EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE

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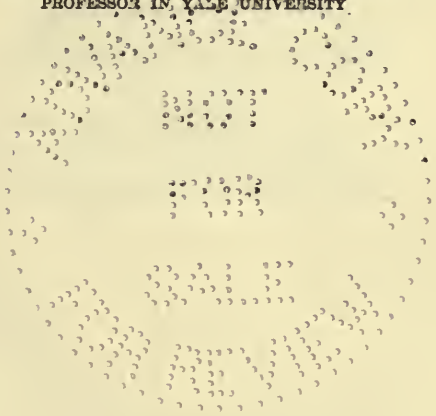
EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE

ESSAYS ON THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

BY

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, PH.D.
PROFESSOR IN YALE UNIVERSITY



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To the Memory of

WALTER HINES PAGE

LATE AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN
WHOSE DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE
OF MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING
AMONG THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES
WAS A CONSTANT HELP AND INSPIRATION TO
THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK

INTRODUCTION

In the fat, green days before 1914, a book was made in a manner that had become almost conventional. You lived, you studied, you thought, and then retired, like an expectant mother, to some mental solitude, where the travail in due and decorous order was ended, and the book came forth complete. But in this book, conceived in war time and finished in the early days of peace, I have been subject to a different ordering. Life burned intensely in 1918. The battle-front, the tumultuous humanity behind the lines, Great Britain and France at war, where I was a humble observer, flung imperious summons. Ideas, hopefully interpretative of the surging forces loose everywhere, shot into the mind, sometimes in a trench, sometimes in a munitions factory, on a steamer deck, or at midnight in Piccadilly, and would wait only for the quiet of an Oxford garden, or the peace of a room high hung in Kensington above a park cheery with thrushes, to be worked out as far as the uncertainties of the time would permit.

As I wrote, then and later, I felt there was only

one question: What will come afterward? — and that reflections upon race and education and working women and fighting men were all, like the game of Twenty Questions, aimed at one answer. The next generation may find that answer. I see only a little further now that the war is over, than in April of 1918, when Hardy's President of the Immortals seemed about to play his own game with our ideals and our little strengths behind them. The ideas begin to fall together; one sees the connecting links and I have written in many of them in brief transitional and prefatory sections; but these essays are still most valuable, if valuable at all, as historical evidence of how the war and its aftermath affected one American mind. And hence I have left them much as they were first conceived: some with the memory of last night's bombing behind the words, or the intense sense of racial contrast felt by an alien who finds himself among comrades and friends; others written in the dawn of peace and looking forward to a future full of urgency and promise and doubt. And though only one bears that title all — the first four on international relationships, the fifth on morale, the sixth and seventh on education, the eighth on reconstruction, and the ninth on war's ending — all, and the brief prefatory essays that precede them, present the fruits of education by violence.

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EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE

I

ON WRITING THE TRUTH

In the last great crisis of the war, in the time of the rush over the Chemin des Dames, and of Château Thierry and Compiègne, I was a visitor on the British Front at the château of Rollencourt, where the accredited correspondents were — I can think of no more fitting word than — interned. All day we were off in motors, buzzing the long white roads back of the front, chatting in dug-outs, adventuring in quiet trenches, lunching with courteous generals in sound of sleepy guns, breasting column after column of marching men — blue *poilus* weary for their rest camp, fresh Americans, like brown helmeted legionaries, striding loose-limbed toward the front, careless Australians, . . . And at tea time we would swing back into the shaded avenue, where Tommies in "shorts" were running races on the turf, and down past the turreted columbière to the sweeping façade of the seventeenth century château.

In a salon, by a table covered with maps and pipes, under pictures of the *haute noblesse* of the province, we had tea, while the correspondents

swapped their "facts" and withheld their "stories," smoked each his cigarette, and retired, thoughtful, to grind out his column for the world's reading. At seven their work was ready for the censor; at eight we dined, a criss-cross of banter and argument; at ten came the communiqué, relaxing the tension (for things were going badly in Champagne); and then to bed in a high ceilinged chamber, stuccoed in Louis Seize.

Midnight, and a Boche plane whirred over (we heard his bombs on poor St. Pol); then dreamless sleep, and a May morning, mists and dew in that gentle valley, he of the "Mail" reading Horace as he walked in the aisles of the lush garden, he of the "Times" walking with me by the shadowy river, trying to forget the war. And at ten, out from that valley of peace, to the noisy roads, the dust, the guns, the "crump" of the shells, the plodding, horrible, fascinating machine of war.

A curious life. The soldier has little time to think. He is too weary, too frightened, too busy, or too dull. The civilian cannot think of war as war. It is too unreal for him. But these men whose names have come to our breakfast tables with the coffee cups, were neither innocents, naïvely pushing toward victory, nor civilians dreaming afar off. Daily they saw war, and nightly they came back to their garden.

And truth of thought for them became a different thing from truth of writing. No war has been so honestly, so faithfully reported as this one. The correspondent has put into words all but his thinking. Not all, of course, for the censor ac-

tually or potentially deprived us daily of many sensations in opinion and experience. But that which ever remained unwritten, which had to remain unwritten, was the meditation of these high-bred, thoughtful men, trained to observe with minds that the broadest culture as well as experience in the field had made keenly observant.

And on what did they meditate? Not, as they wished, upon literature and music and free intercourse with men living free of war's restrictions (they welcomed the visitor just because he was an outsider); but, so it seemed to me, constantly and broodingly upon the mystery of war. Their minds reacted from opinions on strategy, praise of bravery, word pictures forming and reforming of pitiful fugitives streaming southward, broken towns, and airplanes shining among shrapnel puffs. They talked of the art of Henry James, but brooded, or so I thought, upon the causes of all this turmoil, the effect of this stirring up of all the passions upon the future. In my quiet talks with them when the days' sights were seen and recorded for the millions at home, I heard much that did not go into their articles; and it was most of it speculation upon the significance of war.

Privileged observers, safe themselves except for chance shots or bombing, with time for thinking, they could watch the war as the scientist in his laboratory watches through his lens the conflict of microcosms in a drop of water. And they felt with intensity what we visitors and many soldiers dimly felt, that the whole truth had not been said, could not yet be said about the war. The lesser

truth, that the Germans had willed the war, that they must be beaten, was for the time more important. More light, in 1918, would have made us see less clearly. The greater truth, the causes lying behind all wars, including this one, the good effects of war which should be gained otherwise, the bad effects of war, which should be defined, and known, and hated — all this they stored in their hearts. For this truth they seemed to be constantly groping, though often in an hour's talk only a hint, a phrase, an ejaculation revealed the undercurrent of painful inquiry beneath the immediate business of the day.

Men like these, and the soldiers fortunate enough to have kept their intellects free and clear in the grind of the trenches, will begin to write this truth now. Neither we who saw the war by glimpses, nor those prophetic critics who wrote of modern war before it became a universal experience, can give the evidence which must be presented. The time begins to be ripe for true writing. The crisis of war is over; the crisis of readjustment is upon us; the penalty for plunging blindly upon new curves leading inevitably to new conflicts, lies measurably ahead. Free speech is safe now, or rather, nothing else is safe for us. We have had narrative, description, poetry, and philosophy of the war; we have not had that inner burning thought forced upon reflective minds by danger and horror and waste and splendid bravery. The war is over. Let us open our minds and allow no left-over scruples of anxious patriotism to suppress the best of all patriotism, which is the truth born of devotion to

one's fellow man. The truth about the war, when it is written, will please neither pacifist nor militarist; neither preacher nor business man; but it may help to set them free from errors long deluding. The germs of war, like the germs of all diseases, we carry about us. There is no cure for a serious infection; but there is an antiseptic, the truth freely spoken. The real literature of the war, when it comes, will speak to an open mind, and such a mind I ask for the more modest endeavor of these essays.

This, of course, was not her real number, nor can I tell her name, which is of little importance in comparison with her true designation, the *Mayflower* sailing eastward, with four thousand Americans outward bound, and many a homegoing Ally. It was a strange voyage, as different from anything conceivable in peace-time as impressive dreams from trivial realities. Day after day our striped and spotted convoy herded through plunging seas. Behind us a gray transport, like a beautiful dolphin, dipped to rise as if for a jump, shook her bow free, surged forward until we could see the pink of massed faces on her hoisting-deck, then dropped again astern. Ahead, a converted liner swung backward and forward like an anxious mother; and clear to the sea-rim great zebra-monsters followed us, tankers laboring hull under, horse-boats, transports, a grim cruiser shepherding their flanks, winking angrily at laggards, guiding and hurrying our rear.

Day after day, somewhere in the ocean, we plodded eastward, until, one morning, we saw

through the haze a row of tiny destroyers sitting on their haunches like a pack of hounds in wait for us. The midmost nosed our mother ship and swung astern of her, swaying drunkenly like a toy tin ship in a tub; the rest spread fan-wise through the ocean. Dusk comes and greener water. Signals blink, and the big, gray boats behind us quiver and turn inward, setting their prows down gingerly into the dangerous waves. Within, the corridors of the great ship are lit with dim purple lights. High, gloomy curtains sway with the roll before every door. It is a scene from the palace of Manfred. Soldiers guard the stairways, and voices are suddenly hushed as from the merriment inside some one steps into the gloom, hears the swish of the waves, thinks of the great ships beside him stealing through the darkness, shudders a little, and goes back. But in the lounge there is a blaze of light, card-playing, singing, French lessons, war-talk, a nervous grip on a life-preserver now and then, yet, in spite of tension, the atmosphere of a friendly club. In the morning boat-drill with life-preservers, the officers like yellow chicks with pieces of shell clinging, the little cockney in his flapped overcoat like a belted caterpillar. The company's champions box in the cock-pit aft. Through a hedge of gaitered legs one catches sight of stout calves twisting, jerking, and

now and then a supple waist. They jump up against a blue horizon, clinch, swing, clinch, and down out of sight again. From every watch-point the lookouts scan the gray-green Irish water. "Wreckage, red, ninety degrees," they call, and we see kegs, planks, boxes, in sad trails bleeding upward from a gaping wound in some good ship, pirate-sunk beneath us.

This is the setting merely of Transport 106, but it is important because its subdued intensity was like a screen of quivering light against which men's characters were vividly flung. Indeed I write of her not to describe our strange reversion to the perils of the first emigrations, but because she staged the prologue of a drama of international character whose action will continue through our times. A man wise enough might have used our ship's company as a laboratory for infinite tests and discoveries. We had Americans of every useful class aboard — officers and enlisted men, government officials, diplomats, members of special missions, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross workers, business men; and most of the officers and all of the three-thousand-odd soldiers below were camouflaged civilians drawn from every business profession and trade. We had a British Cabinet Minister, an M. P., a dozen majors and captains, a score of business representatives. We had

Scotch, Irish, Parisians, French-Canadians, Australians, Italians. We had a leavening of womankind, wives and stenographers. It was the Ark, which also was representative of all save the enemy alien. But it took months in the curiously changed atmosphere of England and France, with Americans curiously changed also, before I could interpret the life aboard her.

A remark of Bernard Shaw's crystallized the problem. I doubt whether the prayer I saw embroidered upon a sampler in Mr. Shaw's living-room in Adelphi was ever answered, if proffered:

> Let me be kind to all, I pray,
> And never faults of others say.

But though Mr. Shaw has left the rough work of contemporary satire to Mr. H. G. Wells, who has made it a sub-department of his manufactory of new worlds, nevertheless of all men in our time he is best able to make those incisive phrases that grip and hang upon the mind until it turns and fights it out with the ideas coursing behind them. "The possibility of anything like international federation," he said, swinging backward and forward in his chair with the peculiar nervous dignity characteristic of the man, "depends upon the existence of psychological homogeneity among contracting nations. If the idealists do not get hold

of the scheme and try to swallow it at one bite, it will work out."

Month by month, as I saw in England, in Ireland, in France, and at the front the infinite importance of racial personality — how it wrecked armies, won victories, frustrated diplomacy, and in every crisis was a great X whose equivalent we were seldom permitted to know, Mr. Shaw's phrase sank farther into my mind. Are the nations, in this respect, psychologically homogeneous? Do they need to be? What is the psychological homogeneity necessary for the joint action in the future which we all crave? These questions are ever returning. And my thinking, whether it begins in a trench in Lorraine, or a Sinn Fein meeting, or an English week-end conversation with some personage "uncorked" by the intensity of the times, always carries back to Transport 106.

There were, as I have said, representatives of all the potential high contracting Powers not enemy aboard, and if Americans were in heavy majority, that was in just proportion to our perhaps dominating influence upon the new world-order to follow this war. It was an instructive experience to live in pleasure and in danger for sixteen days with this advance-guard of re-migrating America. At home we had become a little skeptical, before the war, as to the racial individuality of the American.

When your butcher is German, your plumber Irish, your shoe-shiner Greek, your fruiterer Italian, your best friend the son of a Scandinavian, the sense of race weakens. I am an American, you say, but what are these others? One of the great experiences of Europe in war-time was to find the American, even the hyphenated American, running true to a type that the foreigner recognized as valid. In uniform or out of it, even if he never opens his mouth, there is never a question in Europe to-day as to whether a man is American.

Every attempt to define a race as a whole (the French as frivolous, for example) breaks down; nevertheless, I believe that most observers of the year 1918 in Europe would agree with the characterization I made of our Americans on Transport 106. Roughly speaking, they were divided into Americans serious-minded and Americans earnest-minded, with a few sophisticated individuals too detached to classify. I understood very well the remark months later of a well-known woman in London, herself a transplanted American: "You seem to me now," she said, "a grim people. I have to put a 'Jock' or a 'Tommy' into every American ward of my hospital to make our boys laugh. Americans take life so seriously!" That, in spite of joke-cracking and teasing, was the impression we made on shipboard, and in France and England

also. I have seen a good-natured mob of sailors and doughboys fling slang at one another under the nose of the King at a Fourth of July ball-game in London; and I have heard a squad of fresh "rough-necks" from the plains "jolly" a Highland officer for his too-pink knees; but nevertheless, whenever I think of the American overseas I seem to see a tall, lean, capable fellow with a preternaturally solemn face, and earnest eyes only now and then lightening. "How solemn they look," passed from mouth to mouth of the crowd in Manchester as three thousand of ours marched by. "They must be real fighters."

I could have explained, for I had lived with such solemn youths, all the way over. It was not merely the effect of a new world and the approach to the war, although these had their part. There was something deeper, and politicians at home and abroad would do well to take note of it. Pershing's Army has been well named a crusade. Whether it is climate, or heredity, or an inexplicable race development, there is a curious nervous intensity in the American when he is roused that is quite different from anything they know in Europe. Scarcely a "Tommy" or a *poilu* but knew twice as thoroughly what the war meant in loss and endeavor as the most imaginative American, and yet they did not take it so hard. The war

with them had become like a cold in the head; they felt it always and so never got excited over it. Nevertheless, good foreign observers say they never were so "grim," even in 1914, as these Americans.

There are two kinds of American grimness, as I learned very quickly on our transport. The first, which I have called serious-mindedness, springs from the moral nature, is rarer than mere earnest-mindedness, more intelligent, and in the long run perhaps more effective. I know nothing equal to its intensity except the fanatic idealism of certain Irish leaders and the bulldog tenacity of the pure-bred southern Englishman. It is a genuine survival of the hard-fighting Puritanism that the seventeenth century hammered to stay into the American temperament.

Sometimes it appears as a determined protestantism, as with the grizzled, square-set Westerner who spent long days scowling across the unfamiliar wastes of ocean. "I sure love a fight," he said, "and I expect to enjoy myself over there. But I hate war. Don't believe in it. I was a captain in the Spanish War. Ninety per cent of my company were no good afterward, spoiled by graft and 'hand-outs.' By God, this military game has got to stop! That's why I've left my family to scratch for a living, and come in. Fighting for fun's all right, but not war!"

Sometimes it is intellectual. I sat in the smoking-room through a rolling afternoon with a Princeton graduate, a "casual" on special and important service. "I like the thinking part of the work," he said as we talked, "but the men get on my nerves. They are so monotonous. We were all monotonous, grubbing little animals in America. There had to be a war to save us. If I come back (later he was wounded, "degree undetermined") I'm going in with all my might to make life more worth living for the common man, poor or rich."

Sometimes it is naïvely humorous. Three doughboys leaned over the rail, talking of their superiors. "The officers are clean-cut and pretty well educated," one said, "but they aren't as good as the men. I could 'a' been an officer, if I'd waited, but this business didn't seem to stand waiting. I'm content, as I am. The officers don't take the war seriously enough for me."

These are random instances, but there is nothing random in the enormous energies that tens of thousands of Americans in the army, the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and elsewhere have loosed for the physical and moral betterment of our men and of Europe. Having applied the "uplift" to pretty much everything in America, we are now trying to uplift war, an undertaking worthy of a

vigorous and unsophisticated race; and I am not sure that we shall not succeed. Certainly in twenty years I have not encountered so many vital forces incandescent with enthusiasm, so many serious-minded, intensely active men working passionately for humanity, as in six months' association with the most devastating war in history.

Germany presents no parallel. Neither does France; her efforts are in different (though no less valuable) directions. The Briton is as strong to save as we; but the British "uplift" is more political and economic, and in the hands of the intellectuals and radicals chiefly. It is perhaps better thought out, but lacks the fire and universality of the American endeavor, which more resembles a national religion than a movement for social reform. The moral nerve of America has been set vibrating by the war.

Four-fifths of our Americans aboard, however, I should have called earnest- rather than serious-minded; and these are the men who have most deeply impressed Europe in her hour of need. Less is to be said of them because their psychology is simpler. In comparison with the British officers, bred at Eton or in the rich tradition of the old army, our boys seemed milky, unripe, over-earnest, lacking the poise of men of the world, undisciplined in mind. They freely told their stories, and these

were curiously alike. A hustling five or six years of successful business, a wife, a child, a motor-car, a big deal ahead, then a switch turned at Washington, and their nervous energy slanted toward war.

There was not much clear thinking in this group, and no reflection. I could see that Fribourg, the Parisian, thought them admirable barbarians. Taken one at a time, indeed, they had less individuality than the English officer, but their group energy, their group single-mindedness on the practical problem of getting the war won impressed the Europeans. Behind their eagerness lay a sense of right and duty as vague as the Indian's Great Spirit, and in this respect the difference between officer and enlisted man was curiously slight. If you asked either why we were in the war, you got very unsatisfactory answers. The average American seemingly is not subtle enough to phrase the moral-intellectual reasons which set him going, although he feels them with a kind of race instinct and knows very well that "canning the Kaiser" merely saves him the trouble of thinking them out. But the earnest, unreflecting energy of these practical, intelligent men proved the very medicine for a military crisis. They asked in Europe for detached and statesman-like thinking on world problems and we were fortunate enough to have a Pres-

ident who could give it to them. They asked for immediate energy to meet force by fresh force, and we gave that also, millions strong.

It was three Americans with their look of earnest resourcefulness that Gallenga-Stuart saw — I heard him tell the story in London. They were taking down the bronze horses from in front of San Marco. He watched them carried one by one across the lagoon of the Giudecca in the sunset, saw the palaces crashed down from the air raids, knew that Venice was being abandoned, feared the Piave line would not hold, then turned to see three Americans in khaki standing together in the piazzetta, and took heart.

In striking contrast to the Americans, the British on Transport 106 exhibited neither moral nor nervous intensity, and this difference was true of all the castes and breeds represented there. The Briton runs from tenacious traditionalism in the south, through shrewd commercialism in the midlands and the north, to cool and educated democracy in Scotland, and westward to Wales and Ireland in ever-increasing richness of sentiment; and his social order, of course, is stratified in stone. But in the dewlapped cockney who had left London only in the flesh, the Indian officer, aristocrat of the old army, and the spare Scotch capitalist alike, there was a vital difference from our Ameri-

cans. I think it was best defined as sense of race, something of which we are far less conscious. The war, I discovered, and had no cause to change my opinion later, was for them a far more intimate, personal business than for us. They had moved in response to it precisely as the leg moves when the knee nerve is struck. Not a man but thought and acted in terms of the British tradition; while we, even the least reflective among us, were burdened with the thought, "Now we must create our America."

It was this that explained, I suppose, the diversity and freedom of opinion on the war that one encountered among these British, and found later in press, oratory, and private conversation in England. Our straining toward a single view of the war seemed unnatural, if not hysterical, to one returning from Europe; seemed the very antithesis of liberty. But the cause is simple. United (if one leaves out Ireland) in the sense of race, the British dared be more diverse in sentiment than we, dared to let their minds run ahead to reconstruction after the war, to the vast problems that the military crisis had raised. We were more timorous. We put the war on like a garment of which we were self-conscious. The Englishman carried it as naturally as his skin.

I remember the first divine service on board, in

mid-ocean — ports closed, lights lit, the sonorous voice of the ship's officer reading sentences from Ecclesiastes so poignant that the heart rose to meet them: " Wisdom is better than weapons of war; but one sinner destroyeth much good." " Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." And from Joel: " Rend your heart, and not your garments." One could see these stoic phrases in that setting of duty and danger strike upon the tense imaginations of the young Americans. To the Briton, they were part of the established service for ships on lawful occasions. Such sudden commands to forget individualism and meet the crisis appeal not so much to his will and conscience as to his fine sense of race. He takes them dumbly where he sits, like Masefield's English farmers in the poem " October, 1914 "; we rise and strain forward to respond.

I could illustrate this vital difference between the nations from every deck of Transport 106 as we voyaged through the winter ocean, from the British and American fronts, from England at large, but it is too fundamental, and at the same time too little developed, for conclusive illustration. Now that victory has inclined our way, and the great discussions have begun, the differences

between two like-minded peoples, one fighting to save and justify her racial best, the other to prove her right to responsible nationality, will become evident.

The French on the transport I have mentioned, and just mentioned, which accurately defines their status. If we had had officers on board it would have been different, for we would have sat at their feet with questions of strategy. If it had been peace-times, and professional matters of literature, art, or applied science had concerned us, it would have been different. But in that atmosphere of international reactions the Parisian officials of our company went just so far and no farther. I would plod round the deck for hours with the British major, in silence first, then a word or two, then a stream of talk, in which we differed and understood each other. The British meet as good dogs meet — first suspicion, then indifference, then, after what seems to us five good minutes wasted, entire geniality. But when M. Fribourg and I walked the pace was fast, the conversation animated and radiant with easy friendliness. It sparkled, it slackened; suddenly a fear of boredom came over him; he smiled, he slipped through a doorway, and was gone until to-morrow. Our minds touched circumferences easily (there is a flexibility in the French mind far more American than English), bounded along together, then bounced apart.

Thousands of Americans will come back from France bearing testimony to this experience. Talk to one of our soldiers now of the Australian, the Canadian, the "Tommy," and he will become voluble in characterization, favorable or unfavorable. Ask him about the *poilu*, and he will say merely: "Oh, he's all right. I like him." And that is about as far as you get, for it is as far as he has gone. Paris is one beam of friendliness now for the visiting American, yet even habitués like myself get farther, but only a little farther, into the French personality, the Frenchman where he lives, than before the war, whereas in England one progresses more in a week now than in a year before 1914.

And the reason is important. The French are at the same time the most civilized and the most self-centered of modern nations. Civilization, their civilization, is for them what the sense of race is for the British. The German propaganda for "*Kultur*" reminds me of a big boy who learns a tune and swaggers down the street, threatening to lick every little boy that will not whistle it. The French have had a better tune for generations, and whistled it to themselves. That, by preference, is what they will continue to do. Not that they are exclusive with their culture. On the contrary, Paris has always been open to the foreigner. But

you must come to France, France will not come to you. The Englishman stays English, but he goes all over the world and is interested in the fullness thereof. The Frenchmen on our transport had adventured that once to America; the English had been there half a dozen times before the war. When I was in Paris the critics were making fun of Bourget on account of his taste for traveling. What could he see that could not better be seen at Paris? Stendhal's vaunted cosmopolitanism amounted to liking Milan as well as France.

World politics for the Frenchman, in fact, is simply the problem of preserving intact French civilization; his motives therein are negative rather than positive. The missionary spirit bled out of the race in the Napoleonic era; the fear of being duped, the desire to be "fine" rather than energetic, neutralize under ordinary circumstances the native love of glory and great spiritual gestures; and this balance, far from being a national fault, is merely the accompaniment of a perfected civilization. We may expect in France a reservoir of cool, strong thinking to which a half-barbarized world may go to be cured. Indeed, one hears the hope frequently expressed that her almost irremediable depletion of life will be in part made good by tens of thousands of Americans and English, who, when our vast armies ebb home again, will be

held by inertia or attraction and become French.

The Frenchman knows his culture is worth saving, and at all costs will save it; but, as the world cannot be made French, he will be willing to leave world-planning to his allies. Time and again, as our talk on the transport ranged from Japan to Chile and dealt with perplexing questions as to how a world sweating race prejudice and thinking of blows and parryings could be brought into some possible order by which all might profit, I saw the look in M. Fribourg's face which said "this bores me." I had to remind myself that without French military genius, French coolness and realism, without, in short, the incomparable mind of French civilization, this war would have been lost.

We were all friends by the time Transport 106 had reached her "port on the Irish Sea," and there had been no international incident except an Anglo-American squabble over the best way to umpire deck tennis. A common danger, a common resolve to down the German, a common liking held together our diverse racial personalities. But Transport 106, microcosm as she was of the present confederation against Germany, was not necessarily a prototype of the peace conference. Allies in war sometimes change their behavior when they meet to contrive a new world-order that will work for all and (especially) for each. Did these

national types, as different as breeds of dogs, promise sufficient psychological homogeneity to stand the strain?

If we are to aim, now that the war is over, at a mere balance of power among self-centered, egotistical states, emphatically no. There was too much psychology and too little homogeneity among these nationals for hope in such a future. Give the driving, but none too reflective, energy of the American a slant toward commercial domination, and it will shatter such fragile internationalism like a bomb in a greenhouse. Cloud and thicken the racial pride of the British and it turns into that obstinate John-Bullism which has " r'iled " us and made France furious before. Let the French concern for a fine civilization be touched with a cynical indifference as to the fate of other nations, and her policies will cross more often than parallel ours.

Again, if we are to aim at an international state, such as socialists, pacifists, and many historical thinkers prophesied before the war, then no hopeful evidence was to be drawn from our transport. If we are to expect a truly international state, like the later Roman Empire, French, Americans, and English should be able, as were the Mediterranean races of the fourth century, to exchange environments and live mingled together without sensible

inconvenience. The Briton might succeed in this for a while. He bears his race with him. The American very seldom. The Frenchman never. All might emigrate into a new land like our ancestors and make a new nation, for they intermarry without prejudice, which is the first test of homogeneity. But that is a different proposition.

In truth, only two groups aboard our boat were fit for the international state as dreamers have devised it. The first comprised the tolerant intellectual Jews, especially the American Jews. Like nursery plants, their roots are close-gathered for easy transportation. They understand all races and are at home everywhere; and this makes the Jewish intellectual an advance-guard of that internationalism which is surely coming, but not in our time, nor in the form which theorists have depicted. The others were Irish, the richest-blooded, most alive of all our ship's company, always ready to turn every argument toward the woes of Ireland, always debating, and never convinced. Michael Massey, the last of the O'Donovans, presiding over every meeting, both cause and judge of every altercation, was the incarnation of the universal minority, which, being against every constituted power, is therefore truly international. He and his kind are sacred vessels for that idealism which never makes compromise with a material world run dully on business principles.

Is there hope, then, for a federation of nations, however rudimentary? As soon as we cease making paper constitutions for it and begin to build upon what we have, it will find its sanctions quickly and impressively. These racial personalities I have been describing are facts that tell neither for nor against the probability of world federation. They are like the differences in character among the individuals who make up a nation. That John is a very different fellow from James, and James as a personality very unlike Tom, does not prove that they will be unable to keep the peace in the same village, if village life appeals to them. The important question is not their temperamental differences, but rather those similarities in habit and desire which make communal living possible.

