begun to be generally felt. The faults discovered by the Springfield school survey arose largely from a careless and mechanical philosophy of life, an educational philosophy that had not sufficiently emphasized these ideals. The investigators were able, for instance, to tell on the moment whether a teacher had come from a certain training-school by her method and attitudes.

The responsibility cannot be dodged by the professional educators. They are responsible for primitive and mechanical attitudes which make so much of the orthodox public school teaching a mere marking of time rather than an education. Millions of the public's money would not effect this change in the background of the teaching world. That background could be changed without its costing the public a cent. The difficulty, huge, it is true, like any other attempt to change the obscure and uncriticized assumptions that lie at the bottom of any theory or practice, is psychological, not mechanical. It involves only the substitution, for certain undemocratic, ultra-logical situation in which we live.
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Mr. Rockefeller on the Stand

MR. Rockefeller seemed terribly alone on Monday when he faced the Industrial Relations Commission. There was an atmosphere of no quarter. A large crowd watching intensely every expression of his face, about twenty cameras and a small regiment of newspaper men, a shorthand reporter at his elbow, and confronting him the Commissioners led by the no means reassuring Mr. Walsh—except for an indefatigably kindly police sergeant who gave him one glass of water after another, not much was done to pamper the witness. He met what he knew to be his accusers with the weary and dogged good humor of a child trying to do a sum it does not understand for a teacher who will not relent.

From the first Mr. Rockefeller was on the defensive. He began by reading the long statement which was printed that evening in the newspapers. The statement was very carefully prepared; much thought and labor had evidently gone into it, but as a matter of style it did not sound in the least like anything that Mr. Rockefeller had to say on his direct oral examination. Perhaps we did him an injustice, but it never occurred to us to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller had written the document himself. Nevertheless, Mr. Rockefeller read the paper well.

But it was much too smooth to be convincing. When he read with warm emphasis that "combinations of capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interest both of labor and the public," we wondered whom he had in mind. Nor were we any more enlightened as to what he really stood for when he said that "such combinations cannot be too strongly condemned nor too vigorously dealt with." He read those sentences with sincere indignation and without betraying the slightest self-consciousness. To the charge that he has enforced an industrial absolutism in Colorado, he replied with much feeling that "an attitude toward industry and toward labor such as is here implied is so abhorrent to me personally and so contrary to the spirit of my whole purpose and training that I cannot allow these allegations to pass unnoticed . . . . While it has been said that I have exercised an absolute authority in dictating to the management of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, it has also been said that I have been too indifferent, and that as a director I should have exercised more authority. Clearly, both cannot be true."

Yet it seemed to me as I listened to him that both could be true, and that in fact it was just such a dilemma which was the truth. For while the reality of the Rockefeller power could hardly be questioned, the use of that power appeared to have been second-hand and inadequate. For ten years Mr. Rockefeller had not seen his property; his relation to it was by letter and by conference with the officials. What he knew of it must have come to him from them, and, as he has confessed, he trusted their word. Now when we speak of the despotism of the Czar of Russia, we do not mean that he in person acts despotically in every province of his empire. We mean that a despotic hierarchy exists owning allegiance to him as its titled head. We know that if the Czar wished to liberalize his government he would find himself hampered by his subordinate officials. But he has to bear the responsibility for the things that are done in his name, and because he has potential power he is blamed not only for what he does but for what he doesn't do.

This seemed to be the predicament of Mr. Rockefeller. I should not believe that he personally hired thugs or wanted them hired; I should not believe that the inhumanity of Colorado is something he had conceived. It seems far more true to say that his impersonal and half-understood power has delegated itself into unsocial forms, that it has assumed a life of its own which he is almost powerless to control. If first impressions count for anything, I should describe Mr. Rockefeller as a weak despot governed by a private bureaucracy which he is unable to lead. He has been thrust by the accident of birth into a position where he reigns but does not rule; he has assumed a title to sovereignty over a dominion which he rarely visits, about which his only source of information is the reports of men far more sophisticated and far less sensitive than he himself.

His intellectual helplessness was the amazing part of his testimony. Here was a man who represented an agglomeration of wealth probably without parallel in history, the successor to a father who has with justice been called the high priest of capitalism. Freedom of enterprise, untrammeled private property, the incentives of the profiteer, culminate in the achievements of his family. He is the supreme negation of all equality, and unquestionably a symbol of the most menacing fact in the life of the republic. Yet he talked about himself on the commonplace moral assumptions of a small business man. There never

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was anybody less imperial in tone than John D. Jr. The vastness of his position seemed to have no counterpart in a wide and far-reaching imagination. Those who listened to him would have forgiven him much if they had felt that they were watching a great figure, a real master of men, a person of some magnificence. But in John D. Rockefeller, Jr., there seemed to be nothing but a young man having a lot of trouble, very much harassed and very well-meaning. No sign of the statesman, no quality of leadership in large affairs, just a careful, plodding, essentially uninteresting person who justifies himself with simple moralities and small-scale virtues.

His tragedy is that of all hereditary power, for there is no magic in inheritance, and sooner or later the scion of a house is an incompetent. Yet the complicated system over which he presides keeps him in an uncomfortably exalted position, where all men can see its absurdity. It is the weak monarch who finally betrays the monarchy. It is the unimaginative, blundering, good-natured king who pays for the acts of his predecessors. Those who rule and have no love of power suffer much. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of these, I think, and he is indeed a victim. The failure of the American people to break up his unwieldy dominion has put a man who should have been a private citizen into a monstrously public position where even the freedom to abdicate is denied him.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Future of Constantinople

IN the first lines of a book which made a noise in the European political world a few years ago, Sergius Goriannow, director of the Archives of the Russian empire, wrote: "For Russia, all the famous Eastern question is comprehended in these words: What authority shall rule at the straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles; who shall be the keeper of these gates?"

In the last four years the Eastern question has been much simplified. Turkey in Europe has all but vanished. Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, have interposed between Austria and the Golden Horn. So far as man can now see into the future, the end of the great war will see a new Servian kingdom, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, extending along the Adriatic shore from the Narenta to the Drina. Macedonia has become Greek and Servian, Albania has Italian garrisons. But there remains the problem of Constantinople, the "question of the straits," the true Eastern question, so far as Russia is concerned.

What then is the probability for the present capital of the ever-crumbling Osmanli empire? What will peace in Europe mean for Constantinople? Obviously there are three possibilities. It may remain Turkish. Turkey expelled from Europe, from the shores of the straits and the Sea of Marmora, there may be created a neutral state, a twentieth-century ghost of the Byzantine empire, as it faced the final Turkish attack of 1453. Finally, Russia may at last realize the dream recorded in the legendary testament of Peter the Great, disclosed in Russian policy ever since the reign of that greatest of the czars.

Now it is plain that the least likely of the three possibilities is that which envisages a new lease upon the shores of the Golden Horn for the Sultans. Not merely has Turkey again risked a war with Russia, this time deprived of the naval or moral support of Great Britain, but she has also opened the straits to warships, which, passing through, have bombarded the shores of Russia's Black Sea provinces, sunk Russian ships of commerce, and brought ruin to Odessa and Batum.

In all Russian policy toward the Eastern question there have been two considerations, that of procuring the opening of the straits to Russian warships, and that of insuring the closing of the straits to the warships of hostile nations. The entrance of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into the Black Sea has served as a final demonstration of the fact that the defense of Odessa must begin at the Dardanelles.

By preaching the Holy War to the subjects of Britain and France, by endeavoring to invade Egypt, the Sultan has certainly destroyed a desire of the nations which saved him by the Crimean War, of the nation which sent its fleets to make the San Stefano compact void, to sacrifice their present ally to save Turkey. In fact, the British and French policy may be comprehended in the statement that to-day both London and Paris regard Constantinople not as a Turkish town but as a German fortress, and conceive that Mohammed V. has abdicated in favor of William II.

It is fair to assume, then, that peace will carry with it the sentence of exile for the Sultans, that the road to Brusa whence they came to Europe six centuries ago will be opened to them. Such future as they may have will lie in Asia, in Asia Minor, doubtless circumscribed by new frontier changes in Armenia, in Syria, in Mesopotamia.

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Now it is conceivable that at the great European conference which will follow the present world war there may be created a neutral state about Constantinople, a state including the two peninsulas that touch the Bosporus, the peninsula of Gallipoli, which commands the Dardenelles. Bulgaria, as the price of her neutrality, may hope to regain her frontier of the first Balkan War, to retake Adrianople and come south to the famous Enos-Midia line. The neutral state of Constantinople would then include some 8,000 square miles, a population of over 1,500,000 made up of all the Levantine races, but dominated by the Greeks.

But could such a state exist? It would be created in the plain defiance of all Russian influence and ambition. Unless it were garrisoned by the Great Powers, it would be open to Russian aggression, a far less fensible state than poor Belgium. It would, too, be a state erected against Russia, and the nations undertaking to guarantee its integrity would by this fact become enemies of the Czar, Russian diplomacy would inevitably seek to divide the guarantors, and German and Austrian statesmen might enlist Russian aid for their new combinations by offering their aid to Russian possession of Czarigrad.

Conceivably this neutral state might be joined to Greece, thus restoring the ancient Byzantine empire and gratifying the ambition of all Greeks since Byzantium fell. But Greece could not defend it. Bulgaria, Servia, and Rumania would look with disfavor upon such an extension of influence of a rival. The whole Balkan Confederation might be revived, and Constantinople made a federal district, the capital of the confederacy joined together by a *zolverein;* but here again rival ambitions would clash, intrigue and jealousy promote quarrels and keep the Eastern question a menace to world peace.

There remains the possibility of Russian possession. To-day Russian armies have defeated the Turks in Armenia; the road to Constantinople by Ezerum is long and difficult, but Turkish military power, despite German aid, is still patently waning, and Turkish unity is increasingly threatened at home by intrigues against Enver Pasha, which new disasters have provoked. It is far from impossible that an army of the Czar may yet reach the Scutari peninsula, or approach the lines of the Chatalja, assisted by a Bulgarian army at last enlisted in the Slav cause.