Temperamental homogeneity one does not find in a village, and racial homogeneity I did not discover on Transport 106, but similarity of thought in those principles upon which joint action must be based was very marked. Our international group did sufficiently hold in common ideas of equity, of the rights of the individual, and the duties of the state; and if a difference of opinion arose, the cleavage, as within a nation, ran between temperaments and philosophies, not between local or racial units. The Liberal Londoner, the Radical Frenchman, the sometime candidate of the Pro-

gressive Republicans joined forces against the Tory M. P., the French legitimist, and the Rhode Island judge. And on every question that an international council might have to discuss, there was on one side a majority also drawn from all nations, and on the other a minority also drawn from all nations. This, I submit, is a true basis for the only international government we are likely to desire in our time — free nations pooling for discussion and majority action their questions of international policy, precisely as they have been pooling their international trade.

Transport 106, after all, was a little world, sailing through space. All the strong desires, possessive, belligerent, idealistic, sentimental, moral, and immoral, which govern action in the great world, were vivid among us. The characters of men we represented will be the same in 1920 as 1918. And if we were sailing in the bond of a common purpose to defeat the enemy, nevertheless there will be other common purposes in which British, French, Americans, and (unless history this time fails to repeat itself) reconstructed Germans can join. It is true that the war has deepened and enriched racial personality, and this is most fortunate, for if we come to a federation, its value will depend upon the worth of those federated. But even while we hesitate and are skeptical of any

world order, a homogeneity of thought and emotion is preparing in which the strongest and most individual nations most readily can join.

II

ON THE ENGLISH

What I most envy in the Englishman is his freedom of mind. He is so sure of his loyalties, and his prejudices, and his essential relations with the island he lives in; he is so conscious of race that he dares to be individual. His character is like his climate: it has no angles in it. Looking into his mind is like gazing from Piccadilly Circus down Regent Street and across the hazy park to hazier Parliament towers. It is all blended and misted into smoothness, with a good solidity behind.

What he seems most to envy in us is the definiteness of our minds, which, like our atmosphere, are sharp and clear. He finds them naïve and invigorating; naïve because so many things — changes, for example in dwelling place, or political philosophy, or business systems, or religion — seem easy to us; invigorating because in our clearer air we are constantly looking ahead, to uplifts, or reforms, or efficiencies.

When his racial consciousness encounters ours there is often a collision. That is because we travel on the same line, but with different speeds and occasionally in opposite directions. We are both blessed and handicapped by fundamentally understanding each other. Words which in the

mouth of an Italian would not trouble him because they would be unheeded, in my mouth rouse him to anger. Mannerisms which would amuse me in a Frenchman, irritate me sadly if he uses them. Why should an Englishman be so affected in accent (I say), being after all Anglo-Saxon? Why should an American (he says) differ with me in opinion, being fundamentally English? And so we quarrel easily like two dogs tied to a single rope. The best international friendships are between English and Americans, and also the liveliest (though not the deepest) international prejudices.

We should therefore send as many Americans as possible to England in the years following the war, and bring as many English as possible here. It is an invaluable experience for us to see what manner of men we would have been like if we had not broken loose our civilization from its ancient moorings. An American is inclined to take stock after such an experience. He feels a little flimsy, a little detached, like a commercial traveler stepping from a train into a long-established home. And it will be good for the English to feel by contact how readily the mind we share in common can slough off fat and ancient prejudices, and what happens to it when set free.

Of course we mixed before the war. But that was different. We Americans were self-sufficient then; we went abroad to see, not to mix with, our ancestral world. Germany was an irritant; France was pleasure; Belgium a triviality; England a deep satisfaction mingled with surprise at

the lack of geniality among its inhabitants. We never thought of ourselves in relation to a world state; we might well have dropped down from Mars with return tickets in our pockets. And as for the English, they were still thinking of all the English-speaking world as colonials — clever, rich, energetic — but still colonials. As late as 1914 we were still felt to be colonials who must necessarily think as England thought. We seemed therefore mere recreants when we hesitated before entering the war.

It is all changed now. The American has taken up the white man's burden of learning to live with other white men. He is no longer safe from international complications, even in Kansas. And the Englishman, in the hour when his fine traits of race have turned into steel and met the test, has suddenly dropped his barriers, put on humility, and asked to be friends.

"Why do these British officers say, 'Ah real-ly' and 'Sorry,' and 'Herry on?'" asked two Arkansas doughboys in St. Valery one day. "Can't they talk *English!*"

"How can you Americans have central heating," murmured the apple-cheeked daughter of an Oxford professor, "when you know it's bad for the health?"

Of such inessentials, leading to effrontery on the one side and superciliousness on the other, is our international prejudice made up. And therefore, if we learn to respect racial differences, ours will be a great friendship; for our quarrels have been the quarrels of relatives and friends.

BLOOD AND WATER

I have heard that " blood is thicker than water," and that the British are our " cousins " until I am sick of these platitudes. Let me try to give some better reasons for the faith within us, that the compact now formed among English-speaking peoples is durable and may solve even harder problems than " winning the war." But first I must sketch in, no matter how hastily, the traits of contemporary Great Britain, a nation strangely altered.

It was in the midst of the confusion of an air raid that I began my observations. Indeed, I did not know I was in dark London on that night in 1918 until through the windows of my train I saw waving search-lights and stepped into a clatter of invisible crowds and the confusing rumble of unseen vehicles. An hour later the signal-guns boomed. There was a rush of giggling maids past my hotel door, — one was to die the night after, — and the voice of the hall porter was heard ordering every one below. I followed to a crypt below the basement, the farther end of which was open to the street. A fainting woman was carried past me;

behind her were little toddlers, sleepy-eyed, with coats over their undershirts; cockneys from the near-by slums; men and women in evening dress; officers — a curious assemblage. Last, as the barrage fire began to rattle above, came a solemn procession of railway guards from the station, each with his lantern. One tipped over a biscuit-box and offered me an end. "Sit down, sir," he said. We sat together and talked of England. "Thank God the Americans have come!" he said. "The war is demoralizing England. The labor unions are selfish. The people are losing sight of everything great behind. Their courage is only self-preservation."

Two shaky cockneys with bleared eyes edged up beside to listen. A bomb fell, shaking our refuge with sullen tremors; the barrage redoubled.

"Best throw up the sponge, Ah say," one of the cockneys muttered; the twist-back beside him agreed. My guard turned upon them angrily.

"That's you and your kind! I say Germany 'll 'ave to be punished for her sins. We'll see this through." The crowd was with him. On the steps a group of girls and workmen began to sing; bugles sounded the "all clear." Quietly we separated.

Thus I first met England as she was, pessimistic, self-critical, determined. Neither hope deferred

nor reverses could change this strong determination. It was a race trait, displayed in France and Flanders and behind every action at home, the product of long inheritance, doubly intensified by four years of conflict.

This is the first, and just now the most important quality of that British character which in better or in worse we must learn to know more sympathetically than we as a nation have known any race outside our borders. We shall not wholly love it; most probably we shall admire it; we *must* understand its dominant qualities as they have been hardened or altered by war. But of that curious, dogged determination that makes the puny, undersized East-Londoner a better soldier for the defensive than either the Australian or the Canadian, the American desires merely to be reassured. It is the new humility of the British that most needs explanation.

We have, for example, grossly misunderstood the part that Great Britain has played in this war. We have taken the Englishman in particular at his own published valuation. Now, the Englishman, although he has a reputation for self-superiority, is actually diffident, self-critical, and obstinate in national self-depreciation. He has filled his papers and our own for four years with complaints of his inefficiency and mistakes. He

has written far more of the humorous experiences of his " Tommies " than of the remarkable organization of the First Expeditionary Army or the astounding transformation of central Great Britain into a workshop of military supplies, where for hours in the train one never lost sight of the machinery of war. He has told us far more of the asinine incapacity of his leaders than of the right-about march of England from the easy ways of commerce or leisure, accomplished, one supposes, under these very men. The British have not boasted, they are certainly not boasting now; but with a kind of shamefaced grumble, " we've been grousing too much," they are willing as never before to be judged.

The truth is that the Englishman has always been fiercely intolerant of the faults of his countrymen, and therefore, by natural continuation, on the defensive against nations without. Nor can one deny a belief in racial superiority. It is all this that made him the reserved and supercilious person who became the "type" Britisher for us in America. The trait was preferable to German self-assertion, but it was not lovable. And now it has changed. To see the " haughty Englishman " as he was, you must go to Ireland, where special and most unfortunate circumstances still automatically develop all that is most unhappy in the Brit-

ish breed. At home it is a different story. For weeks, to cite a trivial instance, I looked for the well-known figure who refuses to speak except under compulsion, and found instead quiet men in railway carriages who made excuse of the least incident of travel to ask for American impressions, and would give gladly in exchange from their years of bitter experience. At last I met him, churlish, silent, cold, as he sat beside me each morning in the breakfast-room — only to learn that he was deaf, stone-deaf!

Or, for a better example, General Sir Archibald Murray, late commander of the Palestinian army, took me through Aldershot, that marvelous organization where every detail, whether in the bombing school, the gas school, cavalry, or infantry, is devised to train muscle and mind together, an educational establishment of the first order, whether for war or peace.

"If we could put all England through such training after the war," he said, "the English workman could finish his task in six hours a day and have time to live and be happy and be a man. But now when we do send them through, they kill them."

I saw his point, and realized, too, the essential humility of the remark. England was aware of its neglects and its failures, and as ready now for

sympathy with its new undertakings as in the past it had been indifferent to criticism from without.

I do not know how effective the British general is in the field; no one will know until long after the war. It is certain that he has made his mistakes. I do not know how much leadership in a time of confusion is to be found in English statesmen. Certainly England lacks now such definite leadership as President Wilson has given America. But this I know from experience, and since I am estimating racial character rather than racial achievement, it is important, in several months of association with naval officers, with army officers of all ranks, with public officials of all conditions from the War Cabinet down, and with a multitude of unassorted, not once did I miss the new note. — "It has been a hard four years. We are glad America is with us. You see that at least we are 'carrying on.'"

Yes, once I missed it, in a munition superintendent traveling with me through northern Wales. It was in the midst of the spring offensive.

"You'll see what England is now," he said. "She has to be almost beaten. It was so in Edward I's time. It always will be true." This is the spirit of determination; but it is precisely not the dominant note of this new England which has learned with a humility dangerous for arrogant

enemies that stubbornness without science and hard work and a will for the future as well as a memory of the past is not enough. No American remembering our martial enthusiasm, can guess at the burden of armament upon Great Britain, of the effect of the daily sacrifice of young life, of the darkening of existence that resulted from strain long continued. "There is no joy in life now," said one of the most vigorous and hopeful of the ministry workers. "Spring is a mockery." But there was gain as well as loss.

The third racial characteristic springing to new life in this war is energy, but energy of a new kind that is worth studying in America. I went through vast ranges of clanging shops, airy, well lighted, perfect in modern equipment and completeness, and all built upon what was swamp or common two years ago. I saw I do not know how many thousands of men and women busy over every instrument of death devised for this conflict, cheery, healthy, content, as seldom before the war. Overall skirts mingle with overall trousers down the long lines of machine tools. One sees silk stockings beneath rough working-garments, jewelry at the throat of blackened working-blouses, mob-caps on fresh faces of girls who laugh as they turn and smooth the shells. An old granny fishes out red-hot shell rings like loaves from an oven. A pretty

creature bombards a casting with hammer blows in rhythm.

There is energy in brains, too. Each great government plant was provided with its enthusiastic specialists, captains who begged you to smell their new gas, majors who could think only in terms of engines, organizers who were passionately eager that you should understand in five minutes the work of two years. What were these men and women before the war? I asked unceasingly; and rarely I found a decline in condition. Usually energy had been released. It may be disconcerting to discover that clerks in munition plants were once educational experts — few people were what they seemed to be in England, — but it was thrilling to meet a duke's daughter assembling parts, and heartening to find cricketers and fox-hunters happy in real work that for thousands a year they would not have turned to before, or girls, once shop assistants or idle "flappers," now rosy from exercise, filing or hammering for good wages, or swinging with strong arm-sweeps the passengers on board a bus, one grade up at least from the unhealthy conditions of our bad world as it was in 1913.

But when I saw the finished product of all this new energy, great howitzers beside their vast carriages, shells by the million, hangars of flying-

boats (sperm-whales with broad wings, each a marvel undreamed of in last year's philosophy), aërodromes like wing-encircled pigeon-houses, ships of enormous length, rising, like Mulciber's palace, to the reverberating music of a thousand hammers and drills; when I went on the gray, silent cruisers, miracles of human ingenuity, crouching in coast harbors, each with its sea-plane like a dragon-fly above the prow; and saw the trawlers, the chasers, the submarines, the destroyers, little and big, that, born of this vast energy, could sweep and harry the sea for thousands of miles, why, then I was driven back upon the cynical thought that must come again and again to every one who saw the activities of Great Britain doubled in aid of death. Can England, which the Germans thought decadent, and we effete, renew its youth only to destroy?

No, there is more than galvanic activity in this new energy of Great Britain. It will last after the war, because it is inspired by something more than self-preservation. It springs from sources too little explored in our old industrial system, from the innate, perhaps the inherited, desire of the gregarious animal to work for larger issues than his own food and his master's pocket-book. As a girl in a munition plant waited for the frame to bring the next shell to her tool, I asked:

"Do you like the work? Are you happy here?"

She answered as she caught and turned the shell:

"Of course. I get good wages. And then I've got a boy in France. I make the shells. He shoots them."

Humanitarians may object to this story, but the principle is sound. Millions in England and America have been working with a consciousness that they were earning more than their wages, and that the surplus was going not to stockholders or employers, but for the common welfare of all. It is ironical, if not pathetic, that war, the greatest destroyer of goods, was necessary in order to establish in effective practice a truth we have long known, but neglected.

This generous, light-hearted, independent endeavor is not a purely British virtue, as I well know; but it has had, I think, its first and best release there. It has been safeguarded by a labor policy that Americans have criticized with little knowledge of the facts; and though sprung from conflict, it is not, as in Germany, tied fast to a state that protects and encourages its subjects only that they may be more fit for war. If the words of great employers can be trusted, and the plans of the reconstructionists and the desires of

powerful labor leaders, this old-new discovery will not be forgotten with the coming of peace, and the new and better-directed British energy will remain.

Here, then, are three dominant traits of the new England. The first an American must admire, for his ancestors possessed it, and he hopes that he still retains it. The second warms his heart, as its absence would have chilled him. The third he welcomes as his own best-admired virtue. And all three should make it easier for us to like and understand Great Britain as the war has molded it. But the crisis is too grave, the corner we are turning in the world's history too sharp, to rest hopes for the future upon manifestations of character, no matter how significant they may be for the better understanding of two great peoples. Indeed, that these British qualities stir a response in us might mean little for our relationship if it were not for another factor of the highest political importance. The Germans lack neither energy nor determination, and they with Austria now aspire toward humility; but no upspringing love is thereby engendered in our breasts. It is different with the British, for with them and with the races they have fathered we are essentially like-minded. This is a kinship much truer than the highly watered Anglo-Saxonism that is supposed to unite us.

I do not of course mean anything so improbable

as an identity of feeling. No one expects precisely the same reactions to ideas and experience in a Hoosier of German descent and a Shropshire farmer. Indeed, it is easy to find whole sets of conditions, some trivial, some important, where the British and the American will never come together. The English conception of food, for example, as something to be calculated by mass instead of by taste is quite un-American; but let that pass. Or again, an American in Ireland finds that his most violent urging against the extremists can make him no enemies, while the most concessive Englishman can make no friends. This is a political factor to which I shall return, but it may serve here as proof that I am advancing no argument for the complete brotherhood of the English-speaking races.

Nor am I insinuating that France and America are not in many respects in extraordinary agreement. Their ideals, especially as regards the freedom of the mind and the worth of the individual man, are much alike, and this is the best guarantee of mutual faith after the war. Furthermore, French thought touches the American imagination with curious ease and with results most beneficial. But the better one knows the French, and appreciates their unique and highly self-contained civilization, their tradition of the family, their view of

how to live, the clearer it is that the French and ourselves will remain the best of friends and admirers without being like-minded. As a now famous American said recently, to learn to know the real France is to admire as a woman of thirty the girl you loved from a distance in youth.

With the English-speaking races —Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Irish, English, Scotch, and Welsh — the story is a different one. It was borne in upon me first by the sight of Australian soldiers on leave in London. Fine, bronzed fellows, with clear eyes and a reckless swing to their limbs, they so absolutely placed themselves as recruits from our Rocky Mountain States that their unexpected accent was always a shock. Blood relationship? No, blood relationship evidently had little to do with it; for the Westerners with whom I identified them might be named Blankenberg or Fitzenheimer. It was like conditions that had produced like results, and the likeness had extended to more than broad spaces, a free life, and a new world in the making.

I wish we had a term for the variety of world civilization that has extended itself over the English-speaking countries, and deeply affected many where English is only a *lingua franca*. It is British in origin, of course; but to tell an Irishman or a German-American that his culture is British does

not further world peace. Nor is it true, for the like-mindedness I am trying to describe long since passed from British control. To call it an Anglo-Saxon culture is equally unfortunate. If it were, then only Anglo-Saxons would be like-minded; whereas the bond of which I write links the Anglo-Danish-Norman-Celtic Englishman and the Anglo - French - Dutch - German - Celtic " old American " with the pure German or the pure Italian of the second generation in America.

If we break free from some of the nonsense about races and look at the facts in our own country, the thing becomes clearer. Here are a dozen or more races in the slow progress of amalgamation, all living in the same environment, all studying (and this is enormously important) the same text-book (your text-book is your great leveler), all subject to the same general ideals of what life is for, what success means, how a country should be governed, how a man should treat his wife and bring up his children. It is absurd to suppose that this makes them all into Americans of the type we developed before the Civil War. No, the ideals, the text-books, the very character of the nation, are all altering in response to the new blood. But the change is in degree, not in kind. The essential qualities of the English-speaking culture (if I must use a term) with which we began, remain the

same, though lightened by the French and Italians, given humor by the Irish, and tolerance by the Jews. And this in a lesser degree has happened in Canada and Australia, while New Zealand, the youngest offshoot, proves how far the original stock may vary without infusion of alien blood.

I venture to assert that the son of an Italian, having graduated from an American high school, can better understand the ideas of a Manchester boy of the same age, despite vast differences in temperament, than the point of view of an eighteen-year-old Neapolitan, even if, as is by no means certain, he can talk to him in Italian. I know that this war has brought a revelation to many Americans abroad. They have found it difficult to remember that the Canadians are not fellow-countrymen. They have found that the native Britisher of every class who at first, in his restraint or in his mannerisms, burlesqued on our stage time out of mind, has seemed to belong to another world, is after a little acquaintance curiously familiar. The differences that once irritated become a source of pleasure. There is a breakdown of alien feeling, so that your very accents become passports to good understanding. A fellowship is established that comes from looking differently and talking differently and thinking just about the same. "You Americans and hus ought to 'ave

been in it before together, Ah sy," says my table mate at "The Fish and Anchor." It was not an appeal; it was a testimonial.

Again, I talked recently of a possible league of nations with a man responsible in no small measure for Great Britain's policies. The French and Italians, he said, regard the League of Nations as an idea belonging particularly to the British Empire and to America. They would gladly join in a new world order, once it became effective, but the hope of it, and the desire to realize it at all costs, appertain to an order of thinking and experience different from their hard training in nationalism.

Or still again, the special brand of moral indignation aroused in the English-speaking world by German aggression is quite different from the perhaps clearer-sighted self-defense of the French. No reader of French books of the last three years can have failed to observe how fundamental is the belief of France that she was defending a unique civilization which was to liberalize, not subdue, the world. Her endeavor was beyond praise, but it differed, nevertheless, in character, if not in object, from our binding passion for a "square deal" and the rights of nations to follow their destinies. In this, English speakers everywhere were like-minded; so much so that the German-American, who has no love for England and owes

her nothing except through the common American inheritance, nevertheless opposed himself wholeheartedly to men of his own blood whose minds in matters of war and politics had become different from his own.

If, then, we speakers of English of all races are in a few essentials like-minded, let us unhesitatingly apply this fact of supreme historical importance to the test of the present and the hope of the future. How can we realize those ideals of a better international order that now, to most sane men, are the final, though not the sole, justification for the losses of the war? Only by finding and strengthening that common will which resides in like-minded communities, able to feel and think and act together in a common cause. In America and the British nations such groups are dominant. In America and the British nations, now that France and Italy have been drained in mere self-preservation, is to be found the surplus of power to make sane construction arise upon the ruins of destruction, and direct what is still a doubtful conclusion toward ends profitable for the world.

I do not for a moment intend to imply that idealism and a desire for a cleaner future are confined to the English-speaking peoples. We have plenty of allies here, even among the enemy. Russia, in her fashion, is certainly with us. But the definite

purpose to make a better organization emerge from this struggle is, as is natural, best felt by America, the least involved of the belligerents in ancient entanglements. And our ideas are best understood by the nations most like-minded, Great Britain and her Dominions. In us is a power and a will to forget old ambitions and work in joint leadership, not, God grant it, for an "Anglo-Saxon *bloc*" and a new balance of power, but rather toward a federation realizable for us now, and which France and Italy, in all surety, and a reconstructed Germany will be glad to share.

But we must first prove our ability to federate ourselves. Perhaps no man alive has had more experience with national federation than Lord Milner. Here is his opinion as he gave it to me in a conversation which touched upon the subject of which I am writing:

"Americans are like us, and we ought to work well together. The present situation proves that we must work together. The League of Nations is right enough, but there is one league in existence now, the British Empire. I say to our internationalists, 'You talk of all the world sitting down at one table, and here is a league in working order that you don't give a hang for.' And now America must stick with us. I am called an imperialist for talking so much of the British Empire. Why,

what imperialism is there in England and Australia and Canada? We all do as we please. There should be an understanding between America and England which would make war as impossible as between England and Australia. It may be that only one system of thinking and governing will prevail on earth; but it is quite conceivable that militarism, or whatever you choose to call the German method, may suit certain countries. In any case, at present and perhaps for some time to come (the war was not over when he spoke), it is likely to prevail there. Eventually our ideal will win, must win; but not unless we who believe in it can learn how to hold together." It would be well if we Americans gave more thought to the opportunities already at hand in the English-speaking world for beginning world federation.

The risks attending the association of so many like-minded countries are of course evident. I see the danger of attempting to impose Anglo-American "democracy" upon nations that rightly prefer another kind; the danger of a new and gigantic imperialism; the danger of frightening the world into some vast opposing coalition. But it is certain that American leadership, like American common sense, is committed to a policy in sharpest conflict with such recurrences of ancient error. And no observer in England can doubt that the

majority sentiment in Great Britain is with us in this respect, bound to us by self-interest as well as by sympathy and a common desire. We must strike out boldly and truly on these lines or prepare for heavy failure. The alternative is world disorganization.

If, however, salvation is to be sought through the like-mindedness of our peoples, then it is not formal engagements, but the concurrence of dumb desires which in the long run will hold them together. And an American, speaking for his own nation, should not be afraid to write down the difficulties in the path.

There are, for example, the American prejudices against Great Britain, and particularly against England, which common aims and better knowledge may overlay, but will not of themselves remove. Some of these prejudices are merely sentimental, as is some of our affection for France; some of them are honestly based and must be honestly encountered. They are the more serious because England for years to come will be our point of contact with the politics of the British Empire.

Most intense is the Irish distrust of everything English that spreads down through the second and third generation of Irish-Americans. The Irish and the English, in fact, are the least like-minded

of all the English-speaking nations. But Ireland is as pro-American as she is anti-English, and the Irish-American has become more like-minded with the British than his grandfather would have believed possible. America has the power, if she has the will, to explain Ireland to England and England to Ireland; and they sorely need it. Hope, then, balances fear in this direction.

Less passionate, but more deep-seated, is the passive resistance of our non-British races — Jews, Germans, Italians, Slavs, and Scandinavians — to common action with an empire the traditions of which are sharply different from their own. If our purpose were to Anglicize America, this difficulty might well be insuperable. But no such national suicide is contemplated. These races, alien only as the Dutch, the Huguenots, and the Low Germans were alien to the English of our colonies, have accepted our English-speaking civilization, have modified and improved it, making it more flexible and, I hope and believe, more fruitful than the parent stock. In entering the English-speaking bond they have increased, not lessened, the opportunity for international like-mindedness.

Our schools have been a chief factor in this development. But they have succeeded because it was written down that they should succeed, not with the conscious purpose which must now be

grasped. How fantastically wrong is the history of the American Revolution which most of us studied in youth, wherein George III appears as the type of the England of his day, and Burke is a voice crying in a wilderness! If patriotism could be stirred only by misrepresenting the foreigner, then this last and most stupid breeding of prejudice would be at least understandable. But we must be rid of it.

These are real difficulties. Let us not add to them by building upon false hopes. I do not belong to that group of optimists who think that combats together on a bloody field for a common cause insure for all time the fellowship of nations. Such is not the lesson of history. Soldiers have fought side by side one year and face to face the next too often to build upon that shallow belief. In the confusion of the next decade it is all too probable that the material interests of the English-speaking peoples may conflict on issues which in the past have made wars. It is folly to expect agreement because we have fought against a common enemy. It is good sense to strive and hope for agreement because of our hundred years' history of peace, because now as never before we react alike to the great impulse of this epoch, like each other when we meet, and have a common language of the mind as well as of the tongue. But

it will never be easy, as the orator would have us believe, for the most like-minded of nations to remain inseparable.

And yet at the last I must inscribe myself optimist; for optimism just now is the function of America. Western Europe is worn and weary and a little cynical. Europe seeks rest, regardless of what may come after. We of the farther West, with our naïve enthusiasm and our unsapped energy, must supply the impulse toward large issues. Help in the battles of the past we offered to the Allies. Escape from the perils of the future may come if we learn to see eye by eye with Britons, Canadians, Australians, as our Poles and Italians and Germans have learned to see eye by eye with us at home. Let us set no bounds to our hope.

III

ON IRISH LITERATURE

Ireland's best case is to be found in her literature; and if she were to be represented, as the aggrieved one, in the congress of English-speaking countries, I would have her represented by a book. I do not mean a book on the "Irish question" — that would be enough to disrupt any conference! I mean a group of lyrics by Yeats, or selections from the prose of George Russell or Standish O'Grady, or best of all by far, a play by Synge — and the less politics and Celtic twilight in it the better.

There are a thousand things, economic, commercial, religious, geographical, prejudicial, irritable, and disreputable that count for Ireland, but only one which has breathing, human interest for an Australian or an American — and that is not the body, but the soul of Ireland. He will not admit it perhaps, or be conscious of it, for we do not talk of souls in America (and I suppose Australia) except on Sundays and in sermons. He might be shocked to be told that even the easy Irish humor that made a background for him in boyhood has something to do with soul.

It has; and it is just one among many Irish forms of escape, escape from the rather tiresome

efficiencies; escape from a cut-and-dried economic and respectable view of the universe; escape from ugliness of the body into beauty of the mind. I do not mean an escape to Angus and Dana and the other Celtic gods who seem to be local celebrities after all, a bit overwritten in a publicity campaign to put them beside the old favorites of classic English literature (a form of Bolshevikism this, an attack by the Irish proletariat upon the vested interests of the Greek and Latin deities). They have their place, but it is the persistent and successful escape of the Irish mind into sorrow and joy and reverence and love, irrespective of binding circumstance (Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" is an example) that engages the world. For it is getting harder, this escape, for us all, in measure as life becomes standardized and our emotions are educated into a norm of mediocrity. We welcome a rebel who fights for a warm, illogical, interesting idealism. And such a rebel is Ireland. We share her discontent, while condemning her discontented who possess our civilization without being able comfortably to live within it. We ourselves are illogical in such an attitude; and therefore probably are right. We love Ireland because she speaks for the rebel in all of us: we wish to see her "pacified" because we have found no way by which rebellion against the ugliness of our modern world can be reconciled with our daily task of making it more efficient. But is there a way?