In the last century France, Austria and Great Britain, collectively or severally, blocked Russian advance to the Bosporus. But Austrian power, even when backed by German, will be without weight if Russia emerges victorious from the present war, and only if she emerges victorious will the question of Constantinople become of immediate value. As for France, nothing in the world is less likely than that she should interpose a veto, if her ally asks Constantinople as part payment of the debt that will be due, if German armies are at last recalled from Champagne to defend Silesia, and Strassburg and Metz are "redeemed" by France.

As for Great Britain, her policy in the Near East is traditional, but time has modified the whole face of affairs. On this very subject Gabriel Hanotaux wrote a few years ago: "The question of the straits is confessedly one of the most troublesome in the world, but politics change with geography. It has no longer the same importance for the maritime powers since the Suez Canal was dug. Perhaps the hand of de Lesseps in modifying the geography of the Mediterranean has signed an unexpected codicil to the famous testament—authentic or not—of Peter the Great."

When Great Britain the other day annexed Egypt she gave Russia something more than a moral claim upon Constantinople. In fortifying her own position, in securing her own road to the East, she removed the chief obstacle, from her point of view, to Russian possession of the straits. Her necessity to possess Suez is not greater than that of Russia to hold the Stamboul gate to her own coasts.

If Russia and her Allies emerge victorious from the great war, they will have to face a Russia supreme on the Continent, more powerful on land than any nation since the France of Napoleon, her hands strengthened by the prostration of her neighbors, who were her natural rivals. Anatolia with its Turkish rulers will be indefensible against Russia. English military resources will not be adequate to hold Russia back along the new frontier from the Euphrates to the Himalayas; to oppose Russia on the Bosporus is to envisage fighting her ultimately in India, in Egypt, in the valley of the Euphrates.

Is it not more likely that England will make sure her own road, stretch her influence eastward into Arabia and southward on the Arabian shore of the Red Sea, leave to France the Syrian province of the Sultan, in which French influence has for centuries been supreme, reconcile herself to the arrival of Russia on and in the Middle Sea, rather than seek to thwart Russian ambition and thus perpetuate the Eastern question, possibly by again "backing the wrong horse?"

The right to hold the door, open or closed as the case may warrant, the door to Russian shores and seas—this Russia is certain to demand, if Germany be defeated, to demand with new insistence in view of her present isolation. It is barely conceivable that Britain might again prevent the Czar from realizing his ambition. But to do this would be to risk India and Egypt, to invite new war, with no sure ally save perhaps Italy. What the United States did in Panama may well supply a precedent

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for Imperial Russia. Constantinople may emerge a "republic" like the Panaman, but since the most peaceful of nations finds it necessary to fortify Panama, is it likely that Russia will find less need to defend the door to Odessa and Sebastopol? And would the world suffer if the Eastern question were at last relegated to the limbo of forgotten "questions," of pragmatic sanctions and family compacts?

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Cotton and Wool

UNLESS present indications are misleading, cotton is likely to profit more from developments arising out of the war than any other commodity, with the possible exception of wheat.

This, of course, is not the popular view. It is only a matter of a month or so since the pitiable plight of the cotton grower received such wide advertisement through the columns of the press and fervid Congressional rhetoric. Philanthropic bankers undertook the formation of a pool for $135,000,000 to consummate a valorization plan which it was considered unwise to effect through governmental aid. Southern Senators and members of Congress threatened to hold up appropriation bills and other pending legislation unless their agricultural constituents were afforded relief through governmental aid. The suggestions contained in these proposals smacked strongly of the hustings, and economic objections were denounced as spiteful manifestations of sectional animosity.

All this clamor has died away. Cotton has advanced. Since December eleventh, the day after the Department of Agriculture estimated the yield at 15,966,000 bales exclusive of "linters" (the short fibre obtained from the treatment of cotton seed at the oil mills), there has been an advance of approximately a hundred and eighty points, or about nine dollars per bale. The Southern grower, instead of obtaining a grudging bid of six cents per pound for his cotton, can now get eight cents. The South is paying its debts, and conditions are rapidly approaching normal.

This improvement has been in the nature of a perfectly natural recovery from panic. Europe has bought a little more than was expected, and exports, while still largely below the average of recent years, have shown such a surprising increase that confidence is returning. Germany, while unable to import freely, at any rate has bought an enormous quantity of cotton and stored it at warehouses in port and interior towns.

Close students of the textile situation are beginning to take the view that cotton, to a greater extent than ever before in history, will be forced to take the place of wool and flax. This is a development proceeding directly out of the war. In this great conflict which has broken so many precedents, involving changes of incalculable magnitude, the element of waste in clothing runs into staggering figures. In making calculations of the destruction of fabrics, one is almost inclined to doubt the verity of cold mathematical computations. Statisticians in the wool trade, for example, refuse to work out the multiplication of needs to logical conclusions. They cannot even admit the truth of their own figures.

There are 10,000,000 men on the firing lines, to say nothing of approximately that many more held in reserve. The troops on the firing lines wear out a uniform in only a little more than a month. According to British army specifications, which are, if anything, lighter than those of German and Russian military authorities, it requires six and a half pounds of clean wool to make a uniform, and ten pounds of clean wool for an overcoat. This is equivalent to a little more than thirty pounds of unscoured wool. For the 10,000,000 men on the firing lines, one uniform and overcoat per month would call for 300,000,000 pounds of unscoured wool. These garments, which have to be renewed once a month for seven months, would call for 2,100,000,000 pounds of unscoured wool. This calculation does not take into consideration demands for woolen underclothing, mufflers, sweaters, and woolen or fleece-lined gloves. Neither does it make allowance for the clothing necessities of probably 10,000,000 men held in reserve.

As a result of a recent ruling of the British Army Medical Corps, each soldier on the firing line is to be given a complete new clothing outfit, including underwear, socks, uniform, and overcoat each month. The old outfit is burned for sanitary reasons. This expedient was adopted in an experimental way during the Boer War. The results were so satisfactory that its general operation has been considered necessary for the health of the troops. Such information as has reached this country does not disclose similar practice by Germany, although the uniforms, owing to the hard usage given in the trenches, are said to be rendered practically useless in a month or so. The discarded garments, or what is left of them, are subjected to chemical treatment and then made into shoddy.

Authorities in the wool trade, making conces-

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sions for a certain proportion of cotton which goes into "all-wool" garments, estimate that the needs of the war alone—for uniforms, overcoats, underclothing, socks, etc. as well as blankets for horses and men—will call for the wool-clip of 1,000,000,000 sheep per year. According to the most recent estimates, there are only about 603,000,000 sheep in the world. The output of unscoured wool for commerce is a little less than 3,000,000,000 pounds.

That military necessities will call for the wool output of 1,000,000,000 sheep when there are only about 600,000,000 in the world is unthinkable. Nevertheless, the needs are likely to prove so exigent that the problem of obtaining enough raw material for the clothing of the world's civil population will be sufficiently serious to occasion anxiety. The figures cannot be altogether misleading. Most of the men fighting in the armies of Europe are peasants who in peaceful pursuits would probably be satisfied with one suit of clothes in five years and an overcoat every ten years. On the basis of a new uniform every month, the European fighting men in one year are wearing out more clothes than they ordinarily would wear out in sixty years of peaceful existence.

The only fibre to which the textile world can turn to make substitution for its clothing necessities is cotton. Flax is practically out of the question. The Russian flax crop this season was forty per cent short of normal. The output of Ireland is too small to be of commercial importance in such a crisis. Belgium and northeastern France produce the finest flax known to commerce. The River Lys in peaceful times is lined for a hundred miles on both banks with the flax floats which have been sunk in its sluggish waters for the purpose of "retting." This year and next the Lys will yield none of its matchless fibre to the linen consumers of the world. Moreover, the loss of Belgium flax seed will be severely felt, as this is considered more desirable for planting than any other variety. The best authorities in the linen trade both in this country and Europe take the view that there would be a great shortage of linen until 1917 even if the war should stop immediately.

On these premises, therefore, it looks as if the cotton crop of the South would be forced to fill the gap made by an almost unbelievable shortage in woolen and linen fabrics. It makes no difference whether the increased use of cotton comes from the adulteration of "all-wool" fabrics, or by way of complete substitution. It may even be doubted whether the increase will be wholly temporary. Cotton has a habit of extending its uses and holding most of the gain. By the time this war is over the world may find that it has lost nothing through the partial substitution of cotton for wool and linen.

C. T. REVERE.

Emerson's Feeling Toward Reform

"MADMEN, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day-Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers"—were the sorts of participants in the Chardon Street Convention in Boston, 1840, who stirred Emerson and all his fellows of that day to gentle cynicism, if not to open satire. The youthful Lowell took his fling at the miscellaneous reformer, first in his Commencement Poem and later, very happily, in the essay on Thoreau. Thoreau believed that the profession of doing good was overcrowded; moreover, he had tried it, and found that it didn't agree with his constitution. Hawthorne made Hollingsworth, the prison-reformer of the "Blithedale Romance," stride over the bodies of his worshippers. Higginson indulged in the usual epigrams in his life of George Ripley. And Emerson, though playful on the subject at times, gave as his conclusion of the matter that "The reforms whose fame now fills the land with Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance, No Government, Equal Labor, fair and generous as each appears, are poor bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end."

For the very reason that he distrusted any scheme of reform as a finality, he was averse to laying down a universal rule for joining in social movements or refraining from them. The best single recipe he ever invented left everything to the judgment of the cook: "Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other. The conditions are met if we keep our independence yet do not lose our sympathy." But in the matter of proportions he was as vague as Miss Parloa with her "spoonfuls."

His own course was perfectly clear to him. Sympathy with a good cause need not, and often should not, invoke partnership in it. He was of all men independent. Too much association would dull his faculties and thwart his usefulness. So he held off even from Brook Farm, and whimsically deplored the pathetic failure at Fruitlands. He was in the earliest councils on Brook Farm. He even would have been glad to be swept in, but without any choice of his own he stood unmoved as Minot's Ledge while the tide surged beyond him. When the Ripleys and Alcott and Margaret Fuller came to his house to talk things over, "not once could I be inflamed, but sat aloof and thoughtless; . . . I do not wish to remove from my present prison to a prison a little larger. I wish to break all prisons. I have not yet conquered my own house. It irks and repents me. Shall I raise the siege of this hen-

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coop, and march away to a pretended siege of Babylon? It seems to me that to do so were to dodge the problem I am set to solve, and to hide my impotency in the thick of a crowd." So, as in the case of administering the sacrament before he left his Boston pulpit, the end of his opposition to this reform, and to most reforms, was that he could not be interested in it. He was content to have it thrive if it pleased God and pleased man, and ready to rejoice in all the good that it could do. He was mildly pleased at the pleasures of the Brook Farmers, and full of regret at the foredoomed failure of Alcott and Lane and Wright in their naïvely etherealized Fruitlands venture. Keeping his head in solitude did not rob him of sympathy for his friends or for their schemes.