THE IRISH MIND

I was a plain American, interested, but a little naïve, when I entered Ireland in the spring of 1918. I believed then, like most Americans, that Ireland should have come wholeheartedly into the war; and I think so still, except that I know now that Ireland will have suffered most because she stayed lukewarm. I believed, like most Americans, that Home Rule was a good thing and should be put through; and I still so believe, but see the complexity of the problem. I was a little weary, as are most Americans, of the endless fuss over Ireland while the world was burning; but now I realize that, however insignificant in a universal conflict may seem the Irish political squabble, the mind of Ireland is important, is significant for us and the future, and is deeply misunderstood by general friend and general foe in America.

I hear in the clubs, "Who is interested in Ireland?" and I wish to answer, "Millions of Irishmen in America and Canada and Australia, and in our armies in France, who are storing up confusion and bitterness." The question was a foolish one.

I hear, " What difference does it make what happens to Ireland? " and my answer is, " Will it make no difference for the future if in Ireland democratic government scores a conspicuous failure? "

It was my privilege to see in London the library of German propaganda printed for neutral countries and captured in the course of the war. Half of it treated of race-problems, and of that half, two-thirds was on Ireland. Do we still sneer, as in 1914, at German propaganda?

I entered Ireland by the green hills of Ulster, and moved freely through County Antrim and Belfast. I talked there with bishops and deans of the Church of Ireland, and fine upstanding generals and county families in their walled gardens — friendly people, solid, simple, more voluble than the Scotch, but with hard-gripping minds like theirs, that took one thing at a time and wrung it. They had worked for their comfort, made prosperous land out of a waste of whin and gorse and would keep it against Prussian or Sinn Feiner — that was my impression. Speculation upon world-politics did not interest them; they knew little of the new England, less of America; the war was the war, and they intended to fight it out — that was all there was to that subject. They were a perfect type of the *genus* Tory, with his limitations, and especially with his

virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and the steadiness which comes from caste.

I talked with bankers and manufacturers and gardeners and cabbies — Presbyterians this group and representing the Orange wing of the Ulster party, but, like the others, proud of Belfast and of the relative prosperity of the North of Ireland. Belfast is a black city, a depressing city, full of overdriven faces, but full of energy, too, and the signs of success. Here it was religion one heard about, and the dangers of Roman Catholic domination; it was customs and excises and the fear of a lazy South battening upon Northern taxes that they talked of; it was the shiftless Celt, who still gets his water from rain-barrels and yet thinks he can run the country; the Pope and the £42,000 he draws annually from Ireland, "And how much would he be getting under Home Rule?" And I formed, I think, a just idea of the "case" of the North — her right to safeguard her economic prosperity, the honest fear of a vote controlled by the church, her unwillingness to let slack, spendthrift Dublin run neat, orderly Belfast. But I left, wondering why these sturdy Scotch-Irish folk were so timorous. Why, unlike their ancestors in the colonies, they dared not run risks in order to gain the benefits of a united island; why these builders of ships and weavers of linen, who alone

had made commerce and local government successful in Ireland, were so resolute to cling to England's skirts, even at the cost of perpetuating Irish division and rancor among their own minorities; so afraid to venture union with a people whose practical efficiency they despised. For while all in the North argued their right to stay in the Union, no one supposed that this would satisfy anyone in Ireland but themselves and a few Unionists of the South.

Later I traveled south through the meadows of County Down and past those dim beautiful mountains of Mourne, in a country so rich and so peaceful that one could not but reflect uneasily upon the men who kept it in turmoil. My compartment was full of officers of the British army of occupation; in the villages I saw children half naked and wholly dirty; on a platform was chalked, "Down with Home Rule," and "Fight for every country except your own." And so I came to beautiful, disheveled Dublin, a city of the soul, with dirty finger-nails and a torn dress and a nasty temper and a voice of the angels.

While I lived in Dublin I saw much of Nationalists and those intenser Nationalists who, in all but republicanism, are really Sinn Feiners. I talked with friends of George Moore and the Celtic twilight, who loved me because I

was an American, and insulted me in the hope of surprising an admission that America came into the war "bought by English gold." I talked with Æ in his workroom frescoed with Celtic gods, where he strides from his mountainous desk of pamphlets to paint in an Irish scene, then turns back to economics, or pure milk, or poetry. A black-bearded man with burning eyes and a voice that chants, he gave me my first idea of the intensity of life in Ireland.

I talked with poets consuming in an hour a week's rations of emotion. I talked with John MacNeil, ascetic, intellectual leader of the Sinn Fein party, whose judgment kept the Easter rebellion from becoming a national disaster; who thought clean and cool on all points except the relations between England and Ireland. I talked with radical priests; with Unionists in government service, who, after a second glass of port, became equally Irish and almost as radical; with scholars, business men, women, intellectuals; and began to see that nationalism in Ireland (I mean the emotion, not the party) was a religion; was a passion so strong that arguments which ignored it for questions of efficiency or profit were untrustworthy.

I met, too, the wilder Sinn Feiners, in assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefi-

nitely. There were labor leaders present, whose sense of Ireland's international responsibilities was struggling with distrust of what they thought was an "English war." No one in a press censored with more vigor than intelligence had explained to them why it was also America's. There were destructive radicals, who added to Ireland's hereditary grievances all grievances that the supposedly downtrodden have voiced anywhere, and slid from Bolshevikism into Nationalism, and from Nationalism into pacifism, with easy inconsistency accompanied by vituperation. There were fanatic women who kept their watches an hour and twenty-five minutes behind the official time, because "summer time" was an English invention and real Irish time ought to be twenty-five minutes slower still. There were melancholy idealists, pure of motives, noble of heart, drunk with vision and with wrath; and truculent chaps with angry eyes and a general expression of having been kept too long out of a fight. To them all I talked America and American ideals in the war, not hesitating to express views in sharpest conflict with their own; and I was sometimes agreed with, usually understood, always listened to tolerantly. (Except for an excited poetess, who challenged me because in our own Civil War we had thrown the tea into Boston harbor while now we were tied to the apron-strings of

Britain!) For as the Irishman once looked to Spain and then to France, so now he looks to America for sympathy. And I came away convinced that the so-called Pro-Germanism of Sinn Fein (a very few individuals excepted) was like much of their extremist politics, mere froth and spume floating up from a troubled mind out of joint with the times and mishandled by those in authority, signifying rebellion against circumstance but no treason. And with this conclusion I find the calmer sense of England agrees.

Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Moderates of the South, in the exciting days when the Convention was closing, and just before conscription, at the moment of expected preliminary settlement, struck Dublin into a mute rage in which fear and indignation had equal parts; the time when the extremists of either party were seeking walls against which to set their backs.

It was easy to admire the system of agricultural coöperation, founded by Sir Horace, which is making rural Ireland comfortable; easy to sympathize with the belief of many Moderates, both Catholic and Protestant, that poverty and waste and alcohol are more dangerous to Ireland than England, or Orange Ulster, or radical Sinn Fein. The imagination warmed to a program, not exclusively political, which would make of Ireland, not

a second-class England, but a civilization based, like Denmark's, upon scientific agriculture, free as might be from the evils of industrialism, yet successful and populous. I remembered that Ireland had halved her population in the past while Great Britain had been doubling hers. I considered that the years between 1914 and 1918 have not demonstrated the surpassing value of a civilization molded by industrial countries where the normal life is of the factory or the sweat-shop; and I wondered why such a program seemed so little to interest political Irishmen; why we heard so little of it in America. It was like a cool draft after the chill of Ulster commercialism, the vaporous heat of Sinn Fein ideology; but it was clearly not the accepted potion for Ireland's ills — yet.

Night after night I talked half the night through in Ireland, and I was showered with documents from every party — books, leaflets, letters, statistics, reports, clippings, economic solutions, religious solutions, political solutions, complaints, until, as I looked over my desk, all Ireland seemed to be shouting in print, " This is what I want; this is what will cure me "; and no two voices cried alike.

Later, in England, the complexity of the problem was only increased; for England realizes, as America seemingly does not, that Ireland cannot

go on as she is without clogging the wheels of international progress; and there is no man in any party who does not have his bitter opinion as to what thing is best to do. And of course I formed my own opinion which, unimportant though it is, I shall probably be unable to keep out of this essay. But more important than any opinion seemed the conviction borne in upon me that all things I had seen and heard were symptoms of some inner malady. That, at least for us Americans, it was better to sweep away all statistics and documentary solutions, discourage the pamphleteer and the writer of letters to the press, and try to understand the Irish before we took a hand in the universal game of solving the Irish question on paper. And I found myself equally convinced that the humblest attempt was worth while, not only because the steady earnestness of Ulsterism and the invigorating Nationalism of Sinn Fein are the best fruits of Ireland, but also because these lovable, vivid Irish have disappointed us in the war, because they puzzle and irritate us, because it will be so easy for us, as for them, to make irrevocable mistakes.

To begin then with apparent but not real harshness, if I may be allowed to present my diagnosis, the atmosphere of Ireland is psychopathic, and the Irish, South and North, and, what is more

curious, the English who are sent to rule them, all, at one time or another and in different fashions, manifest clear symptoms of abnormality. Ireland is like those interesting abnormal cases which specialists have to handle, where the patient is sometimes a genius and sometimes subnormal, where every trait that is really characteristic, good or bad, is magnified until it threatens to crush all the others. There have been many such cases among famous individuals, — Poe was one, Nietzsche was another, — and science seeks them out keenly because by their exaggeration of traits common to humanity they have become large-print books in which the qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dangerous to itself and others because it cannot, like a patient, be kept under easy observation; because it may at any moment carry through the unexpected, ruinous act. Yet, even in partial derangement, it may exhibit, for the world to read, virtues as well as vices more emphatic than those of less turbulent races.

The fanatic patriotism of the radical Sinn Feiners is abnormal. It burns so intensely that their judgment is affected. Great Britain, in spite of her creditable world-history, in spite of her modern leadership in social reform, they see only through the darkening lens of Irish history. Ha-

tred of England is like a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real ones, — especially the historical grievances which mean much to Irishmen, — but they are magnified. Sir Horace Plunkett's epigram, "Anglo-Irish history is for Ireland to forget and for England to remember," has been applied on neither side of the Channel. And their own virtues are also magnified — the strengths and the loyalties and the ideals of their patriotism. Ireland is full of men who are willing to die for a principle, although they cannot agree with each other as to which principle to die for. "I want to fight in this war," I heard an Irish poet say; "I want to be conscripted; but I think I ought to let myself be shot for refusing. I don't mind dying, but I should like to die for Ireland." Particularistic patriotism this is, like the patriotism of Prussia; but if it is less practically effective, it is also far nobler. Intense and fine and also self-regarding, it is the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the world. In brief, it is the patriotism of the man who has a genius for being just patriotic — who is, thus far, abnormal.

Ulster, with her determined "stand-patism," is abnormal in quite another sense. Is there such a thing as abnormal normality? If so, Ulster has

it. It is normal to care for one's pocket-book, to distrust visionaries, to prefer a low tax-rate to soap-box oratory. Telephone Belfast, they say, and your business is done in five minutes. Telephone Cork, and it takes fifteen. Telephone Dublin, and they reply, "Ah, call again to-morrow." It is normal to be proud of a clever, hard-headed community which is as pleased with the *status quo* as most of us were before 1914. But to be as wholly and successfully Tory as the ruling class in the North of Ireland is abnormal. The Bourbons were also abnormal in this respect, but the Bourbons were stupid and Ulster is not. She merely manifests a typical case of being completely satisfied with the state of life into which it has pleased God to call one. All she wants is to be let alone; 1913 (English Liberals say 1774) was quite good enough for her; there would be no desire for change in Ireland if mischief-makers would keep their mouths shut. The war is a good war; her system of industries based upon cheap labor is a good system; the Protestant religion is a good religion; all is for the best — as the Deist-Tories of the eighteenth century used to say, — if only Dublin and the Liberals and the Labor Party would let well enough alone.

It is not surprising that Ulster has been popular with a British government which had to keep

the Empire going in war-time; but such a warm-hearted desire to stop the clock is certainly abnormal. These fine, steady, self-reliant Scotch-Irish, full of Puritan dogmatism and practical efficiency, are museum specimens exhibiting in its unmixed condition the conservatism possible to man. Indeed, when one breaks away from the fold, he becomes, not a moderate, but a radical Nationalist like George Russell, or a Sinn Feiner like John MacNeil, and puts drive into the ideas of the opposite party. Everywhere in the world except in Ulster they are wondering what will happen after the war. Ulster knows — nothing will happen!

It cannot be denied also that, by some curious process of infection, the actions of the British government in Ireland have become abnormal also by comparison with their procedure elsewhere. The friends of the government praise its attempts to conciliate or its efforts to "hold down" Ireland, according to their views, but wonder at the inconsistency of doing both together. The enemies of the government maintain that no policy whatsoever is to be found, but only the resultant of attempts to soothe the party which at a given time is likely to make the most trouble.

The truth is that it is extremely difficult to handle abnormal conditions and keep your head.

A wise Cabinet proposed to accept the report of the Irish Convention, and then, in spite of imperfections, to pledge itself to put through its moderate proposals. A perturbed Cabinet, on the day the report was delivered, announced immediate conscription in Ireland, even though knowing that this would make impossible any "Moderate" solution. A panicky Cabinet, a little later, suspended conscription in Ireland in hopes that the Irish would become "Moderates." This is not normal British policy or British sanity. I am, indeed, not the first by many to observe that the Britisher in Ireland, or treating of Ireland, loses his tolerance, his patience, and sometimes his balance, and often becomes either a despot, or a weakling, or (if he stays long enough) a radical Sinn Feiner.

The disease, however, is an Irish disease, and it is in Ireland that it must be cured. In Ulster it is constitutional and will probably yield only to operation, or atrophy of the obstructing parts. Ulster is relatively happy, and rightly so; for, no matter how reactionary in policy, she has earned self-respect. She was useful in the war, which is certainly more than can be said without reservation of the rest of Ireland. She is making money. And furthermore, her excessive desire to let the future take care of itself is less punished in this world than any other abnormality. Except in

times of revolution or rapid change, it runs with the wheels of ordinary living, and often directs them.

But the malady in Southern Ireland is more dangerous and more sharply affected by the difficulties of the present. In some respects this Ireland is, I think, the unhappiest country in all this unhappy world. Others — Serbia, Roumania, Belgium — are infinitely more miserable, but they have not unhappy souls. The chief reason is that all her emotions of patriotism, hate, love, desire for action, are suppressed. I do not mean suppressed in the sense of being put down by force, like seditious meetings, rebellious organizations, or scurrilous newspapers. I mean suppressed by circumstance and the conflict of the emotions themselves.

The history of Ireland up to the last century has, of course, been one long tale of suppression in every sense the word can bear; but I am not referring to inherited maladies, although no one can deal intelligently with Ireland who fails to take into account the reaction of her past upon a people vividly, abnormally conscious of it. I speak rather of the immediate suppressions of the present. Patriotism, for example, in Ireland, even among the bitterest Sinn Feiners, is a mixed brew of fierce love for Ireland with enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies; and when their distrust of Eng-

land blocks the way of sympathy with democracy, the result is a choked utterance and hysterical actions. Hate for England is an honest, though not an admirable sentiment in Ireland, but even that gets no free outlet, for whatever England may have been in the past or may intend in the future, it is clear even to the most impassioned intellect that she has been fighting an avowed tyrant. And it is evident to more thoughtful observers that the anger hurled at liberal-minded, present-day England should often be reserved for Ulster, or a wing of the Tory party, or for mere unfortunate circumstance. Love for Ireland turns to gall daily as the Irish factions wrangle and backbite and forget, not only the larger issues of the war, but even the welfare of Ireland. Suppressed desire for action is the keenest torment of all. It has always been characteristic of Irishmen to spend their energies freely wherever feeling ran high. They have been in all wars everywhere among the white races, and in politics wherever a man speaking English could vote. They have always loved action more than the fruits of action; and yet in our war — the greatest of enterprises — they stood aside or entered with troubled hearts. They went about their business (and few Southern Irishmen care fundamentally for business) while the rest of the world dropped prose for rough poetry and

emotional sluggishness for intense activity. As a result, minds are fevered; they became like mischievous boys kept indoors on a rainy day. Suppression is always dangerous. When windows are shut, the house grows sour and moldy.

But this suppression as one sees it in Ireland is perhaps also only a symptom. The real malady of the Irish state results from deeper causes, and is of the tragic sort of which great drama is made. Irish literature is solemn with its note. Irish brawls attain a dignity because of it, which we of the outer world admit by the attention we give them, but are at a loss to understand. In Ireland, the age-long, universal conflict between realist and idealist fights its sharpest and least conclusive battles. In Ireland, this conflict in philosophies of living, like everything else, is abnormal, and its exaggeration may explain abnormality in other directions and may be the ultimate cause of her unfortunate suppressions.

You cannot bring twelve men together anywhere in the world without feeling their division into tough and tender-minded, into those who are interested in facts and those others whose minds are stirred chiefly by ideas and emotions. And the tough are usually too tough, the tender too tender, and conflict between them is inevitable. So it is in Ireland, where a South which, in spite of its

shrewdness, is predominantly idealist and "tender-minded" faces an Ulster and a landed aristocracy which, in spite of its sentimental obstinacy in religion and economics, is realist and "practical." And there is this added circumstance, that it is "tough-minded" realists in England who have usually governed or tried to govern the Irish idealists. Even Spenser became a realist when he turned from Faeryland to write of the Irish about him.

Barring the Ulster party, some of the Southern Unionists, and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, Ireland is the most hopelessly idealistic of modern nations. Life proceeds from idea to emotion, not from fact to fact, and happiness depends upon a state of mind, not upon welfare of body. Talk proceeds in Dublin with fiery lightness because the speaker for the time breathes and lives in the ideas which form and reform as he speaks. In the country the peasants are rich in humor, joy, and sorrow in huts that an American "dago" would despise. Ideas, principles, emotions, which with us seldom see the light, are the worn coin of Irish currency. All pockets are full of them, and on their exchange the business of life is based. You are poor without them, wealthy with them, even if in poverty and distress. It is the rich and facile idealism that Dr. Johnson could

never understand in Goldsmith which we love and condemn and misunderstand in the Irish today.

In its upper ranges, this Irish idealism is a desire for spirituality, for poetry, for beauty of thought and feeling, and so is in sharpest conflict with our prosaic industrial civilization. This is the idealism of the Irish literary movement and of the fine minds among the Sinn Feiners. It is "unpractical" only in its tendency to go around facts instead of over them. In its lower ranges, this idealism manifests itself as a desire for joy and "easiness" of living, and so is opposed to current conceptions of efficiency, industry, and progress for the sake of getting on. It may be due to climate, or to race, or to circumstance, but undoubtedly it is there. We as a nation, and England as a nation, want an orderly, progressive, productive state. The Irish wish a happy one, which might conceivably be disorderly, unprogressive, and just productive enough to keep the citizens going; and almost certainly would not be efficient according to our ideas of efficiency. Grattan's Home Rule Ireland was a scene of wild disorders, yet all testimony goes to prove that it was relatively a happy time for Ireland, when Irishmen, in the midst of corruption and conflict, were better satisfied and more productive than before or since.

This same too logical idealism makes trouble

in international affairs. All Nationalist Ireland warmed to President Wilson's declaration of the rights of small peoples and a rule of justice. His program, with all its implications, was better understood there than even in America. But when it came to supporting the Alliance which alone could make it effective, principle encountered fact, and the Irishman became indecisive. Sentiment for Irish self-determination collided with the rough fact that he must fight for England in order to win the right to it. Ireland became sullen, unhappy, a liability, not an asset, in the world-struggle for better international government.

Facts, indeed, elude them. "If England," I said to a conservative Sinn Feiner, "is beaten in this war, as you believe she will be, the burden of fighting off Germany will fall crushingly upon France and America." — "If England is beaten, and France and America must carry on the war," he replied, "there'll be no men but only old women left in Ireland." "What good will your handful of soldiers do us *then?*" was the inevitable answer.

It is the refinement of these ideals into a national program which gives Sinn Fein its strength. Otherwise it would be less than Bolshevist, for it would be inspired merely by hate, poverty, and the desire for power. "I do not understand Sinn Fein," said one of the best known of the National-

ist M. P.'s. "It is not a party; it is an emotion, or a dissipation." That is precisely true. The Sinn Fein party is after ends not means; and its ends are Irish self-respect, a sense of national being, the right to live and think and act in an Irish way. The means — no one seems to have thought out the means in terms of a possible Ireland in an existing world-empire; and hence they run all the way from peaceful penetration to open rebellion.

The strength of the Ulster party is its realism, and its position is exactly opposite. Here the means are all codified and can be put into statistics: so much prosperity to be protected from Southern inefficiency, so many determined Protestants afraid of Roman Catholic domination. But its ends are the maintenance of a *status quo* which has not allowed a really peaceful moment to Ireland for hundreds of years. This is idealism with a vengeance, the acute sense of the needs of the present which keeps men sane and also makes them dangerous in an age that is changing its garments. Extreme realists like Sir Edward Carson, stiff-necked and efficient, extreme idealists like Pearse, the educational reformer, who rebelled in order to advertise the danger of neglecting Ireland, are in inevitable conflict with a hopeful settlement as well as with each other. Thus a cleavage in temperament runs throughout Ireland, and

between Ireland and those Scotch and Welsh and English who, by the logic of circumstance, are set to govern an "intractable" people.

Personally, I think that there will be no final solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanoes, where the hidden fire of human grievance will always break out until the cooling of the Irish temperament crusts over her hot emotions. The "practical" man will always oppose the man whose ideals are emotional, as long as there are black and white in the world; and in Ireland they are purer bred in their respective temperaments than elsewhere. Yet evil conditions have enormously aggravated, if they have not caused, this conflict.

And there is a middle party in Ireland, whose remedies may save her from ruin. Sir Horace Plunkett, or someone of his quality, is its predestined leader. It will stand for the economic independence of Ireland and a policy which will make it possible for her to prosper without extending the unlovable factory system into regions better suited for agriculture; and it will point to a half-million farmers who already have won their way out of poverty by such a program. It will be a party of conciliation between Catholics and Protestants. It will favor a separate state or

states for Ulster, on the American model, but keep her bound to Ireland, where she belongs first by trade-relations, and second by the religious and racial affinities of her little-heard-of Nationalist constituencies. It will advocate Home Rule, of course; but a status that at present will of necessity be less independent than Canada's or Australia's. For Ireland, internationally regarded, is now England's back-door, and, until the world is surely made safer, will remain so.

Against such a policy, dreamers among the Sinn Fein and Tories in Ulster will irrevocably struggle, and the battle will last beyond our generation. If only a moderate government can be kept in the saddle, one hopes that the battle will last, and keep Ireland so busy and so interesting to Irishmen that the rest of the world may be permitted to profit by her genius without being distracted by her woes. I am not of the opinion of those whose heaven on earth is a stretch of fat prairie upon which all men are equally prosperous, think alike, work alike, agree in everything as their cattle agree, and die like their crops, leaving nothing but wealth behind them. There must be some patches of irritation left on the earth's surface, or we shall all decline into sluggish mediocrity; and Ireland is bound to be one of them. We cannot make a plodding and sensible community — a Holland or

a Pennsylvania — out of a national personality which, whether by harsh circumstance or native tendency, is now part genius, part fanatic, part hard-headed materialist. We have room, indeed, for a turbulent Ireland, if only for the by-products, the sparks of wit and poetry and idealist anger shooting worldwide and kindling. But an Ireland with a grievance, an Ireland forced into dependency, with the faults of a dependent, an Ireland spreading the infection of prejudice and hate — that is a different matter.

My conclusion then is, that it is a waste of energy for Americans to bewail Ireland or to condemn her; to support Home Rule or the *status quo;* to argue for dominion government or stern repression, until they better understand the inner nature of the Irish mind and the conflict that is waging. After that, they will still violently disagree upon the responsibility for the present situation and upon the means of curing it, but at least they will not beat the air.

It is not loss but gain to feel the powerful fascination of Ireland. I would rather talk in Dublin than elsewhere, save in the Elysian Fields; I would rather walk in the Dargle or on Antrim moors than anywhere except in my own New England; I would rather live, if life were to be all excitement and spiritual conflict, in Ireland than in

any country of the world; I would rather be with an Irishman in a trench than with a Prussian in heaven. But if Ireland ceases to be a pricking in the side of civilization; if she becomes a country where a man can be native and yet keep his temper; if from the joy of living near beautiful mountains, in a country greener than spring in America, in a society rich with humor and easily pleased with the daily business of living, is to be abstracted the pathos of physical misery, the bitterness of conflict and suppression, it will be because the Irish mind finds stable levels and can accept and apply practical cures and suggestions. We must dimly understand that mind, or we, only less than England, will pay a price.

The Prussian program is said to have been to drive out the Irish and colonize the island with Saxons and Bavarians. They were willing to govern Ireland, but not the Irish. What she really needs is a free fight, legally arranged for, umpired but not interfered with — a continuous performance in which every Irishman can join without fear of being jailed by a timorous England. Weapons cannot be allowed, although many think they would be the more merciful arbiters. Tie hands and feet if you will — in other words make the struggle constitutional, — but permit no peace without victory and no appeal to England or America. Not

until they have fought it out, will the Irish mind be cured and realist and idealist compromise in Ireland. And compromise, self-determined, is the only hope for a stable Irish government.

IV

ON THE SENSE OF RACE

Americans discovered the sense of race, with a start, somewhere in the latter end of 1914, and are not likely to be allowed to forget it in our time. The success of the nation we had been making here for some centuries had gone to our heads perhaps, and made us forget how little immigration or education or such accidents affect the subconscious self which is the real man. We did not know that when our ancestors intermarried they crossed the wires down which the strong current of racial instinct had been flowing, and entailed upon us a heavy responsibility.

I remember an Irish girl in the slum streets of Belfast; a black shawl over her black hair, eyes of corn flower blue, rosy blood pulsing under her pallor, every curve of her, every look of her breathing race. She did not have to think; she did not have to feel; she was all Irish.

And I remember a captain's wife of the enduring English type of the eighteenth century. There was a solidity in her graceful beauty that denied the word. Her face was flowerlike, but it was a tulip, not an airier flower. There was a plenitude of material for the making of it. The lines were firm, the curves long and firmly swung. Hers was

a perfected type, unlike our American beauty which is the fruit of a happy climate and instincts freely moving. Personality she doubtless had of her own, and a mind of her own making; but without them she would have eased the eye of the stranger: there was such a peaceful conciliation among her elements, as if through long ages they had learned to live and move together in a racial pattern. One felt that she had been bred to fit and adorn her world.

And I remember a little Gascon *poilu*, dancing while his leave-train waited at the station of Versailles. With a roguish eye cocked at us, he flung himself into the rhythm, while some one piped from the nearest carriage, then stopped posing with head flung back, and poured libation to all the gods with a stream of wine squirted from his canteen in a crimson arc into his opened mouth. The gesture was inimitably Latin. It was as much a part of him as his quick eye or his explosive French.

We have lost all that in America, and it will be centuries, perhaps, before we regain it. Our mixed bloods beat together, and keep a constant tension which helps to determine the nervous pitch of our lives. We have mixed many virtues, mixed many vices, mixed tendencies and reactions. As a result we are the most tolerant of people, but a little sketchy in our type. The American, in fact, is not made, but making; he is synthesis on a scale never before attempted, and needs time for the experiment to reach its consummation.

The war has made him conscious of his racial heterogeneity. It has turned the X-ray upon his

interior processes and revealed a metamorphosis not yet complete. He has become vividly aware of being a new racial creation, and unduly self-conscious of the details. Hence every British sailor who, rolling homeward, asked how fast the troops were coming over, every school child of France who ran black-frocked down the garden to wave a flag and cry "Vive L'Amerique," pleased him, made him feel surer that there had been marriage in his blood. He stepped out more confidently; repeated *E Pluribus Unum* with a proud and thankful heart. Some of this doubt, some of this confidence, some of this concern that America should be truly American enter into the essays of this book.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

Even before the war Americans were curious as to what other nations thought of them, and so I make no apology for beginning what I have to write with a pertinent conversation in which Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett took part.

"Unless you are forewarned by experience," said Mr. Wells, "you underestimate the American in the first ten minutes of conversation. Then you begin to understand. He has the enormous advantage of being elemental and unsophisticated. He is a breath of fresh air. Europe needs him."

"We are 'Innocents Abroad' again?" I suggested; and Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett agreed.

Is it true? Are we so naïve, are we "simple"? We do not so describe ourselves at home. But if to be elemental and unsophisticated is merely the state of being young, Mr. Wells is probably right. Nothing in Europe, not even the French child, is so young as the American Army. I have seen them on transports subdued by the endless horizon and the grim unreality of the striped and blotched ships of the convoy. I have seen them lost and a little homesick in tangled London, and in Paris "jollying" one another over the hats of an admir-

ing populace. I have caught the distinctive spring of their march ahead on dusty roads behind the British front; passed village after village of what was once French France bubbling over with their hearty figures; noted the sharp profiles of Americans on guard at twilight by the entrance of ruined towns. Among troops, only the Australians looked as young as the Americans. The *poilus* might have been their fathers — many of them, indeed, were old enough to be, — but it was not age, it was experience, that made the difference. They looked tired; and so, no doubt, did the Germans. Our men were fresh physically and fresh mentally. They had the vigor and eagerness of youth.

It was not the physical freshness, which must have passed after six months in the field, but this mental freshness of the Americans that was the new factor for war in Europe. I watched a French general as, surrounded by his staff, he decorated three American aviators with the *Croix de Guerre*, while an American and a French regiment stood at attention. The band of drums, fifes, and brass had just finished "The Marseillaise," the baton had waved for "The Star-Spangled Banner," when a sudden command hushed the musicians and split wide the ranks. Then down a long lane of soldiers six Nieuports roared, taking the air, to rise and

turn and shoot one after the other northward where the Germans had crossed the line. You could see the eyes of our boys sparkle and their cheeks flush. The French held steady. What was one *alerte* more to those dark little fellows with their long coats and their slender bayonets? They were workers at a trade, skilful, untiring, unmoved. Youth had gone out of them.

Again, one night it was my privilege to go to a dangerous trench where men from my own State and my own town were holding a position that had been " rushed " only a little while before, had been retaken, and might at any moment see the shock troops once more coming over and the barrage again begin. It was just dawn as we stole down a road the enemy were watching; the first bird-songs were ominous of growing light. It was too dark to see the sentinel in his shell-pit until his bayonet stopped us; light enough to catch a glimmer from the line of gray, expectant faces of the men who held the trench. It was a battle-scene as the dawn came on, machine-guns trained at each bay, nests of grenades ready for hurling, signal-flares still rising from the German lines, and in the bottom of the trench dark figures of men, dog-tired from their watch, rolled in the water and the slime.

It would have made an effective lithograph, but

the picture would have been misleading; for these were neither desperate heroes nor hardened veterans. They were boys, a little nervous, a little tense with excitement, content that day was approaching, but eager that something should happen; talking of breakfast and cursing the mosquitoes, but thinking most of the real push that was coming.

The contrast with the fine *poilus* in the quiet trenches beyond Verdun was striking. "*Bonjour, mon fils,*" said our old colonel to the first bemedaled breast we encountered in the somnolence of the front line at noon. "How goes it?"

"*Bien, bien, mon colonel.* One habituates oneself after a while to this quiet life."

That is the attitude of the professional, neither desiring trouble nor moved by it. It was the spirit of the Tommies I saw on Vimy Ridge, joking in their dugouts to escape the weariness of a war where they were ready to hold on forever, but could take no joy. It was very different from the eager expectancy of the Americans, with tomorrow always in their minds. And is not that almost a definition of youth? French and British alike were thanking Heaven that our army was young in years and youthful in mind and in hope. If we were unsophisticated in warfare, let us be proud of it.

It was not only, however, by our army's spirit of youth that we Americans showed ourselves elemental and unsophisticated when over-seas. This inrush of eagerness into France, carrying strength, optimism, and a hope in retirement with it, was a new thing that only those who swung the circle of the long front line and ran down the spreading arteries toward the sea could fitly appreciate. What fools, after all, we were to suppose that dead things from America — food, guns, money — might be more important in a crisis than the courage, force, and enthusiasm that come with men! But this eager youth was no more significant than the instinctive simplicity — a simplicity both unsophisticated and elemental — which Americans abroad displayed in this war.

I spent, by chance, some informal hours in a single day at two G. H. Q.'s with British generals and their staffs. What struck me in their talk confirmed many lesser impressions. It was of the mind of "Fritz" that they spoke, of how he thought and how he acted, talk full of respect for a resourceful, if unscrupulous adversary, inspired with the spirit of good sportsmanship and an intimate study of man. And there was constant question of the last British "show," the strong and the weak, especially the weak, points of the attack or defense, as if it had been a foot-ball match

instead of a death-struggle. On another occasion I crossed the torn hill of Douamont with a group of French officers who quite forgot their visitors in the niceties of technical argument over positions lost and won there. The Americans in France were not like that. Their view was narrower than the British and less expert than the French. Without British coolness and French strategy we might easily have wrecked ourselves in this war. But the American, nevertheless, went instinctively to what may, after all, be the heart of the military problem. He was absorbed in the "business" of warfare — construction, transportation, organization. His imagination moved by leaps to vast enterprises for a year after tomorrow, and his energy, all steam up, came puffing after. What was happening on the remainder of the front only occasionally concerned him. Instinctively he seemed to feel that modern war was a business, to be so conducted, to be so ended, and that let happen what might in Paris or Flanders or Mesopotamia, his prescription was "to get to business" first of all. Therefore he shut his mind to military speculation, and met his problem with a single mind. He was sometimes disappointed, skilful strategy occasionally wrecked his hopeful labors half completed; but at least he acted not on theory, but upon the facts as they were flung at his head in France.

Yet this same soldier did, by European standards, speculate most wildly on questions of war aims and world readjustments after the war. An English "Tommy" was blank when you asked him what would happen when Germany was defeated, a French *poilu* would shrug his shoulders; but it was a poor-spirited "doughboy" who had no theory as to the remolding of powers and principalities. America, indeed, was the one nation, always excepting Germany, that committed itself in this already sufficiently difficult war to a reconstruction of the world. And it is this, I think, that the Europeans chiefly have in mind when they call us "elemental" and, in irritable moments, "innocent." It is the American in world politics that they mean, from President Wilson down to the casual dinner-guest who in the midst of conversation as to what the Swede intend, and what the French, blandly states that Europe must of course be reorganized according to a system entirely new. Our world policy is just as instinctive as our obsession with business.

Even the greatest among us are naïve as we confront European diplomacy and European entanglements. This is our strength — a strength as great as the vigor of our youth. The instinct and the will for vast political rearrangements are anesthetized in the European *bourgeois* — anes-

thetized by custom and fatigue. They are to be found, of course, in outstanding persons, more so perhaps than at home, and also in organized bodies such as constitute the extreme left of every European legislature. Their programs are sufficiently radical, as we well know; but John Smith, the draper's assistant, and Gaspard Le Fevre, the *huissier*, are too aware of the social fabric in which they live and work to dream easily of a different future. They lack the free-moving imagination of the Kansan or Oregonian, who, for all his material practicality, has seen and felt a continent shaped to his uses and old laws stretched to fit new needs. They lack most of all the experience of the melting-pot, antagonistic races forgetting their antagonisms in the possession of relative political and economic freedom, intermarrying instead of preparing to fight, exchanging, though slowly, racial prejudice for national pride. America is just entering, I suppose, upon her greatest problems, and yet we believe, at least, that we can teach the world one fact: federation of races and sovereignties, both political and economical, is possible, has been accomplished. The United States of Civilization, if it comes, will certainly not be an imitation of our republic, but our faith in such a divine, far-off event springs from "the great American experiment" itself. And we have

with us the free-thinking Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians, who already, according to reliable testimony, have broken up the political inertia of the British with whom they have mingled at the front.

All this is in the sub-consciousness of the American abroad, and makes him seem naïve to the critical and "elemental" to the friendly, among the Allies. Sometimes it is very far within. No one puts speculation as to the immediate future so definitely aside as the American organizer in France! no one can go so whole-heartedly after the "first objective" and let strategy take care of itself. That, as I have said, is one of our contributions to the war. But if we talk politics at all in Europe, it is the politics of the future, not of the past. We refuse to be bound by the "lessons of history," even when we know them, which is not often the case. We insist upon regarding the Balkans as potential Louisianas or New Mexicos, upon discussing Trieste in terms of St. Louis and the open waters of the Mississippi, upon believing that the Germans of Germany are only Milwaukee Germans, after all, controlled of late by a Teutonized Tammany Hall.

All this is very naïve, of course, and very innocent, and the diplomat of the old European brand

endeavors not to be sarcastic as he states the manifold and documented objections — unchanging human nature, commercial rivalries, pride of sovereignty, and the rest. But the light-hearted American is not silenced.

"I believe in a different future because *yours* is impossible; *your* alternative implies a continuation of armaments and war to the brink, or beyond it, of degeneration. It is better, but not much better, than the domination of German *Kultur*. You counsel black pessimism; but why be pessimistic until we have made a push with optimism? The world after the war will be what we make it, not what it was."

Alas! it is far easier to be pessimistic than optimistic, even in 1919. It is easy to urge the American program for the rights of all peoples, for self-development within bounds laid down by the welfare of all; but it is hard to keep up the mood of youth in solitary thought. To plan a world for 1930 that will be better than 1913, better even than the present, requires an act of faith. Nevertheless, one cannot take part in such conversations without feeling the crude, fresh air of which Wells spoke blowing freely. And there are several circumstances of great importance which must be highly considered before the platform upon which America entered the war is condemned as a

naïve and shallow idealism. For it may be wise and not foolish to be naïve, to be elemental, in this age of the world.

Note first, that among all the "war aims" as expressed from time to time by the chief belligerents, only three looked toward the future. The expressed and authorized aims of Great Britain, except (an important exception) in so far as they echo our own, looked toward the righting of wrongs and the perpetuation of justice as justice was understood in 1914. The expressed aims of France were identical. Russia — what is left of Russia under the Bolshevik régime — dealt entirely in "futures," as they say on the stock-exchange, but the abundant idealism in her certificates has little security behind it. Russia has mortgaged her present to a future this generation can scarcely hope to touch. As for Germany, her aims, as the dominant party expressed them, were certainly forward-looking, but like the famous dachshund that sought the tail he had long since left behind him, it was a *pax Romana*, of a kind gone, one hopes, forever that she sought; and in this future we refused with all our will and strength to play a part. There remained the "Wilson program," indefinite, impossible of immediate realization, involving readjustments each more difficult than problems which hitherto have

been solvable only by war, but containing principles of international settlement on the basis of national rights that most men think to be sound, even though faith is partial and full realization improbable for our times. It seemed naïve precisely because it was elemental. In politics it may prove to have been one of the greatest, and perhaps the last effort, of that historical Renaissance which created modern civilization by substituting a creative hope of the future for an ardent subservience to the past.

The second and more obvious circumstance was very clear to an observer who detached himself for a while from the tumultuous enthusiasm of early war-time in his native land. It was that no common war aim but this united the American people; that no other war aim had been given leadership that was powerful, distinctive, and our own. Belgium shocked us, the *Lusitania* enraged us, the world ambitions of the German empire stiffened our necks. We fought against all these things. But America, instinctively suspicious of European entanglements (bred, in fact, on the "Farewell Address" of Washington), instinctively averse to the bankrupt scheme of the balance of powers — America was moved to war because by 1917 it was only by war that we could maintain our ideals of decent living. It was "put up or shut up," as the

old phrase goes, and we " put up." President Wilson expressed, as no one in Europe, the instinctive will of a nation.

I have written " as no one in Europe," and this is the third important circumstance that makes the naïveté of America something more than charming innocence. Germany we may leave out of the argument; although much can now be said of her leanings; but I dare to answer with some confidence for Great Britain and France. The " breath of fresh air " sweeps through them also, and is preferred by a majority to their own traditional policies. The " American lead " in international politics is better recognized, better supported by a probable majority in each country than any leadership of their own from 1914 until today. Eighty-five per cent of the population of France, I was told by an acute observer, himself a Frenchman in a post where accurate and wide observation was possible, support the " Wilson program " with all its implications.

As for Great Britain, there are groups in open or concealed opposition, and there are many, as everywhere, who are ignorant of all issues; but a definite majority could be polled for the principles —I do not say the details — of the " American idea " of what to do after the war. The most important document in international politics issued

in England since 1914 is no single speech, or all the speeches, of the prime ministers, but the platform of the united labor parties as regards international settlement. And this is in close agreement with the principles which our leadership has advanced, which most of us support, and which well nigh all of us, including those who dislike being led or who fear Presidential autocracy, instinctively crave. Even the Southern Irish, who differ from the English on every other conceivable point, agree with them that President Wilson is the political leader of the English-speaking world.

All this explains why the governments and the press of the Allies speak to us as one might, at commencement, address high-spirited boys, untried idealists, who hold, nevertheless, the keys to the future. It was only a little while ago that Firmin Roz published a book in Paris which endeavored to prove to French incredulity that there was more idealism than materialism in America. And now, whether you take your evidence from the "Figaro," the "Temps," or the "Petit Parisien," from the mouth of Clémenceau or Bergson or Tardieu, the approach is always the same. It is an efficient and practical nation they address, who nevertheless wills peace among nations, non-aggression, and an order where strength of heart and of mind, beauty of life, and fineness of spirit shall

have as great a price as might of arm and the power to exploit. And Great Britain speaks not otherwise.

We are not quite like that. We are not so nobly minded, nor so innocent as just now they wish to believe; we are not so altruistic, if indeed it be altruism to desire the only world solution that can save us from turmoil in the next generation. Nor are we free from the passions of crude revenge, the desires for feverish activity, the liking for the rewards, pecuniary and social, of combat, which accompany war among all nations. Some of us are militaristic, some of us are profiteers, many of us fought chiefly for the love of it. The Western European races and their offshoots do not differ profoundly one from another. Nevertheless, what a man is thought to be he sometimes is, and often becomes; and what a man thinks himself to be is the most important thing about him. Europe believes and wants us to be idealistic. We have committed ourselves to a program of practical idealism. That just now is the most important political factor in the international situation.

It does not take much sagacity to see that there are two crises in this world conflict, one for victory in war, the other for success in peace. Idealism is needed for both if we are to win through. Through the first crisis we have already passed.

The prestige of the German military leaders has been broken. Germany as a whole has been made to feel, and therefore believe, that a policy of world domination by force does not pay. It was not necessary, fortunately, to take Berlin in order to prove by our own exertions that the German Army could not impose its will. In this our youthful vigor and our business sense counted heavily. But other factors counted. As a writer in the "Westminster Gazette" said in 1918, the chief characteristic of the fourth year of war was fatigue, a joyless performance of duty for which there was no cure but hope; not hope of a meaningless victory, which would be only a prelude to further conflicts where what had been saved or won would assuredly be lost, and victor and vanquished tumble together into the breakdown of civilization, but the hope which came from constructive ideas for the future, firmly grasped. I have heard military experts say again and again that military effectiveness is a matter of morale almost exclusively. And as the morale of the men in the trenches depended upon dry feet and full stomachs, so surely did the morale of the nation of which they were a part depend upon moral enthusiasm. We did not go on through the Argonne to destroy Germany or to get back a strip of land rendered desert in the getting. There were larger hopes than these in the bitter cup.

The other crisis will come now that our morale has proved itself stronger than the Germans'. It will test us more deeply than the first, for success or failure will depend upon whether, as a nation, we can make good our idealism. Whoever thinks that this, in comparison with "winning the war," is easy, deludes himself. The greatest struggles of this epoch are to be social and political, not military, and this will be one of them. In order to carry out the principles we have affirmed, we may have to support policies directly counter to the cherished ambitions of some of our Allies. We may have to withhold our hands and the hands of others from punishments richly deserved by an offending enemy. We shall certainly be forced to cultivate detachment from prejudice and greed. And with equal certainty, America, in many respects the most conservative of the great nations, must be willing to adopt economic policies of an international character and in violent opposition to our protectionist, individualistic tradition. Without such an exercise of self-control and self-development, all talk of world federation and the prolongation of peace is moonshine or bluff.

I am not afraid of wreck, if reconstruction follows. I am not afraid of the results of this war pursued as it was to its rightful end. Human nature is more enduring than we thought, and it is

good that we should prove it. The stoical mothers of England, the French children I have seen playing in the ruins of their cottage with rags bound round their wounded heads, the gray-headed *poilus* still cheerful after four years of danger and hardship and exile — these things are good if good come of them. But to trust *alone* to man's uprightness under misery, to trust *alone* to military "preparedness" after the sermons writ large all over Europe, is a counsel of desperation. It is as absurd as our old comfortable belief that war as a danger could safely be forgotten; as absurd as our delusion that we had only to go about our peaceful business in disregard of the rest of the world; as wild a counsel as absolute non-resistance.

"In time of peace prepare for war." We must learn that old dictum, and add to it, "in time of war prepare for peace." Is it naïve to seek with slow and hopeful perseverance an alternative to the wreck of states? Is it "mere idealism" to plan that nations should hang together instead of separately? If so, thank God that America seems to be young and innocent enough to lead in the attempt!

V

ON MORALE

A number of years ago Professor Lounsbury wrote a chapter to prove that a language improved or retrograded with the growth or the retrogression of the nation that spoke it. No artificial preservative would help the tongue if the race were decaying; neither slang nor colloquialism injure it if the speakers were increasing in vigor and civilization. At first glance the same thing seems true of morale — a virtue of which we have heard much since 1914. Morale depends upon the collective virtues of a race. When they weaken, morale weakens. When some of them — bravery, industry, self-confidence — collapse, sooner or later morale collapses also. This was the history of Germany in the autumn of 1918.

But there is an important difference between morale and language, and one well worth noting for the precarious future. Only a dumb nation could fail to transmit its virtues in speech; but it is not difficult to imagine a nation of individuals strong in excellent qualities, which nevertheless would lack morale. China perhaps is such a nation. This is no paradox. The private virtues become morale only when they become public virtues also.

One of the lessons that practical politics and the experiences of war time both teach, is that no man is known until he is estimated in both his private and his public capacity; by his character and by his acts as an individual; by his policy and by his influence in the state. We have all known admirable political " bosses " who nevertheless distinctly did not stiffen the morale of the life of their cities. And there have been many men of the best brains, the finest courage, the highest organizing ability, in Europe and out of it in the past five years, whose influence upon the morale of the nations has been distinctly bad. It would be easy to name them.

The reverse is also true, where the great figure who symbolizes and strengthens the desires of a race lacks the private capacities which alone can enable him to bring about their accomplishment. Lord Kitchener seems to have been such a figure. One might say that for a little while this " organizer of victory " *was* the morale of England. He could not organize victory. The task was too great for him; although as a symbol of hope, as morale incarnate, he accomplished as much as could be demanded of a single man.

It is the lack of public virtues — what might be called the Chinese danger — that America needs chiefly to consider. Our individual powers were high, our national morale low before the spring of 1917. The wires transmitting the energy of private virtue into public service were in bad condition. Some had broken; there never had been enough of them; many were short-circuited. Let

us confess now how thankful we were to see the enormous force of American private life pour into government service when we entered the war. New wires went up daily; leaks were closed; the home dynamos doubled speed; the great machine responded. But I have an uncomfortable feeling, which many share, that the great renewal of public-spiritedness of 1917 and 1918 partook of some of the characteristics of a rush order. Too much of it was in the form of a temporary expedient, easy to tear out, which will come down of its own weight if it is not made permanent. The habit of public service is not yet formed in the United States. Unless we take heed, our admirable morale will become like our great exposition buildings the year after the show — paint-flecked, rickety, unstable.

Moral earnestness, such earnestness as led us into the war, and kept our morale high, is the best asset in the character of the American people, better even than their energy. If our moral earnestness can remain patriotic in peace time we can be assured of American morale. Then it will no longer be necessary to consider nervously the example of the Chinese business man who runs his business admirably and cares nothing for his country or the welfare of his race.

SPES UNICA

I have never seen the little village of Seicheprey by daylight. By sunlight, and before April of 1918, it may have been one of those communities of rose-and-gray houses that cling like lichens to the slopes of the hills of Lorraine; but as we stole toward it, single file, in the gray of before dawn, it was only a pile of obscure and tumbled ruin over which soared the flares of the German line. I should not have known I was entering a village had not my eye caught the dim form of a shattered human figure hung aloft by the roadside. It was a broken Christ with drooping head, on a broken cross. Above the crown of thorns, just visible to straining eyes, "*Spes Unica*" was carved in the stone — *Spes Unica*, Christ, the only hope.

A little later we had traversed the ruins, viewed the sunrise down a dangerous open slope, and were in the tense excitement of the front-line trenches, where wallowing shells and rifle-crackling ended speculation. But again and again it has come back to me, as like sights to many, the broken

Christ, alone in the dead and ruined village, proclaimed by ancient worshipers so confidently, the sole hope of all the world.

Two weeks later, indeed, I had cause to think again of that hopeless cross. Great Bertha had aroused us early in Paris with her " pooms," unpleasantly near and abominably frequent. By noon, when I left for a mission in central France, we knew that the May offensive had begun. At nine, as the clear twilight of the plains of Beauce suffused in amethyst the gray town of Chartres and the soaring spires of the cathedral, I followed a stream of suppliants through the royal porch.

It was dusk in the lower spaces of the great church, but sunset in the vaults above, where from the blazing windows over the clerestory austere figures of saints and patriarchs looked down in radiance, and the glorious windows of the west front burned sapphire in the gloom. A boy's voice lifted, chanting in the mass. The shrine of the Madonna of the Column pricked into the obscurity its hundred points of light. The mass bell rang. Dusk became darkness. Then, silently as they had come, the worshipers streamed outward, and still the great windows burned and shone, dim, awful faces strong to save, jewel lights reflecting the glories of the thrones of Mary and of

Christ. *Spes Unica.* The hope of a nation in sorrow and in fear.

But the hope of Chartres can never be to us what it was to the Middle Ages. It is not shattered, like the broken image of Christ, for Christianity does not shatter even in apparent ruin, but the great cathedral, with all it typifies, in which a nation, singing its " Miserere " or " Te Deum," freed souls from sorrow and found all its doubts and yearnings answered, belongs to the thirteenth and not to the twentieth century. What was reality has become a symbol, powerful for those kneeling women on the evening of the great offensive, comforting for many, but answering not half of the problems driven upon us by the complexities of modern life. When Joan of Arc saved France they sang " Te Deum " in Chartres and went their ways. We, too, sang " Te Deum " when the Germans crossed the line, and then returned to our troubled world, troubled unquestionably by those same diseases of the soul that Aquinas understood; troubled also by a hundred things not in his philosophy, and feverish with splendid energies beyond the wisdom of the thirteenth century to control. There must be some universality of aroused feeling and liberated thought which can be to us what the cathedral was to France. We must have some substitute for that medieval faith whose mon-

uments, some, like the crucifix, brutally shattered, some still fair, the American soldier saw on every fighting-line, by each rest-camp and landing-stage in Flanders or in France. Is there a common faith to-day that expresses the moral energies and spiritual desires of an awkward world?

I believe that there is, but, whatever may be the answer, we have our own cathedral to raise, and all the inspiration and hope that we can draw from what still remains true for us of medieval Catholicism will be not too much for our heartening. When one considers what questions, moral, material, and spiritual, have been raised by the war and must be satisfied — duties to the state, duties toward backward territories, international morality, race jealousies, the elevation and education of the poor, sex adjustments — the edifice seems more likely to be an office-building than a cathedral! However, we must at it. The Germans have been beaten soundly; our own ideals must be saved not only from destruction by them but also from corruption by ourselves. And that is the foundation only. They begged of you in France not to talk of the war lasting three years more, or two, even. They would endure, but it was easier not to look forward into a distressing future. "Say that it will end in the spring, and, when spring comes, if necessary we shall go on." They asked you in America

to talk only of beating the Germans; but let us be courageous enough to realize that our work has been only well begun now that the Germans are beaten. We have still the edifice of a new world order and world belief to raise, and the greatest share of a grave responsibility is going to fall upon America.

I do not believe that Americans have more than courageously guessed at the importance of our intervention in European affairs, and the load under which we have thrust our strong but innocent shoulders. The war, of course, would have ended, and ended, at the least, unhappily, save for our sudden millions. We turned the scale for the Allies; but there the significance of our stride from isolation into the center of the European stage only began. Great Britain is the only historical parallel. In spite of Treitschke's jealous denials, historians agree that Great Britain did substantially save Europe from French domination in the Napoleonic period; and it is certain that she emerged from 1815 richer than any other country, more powerful, with prestige and authority upon all shores washed by the sea. And, on the whole, Great Britain in the nineteenth century discharged her world obligations honorably, and with less material selfishness than might have been predicted. She began that principle of trusteeship

for the backward and the barbarous which, if it becomes international, will enormously reduce the probability of future wars. Nevertheless, Great Britain's position in 1815 was less dominating than ours, now that the war is won, and less responsible. For we have emerged with control of the economic and military balance of power, not of Europe, but of a highly organized world. We are the richest nation; we are, as far as effective action is concerned, the most populous nation; we are the one nation in the world which entered the war with a definite program to make not America, or England, or Europe, but the world, a safe and decent place to live in.

Returning to America after seven months in Europe, I found this country fully alive to the exigencies of war. But I discovered (perhaps the fault was mine) only the vaguest realization of the decades of arduous leadership ahead of us. Have our schools and universities learned that unless they train leaders in reconstruction, in social problems, in political management, and world economy, our "bluff" of guiding the world toward a durable peace will be "called," and called quickly? Have our business men realized that for a generation at least the private interests of business must be subordinated not merely to the state, but also to the welfare of the world, unless, indeed, we pro-

pose to let the disciplined commerce of Germany (which will survive her armies) wreck the program of international good will in which fate has made us leaders? For if the commercial interests of Middle Europe and the East must choose between efficient German organization and selfish and conflicting trade policies among the English-speaking nations, they will not hesitate long. Are we prepared to counter Bolshevikism by education and social justice?

I cannot discover — and this is the root of the whole matter — more than a faint recognition that unless American character in this generation is as great as American responsibility and opportunity, one of the most stupendous disappointments in history lies ahead. In this respect we are, temperamentally, the exact opposite of the Germans. They, on the basis of industrial and intellectual efficiency of a high order, easily conceived themselves a superior people, destined to dominate and civilize the world. But their moral basis was too narrow, their civilization too mechanical, their arrogance too overweening, their personal superiority relative, not absolute. For they were as far below the French and English in some respects as ahead of them in others. The Roman and the Greek were absolutely superior to the barbarians they conquered. Not so the German, who earned

barbarian for his surname before his *Kultur* had begun to demonstrate its unquestioned power.