It was not so easy for him to see good in many of the more aggressive plans for human uplift, or to look charitably on them. His friends who formed these two communistic enterprises were planning only to withdraw a little from the open road, to breathe nobody's dust, and to live their associated lives under agreeable conditions. If they were not individually isolated, they were at least cultivating a little communized solitude of their own. But when it came to the bigger propagandist schemes, while Mr. Emerson would not have put it that way, he could listen tolerantly when his young friend Henry blurted out, "Wherever I go, men pursue me and paw me with their dirty institutions, and try to constrain me into their desperate odd-fellow society."

When Brook Farm was taken into the camp of Fourierism under the spell of Albert Brisbane's eloquence, Emerson began to criticize. The old family party was well enough for those who liked it, but this new scheme which provided for all mankind and the whole globe, this was too ambitious. It included not only the equator and both poles in its reckonings, but also Concord, Mass.; and it was bound to reckon not only with the disappointments of a handful of friends, but with possible disaster to the millions whom it was zealous to warp out of their own orbits.

Emerson's criticism was very friendly. He could not have wielded, if he had wanted to, the abusive fluency which is the especial gift of the startled conservative. It was not in him to impugn motives. He who knew no system, who could not even argue, must show deference to the magnificent sweep and the minute ingenuity of a Fourier, who could include even "the hyaena, the jackal, the gnat, the bug, the flea [as] beneficent parts of the system." And he admired Brisbane's apostolic powers too. Hence, free from all hostility, Emerson's strictures upon their socialistic plan are fairly representative of what he thought of all praiseworthy reforms—that in considering man as a plastic thing they were all in error. This one fact, "namely Life," was the basic fact skipped by the enthusiast—even the advocate of a noble cause. Man in the aggregate never could be handled as material to "be put up or down, repelled or retarded, moulded, polished, made into solid or fluid or gas, at the will of the leader." As for the "small, sour and fierce schemes" of the day, each with its own little set of proprietors, Emerson's head was so high in solitude that only the distant hum of them reached his ears.

Emerson's world was inhabited by self-reliant individuals. He could not believe in planning communities which would magically influence the residents to believe as they ought. What he wanted was to have men so believe that they would make their own towns ideal. This was the difference between the sages of Concord and Chelsea, that Carlyle hoped for the day when the governing class would make ideal rulers, and Emerson awaited the future when men would so conduct themselves that government would have only to handle the irreducible minimum of public business. "The criticism and attack on institutions, which we have witnessed, has made one thing plain, that society gains nothing whilst a man, not himself renovated, attempts to renovate things around him: he has become tediously good in some particulars, but negligent or narrow in the rest; and hypocrisy and vanity are often the disgusting result."

This danger to the reformer, which comes from his having continually to live up to his own formula in the eyes of the world, crops up here and there in Emerson's pages. He says little of the more primitive kind of hypocrisy which borrows the cloak of the reformer. Possibly the Gentle Art of Dabbling was not as common then as now. People who step on to the moving sidewalk after it is built and call attention to how smoothly it runs, volunteer helpers who volunteer noisily and help imperceptibly, members of City Clubs who "figure" that being on service committees may win them useful friends—if he knew of such or their analogues in his day he wasted little passion on them. He was thinking in positive terms rather than in negations; and with a whole philosophy compounded of acquiescence and optimism, he pointed always to the things that are more excellent, and bided his time.

The reader of Emerson to-day is quite as optimistic as he was, but rather less acquiescent. For certain vital things have happened since he wrote "The New England Reformers" and edited *The Dial.* Time,—Emerson's "little gray man"—who could perform the miracle of continual change in men and life, has achieved nothing more miraculous than his recent feat of focusing our social vision with a wide angle lens. Millions of us are trying to work out his recipe so as best to retain our independence and not to lose our sympathy. And

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thus it comes about, particularly for the well-disposed who have no Emersonian heads to keep long in solitude, that the plunging of their hands into society, honestly up to the elbows or even to the armpits, is more than a harmless diversion, more even than a useful social exercise; it is a way toward the confirming of that optimism which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

A Letter to the American People

MY Friends: A cat, they say, may look at a king without impertinence; perhaps, then, an individual may be allowed to address a nation.

An Englishman must address Americans at this time with a peculiar accent of gratitude. I speak, not of politics nor of political sympathies, but of personal relations almost too intimate for expression—of a debt for pain relieved, for sickness healed, for the tidings which have stilled anxiety or sweetened sorrow. And for this very reason, because we have passed beyond the old Anglo-American sentiments of Pilgrims' banquets, I will not apologize for plain speaking.

Your press and your public men have done us much honor—far more than we as a people have deserved. In your judgment on the causes of this war you have been kind to us, perhaps too kind; your sympathy has been outspoken and has indeed encouraged in us a self-satisfied introspection not entirely natural or healthy. But you have judged and criticized as men aloof, untouched by the sharp siftings of history. You have regarded this as a European war, not only in its geography but in its deep-seated origins. By so doing, have you not missed the lesson of these months?

We have heard much lately about "nationality." Servia and Belgium alike fight in its name. Socialists have publicly modified their attitude towards it. Germany, as Professor Patten has well explained in THE NEW REPUBLIC, has found in "culture" a truer test of nationality than in racial characteristics, and for that test she fights.

Now, whatever Americans or Europeans may think of the idea of nationality to-day, Americans as well as Europeans are its creators. Indeed, the United States was born in its arms, with Kosciusko standing by the cradle. Our fathers on both sides of the Atlantic hailed Mazzini as the preacher of new ideals almost divine, and the era which saw Garibaldi fêted in London, saw also Kossuth invited to speak on the floor of Congress. If this idea to-day, more terribly than ever before, is become not, as we dreamt, the pledge of peace, but the gage of battle, who shall escape responsibility?

Again, you have said that we are fighting for "democracy," and for that reason you have called this a war to end wars. That has been the ideal of democracy, at least, ever since Cobden, but after all these years, must we not confess that the wars of democracy are as many as the crimes of liberty? You, as a nation, are proud of your title as the forerunners of democracy. What fruit has your preaching borne?

It is the same with that rule of law in international affairs which you have coupled with the idea of democracy. You have stood in the forefront of the movement which promised us peace through law-making treaties enforced by an international court. The true shame of this war has been not that Belgian neutrality was violated but that it was violable—that we should have been led to fix the highest hopes of which mankind is capable on a charter of peace so flimsy.

And thus, even as Germany casts off racialism for the newer standard of culture, so Bernard Shaw proclaims that mere democracy can never bring peace unless it be assimilated to the newer gospel of international socialism. And, going deeper still, Dr. Eliot, if the cables do not misrepresent him, has announced the failure of spiritual religion to secure peace and its necessary suppression by ethical standards and the rule of law. Science is to win where love has failed, and the heights of self-sacrifice which could not be scaled by the Son of God are to be reached victoriously by educated and enfranchised man. We who have marred the human form when we believed it to be the image of God are to be deterred from our cruelty, as another writer in THE NEW REPUBLIC has urged, by the thought of the treasures of education laboriously stored in our brother's mind.

This is the true dance of death. Statesmen and kings may hurl their peoples to destruction, but ideas, which are the only force against bullets, are the only force behind them, too. The insane self-satisfaction of the thinker in each new-minted conception of the scheme of creation; the popular love for the last brilliant political theorist or the last half-interpretation of the most recently perceived mystery of science; the false promises of peace which seem, by some strange but most just law, to create their own destruction in tears and blood on the eve of their apparent fulfilment,

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these are the true ingredients and causes of this struggle, and for these you are called to repentance as much as we. They say it takes two to make a quarrel, but it takes a whole world to make peace. And it may well be that peace waits for a confession of failure, even a confession of guilt, from you, as humble and as clear-eyed as that to which Europe is slowly being brought by suffering. How much longer will you, as well as we, persist in buying the noblest hopes of men in the currency of our presumptions and illusions?

This is what England needs of you; not armed assistance nor unneutral sympathy, still less mutual encouragement in an ignoble Pharisaism, but the simple recognition of a common failure and of the need to learn. We shall fight the better for it, and indeed it is already the foundation of our growing strength, for the people of this country have learned more than our orators or our press, and to you it shall be the only effective preparation for the task of peacemaker which you hope to assume—a task only to be entered upon in the consciousness of common interests intimately felt, not on the basis of preconceived theories untouched by the sufferings of a continent.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Organizing Retail Trade

LIKE the fruit growers in California and the farmers in the wheat states, retailers have begun to seek cooperation as a means of self-defense. Appreciation of the menaces to their business life has provided an urgent motive for cooperation amongst numerous groups of retailers in the drug, hardware, jewelry, and grocery trades, with occasional instances elsewhere. The forms of these associations and the conditions which have brought them into existence vary, but the ever present menace has been the price-cutter.

The retail druggist was the first to find himself in a precarious position through having his trade invaded by price-cutters. The trouble started about twenty years ago, when the department stores added patent medicines and other proprietary articles to their stock of merchandise and began to slaughter prices. Later the chain stores brought this price-cutting even closer to the doors of the independent druggists. Other means of defense proving of no avail, the druggists began to form associations for buying their supplies, in order to get the same terms as their big competitors who were demanding and receiving wholesaler's discounts from the manufacturers. Within fifteen years these cooperative societies have been established in many parts of the United States. Several of them have even undertaken to manufacture part of their supplies and to develop their own trade-marks. Some of these associations are local, including only druggists in a single city or locality; others draw their members from a much wider area; but all have been organized for the same purpose.

Retail grocers in some of the larger cities have been driven to desperation by the inroads of the chain stores with cut prices. Occasionally department stores have caused them trouble, but owing to the common practice of locating grocery stores in the residential districts, the competition of chain stores has been more serious. Where this competition has become most ruinous, cooperative buying associations have been formed by the local independent retailers.

Hardware dealers, to give a third example, have found the large mail order houses their great danger. Neither department stores nor chain stores flourish in the hardware trade. In those districts where mail order competition has been most severely felt, the hardware stores have begun, in a few instances, to cooperate in their buying, since they also feel that it is in buying that they are at a disadvantage.

The trades where cooperative buying has been developing are precisely those where the wholesaler has retained his strongest foothold. In each, direct buying is difficult for the average retailer, since he must obtain a wide variety of goods in small lots. These goods are produced by many different manufacturers who usually wish to sell in wholesale quantities with less risk than would be incurred in granting credit to a multitude of relatively small retailers. The cooperative buying association performs the wholesaler's functions by buying wholesale lots to be parceled out in small quantities according to the diversified needs of its members. The association also assumes the responsibility of securing payment for the merchandise.

The capital necessary for the operation of each association has been supplied by its members. In one type of association each member holds one share of stock, for which he pays fifty or a hundred dollars, as the case may be. He is not permitted to hold more than one share and his dividends are in proportion to his purchases. This is a direct application of the Rochdale plan of organization. Associations of another type permit members to buy as much stock as they wish, and the profits are paid in the form of dividends on the stock, irrespective of the quantity of goods purchased by each member. Such associations are merely stock companies with retail shareholders. Although they usually have a reserve of stock from which shares can be sold to any qualified retailer wishing to become a member, there is serious danger that they will become exclusive and oli-

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garchic, that they will be looked upon primarily as opportunities for investment and not be most valued as purchasing agencies.

Although the members are under no compulsion to buy from an association, they have a financial interest in doing so. They will buy from a wholesaler only when they can in that way obtain lower prices or better service. This simplifies somewhat the problems of managing such an association. No salesmen are employed. The members give their orders direct to the central office, either in person or by telephone or mail. Credit risks are eliminated by selling only for cash. Delivery expense is cut out by requiring the members to do their own hauling or by charging extra for delivery. Thus the members perform for themselves, at their own expense, certain services which they regularly expect from the wholesalers. This policy helps to explain why the cooperative association operates more cheaply than a wholesaler. It also indicates a limitation which restricts the membership to retailers who have the time to buy in this way and who are strong enough financially to pay cash. Despite the fact that many small retailers are thus prevented from joining a buying association, any other credit policy would be risky and unwise.

The most serious danger which threatens the cooperative buying movement is the activity of outside promoters. For any cooperative buying association to be really successful, the cooperators must be imbued with the cooperative spirit. They must be ready to band together of their own accord to alleviate their hardships. The stimulus should come from within rather than from without. Consequently those associations which have been organized by men who were not themselves directly engaged in retail trade are weak. Such promoters have been interested in selling stock or in providing a job for themselves, perhaps at the expense of their associates. The ultimate failure of some of these associations may cast a blight upon the whole movement.

Retailers commonly believe that their inability to meet the cut prices of their big competitors is chiefly due to a disadvantage in buying. Although this disadvantage is oftentimes a real one, there is a tendency to overestimate its importance, and to fail to realize that the big organizations have other extraordinary expenses. Even if he could buy at the lowest prices, many a retailer would still be unsuccessful, owing to the laxity and inefficiency of his own methods. Properly organized cooperative buying associations are a valuable means of protection, but the fundamental need is for the individual retailer to improve the management of his own business. Unless the retailer puts his own business in order, cooperation will not save him.

MELVIN T. COPELAND.

Verse in Congress

OF the many apologists of the present Congress, no one has thought to praise the verse which it has contributed to the *Congressional Record.* That publication inadvertently contains much uninteresting matter on Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bills, Immigration, National Defense, Alaskan Railways, Emergency Revenue legislation, the Philippines bill, Post Office Appropriation bills, Woman Suffrage, fiction, illustrations, diagrams and statistics, but its existence would be justified if only by the gems of poesy whose lustre illumes its musty pages. No one has yet compiled an anthology of the verse in the *Congressional Record.* And so the motives which have prompted these poetic incursions and excursions, the danger that any given bill will provoke the debaters to recite poetry, await the critical labors and the elucidation of some famous anthologist of the future. He will be able to show clearly whether the death of a Representative will evoke more poetry than a report of the Committee on Indian Affairs; or whether the verse of Shakespeare, Kipling, Tennyson, or some one of the many noted journalists of Ohio, Tennessee or Illinois, is most in favor with the debaters of, for instance, the General Dam bill. And if the charge should be made that Congressmen betake themselves to the literary bung-hole whence issues a thin stream of Milton in lieu of reason and argument on some mischievous water-power clause, the anthologist will, it is to be hoped, triumphantly refute the charge.

The variety of verse in the *Congressional Record* is bewildering. The reader of discriminating taste will linger over a poem home-made or "made in America," entitled "Out Where The West Begins." Anthologists would undoubtedly include these stirring lines:

"Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
  That's where the West begins.

Out where the sun's a little brighter,
Where the snow that falls is a little whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
  That's where the West begins."

There is a special kind of verse which is nearly always written by one referred to in Congress as an inspired bard. Senator Vardaman, in the discussion of salaries of employees, favors the nation with these "immortal lines of England's inspired bard:"

"No easy hopes or lies
  Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
  Of body, will, and soul.

There's but one task for all;
  For each, one life to give
Who stands if England fall?
  Who dies if England live?"

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It is, of course, a very poetic way of saying that we must economize on the salaries of government employees. Mr. Vardaman phrases very adroitly many sentiments which, if uttered in the prose of debate, might have a dangerously usual sound. For instance, in debate on cooperative extension agricultural work, instead of referring to a certain kind of person as a farmer, he alludes to him in these terms: ". . . the earnest husbandman

'Who sees God's love in the fragrant rose,
His strength in each rolling sphere;
Who feels his touch as the zephyr blows,
And knows that his mercy for all like a river flows
And his soul has ceased to fear.'"

Occasionally where the immortal bard, who is usually Tennyson, though that nickname is not invariably his, does not adequately express his meaning, the Senator improves the verse, and, as in his remarks on emergency revenue legislation, thanks God, "to paraphrase the language of another, that—

'The war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In this reunited country,
The greatest in the world.'"

The poem thus acquires a patriotic significance which of course it would not have been possible for an Englishman like Tennyson to impart, unaided. The patriotic note is again struck by the gentleman from Minnesota anent the Philippines bill, when he cries, "We hurl back the insinuation against our national honor, and still sing:

'Then conquer we must when our cause it is just
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

The note "[Applause from the Republican Side]" vindicates the patriotism of the members of that party.

Not all the verse in the *Record* is of such lofty and elevated nature. Occasionally the Representative is stirred to satire. Mr. Kent furnishes a happy example in the discussion of National Appropriations for Roads. He quotes from "one of the great poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled 'The Specter Pig,' which concerns the genesis and manufacture of pork as applied to the present bill." It begins:

"It was the stalwart butcher man
That knit his swarthy brow,
And swore the gentle pig must die
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh, it was the gentle pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah, it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found."

Nor was the Philippines bill without its satiric thrusts. The gentleman from Tennessee confesses that the speech of the gentleman from Pennsylvania reminds him of

"A LITTLE DOG
A little dog barked at the big, round moon
Which smiled in the evening sky,
And the natives smote him with rocks and stones,
But still he continued his rageful tones,
And he barked till his throat was dry,"

with other stanzas.

One is prepared for reversions to Mark Antony's—

"They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you,"

apropos of the side-tracking of a bill dear to the heart of the gentleman from Oregon. And a quotation from *The Merchant of Venice* is perhaps inevitable:

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
As there is no firm reason to be rend'red
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat.
So I can give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio."

Shakespeare, Crabbe, Byron, Kipling, Sir William Jones, Milton, Bryant, Samuel Butler, all jog by, accompanied by less respectable rhymes, such as the lament of the gentleman from Connecticut at her treatment by her sister states:

"Who used to share in what was mine,
Or take it all did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My brother."

It is a notable fact that the opponents to granting women the vote are very susceptible to poetry. They relish particularly

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world,"

and one of them, Mr. Bartlett of Georgia, indulges in a description kindly furnished by Tennyson of the son of his pet mother:

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind
Beats in his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Mr. Bowdle of Ohio "loves those women whose functions are so beautifully described in Byron's tragedy of Sardanapalus

"The first of human life is drawn from woman's breast;
Our first small words are taught us at her knee;
And our last sighs are too often breathed out in
A woman's hearing, when others have fled the ignoble
Task of watching beside him who led them.'"

It would be impossible in space short of a volume to reproduce the solemn twaddle that is uttered by one Congressman after another when the death of one of their number gives occasion. Each dead Representative reposes in "the bosom of his Father and his God:"

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"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

And he sacrificed himself upon the altar of duty, and has departed finally to

"That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

The storied urn and the animated bust ramp through these obituary speeches, angels sit beside the tomb, and flattery seeks in vain to soothe the dull, cold ear of death.

But the palm might be accorded to Mr. Ransdell for his remarks on the subject of the "Angel-heralded Babe." Mr. Ransdell says: "The association of ideas that link babies and Christmas so beautifully together should inspire within every heart a more generous appreciation of these little ones—

'Whose gentle souls might be
Tuned to highest minstrelsy.'"

Upon which Mr. Du Pont appropriately suggested the absence of a quorum.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Popular Government League

SIR: In your January ninth issue I noted an editorial referring to the National Popular Government League and its recent meeting. As a member of the League, and as chairman of the resolutions committee of the meeting, I can assure you that you seriously misinterpret the meeting in all three points which you raise in the editorial.

Your editorial can be taken up under three heads:

First, you assume that the attitude of the League was "significantly apologetic," because Senator Owen "discoursed not upon the successes and conquests of direct government, but on the nation-wide attack on its measures."

In reply it may be said that members of the League are generally well informed upon the successes and conquests of "direct government," and take them sufficiently for granted, with the best of reasons, not to feel like spending valuable time at a conference on mere jubilation. Senator Owen's address was particularly fitting and timely. The nation-wide attack on popular government measures, particularly on account of its secrecy and subtlety, required the careful exposure he gave it. It is sufficient tribute to the essential soundness of such measures that this widespread attack is forced into secrecy and subtlety. Popular government measures, in spite of the occasional crudities with which in the early days of their adoption they have been beset, and the jokers which standpatters have sometimes forced into them, are already so deeply rooted in the affections of the voters that no one thinks of an open, frontal attack. In a council of war one considers the present tactics and plans of the enemy, with little time spent on jubilation over previous victories. And Senator Owen was doing valuable scout duty in reporting, as few others could possibly do, on the present schemes of the enemy.