We Americans are not, I fear, unboastful. But when the Germans rushed in, proclaiming themselves super-men, we are content with the sudden parade of our resources and do not always hear the call to be individually greater than our adversaries. And yet the events of 1914-19 have flung us into an arena where we find ourselves champions not only of our own superiority, but of the best ideals of all the world. "*E Pluribus Unum*" is our motto; and yet we have fought for the many against one; for a good diversity against a tyrannical uniformity; for a many-colored Europe against a German gray; for freedom in development against tyranny in the worst of all senses, since it was a prospective tyranny of mind over mind.

And all that this means for the ordinary, everyday, unheroic American we do not yet seem to understand. Two millions of men in France, billions of Liberty Loans, the energies of the nation directed to war, was a heartening answer for a first call, but this was only the beginning. The real strain will come upon our brains, our morale, and, most of all, our character. Russia was less great than her reputation, and her collapse has been in measure with the greatness of her lost opportunity. It must not be so with us.

To underestimate the difficulties ahead, to say (as did Russia) that all we have to do is to keep drawing upon our unlimited resources, may be medicine for the weak, but is perilously near to criminal folly. To croak calamity is also foolish. Arthur Henderson, the English labor leader, when he was in Russia in Kerensky's day, found, so he told me, that the members of the capitalist group one and all were reading histories of the French Revolution. Support Kerensky, he urged them. What is the use? they said. It is all in this history. His moderate government will fail inevitably and give place to a radicalism so bad that in three weeks Russia will overthrow it and we shall come to power again. What will happen to you in those three weeks? he asked them. But rather than speculate upon the answer they (and the Entente diplomats) preferred to trust to historical analogy. Kerensky fell some months before his time, the soldiers left the trenches, and the great war, which was nearly over, took a new and German impetus.

Nor is there a historical analogy that is of real value in our case. If we fail, it will not be because of present incapacities. Up to 1918 the Americans, so all Europe judges, have shown strength in themselves, leadership in their President, and energy in their organization surpassed by none.

If we fail, it will be because we cannot rise higher, as we must, to meet the tide of difficulties, because we cannot increase our moral and mental strength in a world that will be sick of nerve strain and disillusionment. What is our *Spes Unica*, our hope?

I believe it is to be found, and found in abundance, in the new moral earnestness for which the war is directly responsible; and with every desire not to preach, and after unusual opportunities to see how vital was the need of food, guns, money, and material organization of every kind if we intended to win the war, I say that morale, which for us is moral earnestness, was the great hope even in 1918 and the first practical necessity. One found such earnestness in France; one found it in Great Britain roused to dogged intensity; one found it in Ireland in curious fanatic extremity. Raemaekers, the cartoonist, told me at the front one night that he hoped Holland would join us "to save her moral being." But here in America it is backed by simplicity of character, a consciousness of unexhausted strength, and by such energy as the world has scarcely seen since the days of the Normans. It is a vague and irregular religion in comparison with that perfect cult of the cathedral, which was all things to all men, and had an answer for every problem in this world or the next. It is less complete, and also less limited, for it is an expression

of an age whose possibilities are almost unlimited. Christianity is at the base of it, but it is a broader interpretation of Christianity than St. Paul gave, or the Middle Ages could apply.

Moral earnestness, and not the mere need of self-defense, carried England through the dark spring of 1918. I talked in that year with English political leaders of every party. Some commanded my whole-hearted respect; others were clearly time-servers, driven by events; some represented policies I distrust; and yet I found in one and all an unexpected conviction that what England did infinitely mattered, and an impressive willingness to admit responsibilities beyond their own little group, to America, even to the next generation in Germany. One of the storm-centers of English public opinion was Lord Northcliffe. He was accused by some of having no principle, and no policies not subject to change on short notice; he was believed by many to exercise an irresponsible and unscrupulous influence upon public opinion by means of his controlled press. And yet his worst enemies admitted that he wanted only one thing, and that was to win the war. In other words, even if a demagogue and a none too reliable leader, he was morally earnest. And the list, both of strong and weak, could have been indefinitely extended.

In America it is clear that we feel this moral earnestness even more intensely because more simply, more naïvely, if you will, than the older nations. Every other explanation of our entrance into the war as a united nation breaks down on analysis. We thought in 1916 (let us be honest now and say it) that the days of '61, when, North and South, we were willing to fight for a principle, had gone forever. We thought, some of us, that if America went into the war it would be upon a wave of frenzied patriotism, exactly equivalent in nature, if not in cause, to that diseased nationalism which carried Germany through Belgium in 1914. We thought, many of us, that if we stayed out of the war it would be because we knew on which side our bread was buttered, and that as the butter grew thicker our neutrality would increase. The outcome ruined the reputation of many cynical prophets. German threats and German submarines were inciting incidents merely. The President, voicing the time spirit, quickened our moral earnestness, made us think and feel for once internationally, and the rest followed in natural sequence.

It is easier, however, to begin than to carry on; it is always easier to fight than to organize the fighting, than to profit from its results, than to reconstruct after destruction. Are we earnest

enough to live up to our obligations? None can answer that question. But the reply depends upon factors that will bear discussion. Have we intelligence enough? Are we whole-hearted? Moral earnestness is like optimism; it is little good unless it makes good.

Unintelligent seemed to many of us the hysterical appeals to think only of military problems until the war was won, as if we were so weak that only one task could engage our energies at once. The incredible blunders of diplomacy made by the Allies in Russia and Eastern Europe are monuments to this kind of single-mindedness. The neglect of social unrest in Italy, which, save for the efforts of the American Red Cross, might have taken her out of the war; the feverish assertions in many American and some French and British papers that the working-man must be kept in his place, are sign-posts pointing ominously ahead. If we have not intelligence enough to realize that the industrial system of the world before the war was wrong and must be readjusted, our moral earnestness will never prevent economic disintegration or social revolution. England deserves great credit for her practical recognition of this grim but undoubted fact. Unintelligent, also, though earnest enough, often, indeed, immorally earnest, are the passionate attempts of leagues and associ-

ations to begin the game of commercial grab again for ourselves alone; and if camouflaged as revenge upon Germany, all the more dangerous to our morale. We have seen before this the morally earnest man rooting out the unbeliever, so that he could possess his vine and fig-tree, and the portent has never been auspicious for a peaceful world, made fit for decent, fair-minded folk to live in. The "patriot" who calls upon us to forget that we fought for a clean and durable peace while we pledge ourselves to ruin our enemies *after* the war, is as dangerous as he is stupid. He urged us to drive a powerful enemy to desperation and thus to double the cost of our victory in money and life; he urges us now to arm with greed and vindictiveness instead of a clean conscience, common sense, and an earnest conviction that more than our pocketbooks are to profit. It is true intelligence that distinguishes between this foolish fist-shaking and the steady, ruthless use of the economic weapon until we obtain our just and legitimate ends.

But the greatest need of a nation suddenly toppled into world conflict and world responsibility like ours, is whole-heartedness. Our sudden wave of earnestness made us approach whole-heartedness for the first time in generations; and we shall have to stay so if we are to stay

earnest. Italy has suffered bitterly from a lack of this quality, socialist quarreling with socialist, "Greater Italians" with non-annexationists. France, on the other hand, has achieved her magnificent morale by a whole-heartedness in the face of visible danger, the sound of guns, the bombs by night, the pitiful *évacués* streaming southward day by day. Our whole-heartedness, like England's, was of a different kind. It sprang from the moral imagination. We helped to ward off death-blows from others before we ourselves were more than buffeted. We toiled and suffered and were greater than ourselves, when we could have lived, for a while, very comfortably, and left it to our sons to square accounts with Germany and the world. It is going to be hard for Americans to carry on through the long series of adjustments into which the war is subsiding, unless their earnestness is whole-hearted. Straight backs and stiff upper lips are going to be needed quite as much as "hustlers," and organizers; and an earnest, undivided public opinion most of all.

It is by "gassing" public opinion that the pacifists, radical socialists, and conscientious objectors do the most harm. There is an uneasy feeling in England, and here also, I suspect, that the newspaper condemnation of pacifists as unclean and poisonous animals somehow misses the point. There

are so many other animals far more poisonous and really unclean; for when you stop saying "pacifist" and begin to speak of John Brown, or Mary Smith, the individual often proves to be a person active in good services, not military, to the state, and likely to be a valuable citizen when we reach a durable peace; while many noisy "patriots" are none too useful now, and likely to be still less so later.

Nevertheless, the professional pacifist seemed wrong and dangerous to all of us who believed that the war had to be made conclusive. The most important charge against him was not that he believed the war should be ended by negotiation. There he might conceivably have been right, though the evidence was heavily on the other side. The most serious charge against the pacifist has the advantage of being susceptible of proof. He saps our moral earnestness by doubting its sincerity. He attacks whole-heartedness.

Let me cite, as an illustration, a typical family which represented what one found often enough among pacifist and semi-pacifist groups in England, and, I have no doubt, in America also. The father was one of the most useful citizens in Great Britain. His business, which was the building of motor-trucks, was an essential industry, and was conducted with such regard for the new conditions

of labor that increase in wages and output, a better working environment, and reasonable profits were all secured. Furthermore, he had served with distinction on commissions that have rearranged throughout Great Britain the economic relations of employer and employed. He did not believe in war, but he supported this one as the lesser of two evils. Whether he would have fought if called upon I do not know, but his work at home was worth a regiment in the field. The oldest son had conscientious objections to taking life. He enlisted, however, in dangerous relief work on board the trawlers, was wounded, and returned to his service. The next son passed last year the age of enlistment. He shared the family distrust of war, but was all afire with the necessity of downing the Prussian menace by force, if no other way was open. He felt that his duty was to fight. The mother, a fine woman, of the seed of the martyrs, was an out-and-out conscientious objector. War she regarded as the prime evil. The attitude of her husband and older son she condemned; when her younger son consented to fight, her heart was seared. At home she was active in good works for the refugee and the destitute alien, but she could not talk of the greater issues of the war without bitterness toward her family and a fanatic distrust of her countrymen.

It was one of the ablest, most unselfish, most high-minded families in England, but its atmosphere was disturbing. The younger son I was sorry for. His youthful enthusiasms were clouded. No course seemed to him entirely right. He was unhappy fighting; he would have been still more unhappy if he had refused to fight. The mother I criticize. Her moral earnestness was too narrow. In a struggle where every force for good in the nation was called upon, she denied the validity of righteous anger that employs the weapons of this world, and excluded as impure the splendid courage and devotion and sacrifice of the thousands who were giving their lives for what they believed to be a worthy cause. She had buried her talent.

And this was the error of the pacifists in general. They should have been with us. We needed them more than many a mechanical invention which has been hailed as an ender of war. We needed their moral earnestness to keep us whole-hearted. But they refused to work with the world as it was; they doubted all sincerity unless it was their own. Will they share our burdens now? Have they learned tolerance from the war?

Many a crippled body and soul wounded or bereaved must envy the perfect whole-heartedness of the religion of the cathedral, and many will rightly find solace there. But for us who are still un-

winged, and upon whom the plain duty of living up to our responsibilities after the war most heavily falls, there must be a more immediate and mundane hope. Is it possible, in the midst of such a flood of writing upon political and military devices to convince the dazed reader that our trust must be in intelligence and whole-heartedness, that these lie behind material agencies and are indispensable? If he will not believe it, then it is useless to present the *Spes Unica* of the shattered cross as a pathetic symbol of how much men have lost of their ancient sureties, and the moral earnestness of an aroused world as a single and invaluable hope.

Our leaders and the fighters in the war were keenly aware of this elementary truth, although they confessed themselves in deed more often than in word. French politics and German diplomacy fluctuated with the morale of the people at home. Generalship, I heard a chief of staff at the front once say, is three-quarters a knowledge of the mood, the condition, and the character of your men. For a week I traveled the British front with a grizzled major of a Highland regiment, who had been in the game since 1914. We lunched one day with a mingled group of field and intelligence officers, a Belgian on liaison work, and a visiting French captain. The talk, which was chiefly upon specialties beyond the range of war, made one fact

evident — the world of civilian life was more interesting than ever before to these men. They were passionately desirous to get back, to "clean up the mess" there, to go on with their mounting, broken careers.

"How do you stay so keen on your job here?" I asked the major afterward, "when you are more weary of war than they are at home?"

He flushed a little, British fashion. "Have to clean up this mess, first," he answered.

A week later a fine boy stood by his Nieuport on the American front, talking to me before a flight.

"I don't think much of the danger," he said, "though I don't forget it. It's hard work getting the Hun. There isn't time to think of dying."

Suppose they had not felt that way, what would all our inventions, our Liberty Loans, our supplies, have amounted to? Or, to carry it further, who would have invented, raised, and transmitted? Russia was rich. Russia, with all her weaknesses, had a sufficing economic system. Russia lost her whole-heartedness and collapsed like a balloon. I have seen the doubts, difficulties, strains, and absolute losses of war-time in Great Britain, Ireland, France, and the front. And if I am an optimist instead of a pessimist or a cynic as regards the future, it is because (if I may borrow a word usually

given to the enemy) I believe in the efficiency of the moral earnestness I have watched at work among our Allies and in America. We, especially, must keep ours earnest, keep it intelligent, keep it whole-hearted.

VI

ON THE UNCOMMON MAN

It begins to be evident that we gave ourselves unnecessary concern over human nature. The war has brought forth courage, self-denial, devotion, and the sterner moralities from all peoples like leaves in spring. Courage has not been taught, and self-denial has not been taught, and devotion to ideals has not been a subject for curricula; the most backward and least admirable countries in this five years' struggle have poured them forth without preparation. The common man has done all that a romantic idealist could have asked of him, and often more. Moralists and politicians and philosophers can take him off their conscience for a while. He has made good. Education can do little for him except to make him uncommon.

It is the uncommon man who has failed. He has succeeded best when he has thrown into the conflict those common virtues of courage, intelligence, self-sacrifice shared by millions. When he tried to meet an abnormal situation by uncommon abilities he has failed in an appalling number of instances. He could not prevent the war. He could not end it quickly. He failed in emergencies where a sounder judgment, a

more expert knowledge, a richer background would have made the difference between success and failure. Extraordinary men — the Hoovers, the Wilsons, the Fochs, the Lloyd Georges — even (for a while) the Ludendorfs — succeeded; but merely uncommon men failed.

And the reason seems to be that there were not enough of them. When the crisis toppled over well-trained men, when as officers they were killed, or as executives or specialists they were worn out or outgrown, the supply began to fail. In England and France this was notable in 1918. Common men, strong in the emotional qualities of human nature, were recruited to take their places, often successfully. But you cannot train a common intellect to be uncommon in a fortnight. The fault, when there was fault, was not in the material, it was in education.

The need for uncommon men will grow in the immediate future; it cannot lessen. If we assume, as we well may, after this war, that the child of the masses has latent within him qualities of heroism, of nobility, of dogged persistency equal to the best and hitherto slighted; if we believe, as we well may, that unless his heredity is vicious, much, at least, can be made of him; perhaps we shall begin to educate with the conscious purpose of making all capable minds uncommon. The result would be interesting. Hitherto education for the masses has consisted largely of training the common people to be common; and what we planned we got.

TANKS

Many must by now have read the deservedly famous chapter in Butler's "Erewhon" on the peril of machines. The inhabitants of Erewhon lived happily without machinery, and why? Because it became apparent to their philosophers that from intricate machinery to engines with consciousness and self-action was only a step. Machines could already do many things better than could men; a little more development and they would begin to think for themselves. But if their mechanism became that ingenious, why could they not be made to breed and propagate! Then the machines being stronger would control the men! Frightened by this thought, the prudent Erewhonians abolished machinery in its medieval period.

Butler was obviously ironical; but the Tank comes near to bearing out his literal meaning. Are Tanks conscious? If you should meet one sauntering along a *route nationale* or sliding down a side hill for a drink of petrol, you would not swear to the contrary. Do Tanks think? Feel a Whippet twirl under your feet, right and left, as

she picks her road across trench bays, or watch a Mark V mount and jog the length of a train of flat cars until he finds one that suits him, and you can almost believe it. Do Tanks breed? Well, at least there are male Tanks and female Tanks, and to all appearances offspring seem quite as probable as with elephants. Have Tanks a sense of humor? Perhaps not, but like Falstaff they are a cause of humor in others. Five new Whippet Tanks, with their machine guns jammed, chased a fat German major down a long hill in France one morning in May, their eight miles an hour just equal to his perspiring best, while a regiment of Australians at the top collapsed in laughter and forgot to fire. I should like to ask that German (who may be still running) whether Tanks are mere machines.

The Mark IV Tank is a slow and sullen dinosaur. Four miles an hour is his limit. Frequently, with sponsons taken off, and armament removed, he mounts a platform on his back and carries a sixty-pounder gun; or hauls a sledge, like an ox team, to pull big howitzers over shell craters. The Mark V is the next step upward in evolution. He is good for five miles an hour, has made nine, and one man can drive him. "Him" is not accurate, for if his weapons are machine guns instead of two-inch cannon, "her" is the proper designa-

tion. When I climbed down into the hot and whirring middle of a Mark V, heard the gears squeal and roar, and saw through the eye-slits the ground swinging under us, I knew how a steam roller might feel in a briar patch. Nothing could stop our many ton, hundred and fifty horse power. We came to a trench, swung up, so easily, and down with scarcely a quiver, and so on about our business. And if the trench had been wider? Why then, there are "tadpole tails" provided, which hook behind and serve for leverage.

But the Mark V is a ponderous invention. It was with the Whippet that imagination touched the Tanks. The Whippet — so named I suppose from the speedy dog which chases rabbits to earth — is the pacing dromedary of Tankdom. She is light — only a few tons I should guess — and instead of accommodating man Jonah-like in her entrails, carries a cab like a camel's hump, from which one can look, sometimes perpendicularly, behind. The Whippet has two engines, one for each of her paw series, and that accounts for her eccentric motion. As she runs her eight, ten, up to a conceivable twenty miles, an hour, she squeals raucously. At a rock or a stump — both bad for Tanks, which can be "hung up" on their "bellies" — she whirls with unbelievable rapidity till your eyes are looking one way and your stomach

another. Then she rumbles gaily over the field seeking for trees under twelve inches through to practise on, sees a trench, rises on her hind quarters, drops below sky-line with a teeth-shaking bump, grips the further bank, rolls up screaming, and charges off for more.

A bank attracts her. She noses it until she finds an angle not quite, but almost perpendicular, and sticking her nails in the sod, worms up, while you cling to the machine-gun, and look at grass which is both back of and below you. And as she goes she spits oil, blows dust, and flattens the world behind her. If an enemy, you may escape her by lying on the bottom of a trench; you can smash her with a shell if you can catch her on the wing, which is not easy; but the preferable place with a Whippet is on top. Never was devised a more dangerous, humorous, human engine of warfare than this. Indeed, it is not Tank tactics, which are not yet publishable, but Tank humanity, that is the subject of this writing.

I was several times a guest at "Tanks," the name applied not only to the great repair station and depot, headquarters of the Tank Corps, but also to the quiet château with its admirable seventeenth-century porch where the young general of Tanks (Orpen's picture shows his energy and power) and his active staff are quartered. Our

talk ranged through and about and above Tank tactics and on into England and the psychology of the races at war; but it came back and back to the *raison d'être* of the Tank. "The business of the Tank," he said, "is to meet and master the machine-gun so that infantry can carry on further; and in this its use has but just begun. Its object is to save men."

There you have it. Tanks are not simply destructive machines, like rifles or howitzers, they are substitutes for men. And indeed, they are organized like cavalrymen in brigades, sections, companies, each with so many Tanks. For all I know there may be Tank corporals and Tank sergeants, distinguished by chevrons painted on their sponsons. I saw, in fact, wounded Tanks, bruised or broken at Cambrai and elsewhere, with ribs stove in, elbows shot away, or fractures over the eye-slits. Some were in shop-hospitals; some in the convalescent-yard waiting to be repainted; some had been discharged as no longer fit for active service, and were crawling about with petrol rations for the able-bodied. And most had names. You would never, of course, expect to call a Tank by a number, like a U-boat. Bucephalus, I remember, was a particularly fit Mark V. Many of the older fellows, in addition, had messages painted or chalked on their sides by their friends, the

"Tommies," as if in eager endeavor to enter into communication with a kindred spirit. "Go for 'em, old girl!" "On to Berlin!" — and, more poetically, "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue monster, roll!"

A very curious relation subsists between the Tommy (or his equivalent, the *poilu* or the doughboy) and the Tank. Humor — which was desperately scarce in this war — has attached itself almost exclusively to him. Both have been terrible by all civilized standards, including their own, in action; both have endured incredible punishment in defense; and yet both inspire the reflective observer with a humorous liking and a desire to laugh, even when death awaits or accompanies them. Why? An answer might conceivably be drawn from Bergson's essay on laughter. The Tommy is amusing because his whimsical humor in a situation that asks for seriousness is incongruous. The Tank is amusing because its ponderous imitation of life in actions of which life is incapable, such as walking over forests or into a hail of bullets, is also incongruous and so laughable. But the whole truth goes deeper, and there is a more fundamental similarity between the Tommy and the Tank that it would be well for us all to apprehend. Both in a sense are machines; neither is in his own control; each is a mere irresponsible agent

for a superior will, laboring dangerously at the word of command.

When such humble agents of defense or offense belong to the enemy, it is interesting to note that in this war, irritation, anger, rage, have been aroused not so much against them as against the superior minds that control them. Perhaps this is because civilization is ageing and begins to see more clearly. We may loathe the U-boat pirate and all his ways, but our righteous anger is most mightily reserved for the men who first taught the philosophy which leads to *spurlos* sinkings, and then organized its terrible practice. Instinctively we feel that the brute is not so bad as the cynic who makes use of him. This is not unreasonable. Captured sailors from German submarines have told me that they seldom knew what was going on in the waters above or beyond them; and anyone who has been in a submarine can see how readily this may be true. I do not mean that they are left spotless thereby; far from it; but ultimate responsibility belongs elsewhere. So even with the butchering by common soldiers in the invasion of Belgium. No sane man will ever try to excuse them; yet the brains that worked out the policy of "frightfulness" are more truly blood-guilty than the frantic men who executed it.

So again with those shameful German women

who, by lamentable proof, have too often been wantonly cruel to the helpless wounded captured from their enemies. For it should be more generally known that they were not Red Cross nurses in our meaning of the Red Cross. The Red Cross among Germans is a stolen emblem. Their organization has never been intended to alleviate suffering wherever found. It was a department of the German army, as much so as the medical corps, whose first duty was not to the wounded, not even to the German wounded, but to the "effectives" on the way to the front. When this is known the action of the nurse who would not give a drink of water to a suffering Tommy becomes at least a comprehensible brutality; and our indignation centers upon a government that so perverted the meaning of the symbol that represents Christianity in war.

The same general tendency, but fortunately with very different accompaniments, was to be observed on our side of the Western front. It is worthy of curious note that among the Allies the men, with rare exceptions, were given unstinted praise; the officers, or the staff, or the politicians at home got what blame was going about. The "splendid British soldier," the "heroic *poilu*," and now "the magnificent Americans" — how well we know these phrases; and, unlike most stereotypes of the press, experience at the front more and more convinced

that they were true. There was humorous exaggeration in the Australians' comment, that they took their officers along for mascots; and dangerous exaggeration, for the bravest men are slaughtered uselessly without trained minds to conduct and plan for them. Nevertheless, the common soldiers of the Allied armies have unquestionably come nearer to the ideal standard of the modern warrior than the many kinds of experts set above them. Plain human nature was easier to coach successfully for this war than brains; and when things went wrong, it was the directing mind that we accused of failure.

Here lies perhaps the explanation of our curious attitude toward the Tommy and the Tank. There is something very fine and also a little pathetic in brave, unthinking manhood, sticking at it, getting wounded, getting killed, but sticking at it, and ready for orders after hardships incredible to home-keeping men. Patriotism helps the soldier of course, the backing of the crowd steadies him, fear or self-defense are strong motives — but whether he is fighting with a definite anger felt throughout his moral and physical being, or is in the war just because he couldn't keep out and fighting only to preserve his self-respect, he carries on month after month, year after year, as if he had been born for nothing else. A general's error, or

the enemy's quick-seized opportunity, may slaughter him by masses; yet if he is triumphant his reward too, by the nature of things, can seldom be but in the mass. When this pawn of the world's game can joke in a gas mask and make faces at the shell which just misses his *abri,* we laugh tenderly with him, feeling love and perhaps shame. For he cannot make war unaided, cannot win it without direction, cannot, it seems, stop when he is beaten; he can only fight on.

And now observe the Tank. It also presents the same spectacle of a good servant doing our will, driving through mud and steel, and always ready for the next objective until ruined and "scrapped" by the wayside. The Tank also, though like the Tommy it bears a name, is only an anonymous agent of G. H. Q. and the national leaders, and will get no individual credit. We shall always read, "the Tanks division successfully prepared the way for attack," as we read "the Lancaster Yeomen," or the "102d regiment of the Yankee Division performed feats of unexampled valor." And when, creaking and groaning, a Whippet whirls on her stomach to show how debonair and powerful she is in the face of imminent danger, we laugh at her as we laugh at the *poilu* when he jokes.

The truth must already be apparent. The Tank

is our first real approach to the mechanical soldier — the soldier without blood to spill and nerves to tear, who can nevertheless perform the inevitable business of physical collision which must come if human will set against human will finds no better means of settling the conflict. The Tank has no consciousness to extinguish once for all, no future to lose, for it is as worthless as a battleship except for war; the Tank alone can meet the machine gun and triumph, like the armored knight who in the Middle Ages gathered the shafts to his bosom and conquered in spite of them. William James wrote of a moral substitute for war, hoping by hard service to the state to secure for man the splendid discipline, the self-sacrifice, the fighting emotion of war without its unhappy reactions. Here is a mechanical substitute for warring man. In the period of the Italian Renaissance warfare reached such a pitch of science that the mercenary generals who fought for Venice or Florence could sometimes calculate the probable outcome, and save their troops the hardships of battle. Then Charles the Eighth with his hordes of French amateurs marched into Italy, fought without regard to probabilities, and changed war from a science to a rough-and-tumble experiment. Are we coming to an age when mechanisms will be sent from our fortresses to fight it out under scientific con-

trol, the best machines, best made, best handled, to win? War will scarcely be ended that way — not while there are modern Charles the Eighths to spoil the game by loosing some new fleet of super-airplanes upon hapless civilians behind the lines. But the Tank is a first step toward substituting steel for bodies in a war where muscles have given place to high explosives, eyes to range finders, ears to microphones, noses to gas signals, legs to petrol, and skulls to " tin helmets."

It is hard not to be whimsical in mood when writing of Tanks, and yet I do not desire to be whimsical. Tanks were no joke for the Germans. Their own clumsy contrivance, built in imitation, proved how anxious and how unable they were to retort effectively in kind. And that we should be building machines to take the place of men is no mere romance of science or expedient of a warfare where " cannon fodder " has risen in price. For if the Tank takes the place of many common soldiers, then many common soldiers need no longer stay common!

The Germans recognized this principle in their later methods of attack. Roughly speaking, and in exact accord with their idea of the value of life where the state and its ambitions are concerned, they divided their infantry into two sorts. There were the regiments of inferior material, true

cannon fodder, which could be pushed in masses against the enemy, succeeding often by sheer momentum, in spite of frightful losses; and there were the picked men, of "storm troop" grade, armed with machine guns, able to hold what was taken, and each worth a score of the rifle-armed rabble. This was the scheme of Prussian evolution toward super-war, a less humane and ultimately a less effective method than the British invention. Furthermore, a method which looked toward a Prussian future merely. For note that men and machines in Prussian eyes had the same value, or rather, that men by proper discipline could be made as valuable as machines. The Prussian mind conceived a battering-ram of plebeian, second-rate flesh (preferably Social Democrats, unskilled laborers, and the like) which could be crushed in assault without material loss. The Western mind imagined the Tank, a super-Tommy without his precious vital spark.