In the next place, you mistakenly assume that the subject "What is the matter with the direct primary?" to which one session was devoted, was a question asked in a disappointed frame of mind. In fact, apology or disappointment was so far from our minds that we were not as careful as we might well have been to avoid a topic that you and probably others might very readily misinterpret. On the contrary, I believe there was not a person present who would seriously propose going back to the old system; and I believe that the sentiment of the meeting was accurately expressed by one speaker whose address on the subject closed with the remark: "It certainly looks as if the way to mend the primary is to end it; not as a reactionary step but as a step still further forward to an even simpler, safer and more effective expression of democracy—the preferential ballot." Such criticism as was made of the direct primary was that it is still too little of the nature of popular government, not that it is too much.

In the next place, you wholly misconstrue the temper of the meeting when you imply that the purpose of the inquiry as to "how progressives of all parties can get together," was simply a plan to get control of the government. What I think was a correct expression of the views of the meeting was the speech of Mr. Edmund B. Osborn of New Jersey. This address was certainly as aglow with a clear-cut, concrete statement of social and economic purpose as any one could fairly wish. Least of all is the Popular Government League a crowd of office-seekers, or a crowd who would merely "get control of the government." Its purpose is, in a non-partisan manner, merely to acquaint the American people with suitable and convenient means by which they can secure and maintain control over their own affairs and to help get them into use.

Above all things, you should not harbor the delusion that those who sincerely favor the realization of effective popular government in this country have anything "apologetic" in their systems. The experience of the last dozen years fills them with the completest confidence that they are on the right track, are steadily approaching their goal, and that the result will be a substantial, gratifying and permanent advance toward the justification of the momentous experiment led by Jefferson, Hancock and Washington.

LEWIS J. JOHNSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

Business Experts in the Colleges

SIR: As a contribution to your discussion of the American Electric Railway Association's proposed educational propaganda for bringing the public to a better understanding of a situation involving their mutual interests, may I point to what has always been a matter of course with the leading universities and technical institutions of instruction? As a rule their specialists in lines of applied science or knowledge are men of large experience in practical affairs. Only in this way can they command the talent necessary to competent instruction. I may instance the eminent chemists, architects, engineers, etc., who are members of the faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard University. These men, as a rule, are engaged in consulting practice and some of them occupy important official positions in the service of the public and of corporations. Professor Swain, lately called to Harvard from the Institute of Technology at a large salary, is also chairman of the

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Boston Transit Commission, a board under authority of the commonwealth and the city, jointly. He also has an important consulting practice. Professor Cram of the Institute of Technology and Professor Warren of Harvard are both eminent architects in extensive practice. In the Harvard School of Business Administration Mr. Edgar J. Rich, general solicitor for the Boston & Maine Railroad, is a most valued lecturer upon railway affairs. Mr. Russell Robb, of the engineering house of Stone and Webster, which administers large public-service corporations in many parts of the United States, is another lecturer in the same school, the faculty of which is largely composed of experts connected with great business. Without such men these institutions would be crippled; it is because of their very connection with large business of various sorts that their services are valued so highly and that they attract students to sit under them. As to Professor Rood's suggestion that the "emissaries" from the American Electric Railway Association be welcomed with their "business propaganda," which he regards as needed, might it not be better to treat them not as "emissaries," sent perhaps from a hostile camp and to be received under suspicion, but definitely to engage them as lecturers, or otherwise—just as Harvard, "Tech" and other universities do—as men possessing valuable information about practical operation of necessary services which it is essential for all students of such matters to know?

Boston. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

The Trade Commission a Reversal?

SIR: In discussing the Federal Trade Commission act in your issue of January ninth, you draw certain inferences regarding the present temper of Congress and the President toward the trust question, and make certain predictions as to the probable effects of that legislation which the present writer would fain accept *in toto*. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the predictions seem to him unduly optimistic; while the analysis of the prevailing governmental attitude impresses him as more charitable than the facts permit.

Your argument, it seems to me, comes to this: that the Trade Commission act is a reversal of American policy toward combinations and monopolies in two respects: (1) in placing the emphasis of governmental supervision upon specific wrongful acts rather than upon abstract power, and (2) in confiding the task of this supervision to an administrative body instead of to the courts. From this you infer a spirit of diminished hostility toward size and power as such, and conclude that the remedy by way of the Commission will shortly supplant the enforcement of the anti-trust laws through judicial process, either at the suit of the Government or of the aggrieved individual.

If this should be the ultimate outcome of the act, it will not be for want of provision against it by the present Congress. The Clayton act, practically contemporaneous with the Trade Commission law, for the first time gives the private individual the remedy of injunction against violations of the anti-trust laws which result in his injury, besides extending to him the right to recover triple damages for the new offenses which it creates. These new offenses seem to be made misdemeanors on the part of the directors, officers and agents of the corporation, punishable by fine and imprisonment. The act explicitly empowers the Attorney-General to prevent its violation by suit in equity for an injunction. It further makes any judgment rendered in favor of the Government, in either a civil or criminal proceeding—with the sole exception of "consent decrees" in equity cases—*prima facie* evidence of the facts established thereby in favor of any private person who sees fit to sue the same combination.

All this shows no disposition to weaken or relax the remedies of either Government or individual through ordinary judicial process. On the contrary, it exhibits a clear intention to facilitate that mode of recovery by the individual and to preserve the Government's existing remedies at least *in statu quo*. Only the "unfair methods of competition" denounced by the Trade Commission act are placed under the exclusive original jurisdiction of the new tribunal.

Neither does the enumeration of new specific offenses contained in the Clayton act suggest any perception of the fact that the whole matter should ultimately be left to the discretion of an administrative body, to be dealt with according to the circumstances of the particular case. Local price-cutting, restrictions on the use or sale of a competitor's goods by a purchaser or lessee of patented articles, ownership of the stock of potential competitors, interlocking directorates among certain classes of corporations—all these are put under the ban, the last-named absolutely, the others subject only to the qualification that their tendency be substantially to lessen competition or create a monopoly, as it almost invariably would be. The Trade Commission, it is true, is given jurisdiction concurrent with that of the Attorney-General and the courts to prevent such practices. But the finding of the Commission in the defendant's favor is given no legal weight in an independent judicial proceeding, whatever its moral sanction may prove to be. If in spite of these various prohibitions it be suggested that at least mere size is no longer considered a menace, the suggestion may be met by pointing to the provision exempting from the interlocking directorate provision corporations with less than $1,000,000 capital, surplus and undivided profits.

In short, the Trade Commission act can at best be regarded as an attempt to provide an additional club, along with additional taboos, for the destruction of that bugaboo, monopoly. I am inclined to hope with you that this new instrument may in time supplant the old. To my mind, however, this cannot come about until Congress, the President, and the public come to realize that whether a particular combination or monopoly is in "undue" restraint of trade is rationally, if not historically, an administrative rather than a legal question, to be answered on economic and social grounds and not by the application of any lawyer's rule of thumb. That day is not yet; and until it arrives, I see no particular cause for elation over the forging of a new weapon against "Big Business." Its coming may indeed be hastened by the use made of that weapon, and particularly by the viewpoint of the Commission toward the tasks confided to it. Yet however enlightened that point of view may be, it can avail but little, save as a means of public education, unless it is concurred in and vigorously supported by the Administration.

There is nothing in the record of the present Administration to suggest that any relaxation of the traditional attitude of suspicion toward "Big Business" will be countenanced. The investigation by the Department of Justice into the causes of the recent rise in wheat, which the President, according to the newspapers, has ordered—and, by an unhappy coincidence, ordered within a week of his Indianapolis speech deploring the inability of the wheat grower to command a price for his product commensurate with the unprecedented demand in Europe—is a fair illustration of this attitude. Neither do the majority of our "progressive"

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Republican leaders shine by comparison; to them, too, monopoly is a synonym of despotic abuse of power, and the thought of tolerating the hated thing sufficiently to regulate it is wholly abhorrent. Not many months ago this very issue came near causing a rift in the simon-pure Progressive lute.

I am far from believing that the Trade Commission act is without signs of promise. It is an excellent measure so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. Having some acquaintance with the very real powers of decision which have been confided to the Interstate Commerce Commission, I refuse to wax enthusiastic over the simulacrum of power of a body which can effectively decide a controversy only one way. As you finally suggest, the Congress which passed the measure has probably builded better than it knew. Unquestionably it has done its building in the dark.

KARL W. KIRCHWEY.

New York City.

Was Belgium Neutral?

SIR: Mr. R. G. Usher's negative reply to this question rests on a confusion between armed and unarmed neutrality. The neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is unarmed, i.e., it is allowed to have neither fortress nor army, and must therefore be passive in war-time. Belgium was bound to assume the expense and trouble of having both, and had them long before the German empire or the threat of German invasion existed. Antwerp, far away from our German frontier, has been fortified for over half a century, and Belgium has had an army from the first day of its existence. Here Mr. Usher's facts are clearly wrong. In the time of Napoleon III, when we might fear an invasion from France, it was our duty to ourselves, to Germany and to England to prepare against a possible attack from Paris. After 1871, our duty remained identically the same, although the danger was on the other side. Neutrality had been laid upon us by the Powers, including Prussia, as a burden which we could not throw off. If the Powers had candidly warned us that the treaty of 1839 was void or canceled, many of our statesmen would have been pleased at the country's acquiring the freedom to safeguard her interests by alliances. Our defence could then have been much more effective.

A minor mistake of Mr. Usher's is to assume that our fortifications were prepared "with the advice, at least, of English and French generals." They are the work of the Belgian general, Brialmont, in his lifetime the highest world-authority on the science of fortification, and the author, it is believed, of the Rumanian system of fortresses.

The conduct of Belgium has been exactly that of a nation bound by the obligations of armed neutrality.

P. HAMELIN.

Professor in the University of Liège.

Ambassadors' Houses

SIR: I regret that THE NEW REPUBLIC (for which my admiration is enthusiastic) has laid itself open to the charge of not "thinking straight." In an editorial paragraph relating to the "housing" of American ambassadors in Europe, you call attention to the fact that while at the beginning of the war "the European embassies seemed fairly congested with inefficiency," our American representatives are most admirably performing their respective tasks; "real tasks." I pass over the implication that there is nothing "real" or important in the task of endeavoring to preserve the world's peace, and merely beg to call your attention to the fact that in contrasting the able activities of "our Whitlocks, van Dykes and Pages," (*le pauvre M. Herrick—ou vas tu te nicher?*) all, let us assume, sojourning democratically in chicken-coops with the failure of the European ambassadors to avert war from their palaces, you are neither "thinking straight" nor playing fair. The problem confronting the ambassadors of Europe was appallingly great and hideously complicated. That which our ambassadors and ministers are endeavoring to solve is a comparatively simple if extensive problem in commerce and philanthropy; the expenditure of large sums of money and the distribution of food, clothing and medical supplies. These two problems have nothing in common—they demanded qualities and abilities of a strikingly different order. I do not in the least doubt that half a dozen competent general freight agents assisted by the secretaries of a few King's Daughters societies would be quite as efficient in accomplishing the tasks of our Whitlocks, van Dykes and Pages as are those altogether estimable gentlemen themselves. Without question they deserve all your praise, but why praise them at the expense of their European colleagues?

NIEGEL FELTON.

St. Paul.

Anti-Suffrage Opposed

SIR: The letter in the January sixteenth number of THE NEW REPUBLIC, signed Margaret C. Robinson, is typical of the tone and material used by anti-suffrage women. Your correspondent says: "It is a most interesting fact that prophecies of what suffrage will do are practically never based upon experience of what suffrage has done." Thus far we agree. I am not of the alleged opinion of the unnamed "suffragist clergyman" that "facts have nothing to do with this question." Facts and statistics are both valuable and convincing, but the deductions from them must be made with fairness. As an example of false deduction, let me cite your correspondent's statement in regard to child labor laws, which she says "are not so good in woman suffrage states as in male suffrage states"—which in some instances is true—implying that the woman's vote is responsible for the state's neglect of children. She fails, however, to mention the fact that in her state alone, Massachusetts, there are more than ten times as many children in industry as there are in all the eleven woman suffrage states together. Now my deduction from these facts is not that woman suffrage has kept children snug by the fireside, but simply that these states are not industrial states, and legislation on child labor is there not a crying need. In spite of this, laws protecting child laborers do exist in the West. Judge Lindsey called attention to the fact that Massachusetts had no prairie-dog law.

The anti-suffrage woman is in a trying position which makes it necessary for her to attempt to prove that women are fundamentally such worthless and undependable creatures that, being granted the franchise, by its exercise they drive children to hard labor and to crime, reduce schools to a state of poverty and inefficiency, plunge nations into war, and neglect all their traditional duties. That there exist today women who are willing to take such a stand and who are eager to condemn women voters for their failure to bring about a state approaching perfection, is the anti-suffragist's very best argument.

JOSEPHINE B. BENNETT.

Hartford, Conn.

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Granville Barker in New York

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, a comedy by Anatole France. Androcles and the Lion, a fable play by Bernard Shaw. Presented at Wallack's Theater, New York, January 27, 1915.

POLLEN flies on the wind. When the European hurricane broke loose, it swept to these shores more than one stray fertile artist, and among them Mr. Granville Barker. For several weeks Mr. Barker has kept theatrical New York in mild tension, rehearsing his company of fellow-exiles in the absence of the scenery for his plays. It was a question whether the agents of "Kultur" could or could not succeed in sending Mr. Barker's lion to the bottom, or perhaps return with it to their own land as a somewhat desiccated trophy of the chase. But fortune favored Mr. Barker. The scenery and the properties are here, the doctrine of eminent sea power working to the greater glory of Broadway.

As a prelude to "Androcles and the Lion," Mr. Barker's first curtain in New York rose on the squib by Anatole France, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." It was an American, however, Mr. Robert E. Jones, who created the decorations for this piece. The comedy is perhaps the oldest in the world. At its basis is the amiable conception that a silent woman is the gift of God. But like most mortals, Master Leonard Botal has not the simplicity to leave well enough alone. His wife is dumb, and he is touched with pity. He invokes the specialists of his age to restore the beautiful creature to speech, an operation in which they triumph only too well. They strike the rock, but they put no spigot on its stream. In the deluge that follows Master Botal strives blindly to swim. He shrieks for the specialists, this time to turn off the flood, but instead of rescuing the poor floundering male, they too are swamped by Catherine. Then a big idea dawns on them. They make Botal deaf. They set him on a seraphic island of silence in a sea of marital chatter. It is a good old joke, revenge on the busy signal that holds the line while ladies match conversational pennies, and ally of the sacred silence that should invest the selfish breakfast newspaper. Several feminists swooned at the performance, after declaring it a travesty, but husbands shook with rude matrimonial mirth.

It is staged like a ducal masque. Mr. Jones has done as well by Mr. Barker as has Mr. Rothenstein in the succeeding production. As a decoration, "The Dumb Wife" is a joy. To call it Elizabethan is silly. It is sophisticated modernism of the most tactful and imaginative kind. It is, in the first place, background successfully Burbanked. Where Mr. Belasco would put in the skin, the seeds, the indigestible and innutritious trash, under the illusion that if anything is real orange it must be palatable, Mr. Jones has given us only golden fruit, assimilable, ripe. And against his subjugated, conventionalized background he has operated all his characters in costumes to feast the eye. If the deaf Botal himself could only gaze at this production, he would even broaden his seraphic smile. It is hard to praise too much a visual pleasure in which there is richness without congestion and artifice without perversion. The folk tune, adapted by Mr. Cecil Sharp, gives final lilt to this gay orchestration of picture, fable and rhythm.

But if "The Dumb Wife" is humorous, in its elemental way, "Androcles and the Lion" is humor of a far profounder kind. With the aid of a superb production and a remarkable cast, this is the happiest mood in which Bernard Shaw has ever been seen. In "Pygmalion" Bernard Shaw seemed to me like an incessantly brilliant man dominant in a house party where he wasn't particularly at home. Such a situation to a brilliant man is a stone egg; and, for me, "Pygmalion" was a stone egg. Shaw warmed it, but he didn't hatch it. But I feel no reservations about "Androcles." Here, indeed, he is brilliant, but with perfect relevance to the fable with which he is amused. In no other play has he been so engaged by his story, and on no story has he lavished such winning qualities—such generosity of appreciation, such unrestrained sentiment, such lively imagination. One has only to think how the piquant author of "The Dumb Wife" would have made this drama of early Christians citric to feel the warmth of it coming from Shaw.

For ever since the time Shaw wrote Lady Randolph Churchill that he declined to dine at her house and eat his fellow-creatures, it has been clear that he had a touch of St. Francis, and Androcles is a Franciscan with the lion. But the strange thing about Shaw's early Christians is that they are all bathed in a light that in anyone else might seem the pink of sentimentalism but in him seems the rose of dawn. By commencing with that ingratiating scene between the ministering Androcles and the tearful injured monarch of the jungle, Shaw is able to introduce the rest of his early Christians sympathetically, and where he scores for them is in endowing them with the least Pauline of traits, the trait of infectious laughter, to which the British fussiness of the centurion and the British practicality of the other Romans is in strong relief. If the Christians are herded for division between the lions and the gladiators, they are represented as incurably blithe. They are examples of a religion to which Shaw has given the charm of kindliness, hard humor and sportsmanship. By virtue of their faith, they are patricians, but patricians of the type that never seem so well-fitted as in their oldest, easiest clothes. The kindness with which these Christians treat Cæsar, just as the clock of their doom purrs before striking, is the mellowest tone in Shaw's music. And it is characteristic that he should balance their height by plumbing the depth with one coward apostate, just as he balanced Androcles' knowing kindness with the rasping shrillness of his blousy Titian spouse. This gentle Androcles, played by Mr. O. P. Heggie with delicate perception, is saved from insipidity by his extreme unconsciousness of his own heterodoxy, and when the time comes for him to be flung to the lion, it seems only right that the lion should be his old friend and that they should fail to go through the stupid ritual of martyrdom in the pleasure of their unexpected reunion. As the lion, Mr. Phil Dwyer is all that a Shavian lion should be. In a difficult rôle he lands, as he should, on his four feet.

The most comic Christian is Ferrovius, for which Mr. Lionel Braham is miraculously intended. He is the giant son of Mars who hopes to go like a lamb to the slaughter, but who, in spite of himself, runs amuck in the arena, slays six gladiators, and emerges bellowing bull-grief, brandishing a dripping sword.

The spiritual conflict in Ferrovius verges on farce, but largely because of Miss Lillah McCarthy's dulcet quality as Lavinia, the fineness of the Christians' situation is never for a moment lost. Steeped in humor, the position of the martyr troup is imaginatively put forward, and while Shaw keeps the audience wildly amused, he does so without destroying the illusion of their plight, an illusion which the dignity and beauty of Mr. Rothenstein's scenery sustains.