It is easy enough to see where the Prussian system, if it had escaped a thorough beating, would have led. It led toward the modern version of the slave state, where the masses are well fed, properly cared for, and, within definite limits, well educated, so that when the need arises they may be good machines, not bad ones. Where our Tank idea points is not so clear, but it is none too early to be-

gin to consider what it may mean for the peace with a threat of new wars, which is the best we can hope from the future.

If it is possible — and who will deny it — that in future wars, if we permit them, machines will serve as infantry and cavalry; that guns will be laid and fixed by mechanical means from some safe place in the rear; that submarines and monitors will operate by wave lengths sent from shore; if it is probable that the coming world, whether in war or in peace, will be as full of machinery, of appliances, electrical, chemical, mathematical, as the inside of a submarine, why then what shall we do with our Tommy in the meantime? Shall we keep him an automaton, whose humor, like the Tanks, is pathetic precisely because he does understand so little of the vast forces around him, forces as far as the moon beyond his control? Shall we make him more of a machine, or more of a man? For after the shaking-up this war has given him, neither he nor his children will stand still.

If it is more of a man that we wish to make him, a man competent to control machinery because he understands it, and able to guide it because he can think out how and where and why it is to be used, then we must educate him. Not half-heartedly as we have done, but as the Greeks would have educated him, as seemingly they did educate

even their slaves, by contact and practice with the best of the technical processes he will have to follow; by absorption of the best ideas as to the relation of his work to his life. The first means technical education raised to an excellence which we have not yet given it, and broadened to cover all the processes necessary or useful for the preservation of life. There will be less and less place for unskilled labor and unskilled fighters among civilized men; machines will be the unskilled laborers; and if your common soldier of to-day is left technically illiterate, he will sink to their level.

Nothing, however, has been made clearer by this present conflict than that even in war the man with a narrowly specialized education may be a greater danger to the world than the most unskilled of peasants. The Prussians have pursued in their lower schools an education that has specialized for the conduct of a war by weapons, social and economic as well as technical and military. They have been better educated in this respect than any other race. And yet they did not know (neither leaders nor followers) that the invasion of Belgium would arouse immitigable waves of righteous anger and responsive force; they did not understand the mind of the rest of civilization; they did not know that technical efficiency is not a substitute for a knowledge of human nature.

We cannot, it would be madness, give the worker

and the soldier of the future a merely technical education. Give him power over the machine without wisdom to direct it — why that is precisely what is the matter with this poor world today! It would be better to restrict to the minimum education for the masses — as I heard the manager of a famous but none too liberal manufacturing plant suggest recently — and so guarantee a supply of hewers of wood and drawers of water! This would be the safer alternative. Jealousy, fear, the desire of domination, which, in Homer's day, led to blows between champions, and in Shakespeare's brought little armies to cut and slice at each other with the sword, now discharge terror and death, multiplied a hundred times by the power of science, upon millions, combatants and non-combatants alike. We as a community (and when I write of the common soldier I write of course of the community) control ourselves a little better, but not much better than the Myrmidons or the Elizabethans; but when we lose our heads the results are out of all proportion. We have stolen the thunderbolt of Zeus without becoming Zeus.

Reluctantly one comes to a conclusion which has nothing novel about it except its present necessity. We must not only plan to give, but really give the common man what has been in the past an uncommon education. He must have in addition to

technical facility the power to criticize his experience; he must have that freedom of thought of which Pericles spoke to his Athenians, which makes men able to reflect and then go forward; he must learn to see himself in his relation to his world. Briefly, the soldier must get what history, literature, social science, and philosophy can give him. This is no program of Utopia. It will be found — some conservatives may be surprised to learn — in the schemes for education in demobilization already drawn up and put in partial operation by the military authorities of Great Britain, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States. It is implied in the remarkable work of the British Board of Education which supplied books free on any subject to prisoners of war. But the intensity of the need of a broader horizon for us all, and the vast difficulty of accomplishing one-half that must be done, can be expressed in no program, but only in a rebirth of our whole educational system.

And here lies the vast potential difference between the man and the Tank. The personality we have lent those lumbering chariots — their humor, their perseverance, their implacable obstinacy in danger — is all borrowed of course, borrowed from their companions who with bayonets set run behind them. They can never be more manlike; they can

only be better machines, better armed, better protected, more speedy, more effective in crushing ramparts and guns and men. And the more highly specialized they become for warfare, the further removed they must be from that agricultural ancestor who crawls in Texas or Louisiana, the more worthless for any purpose whatsoever save military offense.

It is not so with the Tommy, the *poilu*, and the doughboy, those humorous fellows we speak of with a loving yet patronizing admiration, who hold nevertheless the future in their hands more surely than ever Cæsar or Napoleon; who are democracy and will control it. You can make a mechanical specialty of the common soldier also. You can train his mind to act with machine-like regularity in the execution of all orders, whether in peace or war, and you can put his body also in absolute control; you can, if you will, so great are the resources of the modern state, make him Prussian; and what have you — a million machines which suffer, breed, and blindly destroy at the word of command! A million machines that will break against a truly intelligent nation.

Or we may follow a different course. We may borrow and transform the great, though misused, discovery of the Prussian. For the Prussian has clearly proved that, by a well-planned, thoroughly

conducted system of elementary education, a race may be bent from its course and directed along ways prepared for it toward a destiny which (in this instance) would surely have been attained if it had not countered the will of the world. We may borrow the discovery, not imitating the practice, and give our democracy skill where they lack it, breadth where they need it, and that power over life which can be sustained, if not created, only by freely moving thought. We can devise no Utopia, but we can make such an effect upon our democracy by real education as no one before the example of Prussia would have dared to prophesy; and it can be done in a generation. We can — thanks to the development of machinery — make the best soldiers that way — for the best soldier for modern war, so all agree, is the most intelligent. We can in such a fashion, and in no other — and this is by all odds the most important implication — develop in a generation a community of able fighters whose group intelligence is great enough to substitute international law for war.

Universal education! How curious to be still sounding that old slogan, whose cause, it seemed, had long ago been won. Won! We have scarcely grappled with it. The means of education have hardly passed beyond the stage of classification. We are in the text-book stage still. Nine-tenths

of our education remains in life itself, where it belongs, but unorganized, unapplied, often distrusted by the high priests of school and college. The Athenians of the fifth century with no schools at all did better than we do, with all our enormous mechanism. And the one-tenth that we have captured and codified in books and laboratories has had the joy and the vigor and the personality squeezed out of it, like a rubber sponge. War, as Thucydides said, educates by violence. Such violence has been necessary to prove to some of us, by the wasteful rigors of conflict, how little our education was related to life, and, what is even more important, how little our life was related to education. There is no limit to what we can do for the pliant, persistent human nature which this war has shown that the least intellectual among us may possess.

We have but lightly grasped the means of education; and we have but dimly seen its end. Is it not self-evident now, that the democracy which is to rule us must have the best instruction that it can take and that modern civilization offers? Is it possible any longer to think of genuine universal education merely as "a good thing," as philanthropy, as an aid perhaps to good government? Is it not the only possible insurance against world disaster? Those who doubt have little knowledge

of what is going on around and beneath them. Heaven knows we have cause enough now to realize the importance of the economic factor in its effect upon history. We have reason enough to take seriously the adjustment of population to food supply, and the flow and distribution of wealth. But in the readjustments of all questions affecting the feeding, the clothing, and the enriching of man, let us not lose sight of one salient principle: if no one can be wise long on an empty stomach, so also no one can travel far, even on a full stomach, without wisdom. We have invented machinery without learning to control it. Let us not invent (or suffer) new distributions of power without providing an effective education in its use and enjoyment.

We devised the Tank and sent it upon its way rejoicing to the discomfiture of our enemies. It is harder to devise a new and improved man, but quite as possible. We cannot give him religion, which he clearly is seeking, we cannot give him a loving heart, we cannot give him courage if he does not possess it, we cannot give him strength of intellect, we cannot give him instinctive morality. But a well-trained mind, and well-trained muscles, and a fairly sound body we can give him in nine cases out of ten — even the Chinese coolies on the British front have been taught to build complex machinery; and a sense of his place in the world, eco-

nomic, social, ethical, historical we can give him; and also in some measure the power of independent thought. The object of the Tank and all mechanical contrivances is to save life, to save life in order that in the future men shall be men and not machines.

VII

ON THE PERSONAL IN EDUCATION

A flippant reviewer remarked upon "The Education of Henry Adams," that only a Bostonian would spend a lifetime in trying to discover how to educate himself for living. The criticism gives Boston an undeserved singularity. In every age and every civilization, the most thoughtful men have been precisely the least dogmatic when they have tried to define education, and they have usually been far less certain in middle age than in youth.

The difficulty is that the problems of education cannot be solved by the arithmetic that suffices for more material things. The study of literature may be useful in sweetening the mind and the study of mathematics in clearing it; a course in engineering may teach how to build bridges, and a course in law how to wreck railroads, or save them; but the sum of all that is taught to youth must be more than an addition of the formal subjects he is learning. Whatever power or profession this course or that may teach, education as a whole must be for living. The boy has to learn how to live; and unless he has learned he is not fully educated, no matter how much or how long he has studied. The greatest scholars, as Chaucer long ago remarked, are not always the wisest men.

This is the fatal realization that smites the " organizer " (if organizers are ever smitten!) just as his scheme of studies for an ideal school or university is complete. His is a noble scheme, but when its simplicity is compared with the complexity of life, doubt enters. This, he may say, is the proper fashion of teaching law, but will this course make a good lawyer? These are the subjects that every college graduate should learn, but will this curriculum make a good college graduate? It is easier to make scholars than men.

There is only one way out of the difficulty, and that is an uncertain and expensive one. You cannot put all education into text-books, but what cannot be extracted and codified you can present in its container — the educated man. You can ask a teacher to teach what he is able, and to be those things impossible to teach. By learning what a truly educated man is, and how he thinks, and sharing, or at least observing, his emotions, the student can derive by imitation or repulsion (either will do it) a balanced ration for his growing mind, which never can be fed on facts alone, or theories, or anything that can be put into a college catalogue. But such teachers are hard to get, and they should be expensive.

This is the defense of the personal relation (and of personality) in teaching. And it is the condemnation of our wholesale methods of lecture and text-book and recitation in America. They supply, it is true, the protein. But they leave the carbohydrates and the fats of life to chance purveying. This is why " the playing fields of Eton "

and the "bowls" and "stadiums" of America have been successful in the limited but well-balanced and highly personal education they provide, while the classroom and study have so often failed in the broader and more important field of training the intellect to conquer life by understanding it.

EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE

Save military tactics, there was nothing more discussed in Europe last year than education. The English newspapers quoted from Milton: "The reforming of education is one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, for by the want thereof the nation perishes." Public speakers, whether they know it or not, spent more than half their energies on problems of instruction. If I were asked to state one thing that men from the front and behind the front said they had learned from the war, it would be the unsuspected and incomparable importance of education.

I do not mean education in any formal, textbook sense. At Aldershot it was a question of making soldiers. At Polder's End and Barrow-in-Furness, as one walked through row after row of mob-capped working-girls turning shells, the talk was of how they had been taught to work, and how the employers had been taught to teach and handle them. At Issoudun, it was education all day long in *vrilles* and loops and the co-operation of brain and eye in observation. On the New Zealand front I lunched within sound of a battery, and,

eager for stories of the enemy, listened to the general in command while he talked education, how that remarkable little island might get back trained men after the war.

Everybody was either learning or teaching on the front. What was the rehearsal of an offensive but concrete education in tactics? The sanitary corps never made its rounds without teaching care of physique. Back and back again the conversation came to the morale of the enemy, his training, bad and good; how and why he worked harder than we did; how and why he had less independence of action, less judgment, less humanity; and the answer was always, education. A young general of the old army said at lunch one day: "I am a 'mercenary soldier,' and therefore I can't believe, and don't, that war is bad for character; but I would not have military training for a whole nation, except in time of war." He need not have made concessions to the civilian present. Education for war-time as one heard it explained and speculated upon in the army was not much narrower than the reform of the human species, making them more intelligent, more adaptable, and more capable in all things as a prerequisite for waging successful war.

In England, one-half of the serious discussions one hears I should classify under education. I

precisely do not mean that London in war-time was like a teachers' association with its gabble of methods, courses, and text-books. On the contrary, although exposed to " shop " of this nature by a university connection, I heard little talk of formal education, could arouse no interest in " the college curriculum after the war " and such favorite subjects, found it difficult to get a clear idea of just what the British school system had been like, such was the keenness to discuss not the bones, but the blood of education. And yet this was the period of the fight over Mr. Fisher's education bill, so hotly contested that even the war yielded front-page columns now and then in its favor. This was a time when you could stir any Britisher to talk — M. P., soldier, workman, country gentleman, superintendent, I tried them all — merely by the question, " What is going to happen in English education? "

No wonder they are interested. Efficiency — and in March of 1918 England saw clearly that she must be efficient or starve — depends upon education. Propaganda — and half the writing done in England is propaganda — is a form of education. The next generation is decimated by the war, and what is left of it will have to make the greatest profit in the briefest time, from education. Germany had set the nations at one another's

throats, and to thoughtful men there seems no way to prevent the thing from happening again except by better (and in Germany's case, compulsory) education.

I am not (thank Heavens) writing a treatise on education after the war, for the excellent reason that neither I nor any one else knows the terms upon which it will be conducted. But one cannot come into active contact with hundreds whose experience, often bitter, has brought them a new sense of values without at least an enrichment of opinion. And the effect upon most men who have taught for a living is to make them crack open every educational idea they possess to see whether it holds dust or moving life within it. England at large is profoundly dissatisfied with her education; and she is right to be dissatisfied, for in some respects she was dragging far below the safety line. The crust is cracking everywhere, the dust is blowing away, new blood is throbbing. We shall soon be profoundly dissatisfied; not with entire reason, for, after all, our success in the trying year of 1918 is a success for American education in school and out of it. But when we begin to realize that under stress a boy of twenty was being taught the very complex business of modern war in a quarter of the time we allotted to less difficult professions of peace, we are bound to be dissatis-

fied also. We are bound to wonder whether we have not underestimated American capacity for learning, even when unstirred by a grave crisis. And when we thoroughly understand that propaganda (which is merely expert transmission of ideas) has turned the heart of nations, while our formal education in ideas, historical, philosophical, or economic, has often sunk only skin deep, we are sure again to be dissatisfied. If we had educated as well before this war as we educated for waging it, there might never have been one. If we educate as well after it there will never be another; or, if there is, we shall win it.

This is an essay and not a treatise, and I shall be more than content to say as simply and briefly as possible what the living heart of education seems to some of us; what England has had, and has, that we have not; what we have grasped that England is still seeking. If successful war is largely a question of national education, and a stable peace is also to depend upon education, then that cooperation which we all hope to see among English-speaking countries may serve us almost best through mutual education.

There is, I am well aware, a prevalent belief that Great Britain has little to teach us in education. It is known that her lower schools are good, but probably no better than ours. It is known that

her " public schools," of secondary grade, are wonderfully effective in " stamping " the boys that go through them, but narrow and rigid in what they teach; that there is no wide-spread system of secondary education for everybody such as our high schools afford. It is known that British universities, while still famous for the men they produce, are irregular in their excellences, hampered by a medieval organization, and distinctly behind in many ranges of modern thought and investigation. This was known, and this is measurably true. The Fisher bill, which in effect establishes compulsory high schools that after seven years will keep boys and girls in school until eighteen, seems a step up to, not beyond, America; and one hears of no radical, far-sweeping changes proposed in the British universities.

Why, then, in the stress of war and the approach of reconstruction, should we be interested in British education? The answer is to be found in the war itself. Many nations have suffered more than Great Britain; none of them has had to make such a universal right-about in thought, habits, purposes, desires, down to the last detail of daily life. I can think of only one among all my acquaintances under sixty years of age, in England, whose daily life has not been completely upset and rebuilt since the war. And the leaders in

this revolution have been in nine cases out of ten the products of the most British part of British education — Oxford and Cambridge, the public schools, the circles of the Workmen's Educational Association. We thought that our own college system was decadent until the war revealed what fine fellows it was sending, in spite of its faults, to a business world that was, perhaps, too self-centered to appreciate them. And the education that sent forth the dead tens of thousands who led the way for England is not a failure. Neither has it succeeded because of its faults.

The enduring strength of British education is its practical grasp of the principle that nothing matters half so much as the meeting of minds. There, for all our elaborate systems and doors open everywhere, we have been negligent. Its weakness is an exclusiveness, half purposeful, half due to exigency of circumstance. Here much is to be learned from America.

I think that my first clue to the master idea of British education came from two Scotchmen, munition-workers now, but one-time educational experts, who simply would not talk about "the curriculum." It was not that they did not know; of course they knew; but every question aroused some problem in teaching or research that interested them far more than the typical schedule of the

British school. It was weeks before I succeeded in pinning down an authority to a statement of just what the British school did teach, and then I got it in printed form, and found that, when all had been said, what was taught depended chiefly upon what the school wanted — a scandalous situation, as any well-regulated American would testify. In Oxford, in Cambridge, in Manchester and Edinburgh, in the London schools, and in the training-camps, in the commencing khaki university behind the lines, the same thing always happened. I came away from each investigation with a sense of having talked vitally on education and with few "facts" to put into my notes. It was all humorously different from many a school and college convention I have left in America with a bag leaking syllabi and prospectuses all the way home.

There is a close connection, of course, between this British planlessness and the lack of theoretical science so evident in England at the beginning of the war and the inferiority of much technical training in Great Britain. These defects must be taken care of, but there is no need to pause for criticism. The bird I am after is of swifter wing. It is the secret that explains (for example) why a slack college with an eighteenth-century equipment could send men to the front, who, not at first, but in the long run, proved themselves the equals in

most respects, and the superiors in some, to the far more efficiently trained Germans. It is the explanation of why British education, with all its faults, has really educated.

The answer is simple enough, and I shall be merely reiterating in stating it, but this answer has a new significance in war-time, and especially for us. It explains, I think, why it is hard to interest the Englishman in problems of curriculum. Said the master of an Oxford college (we were talking of one of the "young men" of the new England): "He was with me for a year. One of those wide-reaching, generalize-it-all sort of minds. Would write ten thousand words before he found the fact that ought to have come first. Never would think as I think; but I had the facts and he didn't. I gave an hour a day, I suppose, for a year. Don't agree with his thinking now; but it was worth while."

"What was he studying?" I asked.

"Don't remember, exactly; history, economics, I suppose. The important thing was his mind. That is what I was teaching."

The principle here is evident. It is the living together of mature and immature intellects; it is education by contact or by meeting of minds; and it is worth while. Such teaching is expensive; but is expense the first consideration if it results not

in subjects partly mastered, but the power to master them completely — in wisdom as well as knowledge? Is any education too expensive that sinks deep?

"Whatever we cannot pay for is too expensive," the American taxpayer answers, "and we cannot pay enough first-rate minds to give an hour a day personally to all who seek education." Perhaps not, and perhaps with adjustment to existing conditions, we can well afford it. Let that point wait; it is the principle that is important, and this I found alive throughout the British schools and universities, and in the army, whence it is spreading to ours. It would be a curious by-product of the war if it should come to us through education in demobilization, and so home by the military route. I found it in the public schools, where the curriculum (often with good reason) was secondary to what the masters judged was the total mind of the boy. I found it in grammar-schools, where the discussion was always of what the youngster seemed to be good for in actual life, not what he had learned. I heard of it operating in the internment camp at Rühleben, where every man who knew became the center of a little tutorial group, each member of which afterward formed other groups until education of that vital kind which comes from self-help under criticism and direction

spread throughout the curious assemblage of all kinds and classes imprisoned together because they were Britons.

Can such personal education be adapted to the vast and heterogeneous needs of a democracy? A group of Fellows, picked men as they are nowadays, living in monastic seclusion in a gray-walled Cambridge garden, with a chosen race of boys exposed, like volunteers in a medical experiment, to culture and intellectual honesty and the desire to know until the infection takes — such a system, in spite of rigidities and archaisms, is sure to produce some remarkable results. But there will be no monastic seclusion for our millions in America; no period of undisturbed incubation, no high proportion of trained to untrained minds. Is the thing possible or desirable in a democracy?

I should not have written an article in war-time on a subject like this if I did not believe that there was the best kind of evidence of the highest importance for Great Britain, and potentially important for us, that you can practically educate by the meeting of minds in a democracy. Nothing better proves the vitality of the English idea of how to educate than its reaching out to meet the new conditions of life that, beginning a decade or more ago, are now rushing throughout the British world. I mean the W. E. A., the Workmen's Edu-

cational Association, the training-school whence many of the most alert political and economic thinkers in England have sprung or been inspired.

Every one should know about the W. E. A., even in America, for it has not lacked advertisement. Books have been written upon it as a successful educational experiment; its doctrines and practice have been preached here as well as all over the British Empire; and those familiar with the currents of British thought know that, in its effects, it is a political force of the first magnitude. Nevertheless, it will bear brief explaining. The W. E. A. is only fifteen years old. I know its founder, a workman, and its first tutors, still youngish men. It began at Oxford, not, like so many "settlements," to "uplift" the lower classes, but definitely and consciously as a means of bringing together workmen who wanted to understand the economic system of which they were a part, and students of economics and sociology who, while teaching the theory of their subjects, could learn the practice from the men and women they taught. Thus the W. E. A. is distinctly a meeting of minds, designed to train the less skilled, but with advantages for both.

A group of men and women (never larger than thirty-two) forms among workers, let us say, in the pottery industries of the "Five Towns" dis-

trict. They choose a course, which will probably begin with a history of industrial conditions, as of closest kin to their interests, but may lead through politics, science, history, literature, wherever they want to go, provided that it consists of such related subjects as a university might require. The course is three years as a minimum, with an opportunity to spend a week in Oxford or Cambridge or some other university summer school afterward, and they must elect the course for three years. There are twenty-four meetings a year, a week apart; two hours each of them, an hour roughly for the tutor's disquisitions, one hour for free discussion. The tutor comes from the university, the cost is borne by the university, by labor organizations, and by the board of education. Books are used freely, and are supplied by the association. There are no examinations, no work for a certificate or direct means of betterment, because no competition is desired; but twelve essays must be written a year. Where the subject is taken up, how it is developed, what questions are discussed—these are not to be found in syllabi, but depend upon the intelligence, the previous training, the present interests of the group and the tutor. It is not forced-draught education, but rather the meeting of minds between men and women desiring to increase their power of criticizing life and an in-

structor who, like an earlier Englishman, would gladly learn and gladly teach. The emphasis is all upon the personal relation. And this simple system has spread widely over Great Britain and Ireland, has captivated "materialistic Australia," and, through the adoption of its principles in much army teaching, is becoming familiar to the whole empire. The sanity, the vigor, and, most important of all, the political vision of the best labor leaders of Great Britain, now probably the broadest and soundest defenders of labor interests in the world, come, most of all, I think, from the example of the W. E. A.

I have tried to make clear that this is no random philanthropic experiment, but rather a sprouting into new life of a national instinct. This is what makes it worth writing about for readers who have only a general interest in education. Essentially, the W. E. A. puts mature but untrained minds into touch with men who care immensely for the intellectual welfare of the community. I saw the same principle working in a great factory in the north of England, whose managers had run ahead of the continuation schools proposed by the Fisher bill, and put in schools of their own where working boys and girls were given from three to six hours a week under men and women whose sole interest was in their develop-

ing bodies and minds. The very heart of the Fisher bill was not to teach this or that, but to keep the youth of Great Britain for four years longer in the care of those who might wish to develop, not to exploit, them. I heard a master of apprentices in an old skilled trade that had inherited the best medieval traditions of boy workers say one night: "The only way to save England after this war is to have more education for the boys and girls. I don't care what they teach them, though I should prefer to have it general as well as technical; the important thing is that it should be somebody's business to look after their minds."

I believe that this sound instinct for true education has been the chief cause of British initiative and political and intellectual strength in the century past, and I further believe that it explains the surprising strength of Great Britain when, in sudden catastrophe, she was thrown from peace into deadly conflict with a nation far more completely trained than herself. The flat truth is that the German was better educated, in so far as education means knowledge and discipline, than the Englishman, especially in the lower and middle grade of society; and yet less excellently educated in the things that make for wisdom. The British deficiencies — lack of science, lack of system, lack of

a breadth of opportunity — we have already avoided. They may be left for home correction, but we must not disregard, as of local concern only, the secret that has made England successful in spite of her faults.

War makes men dishonest as regards the future, for the rush of passions toward desire for victory drowns judgment and common sense. But the intense reality of war-time makes us very honest toward our past. What American, looking back from 1919, does not find his estimate of school or college education vastly altered? Experiences he had supposed were not education at all — adventures, casual reading, personal relationships — have clearly taught him much. Whole sets of formal training appear as lost motion utterly. Habits formed in work he hated under minds that impressed him, ideas shot irregularly from the world of knowledge that took root somehow — these remain. Does he doubt that his best education was self-acquired? Does he doubt that a steadying hand, a pointing finger, an atmosphere where learning seemed worth while, were the best things that came to him (if he got them) from teaching in school and college? What sheer brain prostitution was most of his " tutoring " for examinations! What unnecessary boredom the recording of " facts " from innumerable lectures

heard and not heeded! What unspeakable benefit the few "inspirations" from minds greater and sweeter than his, when the spark shot and hit and smoldered and is still burning!

Why can we not now be honest about education in America? Why can we not say that it is too arid, too impersonal, that it is successful only because life in America has itself been an education? Are we too proud to borrow this British secret from a nation that in many respects is less educated than our own? Are we too proud to borrow for our many what has been given to their chosen ones with a success that our best curricula have seldom known? Our technical, scientific education in advanced work has been highly individual, and the results are where all can see them. Why is it that in the things of the mind — in his criticism of life, in his sense of values, in his knowledge of how to use his vital energy — the American is still so crude, so youthful in comparison with Englishmen less vigorous and less potential? It is because his "liberal" education has blown over him in airy precepts, has been fed to him in capsules swallowed but never digested, has come to him wrapped in words instead of active personality.

And the difficulties in the way, the expense, the magnitude of the problem! The energy absorbed by a week of war would carry an intellectual revo-

lution. A few slight changes in the practice of our American colleges as they were run before the war would make important changes with little difficulty. The ratio of teachers to students was in good institutions of collegiate grade roughly as one to ten. If each teacher were given a personal responsibility for the minds of, say, ten men, exercised perhaps only in the briefest of weekly meetings, the increase in toil, where there was any, would be balanced by the inspiration of friendly contact, increase in expense there would be little or none. Now we choose "division officers" and ask them to be personally responsible for the intellectual conscience of sixty-odd students; the rest of the faculty need only teach. Such a change would be only a beginning, just a little fresh blood pumping through old arteries — but we would soon go farther.

Already we have entered upon one of the greatest of all educational experiments — an army of youths trained for war, who must be prepared for peace while in demobilization. Although the circumstances are so widely different, the problem is almost identical with that of the W. E. A. Fairly mature minds, of every degree of previous training, are in both instances to be given quickly and in the midst of distractions what they vitally need to make life more livable. Shall we hand them in

lectures the general knowledge they require in addition to their ration of technical instruction; or by personal contact with those who know shall they be made to crave and get knowledge? The two methods are different; and the second, though hard, is practicable, and in the long run the cheaper.

Very soon now, and in a wrecked world, we shall fully realize how precious is youth, how essential that not one drop of its energies shall be wasted. We will direct our courses of study toward the needs of the future, and direct them easily and well, for there we have practice. But shall we place the emphasis upon courses and systematized departments of learning or upon the shaping of minds to crave facts and get them? The two methods go together; but they are different, and without the second the first alone will never meet the emergency. Since the days of Plato men have been saying in every language and environment: "It was, after all, one or two men who educated me. They set me thinking." How far in America will we act upon that principle? How far have we acted upon it? Consider the text-book, his multitude and his aridity, if you wish an answer.