After a winter of discontent in the New York theatre, here indeed is a day of sun. And it is one sun, among all the rhetorical ones, in which there should be enough places to go around.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

IN the Encyclopaedia Brittanica, eleventh edition, only forty-seven lines are given to Miss Marie Corelli, and only twenty to Mr. Hall Caine. Good, you say, for the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Ah, my guileless friend, "there did I wait for thee," with malice up my sleeve, knowing that this same work of reference says, in the article called "Caricature:" "The work of Mr. Max Beerbohm ('Max') has the note of originality and extravagance too." In the article on English literature in the nineteenth century, in a paragraph called "Criticism," the Britannica says further: "Birrell, Walkley and Max Beerbohm have followed rather in the wake of the Stephens and Bagehot, who have criticized the sufficiency of the titles made out by the more enthusiastic and lyrical eulogists." Surely it was the fall of the dice that handed English literature in the nineteenth century over to a writer capable of such a remark. Pass, however, the stupidity in itself and consider only the space it occupies—four lines, by the most liberal estimate, given to Max Beerbohm, writer. Add the line and a half given to Max, caricaturist, and you reach a total of five and a half lines, if the index volume may be trusted. Somewhat grotesque, isn't it? For of Max Beerbohm's prose you may safely predict that it will have the kind of immortality which he has predicted for Whistler's. "When I dub Whistler an immortal writer," he says, "I do but mean that so long as there are a few people interested in the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art form, so long will there be a few constantly recurring readers of *The Gentle Art.*"

No one except himself can write of Max Beerbohm in just the appropriate tone. I suppose a bland irritation often animates the amusement with which he reads what people say about him. Twice, so far as I remember, he has allowed this irritation to appear. Once when Mr. James Huneker called him a gentle mid-Victorian, or something of the sort; once when Mr. William Archer set forth his reasons for wishing a London morning daily would engage Max as dramatic critic. An innocent wish? That depends a little on the wisher, and Mr. Archer always goes armed with lethal weapons. It was Mr. Archer who advised Mr. Shaw to do fewer *You Never Can Tells,* and more *Widowers' Houses.* It was Mr. Archer who heard, through several acts of a play by Mr. Stephen Phillips, the younger Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton. But nothing said by Mr. Archer or Mr. Huneker, nothing I shall say to-day, can attain the perfection in inappropriateness of a speech made by Mr. James Pethel, when he and Mr. Beerbohm were on their way out of a café in Dieppe: "He asked me what I was writing now and said that he looked to me to 'do something big, one of these days,' and that he was sure I had it 'in' me. This remark (though of course I pretended to be pleased by it) irritated me very much." Was I not right in thinking that only Mr. Max Beerbohm could find the proper tone?

"James Pethel," with whose peculiar personality a few pages in the January *Century* make us well acquainted, is also the title of a peculiar story, characteristic of Max Beerbohm in being unlike his other stories, characteristic in its mockery of the feeling it communicates, or hardly communicates, since it betrays the reader into an excitement the author never knew. The most exciting page of all, a description of riskiest motoring from Dieppe to Rouen, is also the page where the art of caricature is carried furthest. But the story is characteristic of Max Beerbohm not only in the touches it adds to one's picture of his gifts. By a humor always present and sometimes manifest, by strokes of preparation neither too heavy nor too light, by an almost masculine intuition into the essential virtue of words, by a verbal dexterity born of this insight, by unlabored ease in elegance, by a precision as happy as carelessness could hope to be, "James Pethel" resembles everything else Mr. Max Beerbohm writes nowadays. Twenty years ago, when he was hardly more than half his present age, the ease did not always prevail against the elegance, and many a mannered sentence would have died of preciousness if he hadn't kept it alive by his mockery of its beauty. In Chicago, when he was twenty-three, he wrote of Walter Pater: "Not that even in those more decadent days of my childhood did I admire the man as a stylist. Even then I was angry that he should treat English as a dead language, bored by the sedulous ritual wherewith he laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging, like a widower, long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in his book, its sepulchre." Even then, however, Max Beerbohm seldom wrote so. Even then, he could write like this, of Thackeray: "He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping round him like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance, or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily."

There, by the grace of God, spoke an originator of rhythms proper to English prose, a young light-handed master of its other harmony. The rhythm here is as original as this of Landor's, which of course you got by heart long since, leaning against your mother's knee, and which I never tire of tiring people by quoting: "There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last." But not in stateliest Landor, in Max alone among the masters of cadence, will you find beauty bestowed on absurdest incident. Who else would turn the emptying of a pitcher from an upper window upon a man writing below, into this: "'Come a little nearer,' she whispered. The upturned and moonlit face obeyed her. She saw its lips forming the word 'Zuleika.' She took careful aim. Full on the face crashed the cascade of moonlit water, shooting out on all sides like the petals of some great silver anemone."

His ear is as sensitive to silver as his eye. You recall his noon in Oxford? "Some clock clove with silver the stillness of the morning. Ere came the second stroke, another and nearer clock was striking. And now there were others chiming in. The air was confused with the sweet babel of its many spires, some of them booming deep, measured sequences, some tinkling impatiently and outwitting others which had begun before them. And when this anthem of jealous antiphonies and uneven rhythms had dwindled quite away and fainted in one last solitary note of silver, there started somewhere another sequence; and this, almost at its last stroke, was interrupted by yet another, which went on to tell the hour of noon in its own way, quite slowly and significantly, as though none knew it." He has taught words to reveal a beauty in things comic, the humor in other things. He has seen his world with decorative humor and decorative insight. He has made his world clearer by arranging it in his own pattern. With his own taste as his court of last resort, among so many contemporaries trying to be themselves, he has tranquilly said what he felt, serenely himself without trying.

P. L.

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A Free Man

Sanine, by Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton, with a preface by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.35 net.

WHEN a war photographer wants us to estimate the havoc made by a siege gun, he shows amid the wreckage the figure of a man. It is with the same object that amid the ordinary activities of a small garrison town Artizbashef introduces the figure of Vladimir Sanine. By depicting a "real man" against a confused conventional background, Artzibashef fulfils the first necessity of the Russian novelist, the necessity of giving estimable value to life.

In most Russian novels we are accustomed to poignant criticism, but very frequently it is the social order that is criticized, and the telltale figure, corresponding to the hero in our own fiction, is the political radical, revealing the ineffectuality of persons less sincere or less forceful than himself. In "Sanine" the telltale figure is very weary of political struggles. He isn't pining to be locked up in Schlusselburg. One of his first calm, smiling remarks is addressed to the timid lover of his sister: "I shall never believe that the longing for a constitution is stronger in you than the longing to make the most of your own life." "It is your own unsatisfactory life that worries you, not the absence of a constitution. And if you say it isn't, then you're telling a lie. What is more," he adds with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "you are worried not about your life, but because Lida has not yet fallen in love with you." And this is the plane of "Sanine." It is a novel of Russians confused about their ideals and themselves, but most of all confused about sex. The only one who is not confused is the man who understands his own desires, Sanine.

The struggle that has occurred in a novelist's own soul tends in his work to be reproduced in two antithetical characters. In "Sanine" these contrasted characters, the best understood, are Sanine, the man who has found himself, and Yourii, the introspective sentimentalist. Artzibashef writes of Yourii with the penetrating disgust of a man emancipated from something that once troubled him. He satirizes Yourii's delicacy, self-analysis, self-repudiation. He satirizes his incompetent aspirations and his priggishness, his "perpetual sighing and groaning, or incessant questionings such as 'I sneezed just now. Was that the right thing to do? Will it not cause harm to some one? Have I, in sneezing, fulfilled my destiny?' " Yourii is the true prig, the creature "over-fed for his size"; and when Sanine analyzes him to the beautiful Sina, it is really a new generation of Russia analyzing the tortured generation of Turgenev. "The body and spirit of man form one complete harmonious whole, disturbed only by the dread approach of death. But it is we ourselves who disturb such harmony by our own distorted conception of life. We have branded as bestial our physical desires; we have become ashamed of them; we have shrouded them in degrading forms and trammels. Those of us who by nature are weak, do not notice this, but drag on through life in chains, while those who are crippled by a false conception of life, it is they who are the martyrs." To this Sina, who is on the verge of loving Yourii, assents. Around her is "the splendor of the night, the beauty of the calm river and of the dreamy woods in moonlight." She sees Sanine, as if for the first time. "There he sat, facing her, in the stern, a fine figure of a man; dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, intensely virile." And when, a few moments later, they sweep into "a world of unknown forces and emotions," it is as if the new generation in Russia took from the conscience-stricken generation of Dostoevsky and Tolstoi the most beautiful of virginal womanhood, and saw her willingly surrender her will to a man without sense of sin.

Lest, however, Artzibashef be considered merely dissolute, he has brought into contrast with Sanine the really dissolute mortal, the handsome officer Sarudine. When the novel opens with Sanine's return to his small provincial home after his Odyssey, he discovers that his sister Lida is seductively lovely, and he soon perceives that not only has she a timid, honorable suitor, but also a possible daring captor in Sarudine. It is with a certain jealousy that he sees Sarudine effect her capture. As soon, however, as Sarudine's gusto is chilled by the discovery that Lida is pregnant, the contrast between the two men is brought out. Sarudine and Lida do no more than Sanine and Sina, but to Lida Sarudine is slavishly brutal, while to Sina Sanine is human. As a result of his overweening brutality, Sarudine comes into conflict with Sanine, and Sanine nearly kills him. This he defends to a quavering youth who speaks of "moral victory." "It was painful to me to hit him. To be conscious of one's own strength is pleasant, of course, but it was nevertheless a horrible experience—horrible, because such an act in itself was brutal. Yet my conscience is calm. I was but the instrument of fate. Sarudine has come to grief because the whole bent of his life was bound to bring about a catastrophe; and the marvel is that others of his sort do not share his fate. These are the men who learn to kill their fellow-creatures and to pamper their own bodies, not knowing why or wherefore. They are lunatics, idiots! Let them loose, and they would cut their own throats and those of other folk as well. Am I to blame because I protected myself from a madman of this type?" Sarudine, humiliated by his beating, kills himself. Sanine dismisses him as a fool.

It is hardly fair to "Sanine" to single out its philosophic spinal column without suggesting the loveliness with which the story is impregnated. Although the majority of the characters are quite young and most of them seen in their sex life, it is impossible for Artzibashef not to rejoice in the natural beauty that invests and surrounds them. That Sanine should be susceptible to the beauty of his sister is only one symptom of Artzibashef's sense of the beauty in which the world is bathed. He recounts, with impressionist brevity, the picnics, the boating, the evening debates, the band promenade, the shooting excursions, of the little town; and in each of these expressions of life he finds not only the perplexity of conflicting desires but the grace and ardor of young existence. Only he is willing Sanine should be "bored" with the efforts of everyone else to find somewhere in the world outside themselves an explication of their own souls. He, too, is bored with nervous itching about ultimates. Says the wry, haunted Jew: "Why do we live? Tell me that." Why? That nobody knows. . . . He only ought to live who finds joy in living; but for him who suffers, death is best."