We Americans, however, also have our national instinct in education. It is a commonplace to say that from the founding of the nation we have tried

to give equal opportunities to all to be educated. Indeed we know what was proposed better, perhaps, than what has been accomplished. English observers, now that England is on the way to sudden social democracy, see it most clearly, and are eager to learn of us. Our intense systematization, our standardization of teachers and teaching and subjects and text-books — that very machinery whose noisy grinding has so often drowned the voice of personal instruction — all this is just a means of realizing our national instinct for democratic education. No other nation in the world, not even highly trained Germany, has tried to open all kinds of education to everybody; and if we have made tremendous errors we have also invaluable experience. England has as much to learn from our high-school system as we have from her theory of how to teach.

The cry there is, Be practical and consider the taxpayer. And the reply in England is that the taxpayer deserves, first of all, education for his money, and that he must therefore get access to vital education. The cry in America is the same, and the answer should not be different. But unless we learn from one another, both sets of taxpayers, as in the past, will be cheated. A hundred pounds for a child's education is cheap if you get results; is dear if the factory takes the child prematurely

and exploits him. A thousand dollars (the price of a great shell) is little to spend upon a child's education, if he gets educated.

Four years ago an essay like this one should have been a treatise on education, or remained unwritten. It should have surveyed at length our schools and colleges and those of the English, explaining the methods, criticizing them, pointing out how, by marked changes in our purpose and slight ones in our practice in teaching, we could vastly increase our results, pointing out that by more system and a restricted standardization the British could extend their benefits to a whole population. The Workmen's Educational Association, which has accomplished both these ends, would have provided merely an adequate introduction.

It is different now. Still in the shadow of war we can make no elaborate plans, but with everything on the move about us we are in the very mood for seizing new principles. Many have felt for years that a period of productive work in the world should precede the ending of every education, yet could never contrive general acceptance. Now the war has forced our boys, many of them half educated, into the most intense of practical experiences, and we begin to see how youthful service to the state, continued after the war, may

be a real aid to education. One hopes that the service may not be exclusively military, that William James's fine dream, "A Moral Substitute for War," will find unexpected realization.

Two years ago in America we were criticizing the dogmatic character of most of our educating, and wondering helplessly how we could teach the teachers of boys and girls that learning came by working out problems, not by hearing the answers. Then with a sweep our youths were flung into the highly experimental business of war, where all advance, from the shooting of a gun to food control, is learned only by practice. Will the boy of eighteen who has been through a training-camp and the new life of the trenches, where he has learned by doing them new ranges of activities — will he ever again take second-hand statements of theory in history or economics or literature, and think he is being educated? The answer may be, yes — if we let him. But will we let him? For we also have learned by experience, have been grasping new principles.

The truth is that everybody is being re-educated now, except those petrified beings who are beyond alteration; and, where every one is learning, there is no opportunity for one age to impose upon another its sets of crystallized ideas that must be accepted whole or evaded. Education is vital

again because it has become a universal experience.

I spent a day last spring in the Bull Dog Club on Edgeware Road in London, an institution that began as a home for soldiers on leave with nowhere to go, and then extended its care to discharged men whose old careers were lost to them and who needed guidance and help. Everywhere in England one heard the questions: What are the half-educated eighteen-year-olders to do when they come back, tired boys without a trade or profession? What are the sometime clerks to become after two or three years in the honorable but impermanent profession of being an officer? Will they go back? What are the gentleman rankers to do, impaired in health, without either profession or money, and thrown upon the unsettled labor-market of England after the war? I was interested, naturally, in an opportunity to get advance information from a club where every day such cases were already being handled. The man with a trade is easily placed, they told me. The men without a trade and lacking in especial intellectual ability are a grave problem. Of the men with brains and intellectual training, many of them say that they want to go in for teaching.

It surprised me then, but not after I had been to the front and lived longer in France and England. It was minds these men wanted to teach, because

their own had been altered. War, as Thucydides said, educates by violence; and by violence these soldiers had been educated to understand what a man must know about life. If I were searching for teachers I should choose them in preference to others with more knowledge but a less illuminating experience.

VIII

ON THE NEXT WAR

The next war will not be over Ireland, as certain Sinn Feiners believe; nor yet against Germany, as a year ago there was too much reason to expect. It will be between idealists and realists worked out in terms of the world instead of Germany or Ireland; and there is reason to hope that if there is bleeding it will be from pocket-books, and if bombing, it will be of prejudices, and if pain, it will be the mental agony of those who will be forced to choose a side and sacrifice much in the choosing.

All over the world the liberals and the conservatives are drawing apart and preparing for battle. It is not a question of parties, or rather, it will soon cease to be; it is a difference in temperament or privilege that separates them. A millionaire may be radical if his temperament is right for it; a poor man may be crustily conservative. And some liberals become conservative with a turn in the market or a new job.

The dangers of the liberal we know well. His idealism, especially when it is naïve, makes him sometimes futile, and often the prey of the destructive radical. But he is the engine of modern civilization. If he stalls or is wrecked, it is difficult

to conceive of a future that will be interesting to a man of democratic and humanitarian tastes.

The conservative, of course, is the brake, and the figure is not uncomplimentary, since an invaluable function is exercised by a mechanism designed to retard. The danger of the honest conservative has been little exploited in the press, especially in war-time America. We have filled pages describing the means by which the gentle pacifist became a cat's-paw for the ravening militarist. Every one knows, or thinks they know, that the socialist and pacifist were mere tools of German propaganda. Few see that now the war is over an identical game is being played elsewhere. The conservative temperament is the natural prey of the possessive instinct. Whosoever intends to hold more than he has earned of wealth or position seeks the *laudator tempores acti*, the sincere upholder of tradition, the opponent of flashy progress and doubtful change, to do his arguing for him, and supply moralities for his campaign. Because the idealism of the American international program of 1919 seems to depart too far from an old order which he had found good, because he distrusts the enthusiasm with which European radicals greet it, many an honest conservative unwittingly has allied himself with the mammon of possessiveness, with men who profited by the unscrupulous competitions that led directly toward 1914, and regardless of the world's agony wish to continue them.

I have seen the superintendent of a great English munition works strike the table with his fist,

declaring, "By God, we must have boys to tend our furnaces, and we'll wreck any government that tries to take them away to educate them!" And I have heard an American of pure heart and lofty ideals argue for irritating tariffs, inequitable taxation, and individualism (whether of nations or of capitalists) unrestrained, simply because "anything was better than Bolshevism," to which the opposite policies, so he professed to think, might lead. The pity of it! There are, says the editorial writer, three real parties in the world as it is, the conservative, the liberal, and the radical. I deny it. There are only two: the honestly liberal and the honestly conservative. But their numbers are small in comparison with the predacious (whether Bolsheviks or reactionary) whose opinions are their pocket-books, and the horde of the innocent, the muddled, and the prejudiced upon whom they prey.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Three questions men everywhere in the Western world have asked constantly in their hearts: Can Germany be beaten? When will peace come? What will happen after the war? The first is settled; the second has found its reply; the third is hard upon us. The answer will be a drama already prepared and set, with the curtain just rising, a drama of uncertainties. And the great uncertainties are: What will the soldiers want? Into what has the war made them? What will they do, British, French, American, when they come home?

No one knows, but many are speculating, especially of course in Europe, where four years of war have changed men, body and brains and soul, from their earlier selves. Six months ago, in London, an editor told me of a straw vote he had taken in a hospital ward to determine how many men there had changed their political allegiance. The percentage of change was high, and the Labor Party was indicated as a new favorite; but this is not the significant point in the story. Within the next few weeks that anecdote was quoted in several Lon-

don newspapers; a little later it made the emphatic first paragraph of a political article in the most influential American monthly; and I have seen it cropping up again and again since. It is clear that we are vastly ignorant of the real ideas of the soldier, if a straw vote among twenty men is taken as evidence of the minds of the millions at the front.

Has the soldier definite ideas upon social reform, or international relations, or politics? Has he become radical, or reactionary, or pacifist, or militarist? My own observation leads me to doubt it strongly. The Americans have been too busy with a new environment to think much. The British and the French have been too tired. I am writing, of course, of the common man, private or officer. More sensitive minds have been set strongly vibrating. Intellectuals have found trench life not unfavorable to speculation. But the army as a whole seems to live a simple, unreflecting life, spaced, as a British officer said, between disagreeable boredom and still more disagreeable danger. The soldier in general is fixed upon his single purpose and not inclined to go beyond the next possible shell burst in considering the reconstruction of the world. My chief recollections of conversations during two weeks spent with a miscellaneous group of officers, are of the novelty of the sur-

roundings, the interest of the new facts we had to discuss, and the platitudinous staleness of the general ideas proffered upon the war and the future. "Things are going to be different after the war," was about as far as we got. Indeed, active service, no matter how novel, is not usually a breeder of ideas. What it does is to form new habits of mind.

We need, of course, no psychologist to tell us that it is not new thoughts so much as the things behind thinking that bring about great changes. In habits of mind fixed by experience, not in random conversations, or ideas shot off in the stress of argument, lies the birth of the new world, if one is to come after the war. The enthusiast is given free play in a time of general upset. Since with civilization at war anything seems possible, he sees a new heaven and a new earth, with no one to gainsay him. But we know well that when this old lumbering wagon of a world jolts back into the ruts again we will jog on indifferent to the voice of the exhorter, even though the tears in his eyes as he spoke of education universal and poverty abolished made our own moist with hope. Oratory and optimism, ideas no matter how burning, have little chance with use and want. But with habits the struggle is more equal. If we ask, How will the soldiers act? What will they want? it is

to their new emotions aroused and made permanent, their new ways of thinking become habitual, that we must look for answer. No man in the armies of the world has been living as he lived before the war. Only the most inflexible have been feeling and thinking in just the same fashion. There is the vital difference, and it will determine the future.

What habits will Johnny bring home with him? He will bring military discipline, of course, a readiness in obeying orders, precision in executing them, respect for superiors, and a livelier attention to the needs of those about him. This may cure some of the slackness of the unmilitary nations; but I think it means little in itself that is fundamental. America and Great Britain in peace times (now that we look backward) were not worse off, for all their lack of discipline, than Germany and France. Discipline, like a good accent, is an admirable thing unless you pay too much for it. Germany paid too much. I cannot believe that it is military discipline which is going to transform either Great Britain or America.

Nor do I believe in a veiled and powerful militarism behind this discipline which will change us, as some fear, body and soul. The Britisher, as many will tell you, is less militaristic than before the war. The American, who was not militaristic

at all, will find himself unchanged, unless, indeed, the war ended so quickly that thousands of us remain overstocked with fighting spirit. The passion for modern war as such which one finds bottled in many Americans on this side of the water, would be humorous if it were not potential of difficulties in the future. There should be some savage African district, well supplied with wire-entanglements, tanks, bombs, shrapnel, gas, mud, and lice, and garrisoned by a cannibal tribe trained by Prussian officers and needing extinction, the whole to be used as a cooling ground for soldiers who came into war too late to discover what a horrible business it is when separated from lofty principles.

Habits of mind more deep-reaching than the discipline of drill, and more universal than left-over blood-thirstiness, Johnny will bring back with him. He has been made simple, and he will demand simplicity in the life to which he is returning.

War introduces an enormous complexity in the business of running the state, but great simplicity in the life of the individual soldier. There was a window in the Army and Navy stores in London given over entirely to devices for simplifying life; a combination bed-roll and kit-bag that would carry everything the soldier needs; trench outfits in which the paraphernalia of a flat, minus the

furniture, was reduced to essentials and tucked into a parcel; devices whereby all that was needed in the science of war hung by hooks or wrapped by bands around you. And the married man, with a house and a garden and a motor and a wife and two children and a thousand different articles belonging to and occasionally used by him, entered the door mentally loaded with them all, and left physically staggering under his kit, but bearing about him all that he needed for France or Syria, for a month or the duration of the war.

And this simplification of the means of life has its complement upon the battlefield in the simplification of the ends of life. The hopes, the purposes, the desires of the soldier, whose weights oppress in peace time, are reduced to their lower limits. He hopes to win, or to get a "good little wound," or merely to stay alive. His purpose is to obey orders, to do his bit toward winning the war, to get the approval of his superiors and companions. He desires food, sleep, the long-deferred home-coming; he desires promotion. It is all as simple as going camping, when your sole desire is to catch fish, keep warm, and have a good time; and it has the same effect of general brain clearing. Some men, notably I believe the mechanics of our industrial system, whose life had already been rendered simple by machinery, passed into

this new order with little change except an interest they had never felt before, accompanied by new hardship and pain. But for most men such an unshipping of life's goods, material and spiritual, means a transformation. For good or ill? Sometimes the one, sometimes the other; too long continued almost universally for ill. That, however, is not the question. Of more immediate importance is the effect of this new simplicity of existence upon the returning soldier, upon the world to which he is returning.

Others have doubtless observed that the British soldier at the front or on leave complained, when he talked at all of home affairs, of the "fussiness" and the "indirection" of the government for which he was fighting. He wanted to be rid of "politicians," and of people who "beat about" and talk without getting anything done. He was impatient with statesmen who "wobble" and interfere with immediate action. In fact, what he meant by "politician" seemed to be a man who debates and discusses instead of doing something with the directness and simplicity of an order from G. H. Q. It is worthy of curious note that the men most inclined to criticism of this nature are often the speculative, philosophic fellows who before the war must have spent many an hour in analyzing action and its motives. In the Ameri-

can Army, the critics of " Washington " displayed the same fine impatience with debate that might delay the order which set men and things in immediate motion. These men had become habituated to a life of simple direct action, and were impatient of any attitude toward the exigencies of the world more complex than their own.

It is not improbable that civilian life is too complex for efficiency, and the ratio of talk to accomplishment may have been in these years of war too large. All one can say is that in Great Britain's end of the war (our own is too brief for judging, and as to France I do not feel competent) it is reasonably clear that the great errors have been about equally shared between the military and the civilians at home. This need not be debated here. What is more important for the future is, that Joe Brown the machinist and William Cosgrave the lawyer will bring home with them the habits of the soldier, with effects that will last longer than the physical disturbances of war.

It may be argued from this that we shall have an overturning of things-as-they-are when the soldiers come marching home. Strong words may be expected of them. What a mess, they may say, our government of wire-pulling and chit-chat has become! Let us issue general order number 217, and change it. What a silly confusion is our edu-

cational system, where pupils dawdle over work that should interest them and doesn't; or are held down to study that can never do them any good! General order 325 will be a cure for that. Issue it. What nonsense that fat porker Jones should waste income he doesn't earn, while Tom Reilley slaves on less than a living wage! Let the G. H. Q. at Washington act and act quickly!

Doubtless we shall get quicker, simpler action when the boys come home, but it is unwise to be optimistic, if you are a liberal, and unnecessary to be pessimistic, if you are a conservative. It is, after all, the simplicity of war that is artificial, not the complexity of peace. Efficient government, effective education, social justice, are all very difficult things to achieve. They cannot be brought about by general orders. The difficulty is not, as our more rigid advocates of "preparedness" supposed in 1915, that the civilian world is too undisciplined and will not obey; but rather that you cannot advance civilization by ordering it forward. If hill number 217 is taken as a result of a general's commands, it is taken, that is all there is to it; and hill number 221 becomes a possible objective. But a general order to redistribute wealth might have results no man can foresee. War stands in the same relation to normal life as the simple desires of a child to the complex

and often self-defeating motives that actuate a man. When Johnny comes marching back he will find, like General Grant, that his peace world doubles and twists away from his simplifications. A just government and a happy family life are more difficult to capture than the enemy's trench.

Let us give over therefore expecting Utopias, socialist or otherwise, and look not at dim prophecy but at definite accomplishment. What the war has done to the world is not yet evident; what it has done to men begins to be clear, though not, of course, the extent or the durability of the changes. I shall be content in the paragraphs that follow to note a few simple observations on the front and behind the lines which seem to me significant, and better worth recording than prognostications because, if they are true, they point to new habits, new emotions that will function in the future, and be among the shaping forces of the world that lies ahead.

The remarkable thing to me about the psychology of the soldier, especially the young soldier, is the definiteness with which he faces the future. And this is due, I am sure, to simplicity in that military life of which I have been writing. War has crystallized his mind. The vagueness of twentieth century youth, the blind and wasteful groping which we teachers knew so well, has given

place largely to a habit of crisp decision that will remain.

Two illustrations will serve to make clear my meaning. I was en route on a French railroad near Grammercy when a lieutenant of aviation got into my compartment. I had known him well only twelve months before, an eager, "literary" boy, alive with aspirations that kept jostling each other, so that one week he was writer, the next a social thinker, and the third mere waster of time. What his "people" wanted him to do was in sharpest conflict with his own desires; but just what these desires were neither he nor I could say. And I found in the train that day a simple, cheerful boy, fascinated by his work, rather expecting to be killed but not bothering about it, quite ready to do the thing that most appealed to him without considering the cost or what might come afterward. What he will want after the war I do not know; but *he* will know, and know quickly. His mind had cleared.

The other was a man of my own age who had already a reputation for scholarship in a difficult subject. Esthetics was his field, but he had thrown it over for artillery organization. "This generation," he said, as we talked one night on a steamer, "is done with analysis of the past. Definite, constructive work, on bridges, or politics, or

airplanes, or social reform is what men will get their minds on. I've put a period in my work. I'm beginning over again," he pointed at the nose of a gun, "with this." Perhaps he is right; perhaps, as I believe, he is far too absolute; but at least his mind also had crystallized under the stress of war.

Indeed, I think that Romain Rolland saw clearly, as far as his sight could go, in that volume of "Jean Christophe" in which he described the new generation as a race weary of introspection, criticism, and vagueness, and seeking action. Action they have had to satiety, with good results no doubt for those who have stayed alive. I doubt whether they will crave violent action again. And they are emerging from action with minds that are clearer and sharper than ours were, with a decisiveness that will last. They will know what they want, and go after it. Whether they will get it is, of course, another question.

I did not at first connect another quality of the soldier mind with the new decisiveness; but reflection shows that they both spring from the simplicity of military life and its escape from the complexities of peace. I mean the frank sincerity of the soldiers, especially the young soldier. Everyone who has moved through France and England comments upon this, and indeed the soldier poetry

which is coming back so abundantly has frankness and simple sincerity for its prime qualities. Among young Americans the result has been to lift the ban upon the emotions, especially where danger has been mixed in the cup. In a month at the University Union in Paris, I heard young college men talk more freely of religion, beauty, fear, affection, and the passions generally than in years of ordinary college experience.

And this has been furthered by the breaking down of racial barriers; for each race has its own especial reservations which have become conventional, and the discovery that other nations express them freely has had a salutary effect. The Englishman seldom talks of what he has done and how he feels about it; the Frenchman is silent upon family life; the American speaks only shamefacedly of his intellect and his esthetic emotions. What a surprise it has been for our boys to hear their French masters in the science of war talk literature, music, art, and philosophy in dug-outs and trenches! What an experience (and perhaps a release) for the Englishman to join upon equal duty with an American in whom genial effusiveness clearly did not indicate inferiority! All such experiences, and danger most of all, join with a simply directed life to unlock the natural man and promote sincerity. We may be sure that the soldier

will come back more honest in saying and knowing what he feels; more truthful therefore in living, and more ready to shatter conventions. And the effect of this is bound to be evident in politics and social relations as well as in talk and in literature.

What puzzles me most is the commonest of all experiences in the army and wherever the war comes close to the heart. I cannot tell whether its intensity is due to the brutality of war, which it offsets, and will dim with the recurrence of normal times, or whether, indeed, a new emotion has been stirred in human nature, as in the early days of the French Revolution, and will last for decades. I mean this time the release of friendliness in the war. I do not mean the effusive sentiment of public speakers and writers of propaganda. That is well enough in its way, because it is probably more genuine than ever before. What I am remembering is not compliments, but the thing itself; that curious affability which has spread through the Allied world until an American finds friendly moods (which mean more than friendly words) in every railroad compartment in England or France. Confidence is at the base of it; confidence that you and the machine gunner and the clerk in the Admiralty and the expert on the Shipping Board have been all wanting the same things and have been subject to the same possible misfortunes. It is a

mood, indeed, of misfortune, like the sudden friendliness in a house where death is threatening. For the war has been bad fortune in some sense, even when a release or a stimulus, to us all.

Have governments ever been friendly to their citizens before? But how else can the "nearest friend" provision of the British War Office be interpreted, whereby the wife, the child, the mother, or lacking these, the near friend of a dying soldier was sent at government charges across the Channel to ease his last moments? An acquaintance of mine, a worker in a club for soldiers on leave, had been kind to a lonely soldier. A message came to her one midnight that he was dying in Flanders, that he said she was his only friend, that the government wanted her to go over. And she went, but arrived too late.

Hospitals, especially base hospitals, were organized in this war on a program of friendliness. It was not merely the carefully planned color schemes and decorations of the wards, which betrayed friendly consideration for the personalities as well as the bodies of the sick and wounded. Nor was it only the fixed policy of "cheer up" in which every attendant was drilled. No, they were clubs, these hospitals. There were men and women in all of them whose business it was to be friendly to the inmates, to be interested in their personal troubles

and happinesses, and at least at the great Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth, discharged patients had not merely the right, but a request to return for a bed and a meal, and the privileges of a club in which they had become, so to speak, non-resident members. The "nearest friend" of an Irish soldier was brought from Ireland to see him before he was to lose a leg by amputation. He fretted after she had gone, and so they brought her back again to marry him; for said he, "Shure, she mightn't do it after she saw my cork leg." Institutions have souls, at least in this war.

Very few men will come back from the trenches and the prison camps, the hospitals and the service of the S. O. S., few men or women from the vast departments of civilian labor and relief, without new friends and new friendliness to make up in part for their privations and the abnormality of their war years. It will be like the experience of life in an American college, which also, in its less vivid if more agreeable fashion, brings men and women together in a common relationship of labor and desire.

Johnny comes marching home then with a fine new sense that life can be mobilized and made simple if he wishes it, a scrutinizing sincerity, and a new consciousness of kinship with his fellow men.

What happens? It will depend, I suppose, upon what he finds when he gets home. For the civilian mind has been changing also.

I wonder if we realize how much it has changed. I think, perhaps, that one has to be away from America for a while among the British where change has been ground into the flesh, then return to find his home world still in the mold and form of earlier days, and yet already in a few months enormously altered. It is not the war and war fever and patriotism that has made the difference. They were all there before, latent, dormant. To become vehemently patriotic was an effort, but not a change, for the American. His alteration has come through doing, not merely by thinking and feeling. His change has been in national consciousness not in national character. Conscious service to the state, in which the majority have had some part, has brought it about. The familiar words conceal the significance of the new public-mindedness here in America. We will never go back to the fences built round our own business, our own home, with their signs, "no thoroughfare — except for politicians and philanthropists — to the world without."

This public-mindedness, like military service, brings with it a crystallization of ideas. What man (or what woman) in civilian life does not find

his ideas more definite, his decisions quicker, his demands in politics, in social life, in religion, in morals, crisper, clearer, more positive than before the war? The material of new political parties, for example, is already here, visible to the observer, although it has scarcely as yet begun to trouble the old organizations. Conservatives are becoming more definitely and more thoughtfully conservative; liberals more constructively radical.

In a sense this means that the bourgeois are beginning to disappear by a process less violent, to be sure, than the Russian method of extermination, but more likely to benefit the state. The true bourgeois, I take it, is the man who having no strongly felt class interests has therefore no civic loyalties except to his family and vaguely to the land of his birth or adoption. The laboring man above the lowest grade escapes by his sense of class union against the capitalist. The aristocracy, where there is one, escapes through its sense of caste; the intellectual by apprehension of world-wide relationships; the professional man through *esprit de corps*. But multitudes of the "middle classes," both in Great Britain and America, were self-contained and self-centered before the war. Their lives were fat; their brains were fat; their obligations to the community, except as buyers or sellers, weak and langorous. All this is changing.

A talk in any trolley car or hotel lobby or post office or club proves that. It is difficult to live in war time and remain thoroughly bourgeois. But it is changing very slowly.

Generalizations upon communities must be a little abstract, for communities, unlike the army, are not simplified, centralized, made perforce uniform. Nevertheless, it will be freely admitted that home has changed; and therefore we may return to the soldier. He will come back with his comradeship and his desire for quick, simple decisions into a civilization that is at least aroused to the need of change in the present and change in the future; and what will happen?

It is easier to guess what may happen in Great Britain where the war has run through the whole social fabric, than in America where the process has little more than begun. The British world has been ploughed deep. Minds there have been turned up like buried seed and are ready to sprout freshly. The rich are prepared to be less rich; the one-time idler expects to continue working; the haters of change are prepared actively to resist it; the forward looking have left speculation for action. England is electric with energy and indignation and determination and thought.

On a long and windy road I met a lean figure with shy, burning eyes, the forehead of a thinker,

loose clothes that flapped in the wind. He dismounted from a dusty bicycle and sat beside me to rest. A school teacher, an Oxford man, a conservative, he was organizing the farm laborers in southwestern England so that they might take advantage of the minimum wage which had been allowed them in theory but in practice withheld. He did not, on the whole, believe in unions; but the minimum wage was an insurance against misery and discontent. He made it his business until those more fit should succeed him.

My road ended in the park of a great house where I had tea with a "woman of rank," as they used to say in the eighteenth century, and a labor leader, representatives of the two classes least affected by the spirit of the bourgeois.

"What are you going to do with a place like mine," she asked, "after the war? It is very expensive. We can never pay your taxes, and yet it is beautiful. You would miss my week ends!"

"We'll make you a government hostess," he returned quickly. "We can't get along without manors and the kind of people that live in them. We'll have to find a way."

It was a banter, of course, but fundamentally both were serious. Like the dark browed, grim enthusiast on the bicycle, they were forward looking.

Again, in Oxford, last June, I was given an opportunity to study the results of a questionnaire that had been carefully prepared by experts and sent to a list of workmen all over Great Britain, selected for their shrewd independence of thought. One of the questions has reference to the relations of labor and capital after the war. The replies agreed with absolute unanimity that the "truce" between them would end with the war, and that the struggle would be renewed and fought to a finish; but they also agreed, with almost as complete a consensus, that there were definite grounds of agreement, conciliation, and compromise such as had never existed before. What are these grounds? The writers did not specify. They may have meant the Whitely Report and the earlier labor and land legislation of Lloyd George. I do not think so. They were conscious of something far more important — the spirit of co-operation that the war has made necessary in England; and the knowledge of how to co-operate which every factory and organized industry has had to acquire.

These men were also forward looking; and so is the army which has learned co-operation far more thoroughly and added thereto the sanctions of comradeship in danger and toil. The army way doubtless is far too simple. It will not work in peace. The desire to carry on, the direct and

simple action of war time will strike upon the complexities of the civilian world of privilege and shatter; but the force of the blow may drive England into a new social order where the value of work gets a juster assessment. When the soldiers come back with their ideas of quickly mobilizing the muddled world they left behind them, they will perforce divide into a dozen parties, but each will find action under way waiting for men to drive it on. England will not be militarized; for militarism is not the kind of simplification that England wants. She will probably become more radical, for vast numbers at home and abroad seek change. She may become more conservative, for the forces of reaction and of cautious, thoughtful delay have strengthened in opposition. But muddle — which is trying to be both conservative and radical without plan or object — will largely disappear.

It is different in America. Here the war has aroused our minds and stimulated decisiveness without forcing us to decide. We accepted, though slowly, the war; but have not yet accepted the necessity of changes to come after it. We have become, by contrast with Europe, the great conservative nation. And when Johnny comes pouring back with his belief in doing things neatly and simply and quickly, and his awakened interest in his fellow man, there is far more danger than in

England of muddle. If his desire for change finds no safe outlets prepared for it, there may be unfortunate results.