The same note is struck whenever Sanine is confronted with any decision. To his sister's timid suitor he brings word of her pregnancy. "You have lost nothing which you desired. Lida's limbs are the same as before; so are her passion and her splendid vitality. But, of course, it is extremely convenient and also agreeable to provide oneself with enjoyment while piously imagining that one is doing a noble deed." Under this lash the suitor's "self-pity gave place to a nobler sentiment." " 'But will she care to see me?' 'Don't think about that,' said Sanine, as he placed both hands on the other's shoulders. 'If you are minded to do what's right, then do it, and the future will take care of itself.' "

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When Lida tries to drown herself, Sanine is half inclined to let her. But he rescues her. "It is not because you are pregnant that you want to die, but because you are afraid of what other folk will say. The terrible part of your trouble lies, not in the actual trouble itself, but because you put it between yourself and your life which, as you think, ought to end. But, in reality, that will not alter life a jot. You do not fear folk who are remote, but those who are close to you, especially those who love you and who regard your surrender as utterly shocking because it was made in a wood, or a meadow, instead of in a lawful marriage-bed. They will not be slow to punish you for your offence, so, of what good are they to you? They are stupid, cruel, brainless people. Why should you die because of stupid, cruel, brainless people?"

Later, after Lida breaks down on slighting her seducer, she asks: "Are there really no other . . . better men, then?" Sanine smiles; "No, certainly not. Man is vile by nature. Expect nothing good from him. And then the harm that he does to you will not make you grieve." She looks at him with beautiful tear-stained eyes. "Do you expect nothing good from your fellow-men, either?" "Of course not," replies Sanine, "I live alone."

The mere fact that it is so easy to pick out these typical speeches of Sanine shows that "Sanine" is written largely in criticism of a special mood and time. It is quite clear from these speeches that Artzibashef is thinking of self-questioning Russia when he insists so vigorously on an individualism firm, remorseless and proud. He loves Sanine because he has listened to pining, whining, puling, mewing idealism. He loves him because he has seen sex associated with sin, and duty with convention; and he likes to have Sanine see his mother as an "old hen" because he has probably had an old hen for mother himself, and was treated as a chicken when he had actually become a cock. All of this is part of that marvelous process by which Russia, through its novelists, registers in its fiction its passions, its preoccupations and its pains. It is symptomatic that of recent years the one American who has found a vogue in Russia is Jack London. But between Jack London and Artzibashef there is the difference that there is between red-eye and seasoned brandy. Both touch the spot, but one of them touches it without leaving it raw.

There is, however, a good deal too much romanticism about Vladimir Sanine. He is, of course, the sort of man that most of us would like to be, "a fine figure of a man; dark-eyed, broad-shouldered, intensely virile." But one is a little sorry that on every possible occasion he stands so successfully alone. He defeats everyone in argument. He always takes the initiative in difficulty. When he hits Sarudine just once, Sarudine's "eye was no longer visible; blood was flowing from his nose and mouth, his lips twitched, and his whole body shook as if in the grip of a fever." It is plain that for himself Artzibashef has made not a man, but a hero, a god. This is pardonable. When we make a god, it is well to do a good job, and make him in our own most attractive image. But the real critic of life should always go one further. He should show his Sanine not only stand, but also once or twice fall, alone. He should not give courage merely the power to spill the other fellow's milk. He should show courage under the necessity of crying over his own spilled milk. He should show his man of splendid vitality a little bilious from his vodka and cigarettes. He should show him growing a little bald. I like the last picture of Sanine "moving onward: onward to meet the sun." But I should like it better if, a little later in the day, it turned chilly and began to drizzle.

F. H.

Poetry for Poetry's Sake

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, by Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

THERE is no keener pleasure for the true lover of poetry than to mark the first stirrings of new life. Those of us who have been keeping vigil through the night that began with that twilight of the poets of which Stedman was the muezzin nearly two decades ago have of late experienced that pleasure not infrequently. There have been false dawns aplenty, and the earliest pipe of more than one half-awakened bird has been hushed again in slumber. But now the cold wind that foreruns the dawn is blowing freshly and the birds are piping full chorus.

Nor is all this a matter of poetic ecstasy and divination, the recurrent dream of the young and hopeful. It can be proved by facts and figures, so seldom the poets' friends. Magazines have been established, not unsuccessfully, for poetry and its promotion; and the records of publishing houses show that not only has there been in the last three years a sharp up-curve in the number of poetical manuscripts submitted, but that of those published a notably greater number of copies have been consumed by the Ultimate Consumer than would have been the case ten or even five years ago.

Of the score or more of poets now writing that deserve the serious attention of alert readers no group is more provocative, more vital, than the little band of British and American poets known to the world, through a recently published anthology of their work, as *Imagistes*. Remembering Henley's fine phrase in the Preface to his "Poems" the writer would like to submit that Quintessentialists would be a better designation and battle-cry.

The precise membership of the group, at the moment a little confused by charges of non-conformity, and unapostolic succession, need not detain us. By sheer cerebral energy Miss Amy Lowell stands as the most striking American exponent of the creed she has done much to mold. Her latest volume, suggestively, perhaps too suggestively, entitled "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," illustrates admirably in text and preface the vitality of the school. It is a vitality due in no small measure to the objective attitude of its members towards their art, to an atmosphere of critical give and take, hitherto more common in the studios of the Boule Miche than in the tea-drenched drawing-rooms where post-Victorian poets have held a pontifical sway.

The central ideal of these poets would seem to be best expressed in the phrase, poetry for poetry's sake. It finds expression in a distaste for poetry set to serve a task, such as the teaching of philosophy, or the furthering of the eugenic impulse. Their creed, their Kensington catechism, is apparently contained in these articles:

(1) Use the exact word [i.e., a fresh passion for our old French friend, *le mot juste*].
(2) Invent new rhythms if they serve your turn.
(3) Don't hesitate to choose any subject if you can write upon it poetically.
(4) Seek always to present the image.
(5) Make your poetic outlines hard and clear.
(6) The essence of true poetry is concentration [Poe's idea].

It would be easy to debate the articles of this creed. Thus, under article one, it seems to me personally that the *Imagistes* sometimes fail to see that to be truly "exact" the word must sometimes be vague, that "verbal magic" is not necessarily legerdemain. Apropos of article five, one might object that the softness of the flower is no

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less beautiful than the hardness of the gem. But all this would lead to a confusion of the main issue. The important point is that the *Imagistes* as represented by Miss Lowell have proposed a definite and desirable poetic end, have set intelligently about reaching it, and have in a sufficient number of instances convincingly arrived.

It is not easy within the limits of a brief review to illustrate adequately the characteristic poetic excellence of Miss Lowell's work. Perhaps this "image" of "A London Thoroughfare at 2 A.M." will serve as well as any:

> They have watered the street,
> It shines in the glare of lamps,
> Cold, white lamps,
> And lies
> Like a slow-moving river,
> Barred with silver and black.
> Cabs go down it,
> One,
> And then another.
> Between them I hear the shuffling of feet.
> Tramps doze on the window-ledges,
> Night-walkers pass along the sidewalks.
> The city is squalid and sinister,
> With the silver-barred street in the midst,
> Slow-moving,
> A river leading nowhere.
> Opposite my window,
> The moon cuts,
> Clear and round,
> Through the plum-coloured night.
> She cannot light the city;
> It is too bright.
> It has white lamps,
> And glitters coldly.

Though it lacks the serviceable first-aid to the memory of rhyme, how haunting and in the finest sense memorable is this picture. It is "hard," indeed, in outline, and yet with its all but perfect interpenetration of form and substance, its sense of humanity tinged with something very much resembling humor, how far from cold!

It must be noted, however, that if "unrhymed cadence" like this is to be a source of pleasure it must be read aloud and not merely phrased in silence. To the eye in chilly type,

> "Cabs go down it,
> One,
> And then another"

is an unmetrical and more or less senseless arrangement of words. But try reading it aloud and see whether the inevitable prolongation of "one" does not image to perfection the slow passing of some ancient sea-going taxi.

Not the least of the elements of freshness and charm in such pieces is their blithe air of successful and sure-footed improvisation, something exceedingly difficult to attain amid the foot-counting and rhyme-seeking of more regular verse forms. One may suspect that pieces in "unrhymed cadence" are handicapped in the race for long anthological life by the choice of form. They lack, as has already been suggested, the mnemonic value of chiming sound. Moreover, the painful process of shaping into rhyme and regular metre the subconscious masses pressing for outlet which, psychologically considered, constitute poetic "inspiration," seems for some reason or other conducive to bringing the product nearer to the business and bosoms of the general. Perhaps, too, the quality of impulse that seeks and finds expression in an exact, independent, hard, concentrated medium is not of a type ever to become in any wide sense popular. But if, as I take it, life, so far as it is worth while, is an affair of vivid moments, we can ill afford to overlook poems in which just these vivid moments of perception and experience are caught, held, and given again to us for our own more vivid life.

If I have spent too much space in comment on a single aspect of Miss Lowell's volume it is because this is the aspect that seems to me most significant. Not the least notable trait of the book, however, is its range of subject and variety of manner. Along with the unrhymed, freely cadenced pieces that we have been considering, there are plenty of poems to please ears that delight in elaborate tonal structures of echoing words. There are workmanlike sonnets, cavalier tunes in lilting stanzas, fluent picturesque narrative in both complicated stanzaic forms and in the familiar four-beat couplet, and, finally, some successful experiments in the rhymed prose of Paul Fort. Not all of these pieces give the reader the *frisson,* the apocalyptic shock of poetry; but none is devoid of interest for the student of good technique.

The book as a whole is notable for the organic relation it bears to life and to art. There has been a not infrequent disposition on the part of certain critics to set these jealous sisters at odds. For the poet, I fancy, books of poetry are as much a part of life as pictures for the painters or music for the musician. Miss Lowell can find authentic inspiration equally in the lapidarian stanzas of Henri de Régnier and in the color effects produced by the flicking of the tail of the great northern pike. Her work is always vivid, sincere, poetically energetic. Throughout it run, in the quaint phrase of an old poet who was Quintessentialist without knowing it, "bright shoots of everlastingnesse."

FERRIS GREENSLET.

"The lying wolf seldom gets the ham, nor a sleeping man the victory."
—*The Poetic Edda.*

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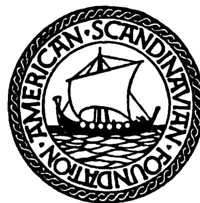

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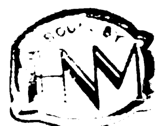
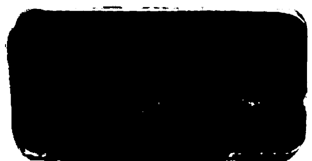
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