A young American officer outlined to me his idea of America after the war. We were to apply the principle of conscription to labor. The government was to guarantee all wages and enforce production. The fighting army was to become a working army. A simple, well-rounded scheme this, eminently adapted to the idea of business as the supreme good; but a flat contradiction of that liberty of action which even though we may gladly sacrifice it in times of crisis, and rightly limit it for the benefit of the community, is still sweet. And this is precisely the kind of simplification that a man will bring back with him, and find power to apply, too, if we at home are not ready with some better means of reorganizing our world against muddle and inefficiency and exploitation by the privileged of the unprotected.

And that great sweep of friendliness which has embraced our troops as well as our comrade armies has its dangers also. Let the returning soldier find a backsliding America, as anxious to get back to conditions before the war as she was to go upon a war basis, and what is fine emotion may become self-regarding and a menace. Friendship made the Grand Army of the Republic, and the power of

friendship made it a political force for such exploitation of pensions as the world had not hitherto seen. We want opportunities for service, not service pensions, for the veterans of the great war. And that means an America where public spiritedness and the desire for interesting action — qualities that belong to a soldier — are given their chance. You can accomplish this in war time by general orders from a government in danger, loved, and respected. But when the corporation, the railroad, the department store, or the university again becomes the employer the thing will not be so easy. There must be a stake and a share in the control of the enterprise for all of the workers. Nothing less will guarantee loyalty from men and women who have learned by experience how a sense of pride in service and equal opportunity sweetens hardship and toil.

Great Britain, in the stress of 1917-1918, when relative starvation threatened far more nearly than the ignorant realized, when at times there was only six weeks' food in sight, allowed the workingman who needed much meat to buy double the rations permitted to others with more money but less muscular fatigue. This is honest, useful democracy. Great Britain is preparing definitely and carefully to house her laborers, to employ them, and to educate them in reconstruction. Radical

conservatives and radical liberals are joining in the determination that such simple truths as the needlessness of poverty and the necessity of recreation should be made true for their country. You cannot, as Lloyd George said the other day, make an A1 nation from C3 inhabitants. The British soldier returning from a simple though dangerous life may hope perhaps to find one simpler than hitherto and more agreeable awaiting him.

What are we doing in America against the time when Johnny comes home? Are we still satisfied with congested slums in a land of broad spaces; with masses of alien illiterates in a country where education is general; with degradation and ugliness and vulgarity in the richest country in the world? Is the soldier who has been kept clean, made healthy, and taught that his importance to his country is measured by his ability, not his bank balance, to be asked to accept the old system as a complex necessity? After he has been paid in respect and thankfulness and honor for his services, is he to be content in the future to spend his life being thankful for a wage or a salary that enables some one for whom he cares nothing to become richer than necessary? Is it possible that after a war in which money as such has long since lost its value, we will still believe that money-mak-

ing in the future as in the past is the only duty of America?

The war lasted too long for Europe. It has brought, with much good, misery and some failure and degeneration unnecessary to write of here. In one sense it lasted too long for America, since it has destroyed much capital and more lives, actual and potential, than we can yet reckon. But it has ended too quickly if we have been merely stirred out of our armchairs of individualism to sink back with peace. When the soldier comes home he should find us awake. I saw in a back street of London a sign, "Business as usual during alterations," over the door of a house crushed down, powdered by a bomb from an air raid. The American mind is doing a dangerous amount of business as usual, during alterations. Take the sign down before the *alerte* sounds and the boys come home.

IX

ON SALVAGE AND WASTE

It was in June of 1918 somewhere on the straight roads back of Arras that I first encountered the salvage corps. A gigantic truck ploughed leisurely through waves of leave-marching Tommies. Hanging over its sides or perching on the piled-up cargo was a jolly crew in overalls and scratch uniforms, and on the flank in sprawling letters of chalk was scrawled, "What have you salved to-day?" I guessed at the load — broken rifles, dented tins of bully beef, ammunition, lost tents, odd shoes, helmets, revolvers, biscuit cans — remembering battle fields still strewn with such wreckage. And I recognized in these cheery individuals the miniscule representatives of order, economy, thrift in a world given over to destruction, the pygmy opponents of the vast Titan, Waste.

They were symbols of all of us, the world that has been fighting so tenaciously, so cheerfully, to salvage a little from the waste of war — the surgeons saving life when legs or arms were gone, the generals saving an army corps when half its personnel was dead, the old men saving the nation after the young men were gone forever. As a spectacle nothing could be finer — or more pa-

thetic. Salvage is always pathetic. It is excellent to do it well; it is better to prevent it.

And the most pathetic salvage of this war was not of damaged goods. It was almost a satisfaction to see a litter of things we had been accustomed to call valuable wasted on a battle field, and to feel how little the loss of such commodities mattered in comparison with waste of life. It restored a true perspective and made one appreciate that the standard of values after all is man. Yet I do not believe that even the waste of life in war is the most pathetic of all losses. In some respects, what struck deepest there in the war zone was the waste of energies; energies which had been suppressed or diverted in peace time, now flaring up and out in brief wasteful moments, accomplishing much for others but little for themselves.

I wonder if we will remember that lesson, now that the finest energies among us have so many of them burnt out. I wonder if we will reconstruct a dull, mechanical civilization in which the adventurousness, the initiative, the craving for hardship and sacrifice and honor of youth can find outlet only in war which so speedily quenches the flame and spreads darkness elsewhere. Fine minds have responded finely to this war; base minds basely. And it was the finest that were the first to force the issue, and the first to be lost. Was it right that they should wait for war to use their best energies? Is salvage after waste going to be all that modern civilization can offer a mind too active for the dull routine and low ideals of peace, as peace was understood in 1914? Is there no substitute for war?

William James raised the question years before this conflict. In our search for insurance of comfort and preventatives of conflict, we are in danger once more of leaving it unanswered. If the pessimists force us to answer " no," it will be the optimistic, energetic youths of the next generation who will pay the price.

WAR'S ENDING

I climbed in 1918 the hill of Douaumont beyond Verdun, a hill torn, swept, and harrowed by shrapnel and high explosive into a ghastly *paysage de lune*, where the tread was always among pits of dead green water, and the foot stumbled upon shell fragments, rusted wire, rifle butts, or broken bone, and the eye saw other hills cut to the sand, and the puff of shells exploding. At the top was what once had been a famous fort of concrete, now blown to bits except for a ruined core behind which a few *poilus* were sheltered in patched dug-outs, waiting for the enemy, a lonely, silent group in a lonely wilderness of desolation.

"Stoop and enter," said our Colonel. We bent to enter a crumbling hole in the wall, struck our helmets on beams of a dark tunnel, then felt it widen and lift, until suddenly a door swung open and we looked blinking into a great hall full of light and the sound of whirring engines. Soldiers were everywhere, great guns ready to rise and do execution, vast piles of munitions; and beyond, a honeycomb of chambers and corridors in which were assembled all the paraphernalia of defensive

war, even a " Salle de President Wilson," where in the heart of the hill *poilus* were writing and reading. In the dripping semi-gloom was the organization of a city underground, garrisoned, equipped, ready for siege or attack. Above, crumbling ruins beyond repair; beneath, a new creation of energy and purpose. This is no parable: it was a real fort, with very real soldiers, and the Germans never took it; but if there is not a useful parallel here with life as it is at the ending of the war, then similes have lost their power.

I am weary of reading accounts of how the war has ennobled sordid human nature. Not that they are untrue. On the contrary, the half has not been told, and before I finish this writing I shall hope to add my little testimony of a great awakening in a world grown commonplace. But if we are to estimate our benefits we must be more frank than the correspondents, and more sober than the soldier writers aflame with their own moral victories. We must look squarely at the ruins of the old order, and then search for new life. We must take a dose of stern pessimism; face the facts; acknowledge our casualties of life and will and virtue; and then go after the rewards still unsecured which belong to those who have fought for a good ideal against a bad one.

Inescapable are the material losses of the war,

and most of all in men. The wounded, the sick, the maimed, and the dead make a sad human parallel to the broken pile on the hilltop. With the living there is new life and hope stirring beneath the surface. The sap runs strong in the youthful wounded. Seldom do they admit pessimism, and then it is because their nerves are still twanging. Shattered bodies are the least of the evils we have to fear for the future, except when the mind shatters too. But it is different with the dead. Death is loss. They will not come back. They will not do what we hoped of them; they will not be there to help when we need them; a longing memory does not atone for a smile or a kiss or the hand of a friend. They may do much for us spiritually; nothing more in the flesh.

It is different too with the unborn. The birth-rate has been dropping with frightful rapidity. In 1917 the births in England and Wales fell to the lowest level since 1858. Every day that the war continued, so the British Registrar-General estimated, meant a loss of 7,000 potential lives to Europe. "While the war has filled the graves, it has emptied the cradles." The separations of war were partly responsible and these have largely ended. But the effect of strain and stress and labor upon women, the effect of wounds and hardship upon men, these will not quickly pass. Life

is cheap at present; it will be dear in the future, especially among our best. We shall have to make it more worth living than ever before.

We can face with more equanimity our other material losses. Scientific activity has been so enormously quickened by the necessities of war that our credit with nature has been turned into cash a generation before its normal time of maturity. The air is ours, and much of underseas. Nevertheless, we have been "digging in," not advancing in our conquest of the elements. Creative science has been diverted almost entirely from research and devoted to an intensive application of principles already known.

We need not bewail too loudly these brains turned to the immediately practical, for our control of nature had already far outdistanced control of ourselves. But there will be a sad accounting in the future for the war's destruction of capital — wealth, food, ships, clothing, and all the paraphernalia of civilization to an amount which no one yet dares calculate. One cannot, it is true, be pessimistic over the mere waste of goods. We have learned that our wealth is subject to the welfare of the community, and though we shall all be poorer in the years to come, even, one hopes, the profiteers, it will not hurt us much, if distribution becomes more equitable. Nevertheless, the war

must be paid for. It must be paid for by the inevitable cession, at least for a time, of many great and hopeful movements for education and reform which capital, now lost or diverted, made possible. We need not be troubled because in the next generation Adam must delve and Eve spin; but men have lost part of their reserves of power, even as they have destroyed irretrievably a hundred monuments of irreplaceable art built when the imagination worked itself into stone.

There is nothing in these material losses (at least in Great Britain and America) that the sturdy-hearted may not shoulder through to the new world which is coming. When, however, one views the effects of the war upon our minds and whatever spiritual qualities we possess, the prospect is grimmer. Strip away for the moment all proper qualifications, forget (as of course for a true picture we must not forget) all soul-cheering offsets and new creations of good that have come from this testing time, and look frankly at the darker side.

Morality is shaken, especially sex morality. The old Victorian order was passing, had to pass, as its best exemplar prophesied:

"The old order passeth, giving place to new,
"And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

It is not God, however, but some haphazard

chance that seems to be fulfilling itself in the general slackening of the moral sense. I mean no more than I say. I do not mean decadence; I do not mean corruption; but it is certain that men and women are confused and doubtful in their judgments of sex relations, inconsistent in their actions, less sure of right and wrong than before in this generation. As the church has vacillated, now choosing one moral attitude toward war, now another, so men and women — whose lives may be unexceptionable — are vacillating, feeling their moral sanctions and inhibitions melting beneath them. I think that this had to come. Perhaps it is a blessing, not an evil. Much of it, I know, is transitory, and due to the mixing of races and the state of war. But it is not a happy condition; habits formed under it will be hard to cure. No one blamed the soldier for recklessness as regards wine, women, and song, when the next week his shell might burst; but that does not lead us to praise the exigency. We shall leave Puritanism in its priggishness and its undue emphasis of sex, behind us as one result of the war; that is clear, and good. But just now we waver on the edge of new moral standards whose bounds and sanctions are not visible.

There would have been a moral shift, for better or worse, without the war; careful readers of con-

temporary literature must long since have been convinced of that. But another sign of the times, the muddying of men's minds, is as much a result of the conflict as the deficiency in food supply. In 1914, we saw with amazement and horror official poison curdle the clearest German intellects. No such perversion of the reasoning faculty was probable in the West, because we were not under the same necessity of making the worse appear the better reasoning, nor were our minds so porous to inspired suggestions. But let us not rest content with an assertion of superior virtue. We were not perfect before the war in sanity of judgment and clarity of desire.

The posters of hate and after-the-war-reprisal (a very different thing from punishment) which in feeble imitation of the Hun were beginning to appear here and in England; the appeals to indiscriminate revenge which have been the stock-in-trade of certain sections of the press and of associations more patriotic than wise, were clearly not signs of strength but of weakness, and were so felt by the strong, sane, but silent majority of the people. They did not help win the war; for it was a sense of duty and moral indignation that made men fight on and on, as they had to do, in this conflict. And these muddier passions, due in England to nerve strain, the inevitable result of four ter-

rible years, in America to the hysteria of sudden effort, have not subsided with the end of the conflict. They are transforming into a greediness for revenge, a desire to take profit as well as humiliation from the beaten enemy, a brutal willingness to gain by new-found might, even at the expense of allies and friends. They make infinitely difficult a peace that will be more lasting than victory.

But though nerve strain may have been the cause of these dangerous tendencies, it is not the thing itself. The brute in man everywhere has been creeping forth on leash. At the beginning of the war Germany broke the leash and let the brute run free. We loathed her for it; and we said wisely that in the end she would pay; for the brute, like the fabled giants, is as stupid as he is strong. He sees no further than the nearest enemy, and forgets that the more savage his blows the greater need and therefore the greater will to down him. We will never utterly loose him; not after Belgium in 1914. But the brute crouches in all of us and is more dangerous, even now that the war is over, than for centuries before. He has tasted blood and violence and loot; and wants more of them. Just now he hunts with the Bolsheviks, but, like the Devil of the Middle Ages, he is at home in all companies. Aggressive capitalism, selfish nationalism, militarism under new names such as protection of

trade, are promising fields for his sport. He must be watched. The German brute is defeated; the brute universal still bides his time.

More still must be brought to the confessional. War, we know well, some of us too well, is the mother of self-sacrifice; alas, it brings cynicism also in its train! When cynicism enters practical politics and becomes the policy of a strong nation, it is a world danger and must be scourged to humility at any cost of toil and bloodshed. That was the head and front of the German offending; and to defeat and utterly discredit it in the eyes of their world as well as ours, was a duty to which above all others we were pledged in this war. There is as yet no policy of cynicism in America and the Allies, but the danger of moral discouragement, which cynically lets nature take her own rough course, cannot be avoided by denying its existence.

I well remember the sweet-voiced *patronne* of a little hotel in what had once been a Norman shore resort, deserted then save for women, old men, and refugees. "We were so comfortable before the war," she said plaintively, "all friendly, all happy, the strangers and us here together." The world had played her a trick; she nursed her grievance and despaired of the world.

Too many others, when every ounce of energy is

needed, have sunk back because of the war. The world has played them a trick also. It proved to be inflammable just when they supposed it fireproof. Now that the blaze is out, they are willing to rebuild the same old tinder box and relay the same old rotten hose. War, they say, is inevitable. Why try new devices? The old will serve our time. It will not be our generation that has to fight again. This is cynicism; and what is worse, it is nihilism, not the less dangerous because its note of gentle resignation is easy to understand.

Intolerance is an aggravated form of the cynical disease, and more censurable because more unnecessary—intolerance such as we have scarcely known among ourselves since the seventeenth century. The radical pacifist supplied a good instance. With him, curiously enough for a man who expected everything of human nature, the moral weakening showed itself in a distrust of all who sought his ends by different means. I attended a famous meeting in London last February where the government was execrated by men of no mean position for failing to negotiate with Germany six months earlier when there had been tentatives of peace. For two hours I listened to speech after speech, waiting for a reference to Russia and the conditions of Brest-Litovsk. Russia was not once so much as mentioned; and yet other men who had

the noblest ideals of Great Britain equally at heart, were condemned root and branch because, in the light of this infamous settlement, they dared not in honesty stop the war! That was a kind of cynicism; it was a bad kind, for it was no more nor less than moral snobbery.

The pacifists might well have replied, of course, that they learned intolerance from their adversaries. And indeed the unmeasured violence of the attacks upon non-resistants, conscientious objectors, international socialists, and other honest, if mistaken men with whose methods of concluding the war we disagreed, sprang also from cynicism. It was the cynicism of the editor and the public speaker and the censor, who believed that the common man could not be trusted to discriminate between arguments and must therefore be guarded against all but official thinking. My experience led me to conceive more highly of the common man, especially in the army, than of the judgment of most leader writers and orators. He was convinced of the justice of his cause and would have gained, not lost, by a full discussion of all its implications. From poisonous propaganda intended to breed distrust he should have been protected, and also from morbid and unjustifiable pessimism; but hysteric shrieks, platitudinously urging him to think only of winning the war and not why he

should win it, did no good and (if we still believe in democracy) must be supposed to have been an active agency for future ill.

And now that the war is over, we begin to glimpse some of the results. Our democracy, which is to have the last word in deciding world conditions for the future, has been so coddled and protected from all opinions except those regarded as correct, that its education in international politics and the ultimate causes of war is just beginning, at the precise time when it must confirm or oppose decisions involving the welfare of the next generation and perhaps the next century. Well-meaning censors, like amateur gardeners, have pulled up good plants of honest criticism and let the weeds of arbitrary dictum and useful but misleading propaganda grow rankly. If the man in the street is not soon taught by free discussion what justice, equality, liberty, and other terms now used so freely, must mean if carried out in practice, there will be a sad tale to tell of these years of war's ending.

But the cynicism I most dislike is that of the neo-Prussian, who, with the echoes of his last speech on international rights still in the air, and the ink of his leader on safeguarding the world against the German not yet dry, will pass without transition to a poisonous policy of after-the-war

aggressiveness in trade and land-grabbing and armament, which would make the world safe for no one, certainly not for himself. I talked recently with a British officer who had been in seven different prison camps in Germany and experienced every variety of treatment, from brutality to utmost charity. He said that, between evils, he preferred the Prussians to the Bavarians as jailers. When the Prussian was harsh, it was by order, and one could count at least on consistency; but if the Bavarian was cruel it was because of irresponsible malignancy for which there was no rule. I detest Prussian ideas and Prussian methods alike; but their open cynicism has one advantage over the dilute cynicism of their imitators. It can be fought openly, as we did fight it until the end.

These then are our losses. Four years of war have told upon the Allies. They are scarred like the fort on the hill. And America's brief year and a half, although our profits may have been greater than our losses, has not passed without leaving toxins behind it. But what of the life within? For the life within Great Britain I think I can speak with some assurance. It is bubbling with new energies, moral, physical, and intellectual. The parallel with the hidden activities of the subterranean chambers breaks down, for regeneration in Great Britain is as visible as degeneration, and

probably more significant. If the weak have become weaker, the strong have become stronger. Alas, that among the latter the war's heaviest casualties have come!

Great Britain has gained in character as much as she has lost in wealth. "There is no fool like a clever young fool, and we have bred many of them," I heard the head of an Oxford College say, "but the war has done them good." "How?" I asked. "By hurling facts at them. War is like a game where you are definitely 'out' if you don't succeed — it permits of no arguing. War is like the universe. 'I've made a mistake, but I couldn't help it,' says the man. 'Out,' says the universe. 'I'm young, and I've done my best.' 'Out,' says the universe. 'I want another chance.' 'Out!'"

It is this that makes and hardens character. Indeed, character has been hardened in Great Britain (and elsewhere) as certainly not for a century. One saw it in a hundred directions. There was the mother who had lost her sons and must carry on without complaining. There was the kindly heart who had learned without bitterness that life is cruel and the dark spirit still regnant; the high-souled boy who saw his life-plans wrecked by the call to service, and dropped them with quiet finality; the creative thinker who did trivial things cheerfully for small but useful results. One felt

a new tone in society. Opinions clashed more because men and women were more sincere; small talk had evaporated; it was a harder, firmer world, in which one moved in humbleness as in the presence of a completed sacrifice.

It was a simpler world too, precisely because it had more character and was therefore more honest. The soldier poetry which came back from France was not the rhetorical patriotism of earlier conflicts; it was full of simple, passionate affection for home and the home soil, with a touch of mysticism in it which suggested that love of man and woman, of sunlight and the woods, went deeper than in the use and wont of before the war. Read, for example, "To the Dead" of Gerald Caldwell Siordet, himself since killed in action in Mesopotamia:

"And you — O! if I call you, you will come
Most loved, most lovely faces of my friends
Who are so safely housed within my heart,
So parcel of this blessed spirit land
Which is my own heart's England, so possest
Of all its ways to walk familiarly. . . .
Then we can walk together, I with you,
Or you, or you, along some quiet road,
And talk the foolish, old forgivable talk,
And laugh together. . . .
And when at last, by some cross-road,
Our longer shadows, falling on the grass,
Turn us back homeward, and the setting sun
Shines like a golden glory round your head,

There will be something sudden and strange in you.
Then you will lean and look into my eyes,
And I shall see the bright wound at your side,
And feel the new blood flowing to my heart,
And I shall hear you speaking in my ear —
O! not the old, forgivable, foolish talk
But flames, and exaltations, and desires . . . .
That like immortal birds sing in my breast,
And, springing from a fire of sacrifice,
Beat with bright wings about the throne of God."

Indeed, forests were still green and flowers bloomed, and we saw them gladly; the comedian did his turn for laughing London, and it was right to laugh. Man was still man, though made very elementary by his tragedies, and it was this simplicity as much as anything that brought England safely through the war.

Character alone may sometimes save a race, but it has not always averted defeat, or eclipse after victory. There must be creative energy becoming active, not merely stoical, under misfortune. My answer to those who say that England (which is still the heart of our English-speaking world) is decadent, would be a simple one; they do not know the new England; not all, or even most Britons know it yet. England reminds me of a vast military tank, crusted with an armor of precedent, weighed down by a tremendous burden, creaking, protesting, yet irresistibly driven forward over

gulf and up precipice. England, with her stiff conservatives, her sluggish peasantry, her sodden poor, is yet aquiver with new thoughts and new movements, that responded with tenacious vitality to every call of this exhausting war, and are now bent upon salvage and reconstruction. There is not a department of life, from the church to factory routine, that is not under fierce criticism and in process of confused but determined remaking.

To the visitor it seems muddle — the new untangling itself from the old only to be hopelessly retangled. Yet I think it is not all muddle, but rather that whirling chaos from which worlds that endure are born. Education must be extended, for England finds that she is a span behind her neighbors. A bill is offered, is half passed, half lost, but the principle saved for the future. With a heave, the relations of labor and capital are brought a whole generation forward, then left to be fought over when there is leisure for such warfare. Everywhere the rough facts of failure, backsliding, complacency, inefficiency, are received with a hurly-burly of conflicting solutions, in the midst of which changes and betterments, so radical that we Americans stare, slip in almost unnoticed. England is alive with ideas for the future, both reactionary and progressive, but all sprung from love of the nation. It is a phenomenon that one

does not find in stoical France, nor widely in cheerful, enthusiastic America, and it is highly significant. The technique and even the completed theory of possible world salvation, now that the war is over, may come from elsewhere, but the drive and the practical experiment will be most of all England's. Slow, strong-hearted, deep-thinking island that she is — America cannot but impatiently admire her.

One instance will indicate the quality of this new energy better perhaps than all the manifold activities of the swarming Ministry of Reconstruction, more than the elaborate plans already authorized for rehousing English agricultural laborers, as much perhaps as the open preparations that "landed" folk are making for living differently in a coming era when wealth will not be allowed to waste. On the old sign board at the entrance to Christchurch Meadows in Oxford, I read last summer in characters of the early nineteenth century, "Admittance refused to persons in ragged or very dirty clothing," and remembered how Jude the Obscure in Hardy's novel was kept out by poverty from those Oxford Colleges where the nourishment his mind craved was to be found. It was in Balliol (the very college whose Master advised Jude to keep to his own laboring sphere) that before the war the Workmen's Educational

Association began—that organization now spread through Great Britain and spreading through the Colonies, in which, as I have already explained, worker and student come into contact in informal classes to the great advantage of both. And now everywhere in Great Britain working-men are springing up in the labor parties who understand both the needs of common man and those economic laws which penalize unrestrained radicalism; and everywhere intellectual men made practical by association with the workers are joining with them, until the W. E. A. has become not a party, but a force in all parties, conservative, liberal, radical, making for a new order which shall be neither Bolshevik nor exploitative. We could have had this fortunate outcome without the war perhaps; but not so readily or so soon.

As for America, does anyone yet know what has happened to America as a result of the war? Of one thing only we may be sure, energy has been loosed here also, an energy of service and public-mindedness such as may well combat and drive from our arteries the toxins of self-regarding individualism long gathering there, and the newer microbes of violence, lawlessness, conceit, and suspicion which the war has engendered. For three reasons — and there may be many more — even a pacifist must be glad that we chose the way of war

and responsibility in the Spring of 1917. For the first, we have moved forward a whole generation toward national unity and homogeneity. Next, the taste for public service has become common and will be gratified, until the price of loyalty from the worker becomes an opportunity to serve the community as well as the employer or the capitalist. And third, we realize now, even though we see the future dimly, that America is irretrievably involved in the fate of world civilization, and must assume responsibilities in measure with her strength.

Here then are two accounts, ragged and incomplete, but standing one over against the other. The debit side is dark, darker it may be than my imperfect generalizations, how dark only the future can tell. Europe has been " gassed " by the war, and America more than she realizes, that much is certain; the symptoms are evident but not the extent or the gravity of the harm. Mustard gas, I believe, leaves no permanent ill effect behind, though for a while it makes the victim a red and prickly rack of nerves. Many are suffering from mental mustard now. But the deadlier gases have done their evil work too: let us face that fact and make allowances.

The virtues sprung from the war, like the material losses of capital and life, are easy to name and

define. What is doubtful is not so much their abiding value — character, and energy, and that new breadth of international vision which for want of space I have only mentioned, cannot fail to be valuable — but rather their power to bolster up this poor old tottering world through the ominous days of relaxation that must follow an exhausting war. Personally, I do not belong to the doubters. I cannot be pessimistic, even in the company of the jolly optimist who says, " Germany is beaten, and now everything will be just as it was before the war." Germany is happily beaten, but nothing will be just as it was before the war, not even our souls. I have faith that we shall be better men.

One certain conclusion can be drawn, however; indeed, postering on every blank wall could not make it more evident. Fine minds have been finely touched by the war, and base minds basely.

By fine I do not mean re-fined, or fine with an esthetic or spiritual reference merely. I mean in the good colloquial sense of " he is a fine fellow," whether a dockman or waiter or clergyman or college president is intended. The finest fellow I met in 1918 was an American-Italian orderly at the front, whose heart was absorbed in the care of a reckless young army doctor to whom he was attached. And I think often of the half wild Corsican and the wholly wild Apache of Paris who

protected my friend, a young French lieutenant, one on either side in charge or retreat, and "mothered" him when he was ill in the trenches. Such men as these have been made into raw material for reconstruction by the war: finer minds in the intellectual sense of the word have been roused to a pitch of leadership and creative energy not equaled since the early Renaissance. And furthermore, there are the millions of women who have flung themselves into the conflict without incurring the passionate reactions of bloodshed, and are transformed into a power for good we cannot yet measure.

But base minds have become baser, uncertain souls less certain still; and unfortunately it is the hearts of gold and not of lead who have gone most eagerly to death. France has lost the flower of the next generation; one in five perhaps of the university men of England is dead; not many in proportion, but too many of the best boys of America have been left on the Western front. And therefore, upon those of us, whether young or old, who feel the world is worth remaking and are left for the task, a tremendous responsibility descends. The dead have died for no lust of conquest or personal reward, but to save, as they hoped, their country. It is for the living to see to it that the world is really saved. No plans of federation or

defense, however wise, can secure the future, unless those whom this war has made strong can lift to safety those whom it has made weak.

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